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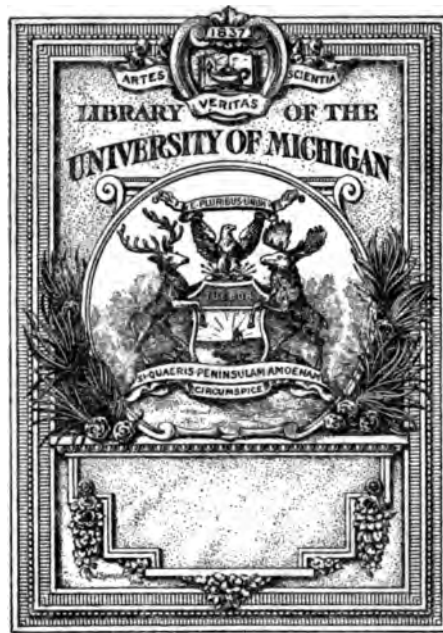
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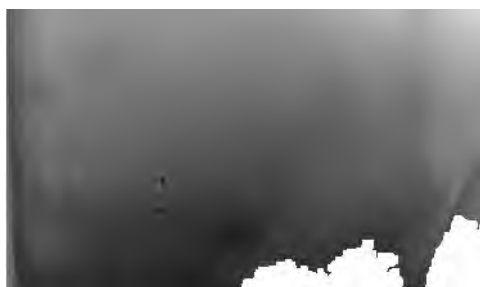
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THE DUBLIN
75818
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

Literary and Political Journal.

VOL. III.

JANUARY TO JUNE,

1834.

DUBLIN:
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY,
SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, LONDON.

MDCCCXXXIV.

DUBLIN
Printed by JOHN S. FOLDS, 5, Bachelor's Walk.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributions, advertisements, and books for Review, may be left with Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-Court, London, who forward a parcel to our Publishers weekly.

In future, those contributions of which we cannot avail ourselves for the pages of the Magazine, shall be left at our Publisher's on the first of every month.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XIII.

JANUARY, 1834.

VOL. III.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE UNIVERSITY.

At the palace of Greenwich, towards the close of the year 1591, in an inner chamber, where the more distinguished personages who sought the royal presence were accustomed to wait a summons from that illustrious Queen, whose portrait has been chosen to grace the title of this Magazine, there were various groups formed, in each of which a conversation was carried on in an under tone, but still sufficiently loud for those in the immediate vicinity of the parties to overhear most of the substance of their discourse. These groups were composed of sundry persons of apparently high degree, drest in the expensive magnificence of that age, their slashed doublets and hose showing the richness of the silk or cloth of silver lining, and the long plumes of the hats which they held in their hands sweeping down to the ground. The chamber itself was hung round with the richest tapestry, and furnished with many massive oak chairs, with lofty backs and rich carvings, at that time supposed to display the extremest invention of man in the comfort and luxury of their construction.

We will intrude upon the privacy of some of these *coteries*, so far as to give to the reader such portions of their conversation as conduce to the illustration of our present subject.

— "And was her Grace truly so mightily displeased?" said the elder of two grave looking men, who loitered near the door, to the other.

"Ay, marry, Sir Giles, was she; and swore roundly (heavens bless her

highness) that she would deal roughly with the first unfortunate wight that should endeavour to lighten her royal treasury in such sort. Her highness hath, to say the truth, been sore vexed with my lord-deputy Fitzwilliam, for all his vain boasting and grievous expense, with regard to the Spanish treasure in the northern parts, and since that she hath vowed that she will leave her kingdom of Ireland to its own resources, and try whether it cannot shift for itself, at the least, if it contribute not to defray public charges, as in justice it should."

The person addressed, who had been, we presume, a follower of Lord Burleigh's, shook his head, and said nothing.

Another of the groups, which had retired a short space from the rest, and consisted of three or four of the most gaily drest of the courtiers, seemed to have found a subject for its attention and amusement in the person of a big, burly man, who, seated on one of the easy chairs near a window, was in the act of perusing with seeming attention a roll of parchment which he had in his brawny fist, and held up towards the light, while his contracted brows, and his eyes screwed together, seemed to wrench, as it were, the contents out of its discoloured surface.

The churchman (for such he appeared to be) was formed in large proportion, with a countenance betokening a much greater share of sagacity and shrewdness than of refinement. An unquiet, searching eye was set in the midst of radii of wrinkles which diverged towards his

forehead, nose and cheek; but the mouth formed an unmeaning line across his visage, without expression or variety, like a scar in a winter apple. Although he was apparently but of middle age, his hair was of a grizzled grey, falling negligently out on all sides, save where his three-cornered hat, aided by the haste of his approach or the anxiety of his attendance, had glued it down in shining rows to his head. He wore a collarless black cassock, down the front of which hung an infinite row of small buttons, like dew-drops, and over it a brownish thread-bare mantle, which he had disengaged from round his throat, and left to fall back from his shoulders, so as to allow of his breathing freely. His sturdy legs were enclosed from the knee downwards in a *heptabocion* of black leather, preserving in some measure the shape of the jack-boots of the period, but buttoned down one side, after the manner of modern galligaskins, and far more rudely formed, and less accurately drawn on than would have been seemly for a cavalier of any pretension. He amply filled the chair, as he sat with his knees thrown somewhat outwards by his portly person, and one edge of his clumsy boot-sole on the ground, while the other rested against its fellow. His breathing, which was like the blowing of some great amphibious animal, was probably thickened by the exercise he had taken, and perhaps by the importance of his present business in his own eyes.

The sarcastic remarks of the group of young and gay-looking gallants, who stood and whispered to each other pretty audibly, did not seem to affect him in the least, or to draw off his attention from the parchment he held in his hand.

"Who, in the foul fiend's name, have we got here, my masters?" said the youngest of them, inclining his head towards the stranger; "I would argue him Abbot of Glastonbury in good King Harry's time."

"It would not need so great heat to dissolve him as his monastery, I trow,"

said another of them, "were we to judge from the effect of the air of the anti-chamber. Behold you, masters, did one ever see such boots in the next room to royalty since Essex's adventure?"* Marry, beshrew my heart, if her highness will not send an equerry to remind us that we are in a palace instead of a stable. But who is this hard-favoured, bead-telling lumpus, after all?"

"Nay, I know not; but I marvel how he will brook a three hour's attendance here, and peradventure a postponement to next Candlemas for his pains?"

"If I were to try my skill at divining," said the younger of the party, "I should say that old rusty-cloak is an inwardly orthodox, but outwardly unreformed priest, who, having quarrelled with his ordinary touching external things, and such like, now cometh to his royal mistress, as sovereign head of the church, to demand her gracious advice on the controversy, more particularly in the matter of the skins of beasts that envelope his nether hose. What say you, my masters?"

"A diviner of characters, truly!" said one of the elder speakers, "thou hast made him out. I would I were in the presence when it cometh to the arguments for and against boot-leather. He will heave him up his manly leg in the very light of her grace's countenance, and say, 'behold you now, most observant of princesses'!"—The youth was interrupted by the usher in waiting, who threw open the door of the presence-chamber, and said,

"Her highness willeth to see the venerable Archdeacon of Dublin without delay."

To the discomfiture of the young discriminators of character, the man in the oaken seat gathered up his hat, threw back his cloak upon the chair, and, breathing yet more vehemently than ever, strode, boots and all, across the room, and disappeared from their view by the presence-chamber door.

We must be permitted to use the

* Whether the Queen's sensitive nerves were offended by her too negligent favourite at a time prior or subsequent to the period of the present scene, however necessary the inquiry might be for an historian to make, I have not stopped to discover.

privilege of narrators, and enter along with him. Elizabeth was attended by none of her immediate councillors; a few of a subordinate rank stood near her, and no sooner had the archdeacon made his obeisance than she exclaimed—

“Now, heaven be our guide, sir archdeacon, as we much marvel to hear of thy coming, and sent for thee at once to learn thine errand. We know thy character, nevertheless, and are assured that few are more likely to be of good use to us than thou, judging both from common report and advices of my trusty counsellors in those parts.”

“Madam, what knowledge soever my sojourn and experience in mine own country hath given me, is thine; and, under heaven, my first duty is to apply it in thy service. God only knoweth, most gracious lady, what we suffer, and how we are misused. To the Lord are all things known, and——”

“Well,” interrupted the queen, impatiently, “we know the unhappy state of our kingdom of Ireland too. Have not our generals, brave and worthy men, done what they could to settle and quiet the minds of our loyal subjects therein? Methinks we could scarcely have expended so huge a quantity of good gold out of our coffers, thereby impoverishing ourselves at home, without much advantage and gain in all measures.”

“Of a surety, madam, your grace’s arms have swept the country, far and near, and spread the terror of the royal name to the remotest corners of the land, nor are we, loyal subjects of your grace, insensible to the blessings of our condition.”

“Neither should ye be so,” said the Queen; “we look forward to certain prosperity and high fortune for our faithful subjects in thy country. As for the rest, when the rebel knaves first know what it is to feel the weight of the sovereign’s arm, then, and not till then, they will experience its support; and, by heaven, they scarce deserve it.”

“It is even so as your highness saith. They are filled with base ingratitude and hatred to your highness for all the benefits conferred on them

out of your grace’s free bounty; and far from uniting under the standard that is borne against them, the disloyal knaves stand by the bloody flag of some savage chief, and in fifties and in hundreds, yea, in thousands, harrass your grace’s faithful troops with divers stratagems and cruelties.”

At this moment the usher approached, and apprised the Queen that Sir Walter Raleigh stood without, and craved the royal permission to enter.

“Now know we of a surety that some stretch of royal bounty or munificence is expected from us. Let him approach, Sir Usher. When, Sir Walter,” said Elizabeth, as the illustrious warrior and historian entered, now bearing upon his brow more of the settled dignity of manhood than when his gallantry first won the favour of the virgin Queen, and paved his way to glory and a grave—“when wilt thou cease to be a beggar?”

“When your highness,” replied the courtier, bowing his noble countenance towards the earth, “ceases to be a benefactor.”*

“Thy importunity may cause that to come to pass ere long,” rejoined Elizabeth, in a tone, however, which vainly struggled with her pleased sense of the compliment, “especially since thou art not satisfied to plead for thine own countrymen, but introducst to our notice, and, as thou thinkest, to our favour, poor poets and needy parsons from Ireland.”

“Gracious madam, thou art deceived this once. Hearing that my Lord Archbishop Loftus had emissaries at court, and fearing that his object might be to distract your highness’s mind from things, in my humble judgment, of near importance to the interests of the kingdom, I make bold to appear before your grace in this unprepared guise, in order to prevent his succeeding in taking an unguarded moment to bring his designs to accomplishment.”

“Nay then, Sir Walter, we are indeed deceived, and thy coming is seasonable. Thou seest we have before us a kerne from that unhappy land, and we not only admit, but require thy counsel touching his suit, whatever it be, so as thou provest thyself an advocate for prompt and decisive measures.”

* The question and reply are both matters of history.

Raleigh looked up, and, observing the archdeacon, affected to recognize him with surprise, and stepped forward to greet him with a gracious and cordial salutation. Then addressing the queen, he said,

"I have had this Master Ussher, it is now some years past, to accompany me in my occasional rambles in the neighbourhood of your highness's city of Dublin, and ever found his discourse on matters relating to that country wholesome and useful unto me. Thou hast not forgot," said he, with a smile, turning towards the Irish emissary, "our rambles through the fields in the direction of the dilapidated monastery of All Hallows?"

"It were impossible not to bear in mind the lessons of wisdom I there received," replied the person addressed, "even if they flowed from a less distinguished source. And truly, if it pleases your highness, it is touching this same abbey that I would crave permission to speak."

"Nothing in anywise to touch our coffers, we hope, Master Ussher? (thou calledst him Ussher, didst thou not, Sir Walter?) for an it be," and she made use of an oath that would have startled a modern court, "thou hadst better speak quickly, and begone, while thou hast a free passage, or, better still, roll up that yellow scroll in thine hand, and counsel us concerning some means of drawing our troops out of this savage island, and gaining an income in it, instead of losing one, as has been the case, with few exceptions, ever since we wore a crown."

"Even so would I do," said Ussher, partially rolling up the scroll, "if your highness would but permit me to speak the words dictated to me by many grave and weighty men in those parts, including my lord archbishop himself, with Master Luke Chaloner, and sundry other of the clergy and laity of your highness's most ancient and loyal city of Dublin."

"Well, say on, Sir Ambassador; but what have these petitioners to say? Somewhat we meant to have done, to extend the blessings of learning amongst them, but that may not be now. The Irish want defence. We have sent army after army to them. They want food. They have a rich and a fruitful land, as we are told, to till. Let them

send us the heads of our traitorous and rebel subjects in the northern parts, and we will return them the breath of our thanks, and some good gold besides."

"I doubt, madam, whether armies or husbandry either, will, without assistance, put money into your highness's treasury. My Lord of Tirowen will take care of the one, and, as for the latter, I fear me that as long as he hath such sway over the minds of the Irish kernes (and indeed those of a higher degree) not much good will come of their husbandry."

"Why, is he then so powerful, this rebel earl?"

"Aye, madam, truly; he affects your grace's authority in those parts."

"Tirowen," said Raleigh, "when I heard advices of him (being some years ago), was a young adventurer, of desperate fortunes and tarnished honour, who was distrusted by those that he forced, as it were, into familiarity with him, and not sufficiently feared to be seriously hated by his enemies."

"Time and circumstances work many and strange differences, Sir Walter," replied Ussher; "the man who was little known and less respected, hath become formidable to all her majesty's loyal subjects, and hath built him a popularity that hath even extended to this side of the water, and induced many and mean concessions from his opponents."

"Is it even so?" cried the Queen: "then by the head of our sire, he shall lay that proud neck of his as low before us as ever eastern slave bowed him to his lord, or else we will make it acquainted with block and cold steel before the year's out!"

"Yes, madam; and well were it for many a starving peasant were it so with his fancied protector; but I much fear me that Tirowen hath too much of the cunning of barbarism about him to thrust himself knowingly into the jaws of destruction."

"Doth he indeed hold royal court as thou sayest?" inquired Raleigh.

"Aye truly, worshipful Sir Walter, he doth, and in the like state; would make the courtiers here arouse her grace to marvel. Few pictures or tapestries there are at Shane's Castle; it is true, and piteous lack of slas' of doublets and gilding of hilts, but there is royalty, nevertheless."

"Hast thou seen all this that thou seemest to know?"

"I had occasion, Sir Walter, some time since, to visit the castle of this great O'Neal, and truly there was to be seen there a picture of regal state, as it was of old time in Ireland."

"Let us hear concerning it, good master Ussher," said Elizabeth,—"methinks we should like to know how this *imperium in imperio* is regulated."

"An it please your grace, this Castle of Tirowen's is situate on the bank of a mighty lake, having sundry great and strong towers, with battlements and embrasures, meet for formidable show and long defence. There on the summit of the highest of them, there was (as I drew near) a great banner flying, with the bearings of the family broidered upon it, (a right noble coat, truly, it behoveth me to confess,) and having annexed thereto their barbarous motto, which being rendered into English signifieth "The red hand of Ireland;" and loth am I to speak to it, as it moved my gorge to behold it—surmounted not by the honourable coronet of an earldom, such as, under your grace's favour, the chief is permitted to wear; but a device much resembling a crown regal."

The Queen changed colour, but permitted him to proceed.

"Having entered the broad and spacious base-court of the castle, I beheld a vast multitude of the wild inhabitants of those parts, not, however, in peaceful and unprepared guise, but arrayed under certain that seemed to possess military authority over them, and armed with short swords, skenes, and pikes. Entered into the hall of banquet, (it being about mid-day,) a strange sight struck upon mine eyes. Forty and five great and fair oaken tables were spread. Hundreds of wild featured men feasted on venison, beef, and swine's flesh, according to their bearing and station. On the left sat the councillors and churchmen, on the right them that were high in military

employ. Near the entrance were the doctors and astrologers.* At the farther end, somewhat separated from the rest, (the floor of the hall being raised and elevated above the meaner herd,) the great O'Neal himself sat, with many nobles of great note and power in those parts, and all the while an aged man, with a long white beard, and, (as I was able to know from them that gave me entrance,) blind from his birth, very venerable to behold, played cunning music upon the harp, and sung many stirring things in the Irish tongue, as I could discover from the silence, and fiery, fearful looks, not only of my Lord of Tirowen himself, but also of the multitude at the lower boards."

"And what might be the subject of the song?" said the Queen, much interested in the narration.

"Nay, please your highness," said the wily Ussher, who did not wish to expose the directly rebellious tendency of the strain, to which, as will appear, he had been at least an unobjecting auditor, "I am not skilled in their barbarous dialect, and besides, I had not time to enquire, when my guide brought me up the middle of the hall to the lower end of the principal board, and no sooner was it made known that a messenger from my Lord Deputy was present, than Tirowen himself got up off his seat, and with a wild whoop, natural to that savage people, wrung my fist, and placed me next unto himself at his right side,—forcing on me all manner of dainties, (in their rough sort,) and of precious liquors no scant measure, insomuch that I was fain to defer the main object of my journey until a more befitting season, the which was never afforded me, as I found myself the next morning, as soon as I came to myself, (for, being much unused to such outlandish festivities, I confess unto your grace I was much overcome,) sundry miles distant from the castle, at a poor hut, with my nag ready caparisoned for my journey; and, as it

* This description is partly borrowed from an account of the banquetting-hall in the palace of Tamar, or Tara, as it existed at a period much prior to the times of Elizabeth. The account, which, whether authentic or not, is at least curious, is translated from an ancient Irish MS. in Trinity College, Dublin, and is inserted in Vallancey's *Collectanea*, Vol. III. p. 512. From the propensities of some of our modern nobles, we may presume that Tyrone not improbably kept up, and even prided himself in the barbarities of his ancestors.

behoveth me to avow, well fed and in good case, and word left with the kerne at the but, to warn me against returning to my lord's castle."

"This is a strange monarch truly," said the Queen, with a smile; "what thinkest thou, Sir Walter, of the post of Secretary to his Grace of Ulster?"

"An he were to treat ambassadors from foreign parts in such sort, most honoured madam, as he hath my worthy friend Master Ussher, my post, as regards their master's affairs, would be somewhat of a sinecure."

"True, Sir Walter; yet methinks even there the steadiest head would, as in our diplomacy, be gainer at the last. Methinks, however, this same Tirowen is not at all times obliged to have recourse to such summary means to gain his purpose, if we are to credit our accounts from those parts?"

"By no means, madam," replied Ussher. "He hath a ready wit, nor ever lacketh device where it is needful, or likely to be successful. He hath (that I may present his chief signs unto your Grace,) a rough and hearty bearing, with a ready laugh and a jest, even to the discomfiture of his proper jesters,—qualities well liked by the commonalty round him. His stature is large, and his voice loud and vehement. He hath connected himself by intermarriage and otherwise with many powerful septs of those countries, and they affect him in such sort, that verily he saith to the most potent of his connexions, (to use holy writ) "do this, and he doeth it," ay, and that with a good will. Without much of the eloquence of the schools, he hath a speech suited to the warm and wild hearts of his dependents, and a word ever ready on occasion;—but we, who are out of the reach of his traitorous influence, do easily behold that he doth not scruple to deliver up a score or two of the best of them to your Grace's generals when it may buy from them advantage to himself, without being sufficient to open the eyes of the rest. He begun his course by crime, but now professeth to have repented and to abhor it, as indeed he doth not commit offences any more in detail, but in the more general and heinous form of fomenting disaffection, plotting against your Grace, and sacrificing armies or quiet parishes to his traitorous ends, all designed, as *I said before*, to uprear and plant firm

that same royal standard on the top of his castle."

"This is strange that thou tellest, Sir Archdeacon," said Elizabeth, abstractedly, "though we have heard many rumours of a like nature from other quarters. And now, Sir Walter," she exclaimed, after a pause, altering her manner at once, and seeming to awaken from a reverie,—“by heaven, we must smite this same daring earl, and cause him to feel the terror of our arm. What sayest thou? Shall we dispatch the flower of our troops to harry the country of O’Neal, and bring us his head and his treasure to grace the palace of his offended mistress?”

"May it please your Grace," said Raleigh, with an air of gravity, "I passed for some years of my life, in the service of my most revered and honoured mistress, in her highness's kingdom of Ireland, and have had (without vain-glorious boasting) some experience in the matters appertaining thereunto, and looked narrowly into the causes of the same. When first I touched foot on its shores, eager for renown, and believing, like a knight of chivalry, that nothing was impossible to the sword and gallantry, I followed, or led, your highness's troops abroad through the land, and depopulated whole districts. We returned in triumph, and left the provinces (as hath been eloquently said,) a solitude, but not in peace. Of the inhabitants, those that survived were still rebellious—still ignorant—still treacherous. Again they felt the terrors of war, and again was there a barren triumph. My lord deputy was fain to continue the same course, with the same result, but I began, at last, to see that your Grace's treasure was expending—your Grace's subjects falling by the edge of the sword, not to speak of famine and treachery, and yet the evil was not likely to be remedied. I bethought me what gave such power to our adversaries, and was convinced that it was the influence that a few restless spirits exercised over the besotted ignorance and blindness of the native kernes, who were moved like puppets in their quarrels, and to further their designs. I saw that the root of all was in the condition of those poor mistaken wretches themselves. By nature sanguine and prejudiced and held in the

thickest darkness by their own idleness, and the policy of their chiefs, they seemed, in general, scarcely to be aware that they lived in a kingdom lawfully swayed over by the glory of your highness's name ; and to hold it a matter of conscience, as well as inclination, to serve the chief of their sept as lord paramount. Thus, then, I concluded that it must be on these that the change was to be wrought, and that the great object of pacification was to be attained, not by force of arms, or any such summary means, but by the slow and certain progress of enlightenment, which would free them, without the shedding of blood, from the thralldom of designing leaders ; and, by giving the spur to industry and virtue, and curbing riot and crime by the obligation of reason, make that part of your Grace's dominions, from being a burthen and a shame to the rest, a source of profit and honour to all. Being thus opinioned, I was minded myself to advance some great school of learning within that country, as a ready and effectual remedy for the many evils mine eyes lighted on, as I cast them round me, as thick-sown and as glaring as plague-spots : and to that end I was about to make inquiry, when I learned that my lord deputy (of that time) was doing his endeavour in the same line with myself, and designed the antient popish cathedral of St. Patrick's, in the metropolis, a lurking place, as he said, of remaining superstition, for the ground of one or more colleges, its revenues being also intended to support them. But my Lord Archbishop Loftus, for what reason he himself best knoweth, did mightily stir himself to defeat the deputy's endeavours, and, as your highness seeth, he hath hitherto succeeded. When I learned of the matter being in so much better and more powerful hands, I ceased to trouble myself concerning it, till I heard that my Lord archbishop was about to obtain an audience himself, or by deputy, with your highness, who had, of late, expressed so much good will to that island : then could I no longer stand aloof, but hastened to defend the cause of learning and improvement ; for the which I hope I may ever be found the unbought advocate."

"And thou shalt be heard, noble Raleigh !" exclaimed the Queen, "in

spite of this same archbishop, and his emissary."

"Most gracious princess, and my liege lady," said Ussher, now feeling that it was time for him to speak, "behold in me the bearer unto your grace of my Lord Archbishop's sorrow and contrition for his past misdoings in this matter, and signification of his present altered mind ; and proud do I feel to hold such an office, seeing that he now agreeth in both heart and judgment with his gracious sovereign, and her trusty counsellor. And, truly, Sir Walter Raleigh hath been before his lordship and his friends in the expression of their wants. Permit me, then, most honoured madam, to lay at your highness's feet their respectful offerings of duty and homage, and to present their humble petition before that throne, whence shineth the light of beauty and the glory of her kingdom."

"We will hear thee willingly, good Master Archdeacon," said the Queen, who, in spite of her usual sagacity, had failed to perceive that Raleigh and Ussher had been playing into each other's hands during the whole conversation—"and would right gladly avail ourselves of any suggestions that might tend to shift this vexing scene of hostilities which makes what (as we are told) is the fairest portion of our empire, a perpetual standing camp."

The Irish emissary, without farther preamble, then proceeded to read from the scroll in his hand the body of the petition of which he was the bearer, and which stated, in its outset, the exertions lately made by Archbishop Loftus to induce the inhabitants of Dublin to have a school for learning erected in Ireland, and the liberal grant of the dissolved monastery of All Hallows, which was consequently made for that purpose by the mayor and corporation. It proceeded to pray, that a college might be appointed by her highness's most gracious permission, and under her protection, to be erected, to be the mother of an university in a certain place near Dublin, called the dissolved Augustinian monastery of All Hallows, granted by the corporation thereof for that purpose, at the yearly rent of four pounds four shillings, and stated to be of the yearly value of twenty pounds, for the education, institution, and in-

duction of youth in arts and faculties, to endure for ever ; that (to blot out the memory of the ancient Popish appellation) it might be called by the style of *Collegium Sacrosanctæ et individuæ Trinitatis juxta Dublin* ; that it might consist of a provost and as many fellows and scholars as her highness might be graciously pleased to appoint, in the name of more ; that her highness might be graciously pleased to nominate good, trusty, and learned men, as it might seem best to her, to fill the original situations ; and that the body might have her highness's royal license to purchase property to a value sufficient to ensure the more worthy of the professors and fellows a decent livelihood, ten, or even twelve pounds by the year each, as it might be, in order that they might be enabled to devote their time to the advancement of the ends of their institution ; and, generally, that her highness might take the whole matter into her gracious consideration.*

The Queen listened with much attention during the reading of the petition, and several times interrupted it to make herself acquainted with facts that seemed to bear upon the subject ; and when it was at last concluded, and she found in reply to her inquiries, that she was not called upon to advance money, but on the contrary, that it was to the people of note in Ireland that application was to be made for pecuniary assistance, she shewed visible satisfaction, and the sagacious Raleigh, and equally astute Usher, saw that their object was gained.

"Why, Sir Walter," said the Queen, suddenly turning round to Raleigh, "who knows but we may make an Athens of our Dublin for future generations, by thus founding an university participating in the perfections, and purged of the defects of our Oxford and Cambridge ? We may even ourselves see this Usher here before long, ruffing it in the schools in the clothing of his Dublin diploma, as proudly as ever a doctor in Christ Church, and parading his barbarous Latin with as self-edifying a grace. What thinkest thou, good Sir Walter ?"

The courtier bowed with a smile,

and said nothing. Usher, however, who did not much like this turn to the conversation, immediately said,

"An it please your grace, I have a stripling nephew and namesake at home in Dublin, not yet emerged from boyhood, who is even now a match for the most erudite professors on the banks of either Cam or Isis, and who, if your grace but grants our prayer, will, I promise, be an honour to the infant seminary :—but it is not so much for the mere learning of the schools (if it be pleasing unto your grace) that your petitioners are so solicitous ; it is rather on that general illumination and enlargement of the mind, which a commixture of intellects pitted against each other from all parts, must of necessity produce, that we build our hopes, and on the dispersion of minds thus illuminated and enlarged again among their benighted brethren."

"We see truly much advantage therefrom," said Elizabeth, "and we would have all manner of knowledge encouraged within the walls of such a place, from the most abstruse to the lightest consistent with the deportment of graver and sober minds, so that even our worthy Raleigh's dreaming friend, Edmund Spenser, might look for advancement therein. We do give our most cordial assent that the prayer of our petitioners be granted, and their wishes carried into effect as far as may be, and without delay ; and to that end a warrant shall be issued for licence of mortmain, and letters patent made out forthwith. Do thou, Master Archdeacon, return with our commendations to our most reverend and well-beloved petitioners, and tell them that they shall find their Queen ever ready to advance their interests, and assist with counsel and advice, when such shall be meet and proper."

"Long may your grace live to see the fruits of such magnanimity !" exclaimed Usher, with real enthusiasm, as he saw the object of so much solicitude at last accomplished—"wherever the mental labour of Irishmen is successful, thy name should there be heard, and reap the greater part of the glory ; and where science, civilization, and religion are advanced, there should

* The clauses of this petition have been selected, *mutatis mutandis*, from the charter granted the following year.

the blessings flowing therefrom be poured upon thy sacred head; and in what place soever a page of Irish literature shall appear, (and where is the quarter of the world, where it shall not one day shine forth?) there should also shine the features and lovely delineation of that royal countenance which hath so blessed and prospered our undertaking. Beneath the influence of such a light—under such royal (I would fain say divine) auspices, we may not fear, discouraged though we be by faction and malevolence; and above all, herein do I behold (as it were with prophetic eyes) the downfall of that most idolatrous and destructive superstition of Popery (nay, Sir Walter, I *will* speak) which hath so long lived, like as it were some screech-owl or bird of ill-omen, amidst the ruins of the mental fabric, and only needeth this dawn, as I may say, of learning, the promise of a day of goodly splendour, to banish it from its strong hold for ever. Yea, most gracious and most glorious princess, when my native University shall boast, as of a surety it will, a thousand *alumni* for one it may have in my days, even then should each wear the noble cognizance of the foundress-queen upon his forehead, like the phylacteries of old, as her image should be engraven upon his heart—his greatest treasure—his highest pride; and when the great day of doom shall arrive, and the trump shall sound, then shall the long line of prelates and divines, honoured by mankind and boasted of by their native land, follow in thy path, a holy train, calling down blessings on thee, their institutress and benefactress!"

"Behold you now," said the Queen, half amused, half pleased with the warmth of Ussher, "how goodly a train we have appointed to us in the heated imagination of the Archdeacon. Nevertheless, the warrant shall be issued, as we have already said, in

fitting time; and for the better preservation of the memory of this day's audience, and our benefaction to our beloved realm of Ireland than thy vehement oratory will afford, it is our pleasure that the corporation be styled, in addition to the title proposed—let us consider—*Collegium*—as thou hast said, —a *Regina Elizabetha fundatum*.—But see that we are not borne too far; and, in order that the fellows and scholars may not abuse our bounty, and wallow in wealth instead of being what they are designed to be, poor, painstaking, laborious instructors of themselves and others, we strictly limit our licence of mortmain to the purchase of property of the yearly value of four hundred pounds;—thus restricted, thou mayst return to thy friends, and bid God speed to their undertaking in the name of their Queen."

Ussher knelt, and kissed the hand extended to him, and, after another burst of thanks, left the presence.

In the anti-room, the countenances of the gallants, who had been so long in disappointed expectation of admission, had undergone a visible change. They made way with many obeisances for the Archdeacon of Dublin, as he issued forth with the smile of success on his countenance; and the youngest of them (he who had been the *nice discriminator* before the conference) assisted him with much officiousness to buckle on his thread-bare cloak. Ussher made the best of his way to the water's edge, and proceeded by boat to London, whence, on the day but one after, he set out on his return to his native city, the bearer of a letter written in the Queen's own hand, communicating the joyful intelligence of that act of condescension and goodness, which was to work so many important effects, and amongst others, centuries after, to give an appropriate embellishment to the title page of *our Magazine*.

SONG OF THE CHOUAN.

(SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN FOUND IN CHATEAU DE LA CHASLIERE.)

Sun of France, once more rise !
 Though a demon Joshua
 Hath held the world awhile in awe,
 And thrust thee backward from thy skies,
 Burst from his spell, and culminate on high,
 Life of our nation—light of Royalty !
 Blaze above us, bright and strong,
 Day, that we have watched so long,
 Here benighted,
 Pale, affrighted,
 Gazing forth the darkness o'er,
 By our country's bone-strewn shore,
 Tempest sweeping o'er our head,
 At our feet the unburied dead,
 Fallen in disregarded death,—
 We, that caught their dying breath,
 Hapless—helpless—heavy-hearted—
 Hope itself almost departed !

What appeareth ?—As a star,
 Red with blood and horrid war,
 Behold the *triple* flag advancing,
 And athwart the shapening gloom
 A glare, as from a lighted tomb,
 Whose lamp is swinging, coldly glancing
 Where La Vendée's parent-plain
 Waves her fields of golden grain,
 And wreaths of roses and the vine
 Fold her in their sportive twine,
 While she lays her bosom bare
 To feed and fill her children there,
 Bends them down in sweet delusion
 Beneath the thyrsus of profusion,
 O'er them hums Arcadian measures,
 And lulls their souls asleep in pleasures,
 The hideous torch-glow flares across the skies—
 Arise—be men—arise !

Seize the scythe and bill,
 And tear the plough asunder—
 Let the jagged nails come through—
 We'll shew them what our haste can do,
 And turn their leeches pale with wonder—
 The wound will mock their skill!
 We die, 'tis true, but die
 With self-carved trophies tomb'd;
 A forced procession sings the requiem o'er us;—
 The shades of them that we have sent before us!
 We have spectators—and, since death is doom'd,
 Would fain die gloriously.
 For, lo! afar, like dimly-gliding ghosts,
 The horizon peopled with embattled hosts.
 Friends! friends!—they smile:—Long known themselves to fame
 They come to lend a sacred cause their name:—
 Old kings and nobles marshal in the sky
 From out the past—the flower of chivalry;—
 And belted earls and sturdy squires advance,
 And the high knighthood of historic France.

Before them all,
 A fair-haired woman, and a godlike youth,
 Stamped on his brow with candour and with truth,
 Ride onward.—Fluttering hopes above,
 And the winged spirits of his people's love,
 Are hovering high in dusky regions,
 Countless as the shadowy legions
 That, thwart distempered fancies move,
 And, leaning on the air,
 Twine many a garland fair,
 And drop upon the cloudy floor,
 Thick as the manna-showers of yore,
 The dew of welcome from each angel-wing.—
 What is that youth?—Do homage, and prepare—
 Aye, Chouans—'tis your king!

We muster, in the gloom of eve,
 When tolls the bell
 From the lonely dell,
 And yonder abbey-tower the owlets leave.
 On—to the narrow glen,
 As that night-bird among the trees,
 Or the more stealthy western breeze,—
 As glides the noisely foot of time—
 As creeps the cruel to his crime—
 So mutely move we through the gloom,
 And fill the gorge with men.—
 Now down—and silent as the tomb!

Forward they come with their war-horses bounding,
 Their arms all a clashing, their dull tramp resounding,—
 The hollow road echoes to laughter and jest,
 And the screech-owl, affrighted, flits back to her nest,—
 The "citizen column" is fearless of foes—
 Such progress what peasants would dare to oppose?

Along the line they're chorussing—
 "Honour to the patriot-king,—
 Curses on the rebels light,
 That will not yield, and dare not fight,—
 Cowards, but a stubborn band—
 Near, but never hand to hand!"
 They make the valley ring afar
 With many a jeering word,—
 Call it a forage, not a war—
 The idle boast is *heard*.

Close as hatred could desire
 Are foe to foe,—
 Revenge upon the insult's hear—
 A musket's at the vaunter's ear—
 Along it glares a Chouan's eye—
 The chorusser is doomed to die.
 One breathless moment ere the blow,
 Now—fire!

* * * *
 "Drag the bodies from their view—
 Hunt the rebels—they are few—
 'Tis coward—peasant war.
 On—for France and liberty!"
 But, hark!—what means that shrilly cry—
 "*Eparpillons, mes gars!*"*

They charge across the hedge—but where are they
 That took such murderous aim? Escaped—away!
 The smoky field is empty now—
 Behold them on yon craggy brow!
 As safe as eagle swoops from out the cloud,
 They pour a volley on the scattered crowd,
 And vanish once again. The advancing night
 Protects them in their wheeling, Parthian flight,
 And from the outset ere an hour has sped,
 The Chouan slumbers on his cottage bed.

Heroic mother of an exiled king!
 When of thy sufferings the bard would sing,
 He feels the bitter pang,
 And pays his fruitless homage to thy glory,
 And hails thee, as he ponders o'er thy story,
 A nobler *Jacquelin*!
 It was not for our blood to prosper thee,
 Or *mine* had flowed to swell the sanguine sea
 Whereon thy bark was cast—
 More stainless tides such precious freight should bear;
 The gentle welling of a people's prayer
 Must buoy thee up at last.

* Derroncourt tells us that this was the signal for dispersion among the insurgents.

We've turned us to our ploughs again,
 And travail with the toilsome wain,
 And bow our bodies to the dust,
 But hold our minds erect in trust.
 True, we mistook the morning ray,
 But darkest night must end in day,—
 To meet the gloomiest we can bring
 A spirit great in suffering.
 Bright, with a long and sweeping motion,
 Beyond the deep and dismal cloud
 That closes round us, like a shroud,
 And wraps within its deadly shade
 The name of *him* that hath betrayed,—
 The coming glory of the Bourbon gleams,
 And casts a smile upon Misfortune's streams,
 Like sunshine on a wintry ocean !

From the *west* that sunshine cometh—
 Through the west the Chouan roameth—
 There will *Henri* find a throne,
 There subjects tried and proved his own—
 There, too, an envied fate present
 At last, to future years—
 His people's hearts, his monument,
 His epitaph, their tears.

Let nation league with nation through the world,
 And usurpation's banner float unfurled
 In heaven's affronted name,—
 That heaven, when baffled man hath long despaired,
 Will strike the blood-stained flag that crime hath reared,
 And hoist the *Ori flame* !

ADVENA.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY.

We enter upon the present year with a strong persuasion that the proceedings of our new-modelled Parliament, in the session that is about to be, will determine the destinies of England for, at least, half a century. The constitution has been capsize—a race of legislators has been called into existence, whose notions of good government are essentially different from those of all who have gone before them; and as, unhappily, their power seconds their will, we must prepare for scenes of change and unsettlement, such as could scarcely, on former occasions, enter into the calculations of the most timid alarmist.

On former occasions, the great permanent interests in the country exercised a considerable influence in determining the character of the national council; and care was accordingly taken, that nothing should be done by which those interests might be endangered. The landed aristocracy not only had their own house of assembly, but also *numbered many* steadfast friends amongst the representatives of the people, by whose presence the violence of democracy was mitigated, and all abrupt collision between the two orders of the state prevented. Nor did this blending of the nobles with the commons in the third estate, operate prejudicially to public liberty. Never was there a more complete protection for person and property than during the last century, throughout the whole of which that practice prevailed. In truth, in the present state of enlightenment, it could have had but one effect, namely, that of protecting the privileged orders from the encroachments of those below them. It enabled the government to meet the popular movements, (which, in the present state of the political world, must be calculated upon by the statesman with as much certainty as the occurrence of monsoons in the tropics,) not *directly*, but *indirectly*, and thus to modify, or avert, or mitigate, what might not be successfully resisted. But now, instead of this *salutary action of the upper orders*

upon the lower, by which ignorance was instructed, prejudice was disarmed, and the spirit of jacobinical revolution neutralized, we must prepare for the action of the lower classes upon the upper, from which effects very different may be expected.

That the reform bill has made the Commons House of Parliament predominant in the legislature, was never doubtful; but it is not now denied. The sapient individual to whom the framing of the bill was entrusted, acknowledges that such was his object. Thenceforth the government of England was a democracy. We are not disposed to give that democracy any hard name. By its fruits, by-and-by, men shall know it. But it is important to banish the delusion of three estates, balancing and controuling each other, in the discharge of their distinct and independent functions. The King and the House of Lords as yet exist, *in name*; they still exercise their powers and privileges, *in form*; but, as to possessing any influence which would enable them successfully to resist any aggressive movement upon which the Commons might resolve, and by which their rights might be abridged, we believe such a notion is scarcely entertained by their most sanguine supporters.

No. When the Lords consented to pass the reform bill, they assisted in digging their own grave. They may be permitted to linger on in a state of ignominious vassalage to that supreme assembly which they have contributed to aggrandize. But their fate is obvious, as soon as ever they rebel against their masters. The new men of the House of Commons can have but little sympathy with the old men in the House of Lords. When two bodies are brought into conflict, the one of whom possesses power without dignity, and the other of whom possesses dignity without power, it does not require a spirit of prophecy to determine which must be successful. Ancestral rank—hereditary privileges—are all very fine things, as long as there exists, on the

annum at compound interest at four per cent. would amount in twenty-five years to 41*l.* 645908, or about 41*l.* and somewhat more than six-tenths of a pound. Therefore, twenty millions multiplied by 41 6-10ths, will give a sum of more than 833 millions, a sum which, we believe, exceeds the whole of the national debt. Well might Lord Londonderry complain of "an ignorant impatience of taxation!"

We do not forget that the iniquitous abandonment of this tax was not a Tory, but a Whig measure. The opposition took advantage of the selfish prejudices of the land owners, and compelled the then government, much against their will, to have it repealed. But, it must be confessed, it was altogether an aristocratic movement, by which the gentry sought to relieve themselves at the expense of the working classes. And if the working classes at present took it into their heads to employ the political power with which they have become invested, for the purpose of having it re-imposed, we confess such a measure would appear to us very like a kind of retributive justice.

Something, undoubtedly, must be done, or the country will be undone. A dead weight of forty millions, pressing upon a people whose food is made dear by corn-laws, while their trade is constantly diminishing by foreign competition, cannot be borne much longer. And, unless prompt and energetic measures are taken, which may afford some prospect of ultimate relief from this heavy burden, we see not, we confess, how bankruptcy and ruin are to be averted.

We know well that the income tax was most unequal. In fact, any equal tax upon *all* income must necessarily, in its effects, be unequal. A professional man derives one thousand per annum from his practice. A landed proprietor derives one thousand per annum from his freehold estate. The one is a life, the other is a perpetual interest; and while they are both taxed only the same amount, one is at least twice as heavily taxed as the other. The tax should be measured, not by the amount of the income, but by the value of the property. And, holding this principle in view, a graduated income and property tax would be one of the *most equitable* that could be imposed.

We also hold the principle, that the legislature, in imposing taxes, should make a difference between the very affluent and the moderately affluent portions of the community, and rather lean upon the luxuries of the one, than upon the necessities of the other. When the question is, whether one man must lay down his horse, or two or three others abridge the portion of wholesome food which might be required by their families, it requires but common humanity to say how it should be decided.

Neither should it be forgotten that the value of all landed property rose considerably during the war. Indeed, production of every kind experienced an extraordinary, if not a preternatural impulse—so that our prosperity more than kept pace with our taxation. This is strikingly illustrated by the following fact, which we extract from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, under the article *England*. The same property, consisting of one hundred acres, paid a rent in 1790 of 88*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.*; in 1803, 121*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.*; and in 1813, 161*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.* being an increase, at the respective periods, more than sufficient to double any increase which could have taken place either in direct or indirect taxation. Now, compare this with the increase of the national debt during nearly the same period. In 1793, the unredeemed debt amounted in round numbers to two hundred and twenty-seven millions; in 1813, to five hundred and seventy-five millions. Thus, the increase of rent very nearly kept pace with the increase of debt; the one having almost, and the other very little more than doubled. All property has, we know, since declined; but it would not be unfair to say, that those accumulations which accrued to individuals in consequence of the war, should be more peculiarly liable to taxation, for the purpose of liquidating the debt occasioned by the war, than other income or property which was comparatively unaffected by it.

The war was undertaken and carried on for the defence of property; and it is not unjust that the expense attending it should fall, in a considerable degree, upon the property which was defended.

The propriety of rescinding the law which renders it necessary for members of parliament to vacate their seats up

acceptance of office, will, no doubt, be speedily brought under the consideration of the House of Commons. The reform ministry early foresaw the inconvenience of popular elections, and had resolved to obviate it by a provision which would have, in a certain degree, relieved them from subjection to the caprice of the mob; but in the hurry and bustle attendant upon the great measure, this important matter was overlooked, and they have since experienced, to their cost, the galling and ignominious bondage to popular tyranny which they have taken in exchange for the regulated liberty of the old constitution. An effort will, therefore, undoubtedly be made to emancipate the king's government from this degrading servitude, which threatens in no long time to put the royal prerogative into complete abeyance, and to convert those who ought to be servants appointed by the king, into *keepers* appointed by the people.

The government have already felt that the national interest must suffer, unless some remedy be found for this great evil. A man's moral or intellectual fitness for some great post is, as things stand at present, but a small portion of his qualification to fill it. He must, in addition, possess popularity to outstrip all competitors who may contend with him for the "most sweet" voices of the rabble, and wealth to stand the tug of a contested election. And the public business can never be efficiently carried on when the question is, not who ought to be appointed to places of high trust, but who can count on to take them.

We doubt not that the present House of Commons will agree in the propriety of adopting some proposition to the effect that we have supposed. In the first place, they are all individually interested in being relieved, upon the acceptance of office, from the expense and the turmoil of a contested election: and, as little can it be doubted that the national welfare demands that the public should not be altogether dependent upon the services of those alone who may at all times be able to command the suffrages of a multitudinous constituency. The law in question was passed at a time when the royal prerogative was not a mere name, and when the House of Lords was permitted to exercise more than a sem-

blance of independence. It was passed at a time when the House of Commons might, not unnaturally, feel some jealousy of those who were appointed by a powerful monarch to the exercise of some high trust, and who might be suspected of a leaning in favour of an unconstitutional exercise of that authority from which they derived their emoluments and their grandeur. It was passed at a time when members of the lower house might naturally aspire, by a course of faithful service, to a seat in the House of Lords, and in whom, therefore, the acceptance of office naturally implied an elevation above the ordinary range of popular sympathies, which in some measure amounted to a presumptive incompetency to represent the feelings or the wishes of the people. But all this is now changed. Of whom have the reformed House of Commons to be afraid? Not surely of a reed shaken by the wind. Of whom have they to be jealous? Not surely of what was formerly considered the co-ordinate branch of the legislature, but all the substantial power of which has already passed away. So far from members of the House of Commons *now* aspiring to be members of the House of Lords, we are persuaded the time is not far distant when members of the House of Lords will wish, in vain, for seats in the House of Commons. The other house has, in fact, as things stand at present, become omnipotent; and it would be the silliest affectation to pretend to feel either jealousy or alarm at the ghosts of its former rivals. The ground is, therefore, taken from under the old enactment. The House of Commons may now boldly say, "Who's afraid?" It needs not those checks which were formerly deemed necessary to prevent the apprehended encroachments of regal or aristocratic influence: and it will not, we may be well assured, be disposed to convert what was intended to be a protection against the evil designs of others, into a species of penal enactment against itself.

We may, therefore, presume that it will not require a great deal of plausibility to persuade the honourable members of the lower house, that their acceptance of office does not imply any forfeiture of the confidence of those by whom they have been elected. Indeed, every one must admit that the

old provision should be abrogated, unless there be those who would seriously maintain that the government should be placed in the hands of those only who represent the feelings and the wishes of the very lowest of the people. None such, we take it for granted, can as yet be found in sufficient numbers to make any serious opposition to such a measure, if it should, in good earnest, be proposed; and the ministers have only to adopt it, and evince their determination to carry it through, in order to command the suffrage of every individual who is disposed to leave his most gracious majesty the semblance of authority or independence.

But there is an alternative, (and one that we should be disposed to prefer, although, it may be, not a great many of the honourable members would agree with us,) namely, to give the ministers of the king, whoever they may be, whether members of parliament or not, seats in the House of Commons, with a power of proposing and discussing all such matters as may come before the legislature, but without the power of voting, unless they should be *bonâ fide* representatives of the people. We see not, we confess, why the king should be, as he is at present, limited in his choice of those who are to assist him by their counsel. The changes which have taken place have deprived him of any direct or indirect influence in the election of members to serve in the House of Commons; and it would be rather strange to maintain that an assembly constituted as that house now is, should be the only body from amongst whom he is to be permitted to select his constitutional advisers.

We are aware that his majesty would find it more convenient to be represented in the House of Commons by those who can vote as well as speak, than by other individuals who could only have a voice without a vote in their deliberations; and we are therefore of opinion, that the power for which we contend would not be very frequently exercised. Our measure would include all that is desirable in the other, and at the same time make provision for possible cases, in which the wisdom or the eloquence of individuals, who might not possess the means of access to the House of Commons, should be made available for the

service of the country. If such cases should not occur, the privilege would remain a dead letter; and if they did, the proper exercise of it must surely be considered a national advantage.

It was admitted, even by the strongest opponents of the borough system, that it possessed *this* advantage, namely, that of sending into the House of Commons a number of talented men, whose untried abilities would never have recommended them to numerous democratic constituencies. The names of Chatham, and Pitt, and Burke, and Fox, and Windham, and Sheridan, and a host of others, are too familiar to our readers to be enlarged on by us; and those who bore them would, in all probability, have remained to the present day utterly unknown as public men, had they not obtained an access to the legislature by that avenue which has now been closed for ever. Would it not, therefore, be desirable that the king should be invested with a power of exercising, in a certain limited extent, this privilege which has been taken from the nobles, and presenting occasionally to his parliament, in the persons of his ministers, individuals who might be found, upon proof, capable of rendering him and their country good service? It appears to us a very obvious mode of mitigating the evil which has been caused by the sweeping abolition of the boroughs, and the adoption of which could not possibly be attended with any danger.

The most plausible objection to our proposal is, we imagine, an apprehended want of sympathy between parliament, and a ministry composed of those who might not be "*bonâ fide*" members. But it is not to be presumed that his majesty would not exercise a sound discretion in the choice of his advisers, and therefore no such want of sympathy need be feared. If he be indiscreet in his ministerial appointments, that indiscretion may be manifested in the selection of obnoxious individuals, who *are*, as well as those who *are not* members of the House of Commons. And if he be prudent, he will take good care not to shock the prejudices of that assembly by any appointment which he has not good reason to believe will be found, in its results, acceptable to the country.

The functions of the House of Commons may be said to be two-fold, le-

gislative and demonstrative. It assists in the enactment of laws, and it also discusses and declares the grounds upon which they are enacted. Now an individual may be fully competent to assist in the one office, who yet may not be called upon to exercise the others; and that a minister should possess a privilege of debating, without a power of deciding on any matter which might come before the legislature, does not imply a mutilation of character, but a separation of duties. Under the borough system, the same individuals were called upon to do both; and no one has ever yet attempted successfully to shew that that system, however theoretically objectionable, was really injurious. But *that* for which we contend, namely, that simple and initiatory and discus- sional powers should be conferred upon individuals invested with ministerial responsibility, would not be even theoretically objectionable, while it would realize many of the solid advantages which the most violent opponents of the nomination boroughs never denied to belong to them.

It will, we know, be said by some practical men, that an education in the House of Commons is absolutely indispensable for a British minister; that no man can command the attention of the house but one who has had the training of an expert debater; and that, however well informed, and however highly gifted any individual may be, if he has not been long familiarised to the stormy discussions of a popular assembly, it would be idle to expect that he should exercise any important influence over its deliberations. In all this there is much truth;—and we are disposed, on that account, to think that members of parliament would, generally speaking, constitute the ministers of the crown. Our dissent goes only thus far, that the House of Commons is not the *only* school for the formation of an able speaker. It is a very good school, we grant. It is the very school in which it is most desirable that a statesman should receive his political education. But in a country like this, there are great facilities for developing and disciplining the discus- sional powers; and of these highly gifted individuals would, no doubt, largely avail themselves, if they thought that by so doing any opportunity would

be afforded them of benefiting the country. We believe that many individuals who were and are eminent in the House of Commons, had very little to learn in the art of speaking when they entered that assembly. Pitt's first speech and first reply had, we believe, all the point, finish, and dexterity which characterised his most successful efforts at any subsequent period; and his rapid elevation to the office of prime minister could not be ascribed to any habits which he had acquired in an assembly of which he was almost the very youngest member. Our proposal, it must be remembered, does not *require* of his majesty to choose as his ministers those who are *not* parliament men. It merely enlarges the sphere of his choice, and permits him to select as his advisers those whom he may have good reason to believe to be fit men, although they may not be members of parliament. If his ministers, whoever they may be, are incapable of bearing their part in the wordy contest, they cannot maintain their ground; and if they be able to maintain their ground, it can be of very little consequence whether their competency was acquired within or without the walls of St. Stephen's.

It may be said, that the presence of individuals in the House of Commons, who would be only known as the representative of majesty, might have a tendency to overawe that assembly. This would be an objection directly the opposite of the last, and, as we think, even more untenable. It assumes, that such ministers would have too little power: the other, that they would have too much. But the time when such an apprehension could be reasonably entertained, has gone by for ever. In the present state of our legislature, the king of the English much less resembles Gulliver in Lilliput than Gulliver in Brobdingnag. His power is much more permissive than absolute, and both he and every one else knows that if he pushed it beyond its proper limits, it would not be for one moment endured. We repeat it, therefore, that the time when such an apprehension could be reasonably entertained, has gone by for ever. *Can the same be said of the contrary apprehension?* If no sane individual can now maintain that the House of Commons has reason to fear the power of the

king, is there any one so blind as not to see that the king has reason to be apprehensive of the power of the House of Commons? Upon this we will not at present enlarge. It is a subject which could not be treated with sufficient fullness without drawing us from our proper object. But no one, we apprehend, can be so utterly insensible to the progress of events as not to see the quarter in which the real danger lies, and the only species of tyranny which we have now to fear; and the belief in witchcraft or in magic would not be more utterly ridiculous, than the opinion that the proposition which we have taken the liberty to submit to our readers, would be detrimental to civil liberty.

We are, therefore, firmly persuaded that such a proposition ought to be well received. It would, if carried, enlarge the discretion of the crown, and be a means of introducing able men to the notice of the people. If such a power existed in past times, is it not probable that Dr. Johnson would have been, early in life, introduced into parliament? Burke was of opinion that he would have been as distinguished in debate as he was by his written compositions; and there can be no doubt that his exclusion from that arena of political discussion has deprived the country of treasures both of wisdom and eloquence of which it might well be proud. Now, Dr. Johnson was not the only man whose talents qualified him for a high post in the service of his country, but whose circumstances precluded the possibility of his attaining that distinction through the ordeal of a popular election. There were, and there are, many others to whom the same observation applies, and whose great and acknowledged powers can never be practically devoted to the exigencies of the state, until the prerogative is enlarged by some new arrangement.

But well we know that our proposal will not be well received within the walls of parliament. There exists a spirit of monopoly there, as well as elsewhere, which will engender a strong repugnance to the adoption of any plan which might, by possibility, lead to the selection of any individuals, as ministers, not belonging to their own body. All the "red tape" men, all the expectants of office, all those upon

either side of the house, who either are, or have been, or hope to be ministers, will naturally deprecate any measure which might frustrate or defer their expectations. Our proposition will, therefore, receive no countenance from those by whose influence it might be rendered successful; and we merely throw it out for the consideration of the country at large, that if, after due discussion and deliberation, it should be judged reasonable, it may be taken up by the people in such a manner as will ensure its being adopted.

We will now advert to another topic, which will, no doubt, engage the attention of our rulers at an early period of the ensuing session, and in which we are very especially interested; we mean the question of Irish poor laws. This question has been taken up by certain individuals at the other side of the water, in a manner calculated to excite a very general feeling of dissatisfaction in this country, and which is more likely than any other single cause to which we could advert, to give rise to an almost unanimous desire for a repeal of the Union. English gentlemen, of name and influence, have been pleased to come forward and recommend a system of poor laws for this country, much more with a view to the protection of the English landholders, than the relief of the Irish poor; and whose benevolence on our behalf has been excited much less by real sympathy for our distress, than by a desire to keep down the amount of their own parish rates, and to protect their labourers from the injurious effects of our pauper immigration. How grievous is it, they say, that the English peasant, who has been working all the winter at low wages, should be interfered with in the summer season, when the wages of labour would naturally increase, by the hordes of half naked and half starved Irishmen, who are willing and anxious to work at a rate which will not allow him an adequate subsistence! It is, we think, a much greater grievance that the pauper Irishman is obliged to emigrate; and until something be done to prevent the one evil, we can imagine no mode of remedying the other. But does it ever occur to our English philanthropist, that this country suffers considerably by the drain caused by our absentees? Does it occur to him that Eng-

land benefits by that drain? And, if these things are so, is not the inference as obvious as it is reasonable, that the country which benefits by our wealth, may fairly bear a portion of the burden of our poverty?

Would our English friend be favourable to a law which would prevent the emigration of our great landed proprietors? We trow not. And if he would not impose a restriction upon the personal liberty of the rich, he has no right to impose a restriction upon the personal liberty of the poor. If the one class may with impunity go to another country to *spend* their incomes, nothing but a tyrannical exercise of authority could prevent the other class from going to that same country in *quest of employment*. The poor Irishman labours hard in raising a produce in which he never participates. The corn, the butter, the pigs, the cows, the sheep, which he contributes to produce and to feed, all go to England, as food for his more wealthy neighbours. He sees the very individual to whom he pays a rack rent, giving employment to the English tailor, the English butcher, the English poulterer, the English merchant; he sees the very servants of his household chiefly composed of English men; and shall it be endured, that he is to be told he is a pestilent intruder, if he should be driven by his domestic necessities to look for employment in the country which enjoys so many advantages? No, no. Let the two or three millions, which are drained from us annually, be kept at home, and then we may listen to those who tell that the Irish labourers should be kept at home. Indeed, in that case no question could arise about them; for there would be no temptation to go abroad. But our English friends must not attempt to *cut a drain* for the exhaustion of our wealth, and at the same time *raise a dam* for the accumulation of our poverty. If they enjoy the one, they must endure the other; and if the poor Irish peasant never does anything worse, he may well be permitted to travel two or three hundred miles to solicit employment at the hands of his wealthy masters.

But the burden of the English poor rates is, we are told, increased by the Irishmen whom it frequently becomes necessary to remove from one place to

another, until they have been drafted home. The poor rates fall chiefly upon the land. The proprietors, who employ the Irish at low wages, are gainers by the amount of the difference between what they actually pay their labourers, and what they should pay if these labourers were not in the market. They are, therefore, better able to meet any increased demand for poor rates; and if a fair balance were struck between their gains in the one way and their losses in the other, we do not think that they would be found to have a great deal to complain of. But while John Bull is ever ready to make a crying grievance of any increase of taxation, even though it may be nothing more than incidental to, and even indicative of, his prosperous condition, he quietly and wisely pockets his gains, and "never says nothing to nobody."

It seems strange, that the very men who are loudest in condemning the poor law system in England, are most eager to recommend it for Ireland. It cannot be concealed that they look invidiously at us, and that they are disposed, in this instance, to legislate for us, not only without taking our measure, but with a view to inflict upon us the very same inconveniences, and the very same evils, from which they have been such sufferers themselves. "*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum*," is a maxim that has been well approved by experience. They would, in this instance, have us reverse it; and, like the fox who lost his tail, they seem to labour, with a most perverse and mischievous ingenuity, that their calamity should be regarded, not as a warning, but as an example.

Let it not be supposed for one moment, that we are insensible to the evils and the miseries of our suffering poor. We acknowledge and deplore the pitiable condition to which, in many cases, they are reduced; and glad would we be of the adoption of any measure which afforded any prospect of permanent amelioration. It is, moreover, our opinion, that a legal provision should be made for the relief of the maimed, the blind, and the aged, and the infirm, but in such a way as rather assisted than superseded the instincts of humanity.

It is at present provided by law, that in cases of sickness, parishes may

be assessed in vestry for food and wine, as well as for medicine. This provision is not more benevolent than wise ; its effects have been most salutary, and it has not, we believe, been, in a single instance, abused. Now, the utmost to which we are disposed to go at present, would be to extend this humane enactment, and to give to parishes, in vestry assembled, a power of providing food and clothing for such wretched objects as may, through inevitable calamities or contingencies, be reduced to helplessness and destitution. In this way, we are of opinion that all fair cases of actual distress would be abundantly provided for. Lazy mendicants would be discouraged, while real misery would be relieved, and that in such a way as that it would not be perpetuated ; yea, in such a way as that its relief must tend to its removal. According to the English system, poverty and misery are planted and suffered to take root in the country ; they have increased, while the means of the country to meet them by a poor rate have decreased. In our opinion, no system of poor laws can be a sound one, of which the very contrary is not true. It must not merely respect the wants—it must also respect the condition of the poor, and so act upon them as to raise their character and stimulate their activity on the one hand, while on the other hand it extends relief to their inevitable necessities.

The radical error in the English poor law system seems to be the principle, that the poor man *has a right* to demand relief merely in virtue of his poverty—that the aid which is given to him is not a *boon*, but a *debt* ; and that he is entitled to demand a share of the possessions of the more prosperous, upon precisely the same grounds of justice as any of their other creditors. We ask, if this be the right of the poor man, when did it arise ? Was it anterior to the acquisition of property ? In that case, each man would *have a right* to claim from every other man that which no man possessed ; and, in a state of things in which it could not be said to be the *duty* of any man to give, it cannot, surely, be contended, that it would be the *right* of any man to receive assistance. Did it arise after the acquisition of property ? If so, we ask how ? It is to us inconceivable, that the industry

of one man should be visited with a penalty, and the indolence of another encouraged by a reward. It is, we think, the bounden duty of those who contend for such a right, to show how it was acquired. No man, as it appears to us, can have a *natural right* to inflict upon another a civil or a political wrong. And, unless it be maintained that no such wrong is inflicted when money is taken out of one man's pocket, simply upon the ground that another wants it, we do think it will be perfectly impossible to sustain the principle upon which the English poor laws are founded.

But, while we deny that it is the right of the poor man to demand subsistence from the rich, we maintain that it is the duty of the opulent to provide, from their abundance, relief for the indigent and suffering members of the community. We regard this rather as a moral and religious, than a civil or a legal duty ; and one for the proper discharge of which, all those who enjoy any considerable portion of this world's wealth, are responsible to Almighty God. Now, it is upon the due development and the proper direction of the feeling arising out of this sense of duty, that we would chiefly depend for the establishment and the working of a system by which the poor of this country might be assisted. It has, we know, been said, again and again, that if the indigent are dependant wholly upon the charity of individuals, two evils are inevitable—want will be insufficiently provided for, and the benevolent will be overtaxed, while the hard-hearted are exempted from taxation. But we would not leave the poor wholly dependant upon individual charity. We would give parishes a discretionary power of assessing themselves for the relief of indigence ; so that when it was resolved by a majority that a particular amount of assessment was required, *all* should contribute to it, the hard-hearted as well as the humane ; and, while the reluctant did not escape scot free, the cheerful giver would not be unduly burdened.

Our opinion upon this subject has not been lightly formed. We know something of vestry proceedings, and we are not acquainted with a single case in which a proper appeal was made to the humanity of a parish, and

where it was not fully answered. Let one man, even with feeble powers of persuasion, in any popular assembly, take the humane, and let another, even with great powers, take the uncharitable side upon any given question, and it will be seen at once that sophistry, no matter how disguised or artful, cannot prevail against the instincts of nature. The good feeling, the sense of duty, the Christian charity of the assembly will always be more than a match for the cold, the calculating, or the malignant. And it may be assumed as an axiom, that an adequate provision will be made for every fully established case of distress, so that immediate want will be relieved, and prospective want, as far as it is practicable, prevented.

By our plan, those who administered a poor rate would be relieved from all the embarrassment arising out of the perplexing nature of the law of settlement. How great this embarrassment is, what vexatious litigation it involves, what expense it causes, it cannot be necessary for us to enlarge upon, as they must be well known to our readers, and constitute, in fact, the great difficulty and the crying evil of the English system. The law of settlement is founded upon that principle of right on the part of the poor, against which we have entered our protest; and while it cannot be eschewed where that right is admitted, neither should it be asserted where that right is denied.

Upon our plan, the overseers of a parish would have nothing more to do than consider the actual amount of existing distress, the nature of the cases in which it was felt, and the reasonableness of making any, and what provision for its removal or mitigation. They would be wholly disembarassed of all perplexing technicalities, and find it unnecessary to entertain any of those interminable questions which answer no other end but that of engendering strife, for the benefit of lawyers and attorneys.

Such are our impressions of the nature of any provision for the poor to be at present attempted in Ireland. It should directly negative the claim as of right, and be founded upon, instead of superseding, the feeling of benevolence. To those who are disposed to go farther, we say, try our plan first;

let it be fairly submitted to the test of experience, and if it should fail to afford adequate relief, we pledge ourselves to advocate any extension or any modification of it that circumstances may render necessary. But it is of great importance to proceed cautiously in a matter such as this. By going too far, we may not leave ourselves the powers to recede. By advancing only a little way, we will still be at liberty to go farther. Whatever may be done will be by way of experiment. It is, therefore, surely advisable that the experiment should be a *safe* rather than an *unsafe* one; and, while ours cannot furnish any grounds of alarm to the most suspicious, even the most sanguine cannot be without their misgivings as to the possible results of the opposite system.

We have now dwelt, at such length as our limits allowed, upon some of the important measures which will engage the attention of the ensuing Parliament. Whether or not the propriety of imposing an income tax will be brought under the consideration of the House of Commons, we know not; but certain we are, that, if properly proportioned, it would be the fairest of all taxes; and the clamours, both loud and deep, with which ministers are assailed, will compel them to look for some substitute for the assessed taxes, which those in whose hands the reform bill has placed almost supreme legislative power, have, very significantly, intimated their determination of bearing no longer. We, therefore, think it highly probable that an income and property tax will be resorted to; and we shall only intimate our hope that the injustice of the last measure of that kind may be avoided. Let property be taxed according to its value, and no one can complain, unless the taxation be excessive. But if incomes which are of unequal value, although they may be of the same amount, are taxed only by an equal rate, we have already sufficiently explained how such a proceeding must give rise to the discontent which never fails to attend upon partial and oppressive legislation.

That ministers will seek to disembarass themselves and their friends of the inconvenience of vacating their seats upon their acceptance of office, may, we think, be presumed; and also, that no formidable opposition will be

made to a measure that must be deemed, by all sides of the house, so expedient. Our readers have already perceived that we would go somewhat further; and we are well convinced that our impressions on that subject will be, for the present, almost confined to ourselves. But our view is before the country: and we do not altogether despair of seeing it as yet adopted.

Respecting the third important measure which is likely to engage the attention of the legislature, we cannot be too earnest in impressing upon Englishmen the expediency of avoiding all such topics as may lead to invidious reflections upon Ireland. This has long been a neglected and a suffering country: and an opinion begins to prevail, amongst a very influential class,

that its evils can only be remedied by a domestic legislature. Anything contumelious—anything harsh—anything selfish, on the part of the British parliament, would increase, to a most alarming extent, those heart-burnings and jealousies which may yet cause as much embarrassment to the government, as they have created misery amongst the people. Let, therefore, the question of Irish poor laws be discussed only upon their own proper grounds; and whatever the decision be to which honourable members may be disposed to come, let it be obvious to all men that they have been free from national prejudice, and that they have been only actuated by a spirit of generous and parental legislation.*

* *Note.*—Such, assuredly, is not the spirit in which Mr. Paulet Scrope would legislate for us. He calls upon the English agriculturists to unite for the purpose of having a poor rate imposed upon this country, for the purpose, as he says, of protecting them from the effects of injurious competition. His proposition, in fact, would amount to this, that our burdens should be increased, in order to diminish our ability to export grain for the English market; that we might thus, as he says, compete upon somewhat more equal terms with the English farmer. This appears to us to be just about as reasonable as the following proposition:—two men are about to run a race;—the one is hump-backed, the other is straight; and it is insisted, on the part of the former, that the latter must suffer his back to be broken before they commence the contest. May he not fairly say, "you need not run if you do not like it." Just so may we to the English farmer, he need not enter the market against us for the sale of corn, if he do not like it;—and if he do, we promise him that we shall not be on that account the more ready to encumber ourselves with his disadvantages.

Mr. Scrope says, the English farmers feel the inconvenience of a poor rate, and that it should therefore be imposed upon the Irish agriculturalist. Now, our inference is directly the contrary; and because it is found inconvenient to others, we would not have it inflicted upon ourselves.

He is loud in his denunciation of the poor Irish labourers, who go to England for employment during the harvest. Now, it seems to be a bountiful provision of Providence, that one man can now as much as twenty could reap; and therefore a great supply of hands is necessary at one part of the year, when it would be superfluous at another. But, not to insist upon this;—in what, we ask, does the disadvantage consist to the English farmer of having labour abundant and cheap, exactly at the time when he most wants it? If it be a disadvantage, the remedy is in his own hands. The poor Irishmen, we are persuaded, will be too happy to take just as much more than they ask as he is willing to give them. And if it be not a disadvantage, why should it be complained of? And why should we be burdened with a grievous tax simply because our state of society is such, that we can afford to give our English brethren an exhaustless supply of cheap labour?

In fact, labour is in Ireland a species of raw material, which we are obliged to export, as we formerly exported our hides and tallow. Mr. Scrope is not, perhaps, sufficiently versed in history to know the selfish and cruel outcry that was, in former times, raised in England against these latter importations, and the restrictive enactments to which it gave rise; and we are willing to believe, that he would not be a party to a policy that was stupid and barbarous, as it was oppressive. In process of time, trade improved and manufactures arose, which enabled us to keep our hides and our tallow at home. And, in like manner, in process of time, we have no doubt, agriculture will improve, so as to give constant employment to our rustic population. But until then, it is mere arbitrary pedantry to interfere, by burdensome regulations, with the free circulation of labour. Indeed, in the present state of men's minds, it is worse than pedantry. There are too many influences at work already, to excite an anti-anglican feeling in the minds of our peasantry. So far from making them feel towards England as towards a foreign country, it should be the object of the Government to produce, as far as in them lies, a contrary feeling; and we know not how this may be more effectually done than by suffering them to witness the order, the cleanliness, the regularity, and the comfort by which the English peasantry are characterised. It is impossible that they should be frequent visitants to the sister country without being, not merely in purse, but in habits and in intelligence, the better for it;—and, a sense of their dependence upon the English for employment, together with the advantages which such employment affords, is, we are persuaded, one of the best antidotes which could be found against the pernicious desire for a repeal of the Union.

HILLOA, OUR FANCY.

FLIGHT THE FIRST.

A tearing north-wester has blown throughout the bleak length of the November night. The sea fetched up from Dumdrum and Carlingford is running half-mast high upon the Kish, and breaking in thunder within a cable's length of the tossed and battered light-ship. A storm that has stripped the woods of Powerscourt, and tossed the waterfall in small spray from the face of the cliff, howls savagely in the Dargle. Another whirlwind rages through the loose rocks of the Scalp; the Glen of the Downs is all one tumbling tide of sere leaves, and the leaded lattices of Delgany rattle mournfully to the music which Zephyro-Boreas pipes like Pan in all the chimney-tops of Bellevue. From Rathdrum to the sea, Avonmore and Avoca roll, a brown deluge, between sighing banks of forests tortured in all their branches. Cronebawn replies to Avondale, the beech groves of Castle Macadam resound to the moaning steep of Ballyarthur, and Shelton's oaks are swinging in dismal concert from the Meeting of the Waters to the bridge of Arklow. But we, behind the sheltering bulk of black Killiney, sit here secure, serene, secluded, and half unconscious of ourselves in the lap impalpable of meditative ease. Strange perversity of our nature, that now, when all the rest of the world are gathering from bathing-box and lodge to their town houses, if they have them, or if not, to whatever shelter out of sight of the sea may be vouchsafed to them by fortune; we, on the contrary, have for a week been listening here to the surf of Killiney bay, and outwatching the Bear by night to hear the sleety storm far up in the sky, that whirled from the dripping obelisk, comes hustling over our low nest in hissing and howling eddies, breathing sleepless and shivering toil to the poor mariner. For well we love that solemn winter walk

"Between the sounding forest and the shore,"
when the leaves are gone, and the elements doing their worst by land and sea.

That smack in the offing just now, is one of Langtry's London traders. Close-hauled as she is, she is getting enough of it under a try-sail and storm-jib. She will lie her course right on end to the North light, but will meet a thundering head-wind and a cross sea as sharp as a saw off Donaghadee. See how the spray washes her quarter-slap-up, over and over her. There was something heavier: ah! it has tumbled aboard clean through the weather-bulwarks, and, doubtless, smack out as it came in. You may see the three standing staunchcons black between you and the sky under the foot of the try-sail, as she gets the list of every sea; but we wish we had our proofs corrected for insuring her at a couple of thousands. There is no safer sea-boat than a cutter of two hundred tons; but it is killing work on spars to stand the tug of a rood of canvass. Boom and bow-sprit bend to it in fresh weather like supple jacks: then half as many more hands are needed as on board a brig or schooner; but, in weather like this, they might scud where a staunch cutter of the same tonnage will lie whatever course within six points on each side of the wind her helmsman may desire.

That driving puff of smoke foretells a steamer, and there she shows her black bows past Dalkey, neither pig nor heifer on her holy-stoned deck, for she is his Majesty's packet from Kingstown, but clean seamen, and one or two well-muffled passengers; and there, on the weather paddle-box head, his speaking-trumpet in his hand, her commander, a lieutenant in the royal navy. Her paddles no longer raise a swell, as on the sheltered bosom of the Liffey: they now break down and trample through the bruised billows of the sea. Every object has, they say, its beauty, did we know where to look for it. The steamer's beauty lies neither in her stunted rigging nor in her clumsy chimney. Even that Whitehaven collier beating off Howth, under a close reefed foresail, minus her main

topmast, and plumping through it like a Dutch lighter, exhibits a greater degree of grace and action; for all her parts, poor as they individually are, seem to contribute their concurring exertions towards her whole motion; but in the steamer we see nothing at work save the long, black, bald, quiet looking hull itself, pushed through the broken waves as if by a hand beneath, or by an unintermitting series of kicks from an invisible foot astern. Yet the steamer has her points as well as the crack yacht of Cove, and a more beautiful model of its kind need not be desired than that of the upright and stately vessel before us. Sharp as a knife, broad beamed, clean in the run, and all instinct with god-like enginery, she cleaves herself a way through tide race and current into the very jaws of the wind, superior in her own informing energy to the influences both of sun and moon. She will run to Holyhead before we shall have finished our article.

But what craft have we here in her wake? one of the revenue cruisers—by our word, a clipper. She has but two reefs in her mainsail, and carries both foresail and jib, yet with all, her lee gunnel is as dry as a bone—ah! there she begins to feel the sniffer. That was a nasty one forward, Lieutenant Spanker. Strike your topmast, Lieutenant, if you love us: strike it home and set your storm jib, or your spars will suffer. What though you have information that the Gull is off Douglas with a cargo of rum, brandy, and tobacco, you need not carry away a stick that cost twenty pounds, for nothing. The Gull can sail round and round you if any thing goes. What! you will carry on in spite of our warning? Deuce take us if he isn't shaking out a reef fore and aft, and laying her two points nearer the wind! Well, if hemp and timber stand that, we are marines. There! there we told you what would come of it. Was not that a proper smash for you? topmast and bowsprit gone like shanks of pipes, and tugging away by the loose rigging to leeward, till she reels like Saint Vitus drunk. You won't catch the Gull to-day, lieutenant. If we might venture an opinion, we would recommend you to bear up, lieutenant. It is a lucky thing for us both that you do not command a sloop of war, lieu-

tenant: if you did, a steamer would be dispatched from the Thames to tow you to Plymouth for the new sticks; as it is, we hope you will give a day's work to the ship carpenters of Ringend, lieutenant; and should the Gull escape you, and attempt a landing, we trust she may prove a good seizure to the coast guard, who, like gay fellows, will spend the profits at their station.

But how is it, that sitting here and casting our eyes over the Irish sea, we observe but four sail at a time, and two of these government boats in the offing of our capital's harbour? To be sure, it blows something very near a whole gale of wind; but were we even in such weather looking at Bristol channel (not to speak of the Mersey or the Nore,) we should have a hundred sail in sight, making for port, or passing on their watery ways with broad winged lofty masts, and rich cargoes. Why have we no stout West India-men full of sugars, or of pork and salt beef, lying to for pilots, or outward bound with our own exports in return? No cotton-laden Americans—no wine freighted Portuguese—no silk-stuffed Frenchmen? Nothing but a dirty fleet of steamers, paddling across the herring-pond for whatever we want, at third or fourth hand from the merchant princes of Liverpool and London, till our quays look like a poor-house terrace—a paupers' mall—and our custom-house is awaiting, in tenantless decay, the mandate that shall turn it into a great Whig day-school, or a Proclamation printing office. Are our merchants pedlars, our shipping bum-boats, have we nothing for it but to turn our dockyards into police barracks, our stores into local courts and penny magazine offices, scuttle our craft, and go ask leave to cut John's harvest? Not so fast—we must have a trip or two to Canton, and cast some dozen hanks round the earth first. There are still some men of enterprise and capital left among us, and, if we be not deceived, more than one Irish Chinaman is already on the stocks. What though the jealous tyrants, who plunder and insult us now, refuse us the making a cable, or the repairing of a damaged capstan, the profits of a single exchange with a foreign country were worth more to us than ten times the same amount of exchequer wages—wages of which ourselves must pay a

great proportion out of one pocket into the other. Still, although this be a very equivocal sort of profit, it were no more than right that we should have a proportionate share of it, such as it is; and we consider it much less than fair that we should be cheated out of our rightful proportion as we are. What have the victuallers of Dublin done that their veteran customers of the park should be carried over to the accounts of Chelsea or Greenwich ship chandlers, like so many bad debts on an insolvent's ledger? What have the ship carpenters of Cove done, that the bread should be snatched out of their mouths to stuff down the cheese-encumbered gullets of Plymouth's naval architects? But let us be candid and ask, on the other side, what have the English garrison towns done, that they must lose the custom of ten thousand soldiers, while Irish butchers get the cutting of two or three or four and twenty thousand rations every morning, not to speak of the feeding of a fourth as many police besides? They have been too well behaved: there is no trade now so profitable as disturbance, and this is a great comfort in the midst of our misfortunes, that while our ill conduct forced our own gentry out of the country, it brings us in their place a fair supply of most excellent men and good Christians—British officers. Nevertheless we acknowledge that could we pacify ourselves into independence of their care, we would gladly forego the equivocal profit and temporary pleasure of their presence for the bona fide and constant good of a resident and exemplary aristocracy. Meanwhile they spend their money among us and keep us from cutting one another's throats at the same time, and we are grateful for the double service. The risk of our being shot with fifty slugs, or ripped up with a dozen case knives, is by their good offices not more at present than doubly hazardous—were they not here, our lives were not worth a Whig's consistency's purchase; and we think our respectable friend, Mr. Pim, would consult the interests of his office strictly enough in estimating that at the value of a bad life of ninety-nine years.

Would to God we had more James Pims in Ireland. What though he be a Quaker, and lets his tithe be levied by distrait; we owe him the projec-

tion and commencement, and hope yet to give him our thanks for the completion and success of the Kingstown railway. There they are, we know not how many hundred able-bodied Irishmen, who, but for that work, might be starving in the Liberty, or plundering in the purlieus of Saint Giles's, delving on like so many pioneers of peace and plenty through hills and over valleys, making the beds of granite that have lain idle since the flood resound to the strokes of pick and jumper, while solid hill-sides move like manageable avalanches from the way of the auspicious work, and shooting down by their own impulse, cast themselves headlong, self-constructed moles, into the curbed and repulsed waters of the sea. It is nine o'clock, and lo! merry as dismissed schoolboys, the light-hearted and heavy-handed labourers (they ask no more dignified name,—“operative” is for the over-fed and under-worked intellectual of an institute,) come tumbling up the bank, laughing and joking, and with many a shrewd poke in the ribs, testifying their mutual goodwill, while wives and children, friends or sweethearts, appear from every lane and pathway with cans and wooden bowls, and brown jugs, all sending up a steam (than which the heavens receive no purer incense,) into the frosty morning air:—and now from every ditch-back what a smoke from bowls of porridge and dudeens, what a blessed sound of affectionate voices, what clear laughter and joyous bursts of singing.—Dare we look twenty winters forward? what should we see on the same spot? Shall it share the fate of our other Irish undertakings, of our grand canals, our basins, our cut-stone quays—a moss-grown, crumbling, and silent track, here choked up by overshooting banks, there scarce distinguishable from the yellow sea sand piled round and over it by encroaching tides—ragged ruffians playing pitch and toss in undisturbed security upon its road way, donkeys and lean garrons browsing round its very grass-covered trams? Or shall our delighted eyes behold the level line smooth as a garden walk, its granite sleepers steady as their native rock, and the clean metal rails themselves glaring like our own shoes in the sun; while, ever and anon, increasing from a dark point in the distance to the size of an overhang-

ing house-side, down comes the impetuous engine, whizzing and clanking, and fuming like the black drudging demon of an enchanter, and on the sweeping train behind, a king's ransom of Indian and American wealth, bale upon bale, and box on box, piled high as the car of Juggernaut—stout drinking porters swarming like bees round the gateways and buttresses of the depot stores in Dublin, and making a hundred gangways go like spring-boards to their heavy tread, from pier to pier of sweet Dunleary—(of Kingstown, we should say; but we would have honoured our monarch by some other mark of loyalty than giving a Yankee nickname to the ancient harbour where he landed,)—while all the broad breast of Killiney resounds to the blasting of the quarryman, the mallet of the stone-cutter, and the busy tap of the builder's trowel—merchants bargaining, clerks cyphering, cranes and waggons groaning, and politics forgotten in the happy hurry of universal prosperity? Mr. O'Connell has prophesied that he will see the first—we stake our prophetic pretensions against Mr. O'Connell's, that whatever comes of it, the result will be much more like our second picture. We wish a merry Christmas and a happy new year to Mr. Pim, and hope some time to see him at church.

We have ventured twenty years into futurity, let us venture now not more than twice as many days, and see if we can warm our hands and hearts at the clear Christmas firesides of our countrymen. We kept our Holyeve in the north, and pulled a kail stalk with as much mould at the roots as would have served Sir John Sinclair for a transplanted oak of half a load of timber. We tried to burn ourselves with Lady Morgan, but although we put the nuts between the prongs of a steel fork, and held them till the metal came to a white heat over the flame of a wax candle, neither would fire. Her ladyship's gases blew out the candle twice, and she finally leaped with wonderful agility from our side, and fell among a plate full of ready named gentlemen, where she blazed away right and left with a brilliancy and warmth that we expected would have set them all in a flame—but they were fellows of no kernel. We then tried Mrs. Hemans, (you will not say any thing about it,) and recovered our inflammability from the mo-

ment we placed her by our side. The flames burst out, of all colours—blue, green, and white, as the sun at noon-day, and mixed and mounted with a loving purity that delighted our very soul when

Fluff! she started up the lum, and left us glowing like a salamander, but not, like that interesting animal, unscathed. We shall not now detain you telling how we played blindman's buff with Anna and Jane, and Eliza and Mary, and how we caught our aunt by the nose, although they all cried "roast beef!" or how we danced a Scotch reel afterwards, and finished with a jig on a trencher, to the admiration of all present, but enter with you the low door of this mud cabin on the confines of Cork and of Tipperary, and see how Christmas is kept in the south. What is this huge fellow without stockings and breeches open at the knee, doing in the far end of the one apartment? sharpening a rusty pike upon the cold hearthstone, and, although it is three o'clock in the day, wetting the accursed work with his fasting spittle! Great God! who hast breathed the breath of life into those nostrils now distended with all the horrid excitement of hunger and hate and brutal fury, and perhaps, ere long, to swim in the bloody agony of violently parted life upon the gallows, grant that this poor wretch may yet remember his noble origin and purpose, and plunging the red instrument of sin and condemnation into the deepest quag of Slievenamoan, forsake for ever his companions and their crimes—for even now, stealing like gaunt wolves from hut and hovel, they are gathering far and near, by tangled glen and sheep track of the mountain to their accustomed rendezvous in the lonely quarries, long unwrought, behind the old church on the hill. And how will they celebrate this, the birth-night of the King of Peace? Let their looks of baleful expectation answer, as they cast their eyes upon those white chimnies over the distant planting, where the preacher of the Gospel of that Christ is even now sitting among his motherless children, (for the hardships of sudden destitution have killed his wife—and on your head, O Edward Geoffry Stanley, be the blame,) and still with pious gratitude thanking the Giver of the slender fare that makes his Christmas table of this year

a far less plenteous board than was his gatekeeper's of the last. But gatekeeper there is no longer, and the rusted hinges creek no more to the entrance of the pawned and forfeited carriage. Grass grows in all the stalls of his deserted stable; crows build in his kitchen chimney, and frogs croak upon the damp floor of his broken and empty larder. Yet still, with decent care, he gathers his uncomplaining household (servants and masters no longer different, for all are included in the number of himself and his own children,) to morning and evening prayer, as they have been accustomed to do in better times. His eldest daughter, a fair, marriageable girl, resigned, and ever thoughtful of some kind office or affectionate attention, sits by him now, a baby-sister on her knee, and a little brother playing in happy ignorance of evil by her side. His son, a youth of hot eighteen, threadbare, and even squalid, but still in bearing and manner the unbroken gentleman, has hung his gun, which procured them this day's dinner, over the mantel piece, and talks with melancholy gaiety of his sport and long vacation; a long vacation for him, poor fellow, for he will never again behold the examination hall of Trinity College. What was that noise on the mossy avenue? It was not the baker, for he has threatened not to call again; neither is it the butcher, for he was settled with a month since; surely, it cannot be the post-master from —, come to dun them on such a night as this, for the postages of their wearying compensation correspondence with the government? Alas, no! There are there men who have crossed high mountains and wide rivers in the search of blood, and in the blood of this innocent family will their knives be reddened before midnight. In vain the appeal of grey hairs or dishevelled golden ringlets; in vain the desperate struggles of age, deriving old energies from despair, or of youth contending with the courage of young blood and high chivalrous daring to the last; in vain the tender bodies interposed of babes and devoted woman; that last refuge left by legal spoliators to the unhappy Protestant clergyman, reeks with his own and his children's life-blood, while deeds of unutterable horror deform still farther the hideous

scene, even as it fades and vanishes from his glazing eye-balls. The triumphant flames may now thrust their red tongues out of every window, in defiance of all the waters in the black heaven; and when they shall have consumed rafter and king-post, may toss into the sky a volcano of embers round the collapsing crash of floor and ceiling that shall cast their glare, reverberated from hill to valley ten miles round, and tell a whole half barony, that fire and sword have been at their accustomed work of ministerial and apostolic vengeance. Is there no help? Are there no well-disposed neighbours? Why do not the servants of that castellated mansion in the valley throw open their heavy gates and seize the murderous incendiaries? Servants, alas! there are none, save a decrepid housekeeper and aged gardener, shuddering as they sit in a back parlour of the lonely shut up house of the great absentee lord, who, with lady and honourable sons and daughters, is spending in London or Paris the rents, for whose collection his agent risks the lives of steward and bailiff by the dozen and the score.

"And why," exclaims the ready advocate of Whig economy—"why should the great Lord not be an absentee? I will demonstrate to you by a *formula*," says he, "that the great Lord's absenteeism does more good than harm to the country; and here is my argument unanswerable. Your absentee at London or Paris wants a thousand pounds. He writes his agent to transmit that sum to him from Tipperary, or Kilkenny, or Antrim. His agent will not send gold, for that were running too great a risk of accidental loss, and incurring too great a cost of carriage. Neither will he send bank of Ireland nor bank of England notes, or post bills, for they must cost their exchange or their commission either at one side or the other. Neither will he think of sending the value in produce, which would be absurd, but he manages the matter thus:—he, by a cash lodgment, purchases from his banker a bill of exchange on his London or Paris correspondent, drawn payable at such a date, and in favour of our absentee. Now, you will say, that the difficulty still remains; that our banker must himself remit that cash which he received, or

its equivalent, to meet his bill of exchange, when placed to his debit on the books of his correspondent. By no means : his correspondent is the banker of a merchant, whose stores are full of Irish pork or Irish flour, fed or raised, very possibly, off this very absentee's estate. Now this merchant, desiring to remit to his Irish creditors the amount of these goods, purchases of his banker a similar bill of exchange in their favour on the Dublin banker first named, and the purchase money of this bill pays the acceptance of the other. But should it happen, as it generally does, that his Irish creditors are also in trade, then, instead of purchasing a bill of exchange in their favour, he buys one in favour of the same house, from whom he procures goods, (French silks and wines, or British manufactures,) which, in return for their flour, pork, &c. he sends per order to these Dublin dealers. And now you will say, the new bill of exchange must at last be paid in cash to this third mercantile party.—By no means : it will find its way to the bill-book of an Irish merchant in return for more pork or flour, and be handed into the Dublin banker's office, in settlement of discounts advanced for the encouragement and forwarding of Irish trade—and here the transaction closes. Absentee Dr. to Agent, Agent Dr. and Cr. with Dublin Banker—(all square so far)—Dublin Banker Dr. first to Foreign Banker, then to Foreign Factor, then to Foreign Manufacturer, then to Foreign Manufacturer's Banker, then to Foreign Manufacturer's Banker's Importer, and so on till the account stands—Dublin Banker Dr. and Cr. with Irish Exporter, spending his money in Dublin, or Cork, or Belfast, or Waterford, or anywhere else in Ireland." "No, no, Sir," say Miss Martineau and Mr. Mac Culloch, "send your nobility and estated gentry to Jericho if you please, it will be all one to their Tipperary tenantry." Now, before we say a word in answer, let us hear Sir Humphrey Polesworth telling "how John Bull and Nic. settled their accounts :—

Nic.—I pay three-fifths of the greater number, and you pay two-thirds of the lesser number. I think this is fair and square, as you call it.

J. BULL.—Well, go on.

Nic.—Two-thirds of 36,000*l.* are

24,000*l.* for your share, and there remain 12,000*l.* for mine. Again, of the 40,000 crowns I pay 24,000 crowns, which is two-fifths ; 24,000 crowns make 6,000*l.*, and 16,000 crowns make 4,000*l.* ; 12,000*l.* and 6,000*l.* make 18,000*l.*, and 24,000*l.* and 4,000*l.* make 28,000*l.*, so there are 18,000*l.* to my share of the expenses, and 28,000*l.* to yours."

After Nic. had bamboozled John a while about the 18,000*l.* and 28,000*l.* John called for "counters." And we will follow John's example ; but it shall neither be by single nor double entry that we will deal with the absentee's apologists. We will make a bargain with Mr. Mac Culloch. The class is not so good a thing as might be wished, and we think it would be highly beneficial to a man of Mr. Mac Culloch's unceasing diligence in study, to unbend for a season or two in some gentlemanly occupation less fatiguing to the mind, than commercial lexicography.

We are (let us suppose) a grand jury magistrate of handsome estate in one of the midland counties. Our income may, one year with another, average seven thousand pounds. We will make Mr. Mac Culloch our land-agent, either at a per centage on the gross rents, or on a fixed sum of eight hundred per annum, with fee house, and twenty acres of land. The professor jumps at our offer. Now, we have for the last fifteen years been, summer and winter, resident in Ireland, but our wife and daughters (God bless their sweet hearts!) have been importuning us for the last six months to shut up the old house, and take them for a year or two to England and the Continent ; for they have taken to reading Miss Martineau of late, and can talk of nothing (Lord love their souls!) but the circulating medium and the true theory of rent, not to speak of the generative principle, its limits and restrictions. They have explained to us so often how our absence will take no money out of the country, that we feel perfectly satisfied on that score ; and besides, they represent to us, in the most moving and pathetic manner, the immense disadvantages under which our tenantry must necessarily labour from want of the instructions of some clear-headed and practical man of rural science on the spot. What need of

words? The bargain is struck, the papers signed, the engagement for three years mutually ratified, and the old coach rumbles down the avenue, loaded with trunks, writing-desks, band-boxes, and bird-cages enough to set up a small carrier's waggon. The tenants run out, wondering what the devil is the matter, for we have slipped our cable, without so much as hoisting a signal, or firing a gun. We acted prudently in this. Any other mode of conduct must have led to questions and explanations; then we would have had to justify ourselves to the thick-skulled fellows for leaving them, and that, although we are perfectly conscious of the correctness of Mr. Mac Culloch's reasoning, we would rather not attempt just now, while the hurry of departure distracts our attention; for the chain of argument, although, we again observe, very complete indeed is rather long, and, we confess, a little intricate; but, like a twisted curb, we have no doubt, easily reduced to regularity by a practised hand.

So adieu fair Derrymore, with all your farm steads and warm chimney corners; adieu our rural capital of Ballybraddagh, with your six shops and ten thriving tradesmen; "adieu our Castle o' the Thrieve, wi' a' our buildings there;" and hey for life in London, with our five hundred a month and no bother! an increased trade to dear old blessed Ireland, and a moral and intellectual improvement for our well-beloved and unsuspicious tenantry.

"Who was that passed us with the little boy in the taxed cart? As we live, it must be our agent coming down to take possession; a grim dog, no doubt, over the rent-book;—ah! girls, there's the fellow for a sure remittance."

"Pray, papa, have you arranged means with Mr. Mac Culloch to counteract the increasing tendency of the population on your estate?"

"No, my dear, but if you desire, it shall be done."

"Well, papa, I need not again explain Miss Martineau's exposition, but I wish you would read over the passage yourself, and communicate with him on that very interesting subject."

"Very well, my dear, you know we don't like reading this small type—let it be as you and Mr. Mac Culloch please; you can settle it between you."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world, papa; and do, pray allow me at the same time, to propose to him the establishment of a Ballybraddagh Penny Magazine, the funds to be raised, withdrawing your subscriptions from the Foundling and Lying-in Hospital at Slannavan. Indeed, I would take the twenty pounds a year from the district Poor-house also; it is no charity, you are aware, to give to the poor."

"Is that really the case, my dear?"

"Oh! do you not know that, papa? I have read it out of Miss Martineau to you a dozen times, I'm sure."

"Well, but dear, we forget these long-winded chapters; however, please yourselves—settle it all as you please with Mr. Mac Culloch."

"Oh! with infinite pleasure, papa; and since you are so good, and as there will, no doubt, be an overflow of funds, do let us apply the remaining sum to furnishing a museum of natural history for the use of the farmer's sons—it will be so useful: and indeed I should not be surprised if we might manage also to procure a couple of silver medals every quarter, to be given as prizes at our own little debating society in the school-house."

"Well, girls, you know our opinion about that debating society already; that it is a shallow, silly, vain, confounded revolutionary business altogether, and may we be——"

"Now, papa, you are unreasonable and unphilosophical, for the debating society has done incalculable good: are not three of the cleverest boys ever known in that part of the country brought forward there, out of one family, and made conscious of their talents, and are they not now all studying for fellowships, or something of that kind, in Trinity College?"

"They may be studying for brigadier-generalships in the marines, for aught we either know or care; but if they are, their father's pot boils the seldomer. We tell you we think all that about political economy, and the advantages of absenteeism, very well and proper; but we say again, may we be d—d if we hear another word about the debating society, or the march of intellect, and that settles it!"

"Very well, papa, you are very cross."

But what need of words? Mac

Culloch is not half such an idiot as Miss Martineau has made our daughters, and as our daughters have taken him for. He knooks their projects on the head with as little compunction as if he were killing resident landlords ; and Honor and Harriet won't go to the opera in consequence. For ourselves, we have got admitted to the 'Travelers', (for we were at Rome once, long ago.) and we have all been at the drawing-room. The remittances come punctually and complete, and the next post will bring the professor's May accounts. Indeed, we look forward to this receipt with considerable impatience, for we have been at Talleyrand's table, at the club, and are heavy losers ; that is, heavy for a man of our moderate play, two hundred and some odd ; and that with our upholsterer's bill, due last week, has pulled us pretty hard up.

"Well, John, any Irish letters?"

"Yes, Sir, they were not post-paid, as usual, Sir."

"Well, no matter, hand them here. What the deuce have we here? Is it an Encyclopædia, or an epitome of the history of the world? Send for the young ladies. Here's a very extraordinary letter from Mr. MacCulloch. We can't understand it. Do you, Harriet love, read it for us, and explain what he means."

"Oh, it is quite plain, papa ; it is the development of the false principle of local prejudices : that is, the people at Ballybraddagh, the tenantry, are becoming discontented at the change in their circumstances."

"What change?"

"I shall read you the unscientific part ; for the professor explains the nature and cause of the distemper with great elegance and perspicuity : 'Timothy Reilly,' he says, 'the grocer, is half a year behind with his rent. I am exceedingly sorry for this, for Reilly is an honest and industrious man ; but it is a defalcation for which I have long been prepared. It is impossible, after the removal of your household, by whose custom he may be said to have subsisted, that he can continue to pay the rent he hitherto has given for the premises ; and as a considerable sum has been expended on fitting up the establishment in the grocery line, I apprehend some difficulty in getting any thing like its va-

lue for some time from another. I say for some time, for I am convinced that when my system comes once into actual and unimpeded operation, there will be a greater consumption of the grocer's luxuries among the people generally, than ever was caused by the presence of any establishment, however extensive. The total dropping of your buildings also, has thrown Boyd and the Sheas in arrear for a considerable sum ; but the same difficulty does not extend to their tenants ; for so soon as I can get them ejected, they shall make room for some very industrious and worthy persons from Manchester, who have lately applied for lodgings on your estate. These annoyances, I say, were but to be expected ; for every sudden change must be succeeded by a temporary confusion. I advised the Sheas, when they found they had no chance of a job in their present line of trade, to turn their hands to something else ; but the old man said they had served a seven years' apprenticeship to be stone-masons, and could not turn weavers or cotton-spinners at a day's notice. They are very sulky, and will neither pay nor give up the premises. Indeed, I am sorry to say, the people, generally, do not seem actuated by that spirit of rational and patient inquiry which I would expect from persons of their usual shrewdness and good humour. I confess I have had more difficulty collecting the past quarter's rent, than I could have anticipated. I had actually to borrow on my own account to make up the sum, and am at this instant without a shilling for postage, having sent off every halfpenny in my office to the bank. Your remittances go forward to-morrow ; but I trust you will excuse the delay of one day under the peculiarity of the circumstances, &c. &c.' Ah,—we don't half like all that sort of thing about Reilly and the Sheas ; we thought that was all to be a deception. The Sheas are honest men, and come of a decent stock ; we have heard our father say that old Jack Shea was on the land in his grand-uncle's time, and we would not like to empty their pockets and send them adrift for want of work, where there would be plenty to do if we were there ourselves. Besides they are fellows with whom it would not be very safe for a stranger to quarrel. We would

not wonder if Roger should take a chip off the Professor's nose with the edge of his trowel some dark night, or fetch him a clinck with his stone hammer about the head. Reilly too has good cause of complaint: why, our bill used to be twelve and fifteen pounds a month when we had strangers, and the poor fellow imported his goods direct from Liverpool, at as great an advantage as ready money (which we took care he should not want) could secure. But what is this about Sir Thomas Higgins? "With all the disagreeables which must necessarily attend the present state of the Derrymore property, I have still the pleasure to tell you that a manifest improvement has taken place in the appearance of the estate, particularly in consequence of squaring the straggling farms above the mill; (the miller is grumbling also), and my respected neighbour, and I may now say friend, Sir Thomas Higgins, has expressed himself so highly pleased with the result thus far, that I should not be surprised were there as great a revolution of opinion effected in Mount Higgins as the agency of my accomplished friend, Miss Martineau, has produced in the respected occupants of Derrymore. Should Sir Thomas desire to change his present land-steward, which is not unlikely, for a more efficient agent, may I beg your interest with the worthy baronet for a very particular friend of mine, whom I can recommend with the fullest confidence?" Ah, we will see how the Sheas get on in the first place, Professor.

It is a cursedly dull business to be disappointed in money. We shall go see what is stirring in Pall Mall: ah,—can't resist—ten guinea points—what's trump? You're up to the trick already. Zounds, a double game. Well, we were not slammed, though. Lo, what a consumed headache, and a stomach like a dry oven. Where's our tongue? What? You don't mean to assert that this is our tongue? Some wag has dropped a piece of mahogany into our mouth while we were asleep. We hate practical jokes: it might have slipped into our windpipe and choked us. Yet, after all, now that we have got that bottle down, we do begin to be of opinion that we may have been mistaken. Oh yes, it is our tongue, to

be sure—how very drunk we must have been! Pray, hand us that pocket-book. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! here's a memorandum and a half! I owe the Hon. ——— 1800*l*. Oh, stream of Time and ocean of Eternity! and we must have lost upwards of 170*l* in ready cash before we could have given the I. O. U.! Where are our pistols, our razors—where is the poker till we dash out our brains? Let us at that wall with our head—throw open the window, and bring hither our garters and suspenders, for we will commit a multiform suicide, and give a horrible warning to all Irish gentlemen who are absentees! It is a quarter's allowance, a full three months' revenue. Oh, Harriet, Harriet, can you find a comfort for your poor old father, and he in trouble; you and your namesake, Miss Martineau, together.

"Oh yes, papa; it is true there has been a transfer of property, and that of the most unprofitable kind; but it is easily demonstrable from the consideration of the principles of reciprocity, that this fourteen hundred and seventy pounds (oh, Lord!) is by no means lost to the people of Ballybraddagh. For it matters not who may be the consumer, the money (which is only the representative of the right to consume) will induce the same consumption in the end. The Hon. ——— has, I am sure, many debts; these he will possibly pay with some part of the fourteen hundred and seventy pounds—(fourteen hundred and seventy cart loads of devils!)—be patient, papa, and you will readily perceive that whether in the hands of the Hon.

———, or in that of his creditors, the money must be spent, and that whenever consumption goes on, there must be a market for its supply; wherever there is a great final market, such as this of London, there will extend from it in various directions lines of intermediate markets to all parts of the world. Ireland contributes her quota to this great supply, and Ballybraddagh contributes its proportion to the exports of Ireland. The demand of the London market is not greater or less by the unprofitable transfer of fourteen hundred and seventy pounds—(well, well, go on, go on)—from the pockets of one of the inhabitants to those of another. As much Irish grain and provision will be consumed to-day

at the general dinner of the people of London, as there would have been, had such a transfer never taken place, as much and no more. The necessary connection already explained between the London market and the Ballybraddagh fair will show you at a step my conclusion, that since exactly the same quantum of business will be transacted in Ballybraddagh for this day's supply of London, as if nothing had happened, therefore your gambling loss of fourteen hundred and seventy pounds is nothing one way or other, either to the individual people of Derrymore and Ballybraddagh, or to the whole people of Ireland, or to all the subjects of the British empire, or to the human race in general."

"Our blessings on political economy. It is a nobler science than self-defence. You are a dear good girl, Harry; but our head aches sadly still. Oh, Harry dear, can you justify the five bottles of wine?"

"Certainly, papa; the prosperity of a people is commensurate with its consumption of luxuries: did you drink five bottles of wine every night, Ballybraddagh would be all the better."

"Well, but dear, wine is not grown in Ballybraddagh."

"Butter and pork are though, papa; and that is the same thing. The French vintagers must be fed while pruning the vines, and gathering and pressing the grapes, and drawing off the fermented liquor, and the deficiency here, which the consequent decrease in the export of French eatable productions must induce, will be made up from other markets, and necessarily from Ballybraddagh among the rest."

"That is very clear, my dear, and consoling; but surely this is no time to tease us with your milliner's bill?"

"Oh, papa, you can't surely be so unreasonable as to object to the payment of my just debt, contracted with the approbation of all the economists, from Smith and Sismondi down to Say, Storch, Mill and Mac Culloch?"

All very worthy persons, we make no doubt; but we have not the pleasure of knowing any of them, save the last; and we wish he would send us our money; for we have less of it to-day, and more to do with that little, than we ever had before."

"Papa, it is for the well-being of society, for the increase of commerce,

and the intellectual advancement of the human race. The Lyons and Marseilles silk-worms shall eat an acre's produce of mulberry leaves for my dress to-night; and if an acre be taken from the production of eatables in the south of France, another acre must somewhere come under cultivation in its place; and why should not that other acre be reclaimed from the great bog of Ballybraddagh, to the improvement of your estate and the benefit of Ireland?"

"Well, well, we can't give you what we ourselves have not. It will take this whole remittance to pay the harmless debt of honour; but as soon as we can raise money, you shall get what you want."

"Well, papa, and how will you raise money?"

"Borrow it, my dear."

"No indeed, papa, you must not. You have a right to a thousand a year additional rent off the Derrymore lands that will be out of lease next month. It is a most mistaken idea to suppose that a low rent makes a thriving tenantry; on the contrary, I could easily demonstrate by a formula, that it has directly the opposite effect. They pay six pounds an acre for land in the naturally unkindest, yet artificially most flourishing district of Scotland; and I don't see why you should not get half as much at least in the richest and best situated part of Ireland. Depend upon it, papa, it is mistaken kindness to let the lazy and dissolute Flanagans, for instance, sit on at five-and-twenty shillings an acre for one of the best farms on your estate. The girls spend their time in idle conversation, and the young men fishing and poaching; and you know they are always in arrear, although actually overburthened with surplus produce of all kinds. Make them come down with a fine of five hundred pounds, and raise their rent to forty shillings: it will make them industrious, independent, moral, and intellectual: they can well afford it and will yet bless you for the service."

"There is a good deal in what you say, Harry, and we will think of it before we write to Mr. Mac Culloch."

"Do, papa, and I will put off Madame D'Arcy for another month."

What need of words? The Flanagans raise the money by a mortgage on their new holding, and undertake

the raised rent. Madame D'Arcy gets paid, and the Hon. ——— loses our fourteen hundred and seventy pounds, with a couple of thousands, or thereabouts, of his own, to a German baron, who has carried his winnings to Vienna; but Harriet says it is all one to the people of Ballybraddagh, and we agree with her. Hey for Paris! Harry is sick in the passage-boat, and, strange to say, will not hear a word of Irish pork, although we would gladly show her that we at length begin to comprehend Miss Martineau's theory of reciprocation. Poor Honor has given up economy ever since she left home, and shows to great disadvantage beside her better informed sister. Their ma'ma is all agog for the Thuilleries, and ourselves, we confess, are thinking more of the rouge et noir tables of the Palais Royal, than the counters of the shopkeepers of Ballybraddagh.

Well, here we are on the Boulevard des Italiens, wondering who the deuce sports that flash four-in-hand at the corner of the Rue de Richelieu. Strike us home if it isn't old Higgins! Hilloa Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas, how d'ye do? delighted to see you—when and whence?

"From Mount Higgins direct, old boy. All arranged there like clock-work. I've got the smartest fellow in the world for my agent, recommended me by your friend Mac Culloch. A deuced sharp fellow to be sure: keen as a razor, Sir, and true as steel, or I'm mistaken. I give him, Sir, six hundred a year, and am nothing out of pocket with all. Here we are, Lady Higgins and the whole squad, bound for Rome and the devil knows where all. Come down to my hotel. We'll start for Italy together. What a confounded fool I was to stay so long in muddy Ireland."

"So were we, Sir Thomas; but excuse us one moment, while we glance over this Irish letter which has just been put into our hands. Hum—umph—prædial agitation—causes political—unconnected with recent circumstances—distrain—rescue—riot—act—threatening notices—Sheas ejected—Flanagans again in arrear—orchard broken, and all the new implements of agriculture maliciously destroyed by night—Boyd, the bricklayer, arrested on suspicion—

hum—umph—difficulty of getting money, &c. &c."

Well, what need of words? Mac Culloch's next communication overtakes us somewhere on "the Pyrenean or the river Po," and is the counterpart of the last, only that from what he says of the spread of political excitement in his immediate neighbourhood, we suppose old Higgins's agent comes in for a share of whatever mischief may be going on. We winter at Rome. Mac Culloch and his very particular friend of Mount Higgins have gone by the ears about some dispute at the petty sessions, and the professor doesn't scruple to tell us that a gentleman acting for a near neighbour has been tarred and feathered. Old Higgins gives us to understand also that he receives from the other party a long story of Mac Culloch's dealings with the churchwardens, and getting a beating one night in the avenue, as it was supposed from one of the girl's brothers: but that we take to be evident malice, and would have the professor prosecute for libel, were it not a thing between ourselves and an old friend like Sir Thomas.

Thus things go on for another year or two. We are no longer the green gentleman who meditated *felo de se* on losing fourteen or fifteen hundred a night. We have now and then lost the purchase money of Derrymore and Ballybraddagh twice told; our rents are half as high again as when we left home, and we worry the life out of poor Mac Culloch for more money every month. We are altered men in mind as well as manners, and were long ago convinced of the humbug to which we had lent ourselves—but the habit is now necessity; and out of the net we cannot tear ourselves without an effort which we shudder to contemplate. At last our time comes: Mac Culloch writes that he will hold the situation no longer, and that without our presence it will be impossible to wind up our complicated accounts. Our son Tom gets leave of absence and comes from his regiment in England to take care of the women, and we with a heavy heart set out on our return. Bless us, how dismal Dublin looks! We wonder how we could abide it so long. Curse the estate! we will sell it, lock and stock, and put our money in the Russian funds. Aye,

here we are at last on the hill above the house. There is that rascal's, Flanagan's establishment on our right, and down there among the trees old Shea's cabin with not a stitch of roof on it. We see two or three down looking fellows at work there in the potato field, but nobody seems to know us. True, we do look a little unlike our old selves in those orange tawny mustachios, and the fur and braiding on our military frocks are somewhat outlandish.

"Hilloa, honest man; are the Flanagans there still?"

"No, your honour; they were sold out last May."

"Indeed, and old Denis, where is he?"

"Troth, Sir, old Denis is in trouble, and I suppose you are a greater stranger here than myself, or you would not ask."

"Why, what has happened?"

"Oh, Sir, Denis is to stand his trial next Mullingar assizes for shooting at Mr. Mac Culloch from behind the grave-yard, and young Frank, his son, is in on the same charge."

"That's very bad: and the girls—what's become of Betty?"

"Indeed, Sir, Betty Flanagan is no better than she should be; the agent served a summons on her for keeping an ill house in Ballybraddagh, where she lodges in Tim Reilly's old shop, and it is said that she and her sister Peggy are for starting off to Dublin, to trade as they can there."

"And what of Tim?"

"Tim's broke, Sir, horse and foot."

"Gracious, this is very horrible. We will go over to the house at once, and speak to Mac Culloch. Here's the place where the old path used to be, and here we will cut across the fields. There is a fellow in a drab waistcoat, very like a bailiff."

"Stop, Sir, you must not pass here."

"Out of our way you rascal! do you stop us on our own land, and within sight of our own door?" Off he goes, singing out for the police like an excise-man in Tyrawley; and we scramble over half a dozen newly made up ditches, where there used to be white turn-styles. There is a considerable quantity of mud on that board, but we can read 'prosecuted according to law' through the caked clabber. That is a

shabby sign for a country gentleman to hang out on his ditches.

Crack!—oh Lord, we're shot! Faith this is no child's play. There are three slugs, or piles of swan shot, at the least, in our legs, and we feel blood already in our boots. Could that one also have been meant for Mac Culloch? What a very bad odour he must be in among the people!—but this is remarkably strange: the flash was close beside us, yet we saw no person near. The shot was fired low too, as if the assassin had conched upon his belly on the ground. But what is that black thing in the clover? Good heavens, a spring gun on a swivel, still smoking at breech and muzzle! Have we lived to see our lawn laid with man-traps? We have no doubt we are surrounded by hideous engines of destruction—the grass bristles with steel snakes, and we think we see the cords and leaders of a dozen masked batteries across our path. We must not move, or we will either be shot or impaled, or have a leg snapped off by the calf. Hilloah—ho, good people, send some one here who understands this dangerous vicinity—send here your gunner, and your rat catcher; but let not your rat catcher bring his dog, for, cunning as he is, wiry Viper could not escape these manifold perils. Ah, there is our friend of the drab vest coming down with the "posse comitatus" in all haste. But they stop at a discreet distance, and our park artilleryman, with sidelong skips and intelligent detours, begins to wind his sinuous path towards us alone. Ho, ho, that was an affecting limp: he has it in the heel: we wish the caltrops a bombshell for his sake, so should we see our ambuscading engineer "hoist with his own petard." Hop hither, you rogue, and we will extract the prong: ah, it is triple barbed, and will not budge without shoe and stocking: so pull of both. Aye, there it comes—what a pump full of bad blood. You sanguinary son of a gun, you little deserve such gentle usage at our hands; but treat us civilly and guide us safely out of this villainous trap, and we will give you such a sweet salve for your palm as will cure all ailings of your tendon Achilles.

Handle us gently, sergeant, we are a friend of Mr. Mac Culloch—what, you don't take us for a French general come to raise a rebellion, do you? None of them know a hair on our face,

any more than if we were in Australia. Bless us, Derrymore might now with greater propriety be called Dunmore, for it is fortified like the rock of Cashel or Dunmase—a very Gibraltar. We must stop till they relieve guard in the hall, sign and countersign, or you'll be bayoneted. That will do ; and now we enter our own house, hauled forward between two policemen, urged onward from behind, in an ignominious manner, by the bailiff's boy ; a sad example of the vile condition to which a gentleman may be reduced by the force of circumstances. The hall is full of ragged plaintiffs, and the sunk story swarms with guarded traversers. Mac Culloch is signing *mittimus* as fast as the clerk can draw them, (for he is on the bench of magistrates,) and a chief of police is waiting with three carts, in the back yard, to convey the committed prisoners to the county goal. It is the day after Ballybraddagh fair. We got a glimpse of the Professor over the heads of the crowd : poor fellow, he has a hideous patch over one eye, and the other has a very raised appearance. We could never forgive ourselves should it turn out that we have been the agent of unsettling such a noble intellect : but our fears are groundless : he speaks with his wonted judgment.

"Had you, Timotheus O'Hussey, when you found your trade as a tailor declining in consequence of the removal of the two great establishments of Derrymore and Mount Higgins, taken that advice which your reason must have suggested, and which I frequently urged on your consideration, that is, had you given up the profitless employment of holding a needle, when there was no longer anybody to stitch for, and in its place assumed a hoe or a dibble, and then betaken yourself to some agricultural occupation, breaking the clods about winter kail, or transplanting turnips ; nay, had you turned pig drover, or peat cadger, or buckle beggar, instead of sitting cross-legged salking by the side of your cold goose, and railing at the dispensations of Providence, you might not now be committed as you are for the capital offence of wounding a peace officer in the performance of his duty, while making a legal distraint of your goods.—Make no reply, Sir ; officer remove your prisoner, and come you here

Randall Walsh. You were formerly a sober and industrious man ; how comes it that you stand charged with being drunk and violently assaulting Corporal Peter Row on the Slannavan road, last night."

Is it possible this squalid wretch can be the Randall Walsh we knew three years ago ? Alas, it is too true ; we know his voice.

"I got drunk, Sir, because I was distressed, and I struck Corporal Row because I was drunk."

"And what distressed you, Sir ?"

"A high rent, and a back going family, Mr. Mac Culloch."

"And what makes your's a back going family ?"

"A bad neighbourhood, Sir, and the want of good example. I have six sons and two daughters : the boys had always work when the old master was at home, either about the stables or in the house ; Jenny and Mary had always some one to speak to at the Sunday school to give them a good advice ; the boys are now half time out of work, the girls see nobody but the like of themselves, unless when Peggy Flanagan goes by in the new silk gown she got from the exciseman, and God forbid they should be like her ; but I fear God has not forbidden it, Sir, and I would drink myself into the pit of hell rather than think of that. I used to have decent neighbours—neighbours that I knew when I was a little boy at the school with me : I know nobody here now but them that have stayed to be beggared and put to shame. Send me to goal, confine me, transport me, hang me if you will, but do not ask me to stand by and see my sons growing thieves, and my daughters turning wantons among scoundrels and strangers."

"Officer, remove Randall Walsh ; the poor man is scarce yet sober ; and bring forward this person found trespassing on the lawn."

"Pray, our excellent friend, say to his worship that we request a private interview, having something of importance to communicate, and there is half a sovereign for your trouble." Well—what need of words ? Mac Culloch and we understand one another, and there are no reproaches or idle recriminations on either side. We skin the houghed horses, and give their flesh to the nearest subscription pack of hounds ; bury the three murdered policemen

with decent ceremony; lift the spring guns, snakes, &c., in the lawn; pull down the warning board, and invite all our tenantry to a dance in the barn. Mr. Mac Culloch leads off with Jenny Walsh, and old Randall is mollified and reconciled to his farm and family by a bonus of twenty pounds on his last gale. We stop the prosecution against Denis and Frank Flanagan, give the daughters as much as gets them husbands, and pay their passages to America; get the Sheas the building of half a mile of new wall on the demesne, and proclaim a deduction of twenty five per cent. on the ensuing quarter's payments. True, this liberality puts us sadly to our shifts for money; but we are seized with repentance, and above all such sordid considerations. What need of words? Mac Culloch packs up his traps and is ready to start next morning for the Row: we are the best friends in the world, and are taking our wine together in the old parlour.

"So, then, you will readily perceive that it has been altogether the consequence of political excitement at home, and of your own extravagance abroad."

"Aye, and the rascals found means of exciting the people after our backs were turned."

"Just so, *when the cat's away*, you know."

"Exactly so: and you could not make them understand the *formula*?"

"Devil a bit: they were wilfully stupid on that subject, although intelligent enough in amplifying and illustrating the dogmas of their demagogues. I met one of them one day on the road, driving a load of pigs to the market, with a fat heifer tied to the cart tail. 'Ah, your honour,' said he to me, 'if the master were at home again, half of these would be eaten on the ground.' 'What of that,' said I, 'you would eat none of them any more than you do as it is.' 'Aye, but,' replied the villain, 'if I didn't eat them, fat coachmen, and grooms, and sleek butlers, and smart chamber wenches, and thriving trades folk would, and I might have a chance of getting a son or a daughter married to a comfortable match at my door, instead of keeping them out of the hands of harlots and blackguards at the risk of my neck, as I have to do now; not to speak of a

better and a *safser* neighbourhood than the present, when I march either with desperate paupers on one side or on the other, with strange pock-puddings that I hate to see standing in my old friends shoes, as I hate the slavery of the Pope,' for the fellow was a high orangeman, yet I never knew him to quarrel with his papist neighbours."

"Well, did you balance the account for him, Dr. and Cr.?"

"I did, but he stopped me when I got to the second bill of exchange. 'I bar that,' said he, 'it won't come back to an Irish exporter.' 'How do you make that appear?' said I. 'Why,' replied he, 'the holder of the bill being a foreign manufacturer, wants to pay for his silks or cottons; he sends the bill to his banker for discount; his banker sends it to his Dublin broker to be presented for acceptance, and he, on its payment, remits him the nett proceeds in a cash letter of credit; so that all we get by the transaction is, perhaps, a quarter per cent. for sending our own wealth out of the country.'"

"Well, did you demonstrate the fallacy to him?"

"I would have done so in a very short time and simple manner, but just then I was informed that my poor friend at Mount Higgins had been tarred and feathered that very morning, and that the same party were out in search of myself. I was, therefore, reluctantly obliged to return to my barricades, without convincing the mistaken peasant of his grievous error."

"No doubt it was very palpable. Shall we give you the history of one remittance?"

"With all my heart."

"It was for fifteen hundred pounds. We lost it all but 50*l.* to an English gentleman, who lost it to a German baron, who spent one half of it in the hells of Vienna, and the other in the taverns of Venice, not to speak of a fraction or two expended on a few seductions."

"Well, what of that? blacklegs and cheats must be fed: it was all one to the Irish provision merchant."

"Exactly so, and were all the rest of the world, cheats and blacklegs, landlords and landladies included, it would not matter a pin to the good people of Ballybraddagh."

"Not a minnikin."

"Precisely so: you start at six o'clock to-morrow morning."

"At six."

"Well, good night, and make our compliments to Miss Martineau."

And now we can't do better than return to Sir Humphry Polesworth telling "of the great joy John expressed when he got into Ecclesdown." "Then John got upon the battlements, and looking over, he called to Nic. Frog: How d'ye do, Nic? D'ye see where I am, Nic? I hope the *system* goes on swimmingly, Nic? When dost thou intend to go to the Row, Nic? Wilt thou buy there some heads of the newest cut for my daughters? How comest thou to go with thine arm tied up? Has Mr. Sadler given thee a rap over thy fingers' ends? Thy weapon was a good one when I wielded it; but the butt end remains in my hands. I am so busy in packing up my goods that I have no time to talk with thee any longer. It would do thy heart good to see what waggon loads I am preparing for market. If thou wantest any good office of mine, for all that has happened, I will use thee well, Nic? Buy, Nic."

Is it only five o'clock? We didn't expect to have got half so far in the time. So, then, we have still another half hour's meditations before dinner. You need not light the lamp, Tom; we prefer dosing in the dusk. It is not so dark but that we can see the white streak of surf marking the crescent of the bay, and something very like a sail off Bray Head. It will be a dirty night, and much as we love the sea, we prefer, for the present, our easy chair to a seat on the companion scuttle even of the *UNDINE*. But we feel our attention's leashes gradually slipped and away starts the greyhound imagination on another course. Hilloa, our Fancy, whither wouldst thou go?

Term has begun, and the hall of the Four Courts hums like a huge simmering cauldron. The echoes of the arched roof are deafened by the multitudinous buzz: tongues wagging, gowns rustling, papers crackling, nay, the very crisp wigs whispering horror as they shake; and, amid the woolly steam that rises from the soaked great coats of a hundred country plaintiffs, the monotonous dreamy, deadened

shuffling of wet feet innumerable on the soiled and grating floor. How different Westminster Hall. Over the echoing field of stone you tread like a ghost, for the cold and solemn dread that inhabits around and above you, weighs down on your diminutive consciousness, as if the dusk void were compact of shades of kings. You do not think at first that you never before saw so huge a hall; but you think that you never before felt yourself to be so near the measure of a span. Your eye will presently enlarge its apprehension, and the enormous beams of yellow chesnut (for they are not of Irish oak), will lean out magnificently into the dim distance, from side-wall to side-wall, then meeting under the roofridge, high as many a church steeple; the vast windows through which, were they the arches of a bridge, the greatest barge on Thames might row with all her flags afloat, nor rub a single oar blade or pennon end, will open on you, widening as you gaze, till you think they might admit sunshine enough to enlighten chaos; but the obscure length between is still dim in undispersed shadow, and still extending its grey boundaries before you, till you begin at length to understand how knights of old found 'ample room and verge enough' within its listed precincts for their chargers' career, when the splinters of broken lances used to leap high as the heads of those carven cherubim, and the trumpets of pursuivants at arms awakened the forgotten echoes sleeping in all the airy corners of the roof. But, grow the hall as it will, you have not partaken in the enlargement, you are still a pigmy, nor will you be yourself again till you get out of the giant's house. Let us, then, enter one of these oaken and studded doors lately pierced in the side-wall, for you are now in a fit frame of mind to approach the fountain of law.

Take off your hat as you cross the threshold, for you are in presence of Henry Baron Brougham and Vaux, Lord High Chancellor of England.

What! is that thin man the Chancellor? that lean invalid the Sampson of Reform, who tore up gate and barrier out of the shattered portals of our constitution? Is this sickly shadow the famous orator?

Whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will our fierce Democratic,
 Shook th' arsenal and fulminated over Britain ?

It is even so ; but here is no moral shadow, no intellectual invalid, although a pale patient of many distempers. There is languid severity and sick contempt on his relaxed but still masculine mouth ; painful disgust, impatient condescension twitching his fretful colourless cheek and irritable nostril ; but in his eye the triumphant consciousness of great things achieved and things far greater still achievable, brightens the dull pallor and disdainful repulsiveness of his first aspect, and

you feel that, could you think those great things also good things, (as many thousand good men do,) you would forgive him splenetic lip and supercilious brow, and for its sake render him the due meed of almost unmixed admiration and sympathy. Alas ! we fear these great things were not good things ; and again alas ! we fear the Chancellor now knows they are not. But we all remember Lord Brougham engaged in things that were neither great nor good, when

With pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour keen'd,
 He foamed his spleen alike on friend and foe :
 With nose upturned he ever made a show,
 As if he smelt some nauseous scent, his eye
 Was cold and keen as blast from boreal snow,
 And taunts he casten forth most bitterly,

chewing the sour cinders of opposition for opposition's sake, nay battenning on the very garbage and draff of indiscriminate invective. It is possible he may have then thought this the wholesome diet of a natural desire and appetite of virtue, but consequent impotence has long since taught him that it was but the vicious pampering of his ambition's unhealthy longings. Who sees him now at his crude surfeits, his unhealthy debauches of virulence, Where now are his excitements of liberalism ? What has he done now with his coals and chalk of pining freedom ? Under what bolster of the woolsack has he hidden his ballot-sick song book ? We are men of our old stature again ; and, although Westminster Hall were hung with the wigs of apostate radicals from gable to gable, we could walk it till the end of Term without losing one inch of our conscious integrity.

Let us leave the gloomy grandeurs of Palace Yard, and cross Saint James's Park to Regent-street. This broad stair, basing the great granite pillar, is well conceived. You are prepared to expect something magnificent beyond an approach so noble. Walk up the gradual ascent and step out on the platform of Waterloo-place—is your eye filled to its complete satisfaction ? No ; the paint and stucco offend it after the living stone of walls that have

stood till their bulk is natural rock again. The split plaster pilasters and the garret windows peeping out of sculptured pediments are poor pride after the rough masonry of the guards. We will leave Waterloo-place also, and go look at the improvements on Charing Cross. Oil paint again, and tawdry attics, and Agrigentan columns of lath and plaster. Where are the Mews, and what is that staring edifice like the governor of Trincomalie's bungalow ? The Golden Cross Inn, as we live, drawing itself up cheek by jowl with the Percy's palace. The Northumbrian Lion growls to the four quarters of heaven, and stiffens his tail as if he would snap their chimney pots off all the brick stacks in the Strand. They were or are going to build, (or may be in building for ought we know) some other dislocated abortion of vile taste here for a National Gallery—of yellow stone, with pot-metal pillars, very likely, and a dome like a bee's cap. And this is to hide Saint Martin's, and more than make amends for the lost portico. "Oh, soul of Sir John Cheek !" Was Sir John Cheek an architect ? We protest we cannot tell, but he was a great Grecian in his day,

That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp

as we do at the architectural taste of the nineteenth century in London.

How soon the darkness has set in : here are a dozen grand glass lamps with gilded sockets blazing already in the Lowther Arcade. This is really a very beautiful alley, and, notwithstanding all our sneers, got up with taste and judgment ; and at this hour, even in the dull month of November, a pleasant spot for a man hav-

ing business in the east to pass through. But what are we thinking of, lingering here listening to those fellows with the harp and fiddles, when we must dine in our hall among the shepherds at five o'clock ? Pray, Sir, of which Inn of Court are you a member—you are aware, Sir, of the distich,

The Inner for the rich, the middle for the poor,
Lincoln's for the gentlemen, and Gray's Inn —

Forgive us for interrupting you, Sir : we regret very much that we have not the honour to be a member of the Gray's-Inn rather than any other ; for we love our countrymen, and delight in their witty company at home and abroad, and Gray's is almost exclusively the Inn of Irish law students, and Irishmen at the English bar. Yet the *merry mass* is known in all the others ; and never did the black rafters of old Queen Bess's drawing-room shake their cobwebs to more jovial peals than have rung from them round the pictured walls of Lincoln's and the Middle Temple, till the Hogarths and Vandycks shook in their carved frames for company. Let no one here suspect us of not venerating the English character, and not loving the society of Englishmen. We believe the English gentleman to be one of the finest and best fellows in the world—calm, courteous, discreet, manly, candid, and generous : let him be Captain of a merry mess of Irishmen there, and there shall be nothing incorrect, though Steward draws his claret till the welkin roars. But why shall we not have a bonny Scot or two, and represent the triple union ? Because the bonny Scot is, unlike his dwelling, *self-contained*. Now, heaven knows, we are no harpers on grievances, or rakers up of subjects of complaint. We do not live by making faults and finding them, like the medalion-mongers of a learned society with their coins ; but where Ireland's pocket is concerned by the loss of her current and sterling cash to the amount of fifty thousand a year, and upwards, and that for not so much as a law lecture in return, we will cry out against the monstrous extortion, and tell the high law authorities that they have a share of every sin committed in Ireland, so long as they connive at her impoverishment by allowing such pernicious plunder to

continue. Let them (if mutual intercourse between the countries be pleaded as their object) send their law students half their time to our King's Inns in Henrietta-street, or send but an equal number hither in return for ours ; for we ask no profit, only a fair stage and no favour, and we will be satisfied, nay, delighted to see their honest faces among us, and to entertain them as well as our poverty will permit. True, London is a better school of law than Dublin, and why ? Because in a London pleader's office are brought together under the student's eye a class of cases which must be sought for, some in the study of the Irish barrister, some in the office of the Irish attorney ; or, in other words, because the legal business of London admits, from its immense extent, of a more perfect classification, and consequently of a more ready access to the branch desired, than that of Dublin. But the offices of two or three pleaders are sufficient for the Irish demand of tuition, and who will venture to assert that, were the demand transferred, the supply would not follow—that did twenty students a year, each with his fee of a hundred guineas, offer themselves to a special pleader in Henrietta-street, there would not be some Chitty ready to gather the scattered materials of his profession, and set them drawing declarations within a week ? Still it is the duty of the student to frequent the best school ; and it must be long ere Henrietta-street can rival Inner Temple-lane. To Inner Temple-lane then, let him go, in the mean time ; but let it be a private speculation, a journey undertaken at will, like the medical student's to Edinburgh or Paris ; let him have the use of the Inns of Court while he is there, if he choose to keep terms, while so employed ; but do not make it obligatory on the Irish

gentleman to spend among you five hundred pounds on fat coachmen and innkeepers, already too rich, before he can have the privilege of taking his fee from an impoverished litigant at home. Do you plead the necessity of making the profession expensive, that it may be select? The money is a useful restriction on an Irishman's forensic propensities; but let the aspirant for honours at the Irish bar contribute those expenses to the prosperity of his future clients, not to the establishment of an artificial and unnatural class in another part of the empire; so shall his briefs abound, and his attorney's costs be paid, without an execution.

After all, the majority of the Irish law students would be little obliged to us were our representations of any effect. They delight too much in the King's Theatre and Drury-lane to con-

template with resignation their chance of being confined to the shabby saloon of Hawkins's-street Theatre. Offley's has greater charms for them than the Royal Shades; and the Knights of Tara, with all Sir Jonah's romance, were never fit to boil the kettle for the KNIGHTS OF MALT. Ah, brother B., bold you a chapter to-night? Has the cask been brought from the Custom-house? Has the Kerry piper got his drone in order?—any egg-flip, eh? Ha, Sir Syphon, shall we not suck, shall we not inhale? Yes, Sir, we shall rejoice in mustachios of froth, if there be eggs in hens, though Sir John Fallstaff hath said, 'no pullet sperm in my brewage.' But there go the three taps—all hands to grace, ahoy! 'God bless the king, the church, and this honourable society. Amen.'

"Dinner on the table, Sir."

TRIUMPHANT LOVE.

" 'I hoped not at the first—how durst I hope?
With riches—rank—a homebred boy to cope!
But after many days, methought a beam
Of distant heaven entered like a dream.
She'd gaze on vacancy, then glance at me,
And meet my eyes, where they were sure to be;
Then, as the crimson o'er her features passed,
One blessed day she smiled—aye, smiled at last!
And afterwards I met her musing lonely,
And as I spoke not to her, gazing only,
I saw the flood repressed beneath her eye,
I marked the bursting struggle *not* to sigh,
And through her lips' unwilling, quivering motion,
Methought there faintly dawned the heart's devotion;—
And at that thought I sighed—and then she wept—
In short, the passion that so long had slept
Now boiled, like *Ætna*, forth, and with a force
That hurled distinction downward in its course,
Hath raised me'—hold your squalling tongue, you fool you!
Do close Georgina's mouth, my sweetest Julia!
Our story's at a stand until you stop her!"
"Yes, Henry, but she's crying for her supper—
A sixpence"—"Not one left"—" 'Twas what I dreaded—
The loaf is done, and Raspall *won't* give credit!"

THE LITERARY LADY.

AN EPISTLE FROM ONE MARRIED MAN TO ANOTHER.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

Why does my friend thus bitterly lament ?
 Why angry curses upon Hymen vent ?
 Is it because his faithless consort flies,
 To seek elsewhere the love which he denies ?
 Then let him know another's deeper care,
 And learn more patiently his own to bear.

My friend, I see thee sadly weep and moan,
 Because *one* shares what is by right thine own.
 Thrice enviable man ! now mark my case,
 My wife belongs to all the human race.
 In every city from the banks of Rhine
 Unto the olive-mantled Appenine,
 Or muddy Seine, whence fashions' forms are brought,
 At every stall my wife is cheaply bought.
 On dusty diligence when mounted high,
 The school boy scans her with presumptuous eye.
 She lies in steam boats ; and the Cockneys there,
 Put on their spectacles, on her to stare ;
 And with a critic's pomp each fool decrees,
 Her fame or infamy, as he may please ;
 A man from Leipsic—damn him—came to trace,
 In mezzotint, an Atlas of her face,
 And those fair features to the crowd displays,
 On which I would 'twere only mine to gaze.

Thy wife is still *thy wife*, tho' lost to fame,
 The laws compel her to retain thy name.
 But I, alas ! the weaker vessel grown,
 As Ninon's *husband* to the world am known.
 It grieves thee, that, whene'er thou dost appear
 In public, whispers pass from ear to ear.
 Thrice happy man ! in whom the public see
 Aught to remark, however vile it be ;
 While I unhappy ! by a female wit,
 Upon her left am coldly bade to sit ;
 Unheeded there, while each admiring eye
 Proclaims my wife's superiority.

Ere day break, footmen at our door are seen ;
 A motley crowd, in yellow, blue, or green,
 Each with his parcel, whose unfranked address,
 Is to the celebrated authoreess.

She sleeps so soft—to wake her were a sin,
 Yet must I—ma'am, the papers from Berlin,
 Letters from Jena—eyes of lovely blue
 Now open—glancing, o'er the last Review,
 Not once on me—and though her infant cries,
 Time passes ere she to its wants replies.
 The toilette next—but let that quickly pass,
 She throws one hurried look into her glass—
 By muttered threats, wings to the maid are given,
 The graces from her dressing room are driven.

The Furies in the place of Loves are there,
 And a-la-Gorgon curl and dress her hair.
 Now comes the roll of carriages, and more
 Gay footmen rush to thunder at our door.
 The pursy Abbé and the purse proud Lord,
 The English gentleman, who not one word
 Of German knows, and many more, are come
 To see the far-famed authoress at home.
 Hid in a corner stands a thing they call
 A Husband, shrinking and o'er-looking by all.
 And, what I think thy consort scarce would dare,
 The fulsome admiration does she hear
 Of every fool, born letters to disgrace,
 And this occurs before my very face ;
 And if I would not quarrel with her quite
 I must the brutes to dine with me invite.

At table, friend, my sorest grief begins,
 My cellar empties forth its choicest bins,
 Prime Burgundy that doctors bid me shun,
 Must down the gullets of her flatterers run.
 The bread I toiled for many a weary day,
 These sponging parasites devour away ;
 Oh ! may a thousand curses light on thee,
 Thou death to good wine—Immortality !
 Confusion on their fingers how they rise !
 And what is my reward ? With upturned eyes
 And lifted shoulders do they pity me.
 Guess you the meaning, I too plainly see ?
 A woman of such brilliant parts to find,
 With a baboon like me in wedlock joined.

Spring comes, and o'er the mountain and the mead
 Is nature's richly painted carpet spread.
 The bright flower drest in green apparel seems,
 The lark sings, and with life the woodland teems ;
 But spring, and the sweet singers of the spring,
 Can to her soul no soft emotions bring ;
 The nightingales to read are all unskilled !
 The lilies to admire ! all nature filled
 With joy inspires her—its praises forth to pour ?
 Ah, no ! the season's lovely—for a tour.
 What crowds are setting off to Pyrmont now !
 That Carlsbad is delicious all avow !
 Away she goes, and in that motley set
 Where Doctors' canes and Marshalls' batons met,
 Jog on together in celebrity,
 As oddly grouped as Charon's freight may be.

One goes to show himself, of honours vain,
 Another, by his quackery to gain.
 And ladies go to quaff the distant cup,
 By which ill-reputations are patched up.
There. Learn from hence, my friend, thy grief to bear.
 My wife has left seven children and gone *there*—

First happy years of love and tranquil joy,
 How swiftly, ah! how swiftly did ye fly,
 Unequalled then—unequalled since, my bride,
 Came forth, a thousand graces at her side,
 A brilliant wit was her's—a perfect mind.
 And her's a sensibility refined;
 As bright, and beaming, as the young May-day
 Around my path I saw the charmer play,
 Her eyes the feeling of her heart betrayed,
 And in soft glances, Love's confession made;
 The yielding maiden in my arms I prest,
 And at the altar was supremely blest.
 In fancy's mirror then what forms I viewed
 Of future joy. Years as with flowers strewed;
 A heaven on earth, and joyous children there
 Were seen—and she was fairest of the fair,
 Where all were happy, happiest was she;
 And she was *mine*, and lasting harmony
 Confirmed the union of our hearts, when lo!
 The tyrant—Genius came, and at one blow,
 My visions of the future disappear,
 As lightly as card castles children rear.
 And what remains, as sadly I awaken,
 By these extatic visions all forsaken?
 My angel flown, what is there left behind?
 A gentle body, with a sturdy mind;
 A thing that may half man half woman prove,
 Alike unfit to lord it, or to love;
 A child that would a giant's armour wear,
 Half monkey seeming, half philosopher;
 To ape the stronger sex she left her own,
 And basely abdicated beauty's throne:
 Her name from love's own golden book erased,
 And in a journal's filthy columns placed.

C.

SCOTLAND.—No. I.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF A—W—, ESQ.

LETTER I.

My Dearest * * *

While the Antelope steams on towards the Broomielaw, I shall indulge myself in a moment's conversation with you. We are going up the "broad and brimming Clyde"—the tide is flowing, and the skies clear—the spires and pinnacles of Glasgow as yet are sparkling in the sun. At this hour the smoke from early fires is not dense enough to cloud them. They may sparkle unseen by me—I love better memory than sight—and to look at objects which can never be clouded.

We left Belfast at about five o'clock yesterday evening, the appointed hour of departure being two. Some impatient voyagers murmured at the delay; but I knew too surely, from old experience, that all is ordered well, and gave myself to observation, not complaint. The Antelope, in which we sailed, had arrived from Glasgow with many passengers, some of whom lingered until the last hour of leaving, and were to be distinguished among the Irish importations by various unambiguous peculiarities. Will you not laugh at me if I adopt a Hazlittism, and describe the Scottish physiognomy as having for its characteristic that it is "intense." I cannot call to my remembrance having noticed, as yet, a single countenance either among the natives of Scotland whom I had formerly seen, or in the group now returning to their country, which did not testify that its proprietor was, at *all* points and in all faculties, to the very best of his power, equipped for action. An Englishman's may be relaxed in its repose—an Irishman will send his fancy in quest of a joke, and the other faculties will be abroad and agape in pursuit of it. In each instance there will be some unguarded point of access to the mind or heart, through which a surprise may be effected. But observe a Scottish countenance, and you will say, here is one whose inner man is not less carefully guarded than St. Patrick's Heaven, into which clandestine en-

trance was impossible, not alone to the obstinate Ossian, and his dog Bran, but even, as the saint expresses himself, to the moths that eye of man sees not in the mid-day beam. Presence of countenance does not of necessity denote presence of mind—but Scotticism of countenance does. You may find in a Scotch face benevolence, fancy, genius; but you will also discern the presence of a principle which governs them all, or at least provides that one whom they may lead astray shall be betrayed with his eyes open. How many things are we, I might almost say in the habit of doing, as if they were actions performed in sleep—how frequently, when the mind is engaged, do we suffer (without an exertion of the will, at least with as little of volition as sleep walkers exercise,) our assent to be yielded to propositions upon which we have not bestowed a thought. Among the natives of North Britain, there are no absent men. Pickpockets, who are good physiognomists, eschew the soil—their vocation is not here.

You are not to suppose that this Scottish presence of mind implies the absence of those tendernesses, or even romantic susceptibilities, which ladies love to think upon. The mental economy of a North Briton may borrow its certificate of character from the definition of a good style in writing, and be pronounced to be "proper faculties in proper places." A Scotchman will govern his enthusiasm so that it shall not betray him into imprudence, or render the warning of other principles of action unnoticed when they centinel advancing danger: he will not surrender himself altogether to its influence, until he has carefully ascertained that a season for frenzy has come, and that, if he get drunk, it shall be, like Master Slender, "in sober virtuous company." In a word, the Scottish countenance, I would say, denotes a character of that kind which usually ensures success. Elsewhere you may discern intellect

and power, but I regard, as peculiar to the Scottish physiognomy, the indication of an economy, in which great and rare gifts are managed and dispensed with a mental husbandry, which, if I may so say, gathers up the fragments of thought and feeling, and will suffer nothing to be lost.

I ought to have remembered, that you have little faith in my physiognomical discernment, and to have spared you this studious dissertation. The best thing I can now do is, to spare you the added tediousness of an apology. I remember particularly, that you are yet in ignorance what especial benefit we derived from the postponement of our departure last night. It threw the entire sail up this beautiful river into the sun. Had we weighed anchor (I forget whether there was an anchor weighed) at two o'clock we should have arrived at Greenock about twelve; and I, at least, should have been found reposing and recruiting after the struggles of a brief but violent sea-sickness. By the way, I apprehend that that same sea-sickness is a very conceited species of intruder—I mean one who requires something of a conceit to introduce him. I was at dinner yesterday, eating very abundantly, and, if not conversing freely, listening cheerfully to agreeable conversation, when an awkward reminiscence brought to my mind old Rowley's maxim, that a substantial dinner is the proper preventive of all uneasy steam-boat sensations, and instantly I was taught, that memory was mightier to bid a qualm arise, than good solid beef to afford an effectual resistance.

No more about those exhausting paroxysms, and nothing of the solitary Ailsa crags which I saw through my dizziness and troubles;—solitary, notwithstanding the multitudinous flocks of birds, (whose fresh and free rejoicing I envied too much to admire,) for they only seemed to remind you the more of a solitude between which and living things sympathy cannot exist. But, indeed, all feelings of this kind are fantastic; the sympathies in nature are in yourself. Last evening every thing jarred me; I was myself untuned; to-day, as I remember the rock, meekly rejoicing in the dying sun-beam that had lit up its sternness, I can fancy that it harmonised well with the flocks of sea-fowl that fluttered about and

perched upon it; at least, I'm sure they would be far less comfortable were it away.

About two hours since, (it is now nearly 5 o'clock) we arrived at Greenock. The shore, dotted with pretty villas, and at intervals, fair churches, was seen to much advantage in the stillness of the grey morning. The increasing light shed the variety of colour on the beauty disclosed in our further progress. The sail, or float, up the river, has been, indeed, most beautiful; the shores closing behind us, and converting the Clyde into a most lovely lake; the valleys and little openings into which the river withdrew, carrying the imagination into more distant and more rugged regions; the bold and romantic keep of Dumbarton, with its castle-walls, and few small cannon occupying its place in the landscape—(query, landscape)—well, surprising you by its first sudden appearance, and not losing interest as you examined it, occasionally noble mansions and green meadows, covered with sheep, and girded with waving woods descending to the water's edge; the utilities, too, should be remembered—the service which water can render, unostentatiously suggested to you by the canals, which at intervals branched off from the river, and rail-ways formed less for ornament than use, although not disfiguring the place. Altogether, it was a very pleasing sail. Should we visit this land together and in a summer season, I hope we may leave the Irish coast at such an hour, and in such weather as shall give us the entire passage in the sun, that we may have the Clyde and Dumbarton in the evening light.

Farewell, dearest; we hear the sounds which denote that we have pulled up. I shall fly to deposit this for the post. A. W.

LETTER II. July 20, 18—.

* * * * *
What do you think of Glasgow? How would you expect to hear it described by one who spoke plain truth? Have you not a notion that it is a species of hive, in which human beings swarm and crowd together, in as much discomfort as wealth can tolerate, and amidst influences, in which taste cannot exist—in which, indeed, man seems to

forfeit the dignity of his intellectual distinctions? Glasgow is actually a beautiful city; the houses good, the shops ornamental and well ordered, the streets clean and spacious, and the architectural vistas they afford, closed in most instances by a handsome church or other public building, worthy to be the termination of a goodly prospect. A character of permanence also is impressed upon every thing you behold. The "solid masonry" which every where surrounds you, compels you to feel the difference between Roman cement and cut-stone, and admonishes you that Scotland has built for posterity. All this I observed in the solitariness of the early morning, the proper time for viewing cities. When the population swarms through busy and bustling streets, the character of the buildings, even if you could see them without distraction, is altered. I do not wish you to infer, that Glasgow appeared to disadvantage at noon or evening. My admiration of it is in no degree lessened. Shall I set down as the first maxim of my tour, that, if travelling engender pride of knowledge, it corrects the pride of prejudice.

You will not wonder, that I was well pleased to find my business in this place more considerable than, until my arrival, I either thought or wished it. My desire was, after having used all diligence in dispatching my concerns, to depart hence as speedily as circumstances would admit. I soon discovered that my departure must be somewhat postponed, and certainly did not chafe at the necessary delay, as I should at the thought of it before I had seen Glasgow. It is—pardon me for repeating—a noble city; immensely populous, and having, in consequence of its crowded abodes, what was to me, if not the attraction, the novelty of shops and signs, and decorated shop-windows ascending high above those terrestrial apartments which are dedicated to merchandize among us, and encroaching upon the more elevated regions where, by old prescription "the commercing" should be solely "with the skies." Even upon the "cherub contemplation," and other denizens of attic abodes, the thirst of gain or the necessities of life have intruded; and you may read the legends of trade, conducted in its several departments on third and fourth and fifth

"flats"—for so the stories are called—by factors who are no "flats," as well as over the customary haunts where buyers congregate in towns whose space is ampler, or where man is less multitudinous.

The transcendental abodes, however, have what may perhaps be esteemed some little compensation for the indignity they endure in the too close approximation of mechanical concerns. They have a character of solitariness rarely to be discerned amongst us. Houses which have kept company together for many a stage in their progress towards the sky, part when they come to the last: the continuity of the roof-line is broken, and, as it were, high perched on the concordant flats of commercial dealing, you observe a succession of little pyramids, each having its solitary window, each in meditative estrangement from the pyramidal solitude with which it is allied in a relation of unsocial propinquity. The Flemicisms of these pointed roofs, the gables and chimneys in front of the houses, are among the peculiarities which characterise the streets in Glasgow.

I am sure you do not expect from me any account of sight-seeing; yet I did see and go to see some objects of interest. I saw the pillar and statue of John Knox reared up to a most aerial height, on a commanding steep, from which the reformer overlooks the subject city. I was conducted through the cathedral—one of the very few which was protected from the devastating fury of the enthusiasm he fomented.—You may remember that the inhabitants of Glasgow stood forward manfully, or, as was then thought, superstitiously, in defence of this reverend pile; that the beating of the drum called together the protectors as well as the destroyers; and that when the ardent innovators to whom reform and ruin seemed sister graces, were brought to reflect on the alternative proposed to them of suffering the abomination to stand, or of being buried in its fall; they decided against leaving even their dead bodies under such desecrated rubbish, and waited for the hour in which its iniquity should miraculously lay it low. But there it stands to this day, and beneath its roof prayers are offered, and doctrines stern, and doctrines attractive—the severity of the Baptist, and the winning ac-

cents of the gospel command or engage attention. All this you know—who knows not what the magician, whose sprites and spells were the passions of the human heart, and the powers of old tradition, has so recommended to every memory. There stands the cathedral of Glasgow, and, with the altered and improved judgment which interposing centuries have schooled and moderated: beside it—beside the almost solitary cathedral which the zeal of reformation spared—those who venerate the memory of the great reformer have reared his fitting monument, and have proved that they can discriminate between the alterations which truth and piety counsel, and the rude excesses into which human passion is precipitated, when intruded into the service even of the best of causes. Glasgow can boast of poets. I could wish that the site of Knox's uncompromising Reformer was supposed to have exercised a volition in the choice of the place where he was to be honoured; and that, turning in sorrow from those situations which bear sad traces of an undistinguishing and unsparring zeal, he selected, as his own, the place where the doctrines of the reformation are preached within a fane which testifies the pious munificence of ages darker than the present, and the sobriety and good sense with which enthusiasm was tempered amid the troubles which attended the faithful preaching, which for a time brought not peace upon the earth, but a sword.

I visited the Museum, and should now be sorry to think I had omitted to see it. You are aware that Hunter's anatomical collection is here; and that in the usual opulence of such repositories, spoils from the animal kingdom, curiosities of nature and art, the bequests and relics of ancient times, the contributions of modern discovery,—the Glasgow Museum has shared largely. You will be surprised, perhaps, to hear, that my attention was drawn to what might be accounted more suitable to another collection (although surely not alien from the object or the name of the place where I beheld them,) and that, little as I know of pictures, and little power as I have to understand or feel their beauties, I was, if I may use the term, captivated by specimens of art, which have converted my remembrance of the "curiosities" into nothing but

ter than a "dried inventory." In one room there are two pictures disposed in most judicious neighbourhood, one of St. Francis, by Domechino, and a St. Peter, by Reubens. If I were desirous of exhibiting the visible form and character of superstition and religion, penitence and penance, the honoured of the "Lives of the Saints" and the saint of the Gospel, I would say, look well upon that picture and on this. The apostle worships a God of love, and while the sorrows of his heart have dominion over him, they are sorrows with which love and faith have companionship. The trouble in the countenance of Francis, the lurid unearthly gleam of his rather introverted than upturned eye, denotes a possession. His religion "oft times teareth him," but it is of a kind to which you would say the elevation of holy love and the tenderness of tears have never been revealed. What a contrast it is to a Madonna, in the adjoining room, by Guido—what solemnity in the tenderness with which she gazes, and in the governed energy with which her hands are not clasped, but at the points of the fingers gently, you could almost say, tremblingly touching; how worthy the divine babe of that feeling of love and awe and mystery combined, with which already Mary has begun to lay up all his looks to her heart. I never can admit the canon of criticism, however high may be the authority for it, which affirms that painting does not represent mixed emotions. If it do not, I would say, it does not depict the human countenance. Neither in mind or muscle can the abstraction be so complete, as that the predominant feeling shall be seen only in light of its own colour. But, to let criticism pass, especially in a case in which I know nothing but my ignorance, I wished for you as I looked on the holy family: it would have moved you to tears; you can judge how I regarded it when I tell you, that the sweetest music I ever heard did not more completely subdue me.

* * * * *

A. W.

LETTER III.

To E—— S——, Esq.

Glasgow, July 28, 18—.

My dear Friend—I have something on my mind to communicate to you, which I hope to disclose in the course

monument inspired a muse; that the of a few days. I do not at this moment feel precisely in a mood to reveal it; and, indeed, were I otherwise disengaged, the extraordinary crowd and bustle beneath my window, would have the effect of destroying the requisite composure. About five minutes since, precisely at half-past six o'clock, a small phaeton was brought round to the door of this hotel, and a servant made his appearance to arrange it for his superior's accommodation. Neither the vehicle, nor the horses, nor the servant could be said to have any such external mark or air of distinction as should attract attention, yet so it happened, that two or three artisans returning, as their garb and grimed countenances denoted, from the workshop, stopped to observe the preparations which the groom was making; another, and another, and another added themselves to the company, and possessed me with a notion that the coming forth of some distinguished traveller was expected. I was about pulling the bell, when a housemaid and waiter appeared at the door of my apartment to inquire if a little "dog-gie" had taken shelter there. I inquired whose was the phaeton; it belonged to the lady who had sent in quest of her dog, and so little of political consequence was attached to her coming and departing, that even her name was not known. "A sma' matter," the woman said, "can rise a stoure in Glasgow when wark is done." I can well believe her: there is a crowd now in the street through which constables, I should think from their dress, are making way for two quiet looking ladies advanced in years, proprietresses of the vehicle to which the multitude has been gathered,) as dense and as extended, although not so vociferous as you have ever seen before your great "counsellor's" abode, impatiently awaiting the moment when he is to issue forth on a procession day.

How easy it must be for one who possesses popular powers, and who is not scrupulous in their application, to rouse into pernicious excitement the passions of a population like this—so disengaged from the attractions of home, "empty, and swept and gar-

nished" for the spirit of innovation. By the way, has it ever occurred to you, as a proof of the inferiority of modern eloquence, that it can scarcely boast a single instance of such a success as, Virgil's well-known comparison teaches us, must have been of frequent occurrence among the ancients. The comparison for Father Neptune's calming the rude seas is that of a good and eloquent man tranquillising the passions of an infuriate people. The similitude would not have been selected by a taste and judgment such as Virgil's, were such exercises of power infrequent.—Otherwise it would have been unserviceable. We have scarcely any specimen of eloquence which has *told* when the prejudices or passions of the audience were opposed to it. Indeed modern orators have an excuse with which, because of the courtesy of ancient mobs, the great exemplars of their art were not furnished. To speak against the roaring of the sea was a sufficient practice for Demosthenes. The assemblies which were to witness his triumphs were not more boisterous or uncivil than the ocean, but what storms or seas, what sound of winds and waters could fortify the champion or advocate of an unpopular cause against the hootings and the cat-calls (and the cats one might add amidst the various missiles of annoyance) in which a multitude in these days discharge their anger upon an obnoxious orator, and pronounce his platform a pillory.

But to come down from antiquity and eloquence to the crowd only now dispersing beneath my window—think what temptations are presented to ill-designing men of ability in the facilities afforded by the habits of our manufacturing population, and how important it is that the dangers which follow as the natural consequences of wealth and enterprise should be carefully observed and counteracted. "In reviewing the circumstances of a large manufacturing community," says a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in an Article on Glasgow,* "this melancholy consideration forces itself on the mind—that the discoveries in mechanics, and improvements in the various processes of production, intended by nature to increase the sum

of man's comforts, should, in the way the affairs of the world are conducted, terminate always in lowering his condition. The end seems to be every where sacrificed to the means; and we find manufactures valued, not as they enable those employed in them to add to the amount of their enjoyments, but as they serve to increase the general revenue of the country." To my thinking it seems of more importance to influence well the character of the artizans' enjoyments than to increase their amount. To inspire a taste for what is good and purifying cannot but be accounted of far greater moment than to afford facilities of enjoyment; and I can never be persuaded, that to doubt, if the Sabbaths were made a delight to the great mass of our population, the days of labour would be brightened and gladdened by felicities not alien from those which had consecrated their Sabbath. All facilities should be afforded to the population of our towns to join in Sabbath worship—all permitted allurements should be adopted to give the worship its most prevailing interest—advantage should be taken of the opportunities of imparting, with all the aids which can recommend it, a knowledge of Christian principle, and every effort made that that principle should become the guard upon human passion and the motive to action; and, inasmuch as the population of great manufacturing

towns are exposed to graver perils, and subjected to the influence of more deteriorating practises than are encountered where men are less crowded, less familiar with the gratifications of a coarse luxury, more frequently calmed by solitude, more sensible to the pure charities of home, so should the advocacy of religion be more strenuous as its power is more resisted, and its persuasions less furthered by local and incidental advantages.

It is gratifying to observe, that the evils arising from the neglects of former days, seem to have been, for some time past, in process of being remedied. You see churches of late erection, in places where you learn that much injury was inflicted because they were but lately reared. The legislators of all countries and times seem to have been aware that there is something like an appetite for religion in every human mind—the legislators of all countries seem to have acted upon it, except those of modern England, who, at one time, appeared to have adopted the notion that when men were collected in towns, they became divested of religious instincts, and resigned public worship—as a matter in which they could take no interest, and had no concern—to be reckoned among the luxuries of the wealthy.

A. W.

ARCHERY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Half vext that she had failed so long,
And sure that something must be wrong,
Young Cynthia took her Tom apart—
"Why do my arrows miss?" Tom sighs,
"Because they speed not from your eyes,
And yonder target's *not my heart*."

HINTS FROM HIGH PLACES—No. III.

Portia.— ————— *Music, bark!*

Nerissa.—It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por.—Nothing is good I see without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner.—Silence bestows the virtue on it, madam.

Por.—The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

Merchant of Venice.

I stood one day in the Bookseller's Gate, a name which designates, I know not for what reason, the entrance to the southern transept of one of the most venerable of those Gothic edifices that have escaped the scythe of time and the fury of sacrilegious zeal at the close of the last century. The sun was declining, and his beams seemed to sleep among the saints which, crowded row above row in the receding span of the Gothic arches, smiled in the mellow hues of time beneath the influence of the holy light. The richness of sculptured stone, already dyed in the tints of centuries, and seen steeped in the molten gold of a continental sunset, is not to be painted or described—such blendings and shadings are as much beyond the reach of the pencil as the pen, and it is only in the mind of the observer that they are to be found faithfully represented. The gate, thus enriched with every natural and artificial beauty, was raised by several steps from the rugged pavement, and hemmed in on all sides except the south-west by incongruous, fantastic piles of building, raised to the height of six or even seven stories, and painted of the most gaudy colours. Huge roofs, rising with sufficient perpendicularity to afford in some places room for two tiers of windows, were surmounted by chimnies of such gigantic proportions, as to appear emulous of the towers of the cathedral, and threw a gloom on the narrow way below, which was certainly not relieved by the hue of the Acheron

that flowed along its course, increasing its infernal contents at every house.

It was Sunday; but those who have passed that sacred day on the continent need not to be informed that the bustle and business of life was going on with an activity by no means diminished by the immunities (or duties) of the day, and that its ordinary occupations and amusements were only pursued with less laborious assiduity, or in a gayer garb.

The little shops were most of them open. On the left a manufacturer of shoes was plying, not the awl and wax-end, but the saw, plane, and gouge. The shoes were of wood, and as each *sabot* was turned finished from his hand, he hung it up to form one of the row that dangled from the wire across his window. To the right a baker's shop displayed the fancy of the *boulangier* within, in uncouth loaves of every shape and size. Crowns, fishes, basaltic columns piled his shelves; but in larger quantities the "great bread" spread the vast length of its ridgy back along the counter. Next door old gentlemen sat and devoured their six sous' worth of politics with all their spectacles, while their coffee cooled untasted beside them. Presently a roar of *sabots* swelled down the alley, and a dozen of urchins appeared just broke loose from lecture, and followed by a man in a sable cassock, with white bands and a three cornered hat, having a book under his arm, and an unwieldy umbrella in his hand. Women in the fantastic costume of the country,

were seen from the topmost stories spreading their gaudy *lingerie* forth in the air, or below on the unhewn pavement, clothed in it, and surmounted by the huge extingisher which, in defiance of taste, convenience, and "march of intellect," still raises the laugh of civilized mankind against the goodly dames of *haute Normandie*. This head-gear is so extraordinary that it deserves a more particular description. A frame-work, stiffened with wire or whalebone, rises from the head, in some instances to the height of *three feet*, tapering to narrow dimensions at the top: upon this is stretched a piece of blue or pink stuff, puffed out above into a small ball: over this is placed a thin net, divided behind, where its extremities extend with much stiffening in the form of butterflies' wings, edged all round with the wealth of the wearer in many yards of rich and broad lace. Some ribbons placed immediately below the head of the frame-work completes the edifice. I have no doubt many of my readers have entered the cathedral church of St. Patrick in our Irish metropolis by the small door leading from "Mitre Alley," and having close to one of its posts the stone raised by Swift in memory of his servant. Such will probably recollect that in a niche on their left, before they enter the nave, is preserved a fragment, said to have been the top of the spire which was plunged in days of yore—ball and all—many feet below the pavement of the street, by a fall from its exalted situation. This may give them an idea, though an inadequate one, of the *bonnet Cauchois*. To those of the sister island who have not seen this relic, and who may happen to feel jealous that they are not furnished with an example, I have only to say, that I cannot do more than I have done, and that if they are prevented by national antipathy or other causes from making personal inspection of the original, I counsel them strongly to come across the channel, and visit St. Patrick's as soon as ever the western window is repaired. They have no antipathy to us I am sure, and we shall take care that they shall not have to complain of want of hospitality. They shall see "*cead mille faltaigh*" written in every countenance, and we shall feel pride in exhibiting not only our Normandy cap, but, a little farther on, our chapel, our

monuments, and, above all, our choir. But more of this anon. I have wandered from the Bookseller's Gate, and hasten back to it, with apologies for my absence.

The dames I had been describing were not equally unlike the rest of their sex in other respects. The tongues of all were at work, and in the high shrill tone that grates so much upon the stranger's ear, they were gossiping, bargaining, and scolding with the utmost vehemence. At every stand, where vegetables were displayed as well as water-melons, pears, and grapes, the dispute waxed warm upon a difference between buyer and seller to an amount not describable in British currency, probably about the fifth part of an halfpenny. But I shall not attempt to detail the various sounds and sights that struck upon my eye and ear as I stood in the gate. They were full of animation and novelty, even to the clack of the *sabots* on the pavement, and the cry of the *marchand de limonade*.

As I was quietly enjoying the outlandish bustle, the little wicket which led into the body of the church was opened by an old peasant who was issuing forth, and there fell upon my ears so hideous and gloomy a strain of music from within, that I started with the idea that a message from the other world had come to interrupt me. I had not heard it before, from the circumstance of the little gate and the door in which it is inserted being both lined thickly with stuff, I believe to prevent the worldly sounds I have been describing from intruding upon the orisons of the devotee within. Having returned the respectful salute of the old man, I opened the door and entered myself. The temple was almost deserted—the solemn gloom of evening had begun to settle over the tombs of Rollo and Cœur de Lion.—Objects below were indistinct; and it was only above, among the capitals and arches, that the rainbow-colouring of the pictured windows yet lingered. As my eye ran along the vast floor, a worshipper appeared here and there kneeling motionless against a chair, and a servitor, distinguishable through the twilight by his white-edged bands, stole across with a hasty and noiseless step. A monotonous chaunt came from the chancel, where in the oaken seats were

ranged about a couple of dozen priests, having each of them a short transparent surplice over his cassock, and a high black cap on his head. A few boys in red vestments attended, and they were all singing, with the accompaniment of a bassoon, and led by one of their own body, who stood before a ponderous eagle-desk, at opposite sides of which, in two folios, the chaunts lay concealed from vulgar eyes within the mystery of counterpoint. Ever and anon as this personage turned the desk, so as to have a different book opposite to him, the dismal howl (for I can call it nothing else) was renewed with increased intonation, and then died gradually away again. The notes which were sung were confined to three or four, and the peculiar wild effect observable in Irish (and I believe Scotch) airs, from the occasional introduction of a minor cadence, was produced more than once. The service seemed to be carried on in the form of verses, like a litany, and each stanza was managed with a crescendo and a diminuendo that had a strange and unearthly sound. As I continued to gaze, the figures of the performers and worshippers, and the architecture of the building grew less distinct; but still the same dreary tones reverberated along the groined roofs, and came back in echoes through the aisles. I took a chair, and placed myself in a niche at the entrance of one of the side chapels that appeared to be empty, and listened dreamily to the dirge from the chancel. On it went sweeping, and swelling, and dying, like gusts of wind, and again resuming its doleful cant. Presently the deep voices were silent, and after a pause, the thin pipe of a child resumed the subject, and wailed drearily as it lost itself in the undefined vastness of the building. Again it was taken up by the whole choir, and rose on high, and rung along the trembling roof. Louder and more loud grew the strain, and more and more energetic waxed the sacerdotal performers. The colossal eagle was turned with violence backwards and forwards, and the great book pored over with greater earnestness as the dimness of the light rendered its contents less visible. The high conical black caps were snatched from every head, and the pale faces of the band thrown upward with manifest

enthusiasm, while their distended mouths showed that each bore his part cordially in the impassioned chaunt. The bassoon was blown till the cheeks of the performer lost all traces of humanity. Madness glared in the gestures and demeanour of all, while the increasing darkness magnified their forms to unearthly dimensions, and gave an awful extent to the precincts of religion. I could not move, nor take my eyes from off the rapt crew, nor close my ears to the awful, rolling, ringing strength of the sound. Its intensity was redoubled, and shakes and cadences were added; for as one voice would swell above the rest, it ran through the compass of its notes, and turned and thrilled and quavered till another with new breath burst over it like a thunder-clap, and assumed the lead for itself. At such a moment the arms of the inspired chorister were tossed with frantic desperation towards heaven, and his whole form writhed with the contortions of a sybil. Each seemed to vie with the other in these convulsive movements, and heaved, and stamped, and swelled, and dashed himself about, and rolled against his brethren, till the whole mass tossed to and fro like an ocean disturbed by a mighty wind. Forward and backward they weltered, and shouted amain, and tossed their censers on high, and waved their silver crosses round and round, and dashed them against the oak-work and pillars, in time to their hideous music.

How long this continued, I know not. I remained rivetted to my seat, with my mouth open, and suffering under too much bewilderment of mind to note the lapse of time. At length, however, it began gradually to subside. Singer after singer having executed a flourish more wild and unearthly than ever, dropped exhausted into his stall, and the censers swung more slowly and measuredly in the hands of the boys. Echo begun to be heard between the bursts, and, in the pauses, the sound of footsteps traversing the flagged floor. At length the voices were reduced to a comparative whisper, and my senses were taking a moment's repose, when a sound more distant and of another kind roused them again to attention. It came from the farthest end of the nave, and the solemn and subdued purity of the first

chord left no doubt on my mind of its proceeding from the noble organ of the cathedral.

As I turned my eyes in the direction of the sound, a glimmer of light issued from the organ-loft, the only visible part of the building. The strain was a sad one, and had such a "dying fall," that all the tenderer feelings of my heart were touched by it—such a mixture of solemnity and melancholy breathed through it, as at once enlisted my sympathies, and I listened with interest for its continuation. But the style of the music soon changed. After a few bars of this *Æolian* harmony, there was a pause—the last echo answered, and was mute. As the "lion roused by heedless hound" is dumb one gathering moment ere he makes the forest quake with his roar, so might the slightest noise have been heard in that interval. And then the whole organ uttered a voice that seemed to fill up the cathedral with sound from east to west, and from north to south, like the burst of noonday's sun, and shook pillar and tower down to where they took root in the rock beneath the vaults. The effect was like magic. The music, as if roused to sudden life, put on the vigour and tone of animation, and expressed the passions of love, joy, rage, and sorrow, with surprising fidelity, speaking a language as intelligible as words. In the mean time I was endeavouring to make my way by the northern aisle towards the extremity whence it issued; and ere it ceased, I was near enough to see a little peruked head bobbing back and forward before the keys of the instrument with great violence. Having groped my way to a low, vaulted door, I ascended by some steps that were inserted in the thickness of the wall, to the platform, passing an old woman who was so busily engaged at the bellows, that she did not notice me, though I almost touched her in the narrow passage,—and at last stood within a few feet of the performer. He was certainly out of character with every thing around him. By the single taper that was placed so as in some degree to throw light on the stops (for book there was none) I was enabled to take a pretty accurate survey of him. He was a little fellow, with a withered but exquisitely feeling countenance, dressed in a loose old-fashioned coat,

with expansive lappets, a flapped waistcoat, and as well as I could see, black velvet ineffables. He was working hands and feet, heart and soul at the instrument, and throwing himself about with the utmost extravagance of feeling. At one time his head would nearly touch the keys, and then fly back with the motion I had noticed from below, as if the little enthusiast were going to make a *summerset* out of the loft, or at least to get rid of his wig, which at each jerk emitted a white cloud of powder.

At length he ceased, and was in the act of altering the stops, when his eye happened to fall on me.—He instantly started up, seized a gold-headed cane that lay beside him, and exclaimed,

"Pray, Sir, who are you?"

I was taken so much by surprise from the suddenness of the motion, that at first I had not words to answer, and it was only the sight of the stick flourished above his head in a menacing manner, that gave me the command of my tongue.

"I am a blockhead, Sir, attracted like my kindred stocks and stones of old, by music such as——"

"Sit down then and listen. Go on, Jeanette!" and after arranging the stops, he took his place again, and resumed where he had left off, at the commencement of the *andante* movement of the symphony. I retired to the farthest end of the platform, in order, the better to receive the effect of the music, and so entranced was I, that I never thought of conjecturing who this wondrous musician was who set *Timotheus* so much at a distance, and enchained every sense at once. The breathing softness of the flute, and the rich depth of the violoncello alternately took up the subject. The long and measured magnificence of the bass stirred my inmost soul. Sweet warbling as of birds ravished my ears. In short, I wish I had time to go over that symphony again, every bar of it. The *scherzo* and finale followed in regular succession, each perfect beyond my former conceptions of perfection, and when at last the whole was finished, I feared to move, lest I should disturb the delicious harmony, yet ringing through the ears of my memory. The miniature *Orpheus*, however, as soon as he had pushed in the stops of his gigantic lyre, and taken a pinch of

snuff, beckoned me over to him, and began very coolly to eye me from top to toe. I stood this for some time pretty well, but at last thought it necessary to speak.

"You are, I presume, organist to this cathedral? If you are, you must have been proud of the concert which immediately preceded your solo. That horn——"

"For the love of St. Cecilia, don't speak of it!" interrupted the musician, putting his hands to his ears, "I scarcely can bear to think of it. The truth is, I never enter this place when I know that that horrible and uncouth bellowing is frightening the old saints in the chapels here. I only come for amusement, and usually when the church is empty. Indeed I rather think that I contribute to discharge it of all loitering worshippers, as the story goes that ever since the old Duke of Bedford was laid here, *the little gentleman*—old Nick himself—comes at intervals and plays him a consolatory anthem; and, to tell the truth, I do not wish to disabuse the good enthusiasts for Jeanne d'Arc of their prejudices, as I am enabled through them to secure silence and solitude for my rhapsodies, and free them in general from all earthly witnesses but old Jeanette, who, at the expense of being considered by her neighbours as more deserving the tortures of the *Place de la Pucelle* than she who underwent them, has sense enough to earn a few sous in an honest way, even from the reputed Prince of Darkness.—But let me again ask, who are you? you look like a stranger here."

"Not more so than you do to the present age," replied I. "I am a foreigner, travelling in these parts for—no matter what reason. This church is to me heretical, but I entered to view its beauties, and remain to hear its wonders," and I bowed to the little organist. "And now, Sir, may I ask whether your talents are known throughout the musical world, or are confined to this obscure spot?"

"I believe I am by this time pretty well known," answered he, "and my only reason for coming here is my having taken a fancy to this instrument, which, though not so powerful as many others I have played upon, has an agreeable quality of tone, and is particularly free

to the touch, which to me is a great matter."

"Have you ever tried the organ at Cologne?"

"Frequently: I cannot play upon it; it is like lead against the fingers: there are few instruments free enough for me. You have some good instruments among you. You are English, I take it?"

"Almost: I am a native of Ireland; I should wish you to hear an instrument in St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin."

"I have heard of it as a good sound instrument, but much in want of repair."

"Then you have not heard of it lately."

"Not for some years."

"It is now so altered as to be scarcely known for the same instrument."

"Then you have probably good music there."

"I think we have: I have heard nothing like us, and I have travelled much."

"But you are a musical people naturally."

"Not in the solemn way," said I.

"No matter—no nation was ever so solemnly musical: sacred music always took its turn and popularity from national taste. Your airs, so admirably aristocratized by my old acquaintance, Sir John Stevenson, proved that you were essentially a musical people, and a perfection in church arrangements, such as I know he and others have attained, was only what I should have expected. I doubt whether Stevenson would have been so successful in these, if he had not so thoroughly understood the native music of his country. He it was who formed your cathedrals, and no doubt he glories in their pre-eminence."

"Alas, Sir, his funeral anthem has been sung!"

"Funeral! Why is he then no more?"

"He is indeed dead."

"I am sorry for it in my heart, as I am sure Ireland must be from north to south, and the world, where music is esteemed. He was a rare spirit, and shed a lustre over the place of his nativity. But you are a musical people, certainly; I have often remarked it,

and you would be celebrated, if you only knew how to manage yourselves."

"I do not know what you mean," said I.

"And I scarcely know how to explain myself. Are you a draughtsman?"

"An indifferent one."

"Did you ever set yourself down in a picturesque country, to draw the beauties that you admired, and render them your own? If you did, you remember how you have cast about and examined in what position such a tower or such a mountain would show most advantageously—how the light should enter—what rocks or weeds were most in character with the fore-ground—whether living objects might be introduced with effect—and you did not feel prepared to do justice to your landscape until these preliminaries had been adjusted. Such management is necessary to give effect to music, and without such management the efforts of a Handel or a Bach are unavailing. The best performance of the most inspired composition will not be effective at all times and under all circumstances; and the art of a conductor of concerts should be principally directed to arrangements of this secondary and auxiliary kind, which being satisfactorily completed, he may bid his performers do their *worst*, instead of their best."

"I suppose you mean, in short," said I, "that players and listeners should mind what they are about?"

"More than that," said the organist; "much is required in combination to give sound the *Zauberklang* that makes music. Which has the greater effect, the dull recital of a play in a morning-coat and galligaskins, or the performance of it in the buskin and toga? Music must be performed, *in costume*, as it were, to be successful, believe me."

"You must be rather difficult to please," said I, "and can seldom have your taste gratified."

"I am. I own, too, that my enjoyments are fewer, but they are more exquisite. For instance, in this empty church I enjoy music in perfection. If I strike but a chord, I can follow its echoes through chapel, chancel, and vault, without meeting the shade of a whisper to cross me;—every thing—association, solitude, vastness, all cor-

respond, and are in keeping with the sound."

"Well, I should like to convince you that *we* do understand all this."

"And how could you do it?"

"By demonstration."

"Well, I will submit to it."

"How?"

"By going over to you, and judging for myself."

"With all my heart. Will you come *with* me?" I start to-morrow morning, and my friend—I know expects to have something *recherché* within ten days at his house in Dublin."

"I go—but on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you afterwards accompany me to Germany, and see a specimen of what I call musical arrangement."

"Agreed. Can you make your preparations for the morning?"

"Preparations! A black silk night-cap and a couple of changes of linen are all my arrangements, and—but how do you go?"

"By boat to the mouth of the river, and thence across the channel. We start from the quay at six."

"I shall meet you there at that hour without fail."

By this time we had descended the little stair, and having let ourselves out of the church by a side door, in a few minutes I was at my hotel.

The morning came, and with it my new acquaintance appeared at the water-side, buttoned in a flimsy-looking, lightish grey, meagre wrapper, which mocked the name of *great-coat*. Nothing, let me here remark, can be more contrasted at all times than the appearance of an English *great-coat* and a French *surtout*. The latter seems only calculated to "sift the frozen wind," ere it enters the marrow of the miserable shiverer within. Its numerous small wrinkles attest the *exiguity* of its material, while the little low collar and the scanty skirts are admirably adapted to expose both extremities of the unhappy wearer. What a contrast to the great, bullying, bang-up Benjamin! Why, you might button the whole light infantry of France into one of them. With its cumbrous, weather-proof cape, and its heavy horse-cloth lining, and its everlasting tough double-stitching, and its ample, expanded, sevenfold chest, and its sweeping, voluminous, boundless skirt; all this,

with its unfathomable pockets, and the meridian glare of its huge buttons, set in motion by some invisible agency inside, constitutes the *great-coat* of our land of comfort. Such did I wear that morning, and I pitied my poor little friend, who never ceased to blow his nose and rub his frost-nipped fingers together till the sun gained power to remove the cold dews of the night, and restore animal heat to his frame.

But I need not dwell on our adventures till we arrived in Dublin. Every thing was propitious, and I liked my musical friend more and more every day. He was subject to long fits of abstraction, and, I occasionally thought, of dejection; but when roused, his conversation was acute and refined, particularly on the subject that seemed to engross all his interest, and almost all his thoughts. I enquired from several people I met, whether they knew of any musician of celebrity, who was in the habit of visiting the town we had left (for no endeavours of mine could induce him to disclose his real name;) but they all professed their ignorance except one, who, when I spoke to him, shook his head and retired to another part of the vessel. He was a *character*, there was no doubt of it, but in proportion to my curiosity seemed the impossibility of satisfying it. He had nothing about him to guide enquiry. I looked at his small time-worn port-manteau, and turned it over and over, but could discover no clue. One day indeed I took up his snuff-box, which he had laid for a moment on the table of an inn, and observed the letters W. M. on the cover, but when he saw me he snatched it up, and appeared disconcerted when he perceived that I had noted the characters. I gained nothing however by this discovery; I was as much in the dark as ever. He gave his name as Müller at the offices, but it was evidently an assumed one; there was no one of celebrity so called, and indeed he did not pretend that it was his real name when I charged him with the deception.

My friend —'s house was just two streets from G—'s hotel, where I had taken my companion, and it happened so fortunately that the next night but one after we arrived, his *soirée musicale* was to take place. The stranger made it a point with me that I should not speak of his musical powers,

but merely introduce him as Herr Müller, a lover of music. He spoke English a little, and French fluently, so I knew that he would be able to converse without embarrassment at my friend —'s house.

The day that intervened was Sunday, and my national pride was too strong to allow me to pass it over without taking him to the cathedral we had spoken of at our first meeting.

* * *
—“You now see, Sir,” said he, as we returned along Peter-street, “that what I said was correct. The material is fine, but the qualifications I spoke of are in some measure wanting.”

“Well, wait till you have been at my friend —'s,” said I; and we returned to dinner at the hotel.

The next evening came, and we arrived at Mr. —'s house at about ten o'clock. While we were in the carriage, “Now,” said the musician, “I begin here. For what reason, in heaven's name, do you begin your concerts in the middle of the night?”

“Because we keep late hours in this country as a system—we breakfast, dine, dance, sing, sleep late here.”

“I am glad you followed that order in your description. You eat and drink, you go through the business of the day, you eat and drink again, you dance yourselves to death, and *then* you set yourselves down to music, with the hope of really enjoying it. Are you aware that the ear must be as unwearied as the ankle? But *nous voilà arrivés*.”

A thunder from our footman announced us, and we were ushered in and up stairs.

“Is that the overture?” said the little German, with a laugh.

Our host was all politeness, and apologized, as usual, for an unexpected deficiency in his musical strength, &c. He had, he said, to regret the absence of his first tenor—perhaps *Monsieur l'étranger* would take the part—and, without waiting for a reply, he left us, and proceeded to address—probably in the same terms—another group, which had been announced with equally noisy honours as ourselves. My friend looked at me, and said nothing.

We passed onward to a second room, and thence beheld a third, in which were preparations for music on a large scale. A variety of persons, apparently performers, were there; most of them

talking and laughing; some finding fault with their neighbours' instruments; others resining their bows, and a few commencing the preliminary chaos of fifths. A continued buzz, almost amounting to a roar, floated over the assembly; for old ladies had begun to knot together in corners, and groups of politicians to wax warm in mid floor. The host, anxious to arrange everything to every one's satisfaction, now thought it time to shuffle into the music room, and give the word for the overture. Then, indeed, there was a noise. The piano-forte was instantly struck—chord after chord—pedal down—with fearful intonation, and all manner of instruments joined energetically in the discordant concert—string after string squeaked up and groaned down alternately, and flutes pitched sharp in double-octave, and huge basses rumbled heavily into tune. This lasted between five and ten minutes, to the evident annoyance of my sensitive companion, who shrugged and twitched, and was only prevented by his refined politeness from putting his hands to his ears. All this time the voices of the *amateurs*, assembled in the other apartments, continued to rise to a higher key, in proportion as the confusion of sounds increased; and when it had in a manner subsided, and the leader had assumed his post, they still continued to talk with unabated fury; so that it was not until the magisterial stroke of the bow upon the desk had given warning that the music was about to begin at last, that a voice of moderate strength could gain a hearing at all.

There was a sudden still, as the first bar—*largo*—*pianissimo*—was heard to commence; but, alas! one unfortunate lady, whom I had observed from the first ensconced with two other beings like herself, in a corner, pregnant with tea and scandal, was either too much animated by her theme, or not sufficiently alive to the requirements of harmony; for when the rooms were suddenly hushed, as I have described, she was not able to check herself in the soul-absorbing subject of her conversation, but in a voice raised far above concert-pitch, shrieked out, amid the silence,

"And moreover I can tell you, that Lady S——'s lord arrived at home some hours too soon for the smoothness of his forehead——"

Every eye was turned in the direc-

tion of this startling communication; and, at the same moment, the utterer of the unintended announcement became aware of its publicity. She had nothing left but to sit silent, and affect peculiar raptures at the music. The piece—one of Mozart's symphonies—was well performed, and my little German listened with deep attention—his face looked as if it reflected the music, so truly did every expression pass across it. Not so the rest of the company. It was rather long, and before the end of it, conversation had been resumed pretty generally. The symphony at last was finished, and Müller stood in the same attitude, till the unrestrained Babel-burst of tongues recalled him to himself—all who had been hitherto kept silent seeming to take up where they had left off. The sentence which was interrupted by the symphony was resumed, and conversation—scandal, politics, and all—was once more full cry through the rooms.

"You will not see music take the *second* place when you come to Germany," said my companion, with a sigh. "We have the additional enjoyment of expectation beforehand and remembrance after."

"Well, you will see better behaviour by and bye. But why check conversation?"

"Because it is out of the question enjoying it and music together. They are both delightful, but they are rivals, and do not shine in each other's company. The ear must be untuned of words, to be accordant with music. Harmony must float undisturbed and uninvaded upon the soul."

"Oh, these are German fancies."

"Nevertheless you will allow their weight when you come to us."

"Perhaps so—but here's a song."

Miss —— had long been hesitating, and it was not till after the earnest entreaties of the master of the house that she could be prevailed on to come forward—blushes overspread her face, and the fall of a music desk completed her confusion. Nevertheless Miss —— had a powerful and rich voice; and sung an Italian *scena* in tolerable style. Her tones began to acquire their habitual steadiness and strength towards the end, and the last few passages were executed so well, that they elicited a word of approbation from two or three critics of acknowledged reputation.

The young lady, when she had concluded, took, with much grace, her gloves from off the instrument, and suffered herself to be led by the bowing host (carefully avoiding the music desks,) to her seat, while the roar of voices, scarcely remitted during her song, was as loud as ever again.

A lady and gentleman sat near us.

"Pray, Mr. Woodbine, who is the lady who sung?"

"I protest I cannot tell—she has a fine voice."

"Yes—for a *bravura*."

"Ha! ha! you are severe, Miss Crabtree."

My companion pulled my button, and whispered—"You will never hear a remark of that kind when you come to my country. It was the consciousness that such might be made, that brought the blushes into that poor girl's face when she began."

A harp concerto, admirably executed by a celebrated female performer, followed; after which there was a good vocal quintett, and then an instrumental solo. A song by an irresistible amateur succeeded, and there was a long pause. I saw several well-defined stretches, and at last one lengthy young fellow, who was lazily lounging on a chair, swung back on it towards another, apparently of the same age and *calibre* with himself, who was immediately behind us, and with a look of the most hopeless ennui drawled out—"O'Brien, do the bounds meet to-morrow?"

"Don't know," said the person addressed—"Do you mean to ride?"

"Why, if I can get over this cursed night, perhaps I may. That stupid — asked me here for a *little music*, which I naturally supposed to be a couple of songs, and the rest given in quadrilles and waltzes; and instead of that, here we are squeaked to death with fiddles and flutes, and scarcely allowed to utter our misery. Heaven defend me from musical parties! But who is that lanky fellow they are dragging up like a culprit to the instrument?"

The object of his enquiry was the son of our host, a young man of about eighteen years of age, with long straight hair and a Paganini nose, who had just taken up, with irresolute hands, a violin and bow, and was endeavouring to secure an unmanageable stop that was slipping down. A lady had kindly

consented to play an accompaniment, having promised to make allowance for mistakes, and *not to hurry in the last variation*. The air—all my readers know it—was simple enough for the merest tyro to attempt it, and yet difficult enough to show the powers of the most finished performer. The youth, encouraged by his father, succeeded in gaining a tolerable set of fifths before he began, with the assistance of the kind lady at the piano-forte, who struck the notes for him—and set about the air in high style. Before he had finished the second part, however, a momentary glance from off the book shewed him the face of an ill-natured critic, grinning full upon him, and opened his eyes to his situation. He did not immediately regain his composure or his place, and in consequence, the "kind lady" was obliged to request him "to try the second part again." He performed it worse than before, and then the father was heard whispering about "his not having practised much lately—his natural diffidence, &c." He now commenced the first variation, but here he began at once to flounder. His high notes were quite involuntary—his fingers flew with a rapidity that he could not command—his positions were lost—the veins of his forehead were distended, and his glassy eye rivetted on the page which he no longer saw. He was evidently *hors de combat*, and must have given up in a few bars, but that—fortunately I would say—in a violent *coup d'archet* on the fourth string, his bow came in contact with the flame of the candle, and—whizz! away flew the hair in a blaze—the stick crashed against the strings, and—all was over. A murmur of commiseration, mixed with scarcely repressible laughter, covered his retreat from the scene of his discomfiture, and the "kind lady" attempted some sarcastic consolation to the mortified father.

"Now," said my little friend, "this lad should not have played to-night. I see he has some talent, and may yet be an agreeable performer; but the merest blockhead could have told beforehand that he could not please this company, and that an exhibition was only calculated to make him ridiculous. There is nothing more ill-judged than such an attempt by a parent to set off his favourite by early display. It defeats

its own end in every way ; for it exhibits the imperfections of the learner before he has had time to overcome them, and consequently disheartens him, by showing him the ill-disguised sneers of his audience. Let family displays seldom be made at a musical party—we do not manage so in our *Deutschland*, I assure you."

"Well, but after all there has been some good music to-night."

"Doubtless ; but nothing was adapted to give it effect. We did not sympathise with it—we did not, nor could we, allow our hearts to harmonize with what was going on. In the midst of general indifference it is impossible to give way to feeling ; we must be cold to escape observation. A spirit of satire, too, is inimical to music. All should be good-nature, forbearance, and interest, to give a concert success—the hearts of the players, as well as their instruments, should be tuned one to the other. During the performance, attention on the part of the auditors should be feigned if not felt, and silence should not be violently intruded upon, even during the intervals. But I could mention an hundred defects—noisy tuning—long pauses—bad selections—crowded rooms—all inimical to music. I am longing for you to come to Germany."

Our host was so disconcerted by this termination of his son's musical exhibition, that he lost all command of himself. He hurried about from one room to another, deaf to the bitter consolations of his friends, or, if he heard them, forcing a laugh that was but too apparent a mockery of the mortification within. Some refreshments were soon after produced, and, as I had left Herr Müller in conversation with a lady who understood his native language, I sat down to partake of them without thinking it necessary to go back to look for him. We were all enjoying what seemed to most of us the only intelligible part of the night's proceedings, when I saw parties of two and three returning into the room from whence they had escaped to supper ; and presently the movement became so universal, that I followed the rest ;—but no sooner had I entered than I was struck with astonishment—there was the German sitting at the piano-forte in the music room, which was de-

serted by every one else, and the whole party that had been so noisy and impatient before, now standing at the open doors in attitudes of the most rapt attention, and seeming almost to hold their breaths. I got forward as well as I could, and remarked the same expression upon his countenance that I had observed on first seeing him. He was evidently so wrapped up in his subject as to be unconscious of the presence of any one, and the play of his countenance was, as before, like a mirror to the music. Sweet was the air that grew and swelled to life beneath his fingers. I recognized it as one that I had known, but so dignified was it by the heavenly expression of the performer, that it only bore such a resemblance to it as the triumphant hymns of heaven may be supposed to bear to our poor psalmody on earth. The silence and surprise of the auditors when they first entered, surpassed painting, but at last I perceived the tears of several begin to flow ; and I confess that when, after having played a variation in a more lively style, he touched upon the theme in a minor key, I could not resist, and the piano-forte and player floated before my eyes in a watery haze. At length he paused, and laid his head upon his hands. Not a stir was heard from the auditors, who now included the whole company. Suddenly a flash crossed his countenance, as if it was lighted with a new idea, and he burst into a brilliant allegro, which I at once remembered to be that I had heard from him in the cathedral. He slowly raised his eyes—ran them along the front row of listeners, and when he perceived me, a faint smile played on his features. It was but for a moment, and he was in the music again. If the audience were melted before, they were still more delighted now. An irrepressible murmur of applause ran through the room for a few moments after the subject developed itself, and again all subsided to fixed attention. Every nerve was strained to catch the astonishing execution and magnificent character of the stranger's performance. Every eye was upon him—every ear heard him alone.

An old gentleman, who had been precluded from a view on account of his stature and his inability to get forward, at this moment edged his way

to the front ;—but no sooner had he cast a glance at the performer, than he fell back into a chair, exclaiming—
“ Wolfgang Mozart, by heaven !”

——“ *Monsieur, Monsieur ! votre chaise ! on va fermer l’église !*”—I started up, and stared about—reality gradually

grew upon me. I put my hand in my pocket, and, taking out a sous, I gave it to the woman who had wakened me, and walked out of *the cathedral* without saying a word.

ADVENA.

LE MAUDIT PRINTEMPS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF DE BERENGER

I stood gazing from my casement,
While she lingered at her own,
Where a rose-tree, from the basement,
O'er the trellises had grown :
It was winter, and then quickly
Flew my glances, on love's wing ;
But the roses clustered thickly,
And I cursed the smiling spring.

When the sullen skies were streaming,
When the snow lay drearily,
I have seen her blue eyes beaming
Through the half-closed “ *jalousie* :”
I have watched the birds, unhidden,
Snatch the crumbs she used to bring ;
But that gentle form is hidden,
And I loathe the smiling spring.

Then, the little lamp she lighted,
Seemed a beacon-light to me ;
Ere its radiance had been blighted
By the blossoms of that tree ;
If the gentle airs that stir it
With a feeble quivering,
Would but tear it from the turret,
I would bless the smiling spring !

There is perfume in the flowers,
There is music in the trees,
But I love the sleety showers
Of stern winter more than these :
When I see the full-blown roses,
Round the latticed chambers cling,
Where the hidden one reposes,
Then I hate the smiling spring !

G. C.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE EDWARD WALSH, M.D.

PHYSICIAN TO HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

WITH NOTICES OF THE CANADIAN INDIANS, &c.

Nothing, perhaps, more strongly marks the very extended ramifications of British influence and connection at the present day, than the various scenes in which its military have been engaged, and the various countries they have visited. Like the Roman soldiers of old, there is no region of the earth into which they have not penetrated. This has afforded to its officers, and those desirous of information, the ample means of acquiring it; and the medical men of the army, whose education particularly qualified them for profiting by the opportunities, have been some of the most accomplished and best informed men in Europe. Of this class was Dr. Edward Walsh, late physician to the forces.

He was a native of the south of Ireland, born at Waterford, where the name of his family occurs among its chief magistrates in the earliest records of the city. Of their military propensities a curious anecdote is told in the history of Waterford.* In the reign of Henry VIII. a body of soldiers was raised in the city, and proceeded to the Continent to join the English army then besieging Boulogne. A gigantic Frenchman advanced from the town, and like another Goliath, challenged any man on the opposite side to single combat. It was accepted by Nicholas Walsh of Waterford, who crossed over a small river that interposed, attacked and slew the Frenchman in sight of the two armies, and then swam back to his applauding friends, with his antagonist's head in his mouth.

Dr. Walsh was from his birth designed by his father, not for the military, but the medical profession, to which he himself had early evinced a decided inclination; and to this end he was sent to school in England, where it was supposed that the classics were better taught at that time than in Ireland. Here he began the practice of his

future profession much earlier than had been expected. The belief was universal among the peasantry, that the touch of an Irish hand could heal all bites of toads and serpents, as surely as that of the royal hand could cure the king's evil. People were therefore brought every day to the school, who had, or fancied they had, been blasted by the puff of a toad, or stung by the tongue of an adder, for the Irish boy to stroke; and such was their faith in the efficacy of the remedy, that they all departed satisfied of their cure. The virtue was supposed to reside even in Irish wood. He had brought with him a hazel stick which was also in great demand: with this he stood in a crowd of rustics, like a magician, waving his wand, and round whatsoever venomous thing he made a circle with it, it was supposed to be no more capable of passing out than a scorpion from a ring of fire. In these our days, when the school-master is abroad every where with his penny journals, it is hardly conceivable that superstitious credulity could have so existed in any part of England.

His earliest propensities and pursuits were literary; shortly after his return home, therefore, he established in Waterford a literary society, the first of the kind ever attempted in any part of Ireland out of the metropolis. Here, too, the people displayed a similar characteristic of the ignorance of that period. For the first time an electric machine was exhibited by the society, and its apparently supernatural phenomena excited the strongest prejudice against them, as persons addicted to magic and the practice of the black art, which on one occasion had nearly caused serious consequences. A shop-keeper, not remarkable for integrity or the honesty of his weights, lived in a narrow street, opposite the society's rooms; a member, who was somewhat of a wag,

* Ryland, p. 46.

and had as much humour as science, contrived to pass the wire of the machine across the way, and attached it to the cord by which the scales were suspended. On a Saturday night, when the shop was crowded with customers, the man proceeded to weigh some articles called for, but the moment he touched the cord to raise the scales, he received a sudden shock, which seemed to dislocate his arm; he laid his hand on the counter and wiped his forehead. "These are sad sudden times," said he, and then crossing himself, he tried again; again he received a similar shock, and again desisted in the same manner. The persons in the shop were now apprised of the extraordinary effect, and gazed intently and fearfully at the man, while he tried a third time to raise the scales. The common people of Ireland attach much importance to the number three, and when he received the third shock, the whole assembly, with the man himself, fell on their knees and began to pray and confess their sins, as under some impending judgment. At length one, more shrewd and composed than the rest, observed the wire, and traced it across to the society's rooms. An instant excitement of the people took place, and they rushed out to tear down this nest of wizards and magicians; the members present had scarcely time to escape, but their machines were destroyed by the fanatic mob.

This society reckoned among its members many ingenious men, who afterwards distinguished themselves in a wider field of action. The Genevan patriots were at that time about to settle in the vicinity of Waterford, where a new town was built for their reception. The leading men were very intimate with Doctor Walsh's family, and became members of the literary society. One of them, M. Claviere, was the friend of Necker, and afterwards became minister of finance under the revolutionary government of France, and was one of the lamented victims of Robespierre.

Another who subsequently distinguished himself, was Captain Robert Falkener. This gentleman was for some time stationed in Waterford, and was enrolled a member of the society; his extravagant dress and affected manners excited at the time strong prejudices

against him, and he was supposed incapable of any thing manly or intellectual. He first surprised the people of Waterford by a display of knowledge in the society, and afterwards astonished the world by his professional skill and intrepidity. He was killed while lashing with his own hands the bowsprit of an enemy's frigate to his own, and the country has recognised his high merits, by a noble monument in Westminster Abbey; had he not been prematurely cut off, he would probably have ranked with Nelson and the first naval heroes of England.

A third member was of a very different stamp; he was a German of the name of Kotzwora, distinguished afterwards as the author of "the Battle of Prague" and other popular musical pieces; he was a universal genius—an artist, a poet, and a philosopher, as well as a musician—and to him really belongs the first claim to a merit ascribed to Paganini. He held a wager he would play a difficult sonata on the violin, without either fingers or strings, and he won his bet to the satisfaction of the company, by actually executing it in good style with *one* finger and *one* string. His end was as extraordinary as his character; he persuaded a woman to hang him up by the neck for a short time to a door; some occurrence drew away her attention, and when she hastily returned to take him down, he was dead; the woman would probably have suffered for this murder, but several others came forward in evidence before the coroner's jury, and stated that they had often tied him up in a similar manner at his own request, and that the sensation of strangling was an enjoyment he often indulged in.

Among the permanent residents in Waterford were also many men, members of the society, who were distinguished for genius and eccentricity. One of them was Henry Plunket Peters. Ayscough says, "Wits come men know not whence, live men know not how, and die men know not where." Of the origin, means, and end of Peters no one knew any thing, though he resided fifty years in the city. He was celebrated as a mathematician, a poet, and a writer of the humorous and pathetic, in which latter he rivalled his favourite Sterne, then an author in every one's hands. On the dissolution of the society, he fell from the rank of

life in which he had before lived, and took up his abode in the damaged pot of a glass-house, where he was kept alive by the heat of the cinders, and fed by the glass-blowers, who shared their beer with him in return for the amusement he afforded them. One night he went almost naked to a poor woman, who let straw-beds in a lane in the city, and said in his usual courteous manner, "Madam, I am come to purchase from you a pennyworth of sleep." He was shewn to a wisp of straw, where he lay down; when the woman thought he had enough of sleep for his money, she went to awake him—he was dead. As he was known to entertain not very orthodox opinions in religion, and some young men who were fascinated with his manners and conversation had afterwards conducted themselves in a disreputable manner, the serious people of Waterford thought him an incarnation of the evil one, endowed, like the dæmon of Lewis's monk, with fascinating qualities to mislead and de-

stroy; while the more ignorant and common people, who saw him for half a century living unchanged under the greatest privation, and to whom his death was not known, believed him to be the wandering Jew, and think that he is still alive somewhere, and that he will continue to walk the earth till the final consummation of all things.*

The last we shall mention among the wits of the society was a gentleman of large fortune, full of talent and genius, who frequently delighted the society with his epigrams. There stood at that time, near Waterford, a place of public execution, and the wits made the piers of the gallows a receptacle for their pasquinades, like the statues of Pasquin and Marforio at Rome. A dignitary of the cathedral, who was not very popular, had built a house on this gallows-green, as if to enjoy from his windows the spectacle of public executions. An epigram, attributed to this gentleman, was posted on one of the pillars—

Non amo te Sabidi.

Near to the church, with thoughts divine,
The pious bishop built his palace;
But Oh! what wretched thoughts were thine
To build thy whim so near the gallows.

The next day the other pier, like Marforio, replied for the Doctor, in an answer by Peters—

If proverbs are true, and to teach us were given,
"The nearer the church is the farther from heaven;"
Instructed by this to the gallows I gang,
Since the nearer I dwell, the less fear I shall hang.

Smitten with the love of physiology, he went to Edinburgh to study medicine for his amusement, and there became acquainted with the celebrated Doctor Brown, whose theory was, that disease was cured and health prolonged by the application of stimulants of different kinds to the continually exhausting powers of the human frame. This practice he, in common with many others at the time, unfortunately adopted, addicted himself to opium, and fell an early and lamented victim to this pernicious Brunonian system. When his friends, with anxious solicitude, would represent to him the injurious effects of this mistaken practice, "What does it matter," he would say, with his

eyes sparkling with the fascinating excitement, "I care not how soon the lamp of life is consumed, provided that while it lasts I can cause its flame to burn brighter." He may be considered as one of the first victims, in these countries, who used the Turkish drug to this extent, and so was the precursor of the English "Opium Eater" in practice, as he was in eccentric genius.

It is to be regretted that the transactions of this ingenious, but heterogeneous society, should have perished with most of its compositions; they would have displayed the first dawnings of literature and science in a country-town in Ireland. The only remains are some poetry and essays, afterwards

* There is a curious Memoir and striking Likeness of him, by Doctor Walsh, in the *British Magazine* for August, 1830.

published in periodicals in Dublin. One of the former was a composition, for which Doctor Walsh had obtained the prize of a silver medal from the society, and it was destined to obtain another also. The Historical Society of Trinity College, Dublin, proposed a prize for a poem on a similar subject, and it was awarded to one of the candidates. It afterwards appeared that this was the published poem of Doctor Walsh, for which he had obtained the medal, which the ingenious candidate had found among other supposed forgotten things, and had appropriated to his own use; it is perhaps the only poem on record that has thus afforded prizes to two different authors. One of the latter has a proposal by Doctor Walsh for a universal alphabet, on the suggestion of Sir W. Jones, and applied as a method to facilitate the instruction of the deaf and dumb. He assumed as a principle, that the primitive alphabets were formed from an outline of the several organs of speech in the act of articulation, and he annexed an anatomical diagram of sections of the mouth, lips, teeth, tongue, palate, and nose, being the parts used in modulating the voice as it issues from the glottis, in uttering the vocal, labial, dental, lingual, and palatal sounds, which constitute the elements of every oral language. The resemblance of different letters in various alphabets was very striking, and afforded the strongest grounds for adopting one common character for

them all. An outline of this ingenious essay was afterwards published by him in a Dublin periodical,* and excited at the time much interest.

About this period, that explosion of the human intellect, from which the world had expected so much in ameliorating the human condition, by removing old prejudices and substituting a more perfect system of things, began in France to assume the horrid garb of anarchy, and degenerate into all the excesses of a bloody democracy. To define the true limits of rational liberty, founded on the basis of the British constitution, he took up his pen and published the "Progress of Despotism," a didactic poem in one vol. quarto. His views are best defined by his own words: "The dominant party, in their zeal for royalty, seem exclusively to assign to the monarchical form of government all the blessings and virtues of social life, and in their abhorrence of what they term French principles, attach to the words liberty, patriotism, and public spirit, the ideas of anarchy, sedition, and rebellion. On the other hand, the advocates for republicanism support their visionary notions of liberty and equality with all the enthusiasm of a persecuted sect, and prove incontestibly by their cruel and despotic acts, that liberality and toleration form no part of of their real tenets." The following proposition on the importance of government is the theme on which the poem dilates:—

Man, ever changing with the changing time,
Scarce owes a quality to place or clime;
Ductile as wax he every pressure takes,
And is what education mars or makes.
But that which sways him, gives his mind a bent,
Shapes his whole course—is form of government.
Him that prime agent only can create
Wise, foolish, abject, wicked, good, or great;
And as it shifts in every change we find,
So shift his actions and so veer his mind;
One passion only moves not with the hour,
Fixed as the polar star—his lust of power.†

This poem, by permission, he dedicates to Charles James Fox, and whatsoever sentiments that great man might have entertained of the crude opinions of so young a person, he expressed

himself highly pleased with the work, and favoured its author with his countenance and friendship.

After some lapse of time, during which the medical studies of Dr. Walsh

* *Anthologia Hibernica.*

† *Prog. of Desp.* p. 3. l. 13.

were suspended, and his views directed by his father to another object, he finally proceeded to Edinburgh, and in due time graduated as M.D.; the reputation of that school of medicine being then so great, that no professional man was held in any estimation who had not studied there. Here he began to exercise a talent which had early developed itself. He was a good artist, and he relaxed from his professional studies by sketching the professors, and the lecture rooms, of which he made admirable likenesses. One of them—the *School of Anatomy*—was published, and exhibited a picture as full of life and character as that of Tommy Nero's dissection, in Hogarth's *Last Stage of Cruelty*. Another is a well known picture at the present day, though few, perhaps, are acquainted with its origin. Prince Arthur's seat, and the romantic environs of Edinburgh, were his favourite retreats for study or reflection. On contemplating the rocks one day, under the Calton Hill, he made out, on the face of the craig, a gigantic profile, which he sketched as a great curiosity. Many years afterwards, when he met, for the first time, Lord Nelson, on board the *Baltic* fleet, it struck him that his profile was exactly that which he had seen, on the face of the rock. On his return to England he published the sketch,* with the monument which was erected just over it. It was generally acknowledged a strong likeness of that hero, whose features were thus impressed by the hand of nature on the rock of ages. A fall of a portion of the rock has now obliterated this remarkable curiosity.

When he took out his diploma, an irresistible propensity to increase his knowledge, by enlarging his sphere of observation, induced him to accept the situation of physician to a government West India packet; in which capacity he twice visited most of the islands in the Gulf of Mexico, where the yellow fever at that time raged with mortal violence. One of his patients, a passenger for whom he felt a great interest, was seized with it, and he immediately brought him to the summit of the Blue Mountains in Jamaica, where, far above the contagion, they respired a pure and wholesome atmosphere, which immediately restored him. This he frequently

practised with success in subsequent cases; and he was appointed to a regiment at that time quartered in the island, whose surgeon was reported to be dead of the disease. With this he returned to England, but the first news he heard on his arrival was, the unexpected resuscitation of the dead man; so he was appointed to another. Attached to this latter, he proceeded to Ireland, at the time of the rebellion. His regiment landed from England at Duncannon Fort, near Waterford, and arrived on the high ground, above Foulkes Mill, in the County of Wexford, while the rebels, headed by General Roach, were engaged with the army, commanded by the late Sir John Moore. Roach had been a Roman Catholic clergyman, and led his congregation from the altar to the field. It was astonishing to every military man to contemplate the versatility of talent that suddenly converted an ignorant priest into an able general—and a rude rabble into a disciplined army. They stood for three hours against regular troops, of nearly equal force, led on by one of the best commanders of the day; and it was always his opinion, that if the brigade, of which his regiment formed a part, had not come up, like Bulow's, at the critical minute, the event of the battle would have been ultimately doubtful. After this he was present in most of the actions which took place during that melancholy period, till the final surrender of the French, under Humbert, at Ballinamuck. This he considered the most melancholy period of his life. Deeply attached to Ireland, and everything that concerned it, he could not witness the devastation of the country he loved, without the most painful feelings; nor its character degraded, by the atrocities so unsparingly perpetrated, without deep regret.

On the happy suppression of the rebellion, a great military force remained at the disposal of government, without any immediate object to engage its operation, and it was determined to send a part of the army then in Ireland to recover Holland from the French. His regiment was among the number, with which he immediately embarked, and he was one of the first that entered, and the last that left that country. It

* In Ackerman's Repository.

was the end of the year before the forces departed from England, and on their arrival in Holland, the inclement weather of that climate had set in. The first night of his landing was the most perilous of his life. The British were opposed by the French and Dutch, posted on the sand hills which lined the open shore, and after a severe skirmish, were driven from their position, which was occupied by the British, and they prepared to bivouack on the spot, without any covering from the tempest of wind and torrents of rain which now commenced. Every man dug a pit for his bed in the sand, and took care of himself as he best might. The servants of the doctor and another officer excavated for them a deeper pit than usual, and secured, as they thought, the windward side, by piling the bodies and staking the muskets of the French killed in the action. Into this den the Doctor and his friend crept, and, wrapped in their blankets, thought themselves well provided for. About midnight a sudden gust of the tempest swept the whole before it, and buried the sleeping officers under the heap; and when their servants came in the morning, not a trace of them was to be found. Providentially, some muskets falling across their heads, allowed them a space sufficient to breathe, till they were dug out of this grave of sand, in which they were all but buried alive. On advancing to Bergen, the Russian division attached to the English army, immediately began, as usual, to plunder the houses, and a ridiculous scene ensued. Two regiments having quarrelled about the division of the spoil—attacked one another with such weapons as they could lay hands on. Almost every house had a store of round Dutch cheese, which they hurled at each other till the streets were full of these rolling missiles. When the English marched in, immediately after, they gathered them up, and stuffed their knapsacks with their favourite food—their allies preferring the tallow and train oil which the shops afforded. Among his professional experience were several wounds of a singular character. One was that of an officer who was struck by a musket ball on the clavicle, which entered his body at the spot, and disappeared, without the wounded man feeling any

particular inconvenience. After probing and searching for it in vain, it was given over as hopeless, and the patient left to the chance and danger of such an extraneous substance in his body. The ball, however, was next day discovered by the officer's servant. It had entered the arm, under the axilla, and running between the muscles and the bone, it issued out at the elbow, by an almost imperceptible aperture, and quietly deposited itself in his waistcoat pocket.

Nothing could be more dissimilar than the commencement and conclusion of this expedition. The army embarked in high health and spirits—a rumour was spread abroad, that an immense treasure had been buried under the Stadt House, at Amsterdam, of which every soldier anticipated his share. They found, however, the Dutch—their supposed allies—luke-warm friends, and sturdy enemies; and after advancing very near the capital, against the enemy and the elements, they halted on some sand hills for the night, constructing sheds of rushes, and digging holes in the sand, expecting the next to be comfortably lodged at Amsterdam. Suddenly an order was issued for the troops to fall in, and the different brigades immediately to form. It was pitchy dark, and the clouds descended in cataracts; yet it was done with alacrity in the midst of this difficulty and confusion. But instead of advancing, as was the general opinion, on the capital, the army was ordered to face about, and, at ten o'clock at night, were in full retreat. "The intense darkness," the Doctor says, "was accompanied by deluges of rain—there was no sure footing—all was quagmire; but the firmest bottom, and, on the whole, the surest way, lay through pools of water, though it was impossible to guess whether the next step would be up to the knees or the neck."* There were about three hundred women attached to the English army; they were all left behind, and next day fell into the hands of the French, who treated them with their usual gallantry, and sent them back well pleased. The children were particularly caressed by them; and the ragged little urchins returned fancifully dressed in nice new clothes.

On his return to England, he pub-

* *Narrative of the Expedition*, p. 89.

ished a "Narrative of the Expedition," in one volume, quarto, with maps and plates. As he had access to the best sources of information, and it was a kind of semi-official work, he confined his narrative principally to the details of the greater political and military events, and generally omitted sketches of personal adventures, which afterwards amused his friends, and would have rendered the work much more interesting. As the expedition, however, was an event of much temporary importance, and his details known to be perfectly authentic, the book went through two editions in the short space of a few weeks.

An expedition was now planned against Copenhagen, to prevent the Danish fleet from falling into the hands of the French; and the 49th Regiment was ordered on board the English squadron, to act as marines. Into this regiment the Doctor exchanged, and he accompanied the expedition. Whatever different opinions there may be as to the expediency or the necessity of this proceeding, there can be but one as to its result—that it was as *untoward* as that of Navarino. The Danes declared they had no intention of giving up their ships to either the French or English, but were as able as they were willing to keep them themselves. The English fleet was, therefore, moored opposite to the town, and the bombardment commenced with fury. The shells and balls caused frightful destruction in the devoted city. The former penetrating the roofs of houses filled with peaceable citizens, the moment before enjoying tranquillity, burst in the rooms before they were aware of their danger; and the fragments flying about, committed horrible carnage among women and children—urging the surviving men, in a state of frenzy, to the ships and batteries, where they fought with desperation. The ship in which Doctor Walsh was embarked—we believe the *Ganges*—was moored opposite the crown battery, which protects the entrance of the harbour, where the Danish fleet was laid up. It seemed to be a tremendous attempt for our ships to encounter such works of solid stone. They stood out into the sea, like float-

ing batteries of masonry, and their balls were so well directed, that they passed in at one side of our ships and out at the other; and after prostrating every thing they met in their passage, were seen recouchetting along the surface of the water to the Swedish coast. One of them dealt death about it in a very extraordinary manner. Doctor Walsh was examining the arm of an officer which was slightly wounded, and while he yet held his hand, he saw his throat suddenly cut, without any apparent cause. It afterwards appeared that a ball, from the crown battery, had passed through a depot of tomahawks, and sent them spinning about between decks in all directions. The blade of one of them, driven horizontally, had encountered the neck of the officer, and nearly severed his head from his body in its passage. It was deemed necessary to silence this formidable battery by entering it. His regiment was ordered into boats for the purpose, and he embarked with it; not having the most distant hope of ever returning from what seemed to all a most hazardous, and indeed desperate, enterprise. Fortunately, the Danes capitulated before they reached the fortress, and the Doctor escaped with no other wound than his hand shattered by a splinter.

It was quite amusing, if such a word can be used on so serious an occasion, he would say, to hear the people at home speak of the high regard in which Lord Nelson and the British officers were held by the Danes after the action. In a moment of almost unsuspecting confidence, and while relations of peace and amity, yet actually, as they supposed, existed, they were suddenly attacked, their fleet sunk, their capital burnt, and their citizens murdered. The feelings of the Danes towards the actors in such an enterprise, were such as are natural to the human heart, such as the English themselves would harbour under similar circumstances—those of unmitigated hatred, horror, and hostility; and to keep these feelings alive, they still show their steeples and churches perforated with balls, which, like the Americans at York Town,* they will not suffer to be repaired. If any thing could add to the regret for such an untoward act, it was

* *Weld's Travels*, p. 128.

the utter worthlessness of the object when attained. The Danes had never been a maritime power since the time of Turgesius, when centuries ago they carried terror and desolation into these islands. They were then the only maritime power, petty and piratical as it was : but since that they never possessed a fleet that could be an object of alarm. The few ships they had were as much for show as for use. They were laid up in ordinary, the decayed appendages of former respectability ; and the energetic defence of the Danes, was not to preserve what they knew was not worth preserving, but to preserve what was dearer to them than any fleet—their honour, their character, and their national independence. It is well known that the painted rotten planks we obtained, were hardly worth towing out of the harbour, and scarcely floated to England. Here they generally fell to pieces while lying in dock, or were filled with stones as hulks, and sunk for piers or breakwaters : one of them was applied in Dublin to this use. When the harbour of Howth was in progress, the long pier which runs towards Ireland's Eye completed, and the angle about to be turned ; the surge of the sea on a stormy winter's night, drove several yards of its extremity out of its direction, and into the basin of the harbour, without scattering the stones ; and on this foundation, thus singularly formed, they continued the wall, so that in fact the east and north piers do not form an angle, but are joined by a cant. To prevent a similar accident the ensuing winter, one of those Danish prizes was filled with stones, and sunk near it as a breakwater ;* but the surge soon dispersed this rotten fabric also, which was not fit to form even the foundation of a wall. It was, however, a secure place to deposit our plunder, so as that it should never rise up in judgment against us.

On the termination of this affair, the fleet continued for some time in the Baltic, and Dr. Walsh had an opportunity of visiting Russia, where he was when Paul was assassinated. Of this event he used to tell many curious particulars, not generally known. One was as follows :—The Krásnoi Dvoretz,

or red palace, was a kind of fortress which Paul had built for his personal security, and in which he shut himself up, surrounded by canals, moats, and draw-bridges. Immediately adjoining this is the summer garden, laid out in walks for the recreation of the citizens, and full of well-grown trees, in which a numerous colony of crows had built their nests, so that it resembled an English rookery, except that the crows of Russia are generally silent, and their noise is seldom heard. One night the inhabitants of the neighbourhood were alarmed and kept awake by a most extraordinary commotion among these birds, who continued till it was light flying about in the greatest agitation, clapping their wings, and evincing some powerful impression made on them, by their clamorous and persevering croaking. While the neighbours were next morning talking together of this curious circumstance, and wondering what could have been the cause, the event of Paul's death in the adjacent palace began to transpire, and then it was found that the noise of the birds had commenced just at the time of the assassination, when it burst out in the most loud and clamorous manner. Birds of this kind have been always supposed to be endowed with a wonderful power of prescience and sagacity in human affairs, and this circumstance confirmed it in the minds of the Russians, though it is not improbable that they were only disturbed by the conspirators passing and repassing that night at an unseasonable hour under the trees, in their way to the palace. Be this as it may, the Doctor always considered it a singular fact, and mentioned it among the curious things he had witnessed in his travels, always adding, however, to obviate the suspicion of credulity,

"Haud equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis,
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major."
Virg. Georg. lib. 1 c. 415.

His regiment was now ordered to Canada, where he accompanied it, and continued several years. Of all the regions of the earth, Canada seems most congenial to British feelings and habits. The soil and climate are in the highest degree fertile and salubrious. There are some countries, which, from an un-

* Whitelaw's History of Dublin, vol. ii. p. 1263.

known constitution of the atmosphere, seem to be exempt from certain fatal diseases that infest their neighbours. Thus the plague never visits Persia, while it is raging in the adjacent regions, nor the yellow fever Canada, while it is devastating the country on the other side of the St. Lawrence. But of all places, Canada is the paradise of the British army, who characterise it as a country where "they have double allowance, nothing to do, and wallow in dollars and Madeira." It was the Doctor's good fortune to be quartered at the Falls of Niagara, a magnificent spectacle, which had been the object of his earliest curiosity, and which he now contemplated every day with feelings of renewed astonishment and pleasure. Some of his sketches of this sublime picture attest the impression it made upon his mind. To add to the effect, it frequently happened that buffaloes and other animals, in attempting to cross the river, were caught in the current, and hurried with impetuosity to the falls. Here the loud bellowing of the unwieldy beasts, as they plunged and struggled to extricate themselves from the torrent, was in singular keeping with the general character of the scenery. Here also he one day witnessed an event of a similar kind, but of a very different character, exhibiting in a striking degree the stoicism and resignation of the Indians. A woman was crossing in a canoe a considerable way above, but was caught in the current, and hurried on to the awful cataract. Finding all her efforts unavailing, and that she was rushing to inevitable death, she made no outcry or gesture of fear or impatience, but laying down her paddles, she stood up and looked quietly about her; then taking a bottle of spirits from the bottom of the canoe, she applied it to her head till she drank every drop; she then wrapped herself in her blanket, took up a pipe, and continued calmly smoking till she shot over the falls, and disappeared for ever. It was here he became the intelligent Cicerone of all strangers, whom he entertained at his quarters, and among the rest his distinguished countryman, T. Moore, whom for the first time he met in this remote and romantic region.

But he had soon an opportunity of contemplating the character of Indians by living a considerable time among them. The small pox is one of those awful scourges that afflict the Indian tribes, and is more fatal in sweeping away the population than all their exterminating wars among each other. Of this he has recorded a most afflicting incident, communicated to him by an eye witness. "A distant tribe, in alliance with the Chippaways, had been in a flourishing state, when it was first attacked by this awful pest. In vain their priests, prophets, and physicians attempted to arrest its progress—they themselves became its victims. The survivors shifted their encampments from place to place; the inexorable pestilence pursued them, till the whole nation perished, with the exception of one family, a man, his wife, and child. This 'last man' fled towards the British settlements, and was seen to pitch his wigwam at the edge of the forest; but here too his enemy found him. The woman and child sickened and died, and the last survivor dug their grave, and laid them in it: he then sat down on the edge, and in this attitude he was found by a passing traveller; him he requested to cover him up with his wife and child, and then giving himself a mortal wound, he flung himself upon the bodies. The Indians seldom, if ever, commit suicide; but this was an extreme case, which overcame the fortitude even of the Stoic of the woods, the man without a tear."*

To arrest the progress and ameliorate the character of this disease among the Indians, the Doctor, with some other medical officers, were sent by government to introduce vaccination. There are certain stations where all the tribes who wander over the vast continent, assemble periodically, and remain encamped for a longer or shorter time. One of those was on the shore of the Grande Riviere, which falls into the north side of Lake Erie. Here he proceeded, and found an assemblage of men, women, and children of various tribes, collected from very remote quarters. As they were apprised that he came to administer an antidote against their ruthless foe, the small pox, he had the most cordial and

friendly reception. They erected for him a cool and commodious wigwam; it was constructed of long flexible poles, with each end stuck in the ground, so as to form a circular roof, high enough to stand or walk upright in. The top was covered with skins, the sides with birch bark, and the floor within laid down with mats. They hunted for him every day, and his table was abundantly supplied with venison, fish, wild turkey, pheasants, and other fare; and he was tempted with bear, racoon, squirrel, dog-flesh, and rattle-snake soup, these being the choicest delicacies of an Indian mess. They submitted to the process of vaccination with the most implicit confidence, watched its progress with great attention; and finding every thing turn out as they were apprised it would, and that no pain or sickness supervened, the Doctor gained their entire confidence and good-will, and they continued to bring their children to him from the remotest parts, as long as he remained in Canada.

Their first act of gratitude and confidence was, their admitting him as a member of their college of conjurors. This was done by a very tedious and arduous process, in which his patience was severely tested. A small arched hut was constructed, very close, and barely high enough for a person to sit upright. A dog was sacrificed, his bones scraped, and then wrapped up in his skin. On this he was placed sitting near the door, where he was fumigated till he was almost suffocated with tobacco smoke. A gaunt figure, dressed in cow-hide, was then introduced, who threw a pebble at him, and after sundry other ceremonies, he finally came and spit in his ear, which conferred on him his degree, and qualified him to see sights, dream dreams, swallow an oak tree, and, what he valued still more highly, entitled him to admission to all those occult rites and ceremonies which are the Eleusinian mysteries of the Indians, and from which all Europeans are carefully excluded.

Of all the ceremonies, such as bore a resemblance to those of the Jews excited his deepest interest and attention. To examine them more minutely, he went to reside for some time at a Shawonese town, near Buffalo Creek. It is very extraordinary, yet very true, that this resemblance is so great as to

induce many writers of different nations to affirm that they are the same people. Emanuel de Moraes, a Portuguese, asserts that America was peopled by the Carthaginians and the Israelites, and that such is the singular conformity of their usages, that nothing but circumcision is wanting to identify them and the latter. George Hoorn, a Dutchman, supposes that the Jews migrated thither, but after other people had been already settled there, and that it was during a year's voyage made by the Tyrian fleet, in the reign of Soliman; founding his opinion on the place of embarkation in the Mediterranean, as mentioned by Josephus. I. de Laet affirms that tomb-stones were dug up with Hebrew inscriptions; and P. Martyr, that they have temples, with a sanctuary, called the Holy of Holies, where no one but their high priests can enter. But the man who has examined the matter most closely, and collected the greatest number of facts bearing upon the supposed identity of the two nations, is James Adair, an Englishman, who resided among the Indians for forty years. He supposes that the Hebrews migrated thither either while they were a maritime people, or soon after their captivity: and he has collected together such a number of points of resemblance between the ancient Asiatic and the present American races, that it is difficult to believe that the similarity is merely accidental.

He compares them under the following heads:—Divisions into tribes—worship of Jehovah—notions of theocracy—belief in the ministry of angels—language and dialect—manner of counting time—prophets and high priests—festivals, fasts, and daily sacrifices—ablutions and anointings—laws for uncleanness—abstinence from unclean things—marriages, divorces, and punishments for adultery—civil punishments—cities of refuge—purification, and ceremonies preparatory to war—ornaments—manner of curing the sick—burial of the dead—raising seed to a deceased brother—choice of names adapted to circumstances and times—traditions. To these internal evidences he adds the testimonies of various writers, and occupies two hundred and forty quarto pages in this extensive discussion. According to the observation of Doctor Walsh, many of these

identities were fanciful, at least he could not trace the resemblance, except very faintly, as far as his own experience, or the information derived from inquiry, could enable him to judge; but many, he imagined, were not fanciful, but founded on a most extraordinary coincidence of the usages of the two nations. Without entering into minute details, the following is an outline of the result of what he himself had an opportunity of remarking.

The Hebrews were divided into tribes, having particular patriarchal chiefs over them, and they were distinguished by banners, bearing various devices, according to the direction that "every man should camp by his standard under the ensign of his father's house."* These emblems were intimated by Jacob at his death, alluding to the qualities of the persons, "Judah shall be as a lion's whelp," "Isachar as a strong ass," "Dan as a serpent," "Naphtali as a hind."† Thus it is with the Indians: they are divided into tribes, each having its own patriarchal chief, and an emblematic standard under which they array themselves as "under the standard of their fathers." These are marked by various animals, the tortoise, the bear, the eagle, the serpent, &c. as denoting the qualities of patience, strength, swiftness, wisdom, &c.

The religion of the Jews was a strict Theism. They were ordered to worship at Jerusalem *Jehova*, the one only true and living God, and of this God they were forbid to make any likeness: "Take good heed unto yourselves, for you saw no image when the Lord spake unto you in Horeb. Corrupt not yourselves and make you a graven image or representation of any figure."‡ The Indians acknowledge but one supreme, self-existing deity, whom they call *Jo he va*, or the great spirit; a name very similar in sound to the former, and this they do with unadulter-

ated purity and simplicity. Of this Being they were never known to make any representation, he being, as they say, a spirit, and having no body; nor do they recognise as divinities the "host of heaven," nor defunct men, nor evil demons, nor any other created things.

The government of the Jews was a theocracy. After they were erected into a nation, God was properly their king, gave them their civil laws, and declared his will by their high priests, and "the breast-plate of judgment, the Urim and Thummim,"§ ornamented with precious stones; and so they continued for four hundred years, till the Jews requested a visible king, like the surrounding nations. And "God said, they have cast me away that I should not reign over them."|| The Indians acknowledge no king but *Jo he va*, the great spirit, and him they consult principally by a high priest, who wears on his breast a kind of Urim and Thummim, a stomacher worked in figures, ornamented with wampum and beads, in which they suppose some emanation of the great spirit resides, which the high priest talks to, and consults in all doubtful events, to know the will of God, as David,¶ *Hulda* the prophetess,** and others among the Jews.

The Jews were particularly addicted to charms and prophecies, and consulted on all important events a revelation of the intentions of the Deity through such intermediate communication. When Ahab wished to know if he should go up against Ramoth Gilead or forbear, he consulted the prophets, who said, "Go up, for the Lord will deliver it into the hands of the king;"†† and this was sometimes accompanied by a fast, as it was by Ezra at Ahava, "to seek of Him a right way"‡‡ for the people. The Indians, whenever they propose to go on an expedition, or engage in any important enterprise, use similar means to influ-

* Num. ii. 2.

† Num. xlix. 9, 14, 17, 21. In an old black letter Bible in Doctor Walsh's family, is a representation of Jacob's death, and rude pictures of the several designations he gave his sons: these the Doctor used to say were exactly such as the Indians paint for a similar purpose, particularly the serpent, the wolf, and such as were common to both, which seemed as if they were copied from his Bible.

‡ Deut. iv. 15, 16.

§ Exod. xxvii. 30.

|| 1 Sam. viii. 7.

¶ 2 Sam. ii. 1.

** 2 Kings xxiv. 14.

†† 1 Kings xxii. 6.

‡‡ Ezra viii. 21.

ence their decision. The priest is consulted, and the dreamer sees his visions. Having previously fasted for several days, he reports the result. "Brothers, by the inspiration of the great spirit, I now speak to you, and by him we are prompted to carry into execution our enterprise."

The most remarkable religious rite of the Jews was their Passover, instituted by Moses, and observed through the whole period of their history, in the times of Joshua, Samuel, Hezekiah, and after their return from captivity.

A lamb without blemish was selected, kept up, and prepared for a certain time, and was slain in the first month, about the time of the vernal equinox. A bunch of herbs (hysop) was dipped in the blood, and struck upon the lintel and door cheeks, and then the lamb was eaten by all present.* The Indians have a ceremony singularly resembling this, to which Doctor Walsh was by special favour admitted. Preparatory to their great feast, in the spring of the year, not a lamb, for there are no native sheep in the country, but a dog was selected, of the best quality; he was then kept up and fattened. On a certain day, when the company were assembled in an edifice or temple appointed for the purpose, the high priest in his robes brought him forward, and having slain him and boiled him in a kettle, he dipped a branch of the hemlock pine in the broth, and sprinkled it every where about, not only on the walls and doors, but on the people assembled. He then cut the flesh into small pieces on a platter, which was handed round to the company, who partook of it, not so much as a feast as a mysterious religious ceremony. The whole was concluded by a chaunt, of which the burden was "ya allah ye la," which exactly resembled in sound the hallelulah of the psalms.

The Jews were desired, when they killed an animal, to spill the blood upon the ground; for, says the lawgiver, "the life of the flesh is the blood, and it maketh atonement for the soul."† The Indians entertain opinions somewhat similar, though not very clearly expressed, and in practice they always carefully spill the blood on

the ground, and willingly eat no animal food from which it has not been extracted.

The Jews had various laws for purification, particularly with respect to women, which were rigidly observed by them.‡ The same laws are strictly observed by the Indians, whose women at certain times are shut up in separate huts, and all communication cut off between them and the rest of the community.

The ecclesiastics of the Jews were paid by tithes. The tribe of Levi had forty-eight cities allotted to them by the others, and Moses says the tribes gave once in three years a tithe or tenth of all they possessed.§ Some resemblance of this usage exists among the Indians. A prophet or seer undertakes to bring down proper rains to render the crops abundant every year; and if his predictions are verified, and his intercession effectual, he receives as his reward a tithe or certain portion of the produce.

The Jews counted their year by twelve moons, to some of which they gave names indicative of the natural qualities of the season of the year, and they began their sacred year at the vernal equinox. Thus Abib, corresponding with our March and April, signified green corn, and Ethanim the autumnal or fruit moon, signified robust or full grown. The Indians commence their year at the same period, divide it into twelve moons, named from the qualities of the season. Thus April is called in their language the moon of green plants, &c.

The Jews never reckoned their distances by space, but by time, as indeed all the Orientals do at the present day; thus, "Elijah went a day's journey into the wilderness"||—about twenty miles. The Indians never reckon by miles, or leagues, or other measurement of space, but like the Jews, by the time it takes up to perform it—a day's journey and its sub-divisions. When travelling, they sometimes count by sleeps, making "the evening and the morning" their designation of a day.

The marriage ceremonies of both correspond in many particulars. The

* Exod. xii.

† Lev. xvii. 2.

‡ Lev. xv. 19.

§ Deut. xiv. 28, 29.

|| 1 Kings xiv. 4.

Jews purchased their wives, in some measure, by making presents. Abraham's servant, in this way, purchased Rebecca for Isaac, and Jacob, Leah, and Rachel. "Then the servant took forth jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and raiment, and gave them to Rebecca; and to her brother and to her mother he gave gifts."* When a young Indian wishes to espouse a girl, he asks permission of her father; and that being obtained, he brings or sends the presents intended for the purchase of his wife, and lays them at the door of the wigwam.

Many circumstances of their funerals also resemble. The Jews were particularly attached to the cemeteries of their fathers. The patriarch Jacob enjoins his sons to bury him in Canaan, in the family sepulchre. "My father made me swear, saying, bury me in my grave, which I have in the land of Canaan." And Joseph exacts a similar thing from his people, to carry his bones with them when they leave Egypt. "Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, ye shall carry my bones hence."† When an Indian dies at any distance from his tribe or nation, there is no duty considered more sacred by the survivors than that of bringing his body thither. If it be in winter, it is wrapped in skins, and preserved on a stage till the weather enables them to travel, and then it is carried for hundreds of miles to the Canaan of the tribe, and deposited with much ceremony in the grave of his father.

War was the great employment of the Jews. When they went to battle, the "priest came forth"‡ and addressed the people, and various ceremonies of fasting and purification were performed, and they carried on their hostilities with the most fierce and exterminating fury.§ The Indians practise the same rites before they commence, and in their progress seem actuated by the same feelings and practice, though the motives were so dissimilar. The commands of God, and the punishment of a wicked and idolatrous people are unknown or lost to the Indians, if ever they existed among them, and a spirit of

revenge alone remains as an actuating principle. The Jews hewed King Agag to pieces, and exterminated generally their prisoners, because they were expressly ordered to do so by Jehovah himself. The unsparing Indians imitate them, though in a different way and from a different cause.

Among their traditions are several which seem derived from the Mosaic account of the creation and the fall of man, the agency of woman and the introduction of death. One of their Apologues is as follows: "In the beginning a few men rose out of the ground, but there was no woman among them. One of them found out the road to heaven, where he met a woman. They offended the great spirit, upon which they were both thrust out. The woman was delivered of male twins, and in process of time one of the brothers slew the other."

They have a tradition of the deluge, that the world was once under water, which, indeed, the alluvial soil of the whole country would lead them to conjecture; but they also add particulars of an ark or canoe constructed, and a dove and a raven sent out of it, which seem derived from some other source than mere natural appearances; and they further add, that fire and not water would be the next agent by which it will be finally destroyed, believing "that the heavens and the earth which now are, are reserved unto fire."||

Other resemblances no less remarkable could be traced in their language, being bold, concise, emphatical, and sonorous and many of their words, both in orthography and signification, nearly resembling those of the Hebrew; and generally many parts of their dress and ornaments evince a taste and manner strongly resembling those of the Jews.

These and sundry similar circumstances which he had an opportunity of observing, but which our present limits will not permit us to particularise, induced the Doctor to believe that the resemblance was not fanciful, and could not be altogether accidental, however inexplicable. He some years after met the late Archbishop of Dublin at dinner, and detailed some of the pre-

* Gen. xxiv. 53. This circumstance is also alluded to by Hosea, iii. 2.

† Gen. i. 2—25.

‡ Deut. xx. 2. § Joshua, vi. 21. ¶ Sam. xv. 33. and passim.

| 2 Peter, iii. 7.

ceding circumstances, with which he was so much struck, that he requested a memoir from the Doctor on that subject. This, with his usual urbanity, he furnished, but what use was made of it by his Grace does not appear.

Among the native chiefs with whom Dr. Walsh had formed an intimacy, were two very distinguished characters, Brandt and Tecumseh. The former is well known in Europe as the destroyer of Wyoming, and handed down to the horror of posterity by Campbell, in his Poem of Gertrude. He was a Mohawk warrior, and was named Brandt after a Dutch foster father, who took care of the young savage in his infancy. The late Marquess of Hastings, when Lord Moira, seeing him in America, admired his courage and address, became his patron, and brought him over to London. Here he was prevailed on to accompany him to a masquerade in his native costume, painted, plumed, and armed as a real warrior, with one half of his face stained black, and the other red. One of the company, habited as a Grand Turk, doubting if it was not a mere masquerade dress, touched the top of his nose to ascertain if he really wore a masque. Of all things, an American Indian cannot bear personal freedoms. Brandt took fire at the supposed insult, uttered his terrific war-whoop, and brandishing his tomahawk, would have cloven and scalped the head of the Grand Turk, had not Lord Moira interfered and explained the mistake. The company, however, took fright, and the Indian warrior was left to himself, stalking up and down the room in solitary magnificence. On his return to America, he was employed on Indian affairs, was accused by his tribe of official speculation, and called to account. On this occasion, he requested the interference of his friend, Dr. Walsh, who exerted himself in his favor. His latter end was miserable. He was a man of the most impetuous and ungovernable passions, which were greatly inflamed by ardent spirits, to which, in common with his nation, he addicted himself. On one occasion a violent quarrel ensued with his eldest son, who was so exasperated that he attacked his father. They rolled on the floor till the father, drawing his knife, stabbed his son to the heart. He never recovered the

effects of this murder, but died a short time after, of incessant intoxication.

Tecumseh had all the energetic qualities and none of the vices of Brandt. The Doctor, after stating the past and present state of the American Indians, thus concludes with the character of his friend Tecumseh. "It is not presuming too much to suppose that if the country had not been visited by Europeans, they would have emulated, in some degree, the Greek republics. It is true they had no letters, but neither could Homer or his heroes read or write. The Irekees joined the eloquence of the Athenians to the courage, frugality, fortitude, and equality of the Spartans. They had no gorgeous temples built with hands, but the sky was their temple, and the great spirit was their God. They fared as well as the Kings of Sparta, who eat their black broth at the same board with their fellow citizens, in a building not better than a Mohawk council house. They live in thatched cabins, but so did Phocion and Socrates, in the midst of the magnificence of Athens."

"Many fine specimens of personal appearance may still be seen in the Illenee, Potawatomee, and Miami tribes. Straight, muscular, clean limbed, erect, and noble figures, and many Roman countenances may be noticed among them. The figure of the Indian warrior in the foreground of West's picture of the Death of General Wolf, gives a good idea of them. Such a figure was the Shawonese warrior, Tecumseh, who suddenly appeared on the theatre of events in Canada, and proved that the Indian fire was not yet extinct. He was not only a warrior, but an orator, a sachem, and a prophet. In the late short American war, when hostilities commenced on the Canadian frontiers, he took up the hatchet and commanded the Indian allies on our side. He had the address to make his way through several of the United States, and bring off with him many Indian recruits; but the whole force he could muster did not exceed 650 men. The American General Hull crossed the strait at Amhersberg, and erected the American standard, evidently with a view to make a permanent settlement in Canada; but he attempted in vain to bring over our Provincials and Indians—not one of them joined him.

Tecumseh, with his band of warriors, broke up for Lake Michigan, and surprised all the American parties along the lake. He burst upon them like another Judas Maccabeus, bringing terror and desolation. He co-operated with General Brock at the battle of Kappohanno, and forced Hull to recross the straight. He was pursued by Tecumseh, who attacked the American camp before Detroit, and obliged their general to surrender that important fortress. In a subsequent engagement Brock was struck by a rifle ball, and fell dead from his horse. Tecumseh also fell by a similar murderous shot, but not till the gallant efforts of those heroes had already saved Upper Canada.

"Tecumseh was no less a warrior than a politician. The vigour of his physical powers was only surpassed by the energy of his mind. He conceived a practical plan of collecting the various tribes to the West of the Lakes, and founding a confederate red republic. There still remains the brave Nadowassie nation, with its associated tribes. They are now expert and in-

trepid horsemen, and the whole hope of Indian independence rests on the possibility of some Indian Gengis, Beber, or Tamerlane rising up and organizing those red Cossacks. But those speculations are vain. The influx of white emigrants from various countries has set in so strong, wave impelling wave, that the natives have been literally pushed from their paternal hunting ground, and what remains of them have been driven far into the depths of the wilderness, and the severities of a rude and inhospitable climate.

"Their history is mysterious, and their fate is severe. Like the autumnal leaves of their illimitable forests, they are driven before the blast, and gliding from the face of the earth, leaving no memorial on record that they had ever existed. An unlettered race, their laws and customs, their feats in arms, their speeches, their wars, their treaties have been preserved on their own belts of wampum, a sealed book to all the world but themselves. No Homer, no Ossian has transmitted to posterity, in traditional rhapsodies, their heroes, battles, and adventures

Sed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

Hor. Carm. l. iv. Od. 9.

There is a melancholy eloquence in the above sketch, which is the more affecting because it is true. We are daily exterminating a noble and interesting race of fellow-men, not more by our usurpation of their territory than by the vices, habits, and distempers we have introduced among them. It had been Doctor Walsh's intention to rescue the memory, at least, of these interesting people from oblivion, as far as in him lay; and to this end he had collected a vast body of information for a statistical History of Canada, including its botany, mineralogy, and other scientific subjects, as well as of the habits, usages, customs, and character of its primitive inhabitants; but his professional avocations always interfered, and the only records of the red race which he has given to the public, are some beautiful views of their country, originally intended for his work, and partial details in different periodicals, from which some of the

above passages are extracted. Among the information which he proposed to give, were details of the habits and propensities of the wild animals of North America, which he imagined partook more of the energy and sagacity of the aborigines, than those of other countries. To this end, his friendly Indians collected for him a menagerie, which he kept in a domestic state, and his family consisted generally of a black bear, a beaver, a racoon, a snake, a mocking-bird, a humming-bird, and sundry others, who were all amusing and familiar inmates, and of whose instincts and capacities he has furnished his friends with many interesting anecdotes.

Among the propensities of Doctor Walsh, was always a strong curiosity to observe the instincts and faculties of inferior animals, and to try how far they could be improved by cultivation. When he was young, he and his brothers domesticated several pets,

and the house was never without hawks, or herons, or guinea-pigs, or some such favourites. But the greatest, and that on which most pains were bestowed, was a brown water spaniel, called Quail, anecdotes of whose singular sagacity have since embellished a popular annual. One of them was as follows:—John Comerford, an artist, who afterwards became very eminent in Dublin, and was esteemed our Irish Sir Thomas Lawrence, commenced his career in Waterford and Carrick-on-Suir as portrait painter, and among the earliest efforts of his pencil were the portraits of Doctor Walsh's family; that of his mother was an excellent picture and a strong likeness, and was ever after the object of the painter's peculiar regard, from the following circumstance. After the picture was drawn, the original went on a visit to the house of a friend, and Quail, who was particularly attached to her, was very uneasy at her absence. When the picture was sent home, before it was hung up, it was set on a sofa, where she used to sit to read and work; the family could not one day account for the outrageous joy of Quail in the drawing-room, but on looking in, they saw that she had recognised the picture, and was wagging her tail, and frisking about, as she always did, to express her joy, frequently leaping up and licking the face, a mark of affection she always tried to pay to those she was fond of. After the picture was hung up, she never failed to notice it when she entered the room, and lay for some time before it on the carpet, gazing at it intently, and this practice she continued, till the return of the original quite absorbed her attention from the representation. A writer on natural history mentions a similar fact, the only solitary one that he had ever heard of, as the highest instance of animal sagacity. So thought Comerford; he considered it the greatest compliment that ever was paid to his pencil, and to the last hour of his life he never failed to pay a visit to the Doctor's house, to contemplate his handy work, and talk of the curious anecdote. The portrait of the Doctor prefixed to this article, was a sketch made by this eminent artist in one of his periodical visits.

After a residence of six years in *Canada*, the Doctor left it with regret,

visited the United States, and returned to England attached to a regiment of dragoon guards, and proceeded, we believe, with them to the Peninsula. He was subsequently appointed to the staff, as physician to the forces, and in that capacity served in the unfortunate expedition to Walcheren, where he suffered severely, in common with so many others, from the intermittent fever engendered in the pestiferous marshes of that island, which periodically attacked him in some form or other, as long as he lived. The state of his health however did not prevent him from proceeding to the Continent, both before and after the return of Napoleon from Elba, and he was present at the attack on Bergen-op-Zoom, where he had the gallant but obstinate General Skerret under his care. He had been wounded on a former occasion, and was altogether unfit for service, but no persuasion of his physician could induce him to remain in his tent on that fatal night: he led the attack, and was helped limping along by a sergeant, scaled the rampart from his shoulders, and never returned; he received a wound through the body and several contusions from the butts of French muskets after he fell; he died that night in the hospital of the fortress, where he was confined with other prisoners in that unfortunate attack, without the consolation of his friend and physician, who never saw him again. The Doctor remained on the Continent till the battle of Waterloo, where his medical services were unfortunately too much required for many a disabled friend, and he was finally appointed President of the Medical Board established at Ostend, with which official situation he terminated his career as a military medical officer, when the British army was withdrawn from the Continent.

While in the Netherlands, he had an opportunity of indulging his favourite propensity for the fine arts, by the acquisition of a number of excellent pictures which however he was not fated to keep. When the country was occupied by the French armies, it is well known that they seized without scruple every thing worth taking away. Among the rest the Descent from the Cross by Rubens, which had adorned the cathedral of Antwerp;—the celebrated *Chapeau de paille* however had

disappeared, and no search of the French could discover it. It afterwards came out, that its proprietor, with several others who possessed valuable pictures, had buried them in gardens and cellars, and on the retreat of the French, they all re-appeared, and the possessors were glad to dispose of many of them for such prices as the English could give and the French would not. In this way Doctor Walsh made many fine acquisitions, and had in his possession as valuable and genuine collection of the Flemish school as most private gentlemen. But how to convey them to England was the question which his hospital sergeant undertook to decide: he packed them up in several empty medicine chests, and in this way they were safely conveyed with the luggage of the staff, and deposited in the King's stores, where they lay for a long time, as the Doctor supposed, in perfect security, while he was performing his medical duties on the Continent. It so happened however that a very extensive and unjustifiable attempt had been made to smuggle lace and other articles into England on the return of the troops, and by persons of high rank, to the great detriment of the revenue, and the discovery of this induced them to search narrowly, when many things which officers of the army had supposed were duty free, were seized and confiscated;—among the rest the medicine chests were opened, a thing never attempted before, and instead of rhubarb and calomel, they were seen to contain nothing but Rubens and Vandykes. When the Doctor returned to England he found all his treasures carried off, and he never recovered them; he had subsequently, however, purchased a few beautiful cabinet pictures which he conveyed home in his own luggage, and of them he formed a very pleasing collection, containing some rare and beautiful pieces of Cuyt and other Flemish artists.

The various climates, classes, and states of society which Dr. Walsh's duties introduced him to, furnished him with more curious and useful professional knowledge, than usually falls

to the lot of those whose practice is always stationary. This he was careful to avail himself of, and has recorded many very interesting and extraordinary cases. We shall slightly notice one or two:—A soldier of the 6th dragoon guards, under his care, was affected with petechiæ, like those of typhus fever, which formed small spots all over his body. From a minute point in the centre of those, there issued an exudation of florid blood, particularly from his mouth and fauces, till his whole frame seemed in a state of putrid solution; yet he seemed free from any complaint, till the excess of the hæmorrhage induced a debility, under which he rapidly sunk. This case, with the *post mortem* examination of the patient, he published at the time, and it seems to have been the first distinct account of a morbid affection since called *Purpura Hæmorrhagica*, which Burserius and Willan had before but vaguely and obscurely noticed.* Another was the case of a vigorous and robust American farmer, who had been operated on for calculus. An abscess formed near the spot, which, on opening, he found to be filled with active insects, exactly resembling small flies without wings; several other swellings appeared under his axilla, which all contained myriads of the same animals, till his whole body was undermined, and finally consumed by this new and frightful species of morbus pedicularis.

He now remained at home, a *miles emeritus*, with the provision of a deserving officer who had served his country long and faithfully in many countries of the globe. When retired from active life, he formed the delight of his domestic, and a few social circles in Dublin, to which his experience and information, as well as his very kind and amiable qualities, greatly endeared him. Though suffering from a wound and precarious and delicate health, which severe duty and insalubrious climates had entailed on him, he never lost that calm and philosophic cheerfulness which distinguished his character; and though he had encountered such various perils and rough vicissi-

* Edinburgh Medical Journal, for 1813. The disease appears to have since become more common. A very curious case of the kind occurred in the Finglas Dispensary, which, with others, were published by Dr. Harty, we believe, in one of the Dublin Medical Reports.

tudes, and mixed so much with all ranks and modes of life, he was most modest and unassuming, retaining in his manners the gentleness and simplicity of a child. He thus passed many tranquil and happy years with relations, who looked up to him with the deference and affection of children, and old friends, who respected him for his worth, admired him for his talents, and loved him for his benevolence, and he calmly terminated a meritorious and active life at his house on Summer-hill, Dublin, in February, 1832, leaving behind him, as a writer justly observes, "the character of a man who so passed through the world as to attach many warm friends, and was never known to have an enemy."*

* Biographical Notice in the United Service Journal.

COME AWAY!

SONG FOR MUSIC, BY MRS. HEMANS.

Come away!—the child, whose flowers are springing
Round his footsteps on the mountain slope,
Hears a glad voice from the uplands singing,
Like the sky-lark's, with its tone of hope ;
" Come away !"

Bounding on, with sunny lands before him,
All the wealth of glowing life outspread,
Ere the shadow of a cloud comes o'er him,
By that strain the youth is onward led ;
" Come away !"

Slowly, sadly, heavy change is falling
O'er the sweetness of the voice within,
Yet its tones, on restless manhood calling,
Urge the Hunter still to speed—to win ;
" Come away !"

Come away !—the heart, at last forsaken,
Smile by smile hath prov'd each hope untrue ;
Yet a breath can still those words awaken,
Tho' to other shores far hence they woo ;
" Come away !"

In the light wave, in the reed's faint sighing,
In the low sweet sounds of early Spring,
Still their music wanders, till the dying
Hear it pass, as on a spirit's wing ;
" Come away !"

ACADEMICAL REFORM.*

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY SYSTEM OF EDUCATION CONSIDERED IN RELATION TO ITS PRACTICABLE AND PROBABLE REFORM.

The subject of education, especially the education of the higher classes, is one of such vast and vital importance to the community at large, that we feel no apology to be necessary for calling the attention of our readers to the system of instruction that is pursued in our only Irish University. Perhaps we should rather apologise for having hitherto directed to it so little of our own. At a time when that system is canvassed and examined in the pages of English periodicals, by writers who seem perfectly at home in the discussion, it cannot be amiss that a journal, which bears her name, and emanates in some degree from her walls, should devote some space to its honest and impartial consideration. We gladly, then, embrace the opportunity which the appearance on our table of the proof sheets of the second University Calendar affords us, to revert to a subject which surely must be interesting to the politician and the patriot. Since public attention has been called to the recent changes, by a correspondent in our Number for August, we have had many opportunities of hearing the expression of opinion upon his views. We have heard enough to satisfy us that discussion has been excited by his remarks; and perhaps at a period like the present, which seems a crisis in the history of our University, and when her governors seem actuated by a large and liberal spirit of reform; in examining the system as it is, and pointing out the defects that remain, after all the improvements that have been made, we may not be altogether unprofitably employed. We do this the more readily, because we believe there is a disposition in the heads of the University to pay attention to any

reasonable suggestions, and we flatter ourselves that perhaps the views expressed in our pages may at least be admitted to a share of the consideration of those who have the power to carry them into effect. Whatever degree of ability we may bring to the execution of the task, of one thing we are sure, that we bring honesty. Our opinions are free and uncontrolled; we have nothing either to gain or to lose by their expression; and as our only object is our country's good, so our only motive is our desire to advance the cause which for that good we have at heart—the cause of ACADEMICAL REFORM.

The opinions we shall advance may, perhaps, to many, appear novelties, and our plans of improvement mere innovating speculations. That our notions upon the subject differ very widely from those that are generally entertained, and that the institutions we would recommend would exhibit no inconsiderable deviation from established usage, we are ready to admit. But while we give our ready assent to the general wisdom of the maxim that is the first article of our political creed, “Be not with those that are given to change,” we yet feel that this, like every thing else, may be carried too far. There are times when change is not only expedient, but necessary. The part of wisdom is to preserve a happy medium between too rash a rejection and too easy an adoption; between a blind attachment to what is old, and an immoderate passion for what is new. Change must not be regarded as identical either with deterioration or improvement—must neither of itself be sought after as a good, nor avoided as an evil. But on one point all persons,

* The Dublin University Calendar for 1834: Dublin, Wm. Curry jun. and Co.

Observations on the Course of Science taught at present in Trinity College, Dublin, with some Improvements suggested therein. By the Rev. Robert Burrowes, D.D. F. T. C. D. Printed by George Grierson, 1792.

we imagine, will be agreed, and that is, that when alteration is determined on, it is well that it should effect an extensive improvement. If there be an inconvenience in casting aside what is old, that inconvenience, when submitted to, should be compensated by as many advantages as possible. No institution can bear to be eternally tampered with, and wisdom will ever be averse to meddle with that which has been recently remodelled. Thus alteration that is not improvement, is an evil, inasmuch as it tends to throw difficulties in the way of that which is. While change can and ought to occur but seldom, every reform is, as it were, a subtraction from the fund which is the treasury of opportunities of improvement; and it becomes those who undertake the reform to see that the draft is turned to good account. We are anxious, then, at a time when many changes have already been effected in the discipline of Trinity College, and still more are spoken of as intended, to submit to the serious consideration of all persons interested in the University, a few remarks upon the faults and defects of her system; and to suggest those means by which it appears to us that those faults can be remedied, and those defects supplied.

The pamphlet, whose title we have united with that of the forthcoming calendar, is one which, though old in years, is yet, probably, new to most of our readers. The copy at present in our possession is, we believe, the only one in existence. Some of our readers may, probably, imagine that we are rather late in our review; but the "Observations" are of too valuable a nature, for us to permit them to be forgotten. The production of a scholar and a gentleman, they bear the traces

of his elegant and classic pen; and while the justice of his views, and the liberality of his sentiments, bespeak a mind superior to scholastic prejudice, and above a blind attachment to ancient systems, discretion tempers the zeal of innovation, and moderation and caution are the characteristics of the author's reform.

But praise to any production of the present Dean of Cork, is, from us, but superfluous panegyric. His name is the highest recommendation that the "Observations" can receive; and we call attention to the pamphlet, not for the sake of adding our humble tribute of respect to talents which have been long since appreciated, but because we are anxious to obtain the sanction of a great name for speculations that might otherwise appear too bold. In another way, too, the recollection of this pamphlet may be useful. It may inculcate practically, the lesson which we have endeavoured to convey theoretically; and teach those to whom is committed the management of public institutions, not to be too rash in rejecting, any more than in adopting, plans of improvement, especially when they emanate from a quarter which entitles them to respect. Forty years ago, Dean Burrows, at that time a Junior Fellow of Trinity College, proposed alterations, in effect identical with those which have earned for the present heads of the University so much deserved applause.* It was reserved for another generation to carry his suggestions into effect. Thank God, this venerable man has been spared to witness their adoption; and we trust that many years are yet in store for him, and that he will live to witness the complete triumph of the principles he so ably advocated. But other

* The pamphlet before us embraces a very wide field of Academical Reform, and there are many things proposed in it, which, we regret to say, have not yet been adopted. As our object is to be useful, it is upon these points, in this article, we will dwell. But we were not a little astonished to find in the "Observations," a recommendation of changes equivalent to the recent ones. To expatiate upon these is not our intention. Those who wish to see them fairly discussed, may consult the letter on the subject, which appeared in the *University Magazine* for August last, Vol. II. p. 214, to which we shall have occasion by-and-by to refer. We shall, therefore, employ the Dean's powerful essay with reference to what is future, not to what is past; as a means of pointing out the necessity of further reform, not of showing the utility of what has been already effected. Suffice it then to say, that the institution of moderatorships, or honours equivalent to them, the abolition of the old system of divisions, and the equalizing of the terms, are all urged in this interesting pamphlet.

reformers may not be so fortunate. Suggestions may now, perhaps, be contemptuously rejected, which succeeding generations will act on and improve; and plans that are now hardly honoured with a notice, may be put into effect, when their originators are forgotten in the grave.

Universities were originally established for the simple purpose of qualifying men for the various professions and duties of life—they were instituted to impart to the youth of the country that knowledge which would enable them to serve that country with effect, and form in them those habits which would make practical virtue easy in after years; in a word, to furnish to the community, useful and respectable members of society. This, and this alone, is the legitimate object of every such institution. To this every part of its machinery should be adapted; and even the advancement of science, and the improvement of literature, are only to be sought after as they are subservient to this; as science and literature are not to be prized for their own sakes, but because their cultivation tends to humanize the minds, and consequently improve the happiness, of the community. But the objection is as old as the days of Adam Smith, that this object is forgotten within the walls of colleges—that from their monastic cloisters almost every study of practical utility is banished, while industry is confined to the musty records of cumbrous and antiquated knowledge, which will never be available in after life. Dean Burrowes notices this objection, upon which he makes the following admirable remarks:—

“In answer to this if it be said, that alterations in established modes of general education should not be lightly or too frequently made, such assertion may be admitted to be true, but it is not a sufficient answer to the objection. On comparing what is taught at most universities, with the knowledge most valuable to the community, and most reputable in the world, the attachment to established modes of education would appear to have been carried further than the just apprehensions of imputations of levity or fickleness would warrant; and too great a dread of innovation would seem to have excluded much improvement. Universities should steer a middle course, between that cumbrous learning, which was consigned in the days

of our fathers, by the world, to oblivion, and the literary frippery which will not live to descend to our sons. They should not be repositories for the half-formed theories of the day, nor should they be the mausolea of deceased pedantry. *The great seminaries of public education should certainly teach that knowledge which is attended with substantial practical advantage to the community at large; and when the quantity of this necessary knowledge is considered, together with the shortness of the time in which it is to be acquired, it must appear that there is but little room for teaching anything else.*”

This is very just, and very philosophical—it lays down a broad and intelligible principle, upon which the superstructure of the system should be raised—it furnishes a ready criterion by which to estimate the claims of any particular science to a place in the course of university education. No study is to be encouraged which is not practically useful, and the importance of each study is in proportion to its practical utility. By practically useful, we mean available for the purposes of common life. “Our University was not,” as the Dean truly observes, “instituted for the purpose of educating ecclesiastics, but of civilizing, generally, the inhabitants of a country, supposed, at the time of its foundation, to be in a state of barbarism.” And now, when we flatter ourselves that Ireland is no longer barbarous—when our gentry, at least, will not lose by a comparison with those of any nation upon earth, her duties do not terminate, else were maintenance unjustifiable. She is still to furnish to the community a succession of men qualified to bear their part in the private and the public relations of social life—she is to throw open her portals to all those who are in a condition of life to aspire to the advantages of a liberal education, and place its benefits and its honours within their reach. And this she is to do, not that one or two of the students may leave her precincts with an ability to work out abstruse Algebraic problems, or investigate the complicated formulæ of analytical contrivance, but that all of them may be better citizens and wiser men—better qualified for the duties, the franchises, and the dignities of British freemen—better able to serve their country in their several capacities, and to form an opinion upon her interests.

How best she may effect these great, these glorious objects, is the only problem to be calculated in the formation of her system of instruction ; and every study, and every occupation, that does not tend to this object, is but a childish and a miserable waste of precious time, and still more precious energies, that should be profitably employed. This principle may appear simple, but it is one from which many and important deductions may be drawn, and, confident in its correctness, nay well assured, that it must commend itself to every reasonable mind, we will proceed to examine the system at present pursued in the Dublin University, and try the merits and defects of the improved course, as laid down in the recent regulations of the board, by the single standard of practical utility.

The whole subject matter of the science of academical instruction has been divided into four courses, each of which is to occupy, nominally, a year. The first year is devoted to Mathematics ; the second, professedly, to Logics ; the third to Physics ; and the fourth, professedly, to Ethics. We use the words, *nominally* and *professedly*, because, while the science of the first year is retained in the second, and that of the third in the fourth, it must be evident to every one acquainted with the practical part of the examinations, that the Mathematical Sciences will receive an undue proportion of attention, and influence, almost exclusively, the decision of honours. The great importance which has been attached to these studies is, perhaps, the most solid objection that can be urged against the system pursued in our University ; and it is one that cannot be too often urged, while there is a hope of reformation. It is only as a mental discipline that these sciences can be of any value, as a part of general education. No one will pretend to say that the lawyer, or the clergyman, or the physician, will avail himself, in the discharge of the duties of his profession, of the theorems of Euclid, or the formulæ of Lagrange. But the question may be, and has been, asked : are the habits of thought, which are induced by their cultivation, those which are most likely to be advantageous in after life ? Mathematics, when not exclusively studied, may be useful in forming the reasoning powers to

precision, and accustoming us to trace the necessary connection between abstract truths ; but in life we are to deal with probabilities, and in the power of balancing these it is that almost all mental excellence consists. While mathematics train the mind to rigid demonstration, they are, unfortunately, the only science in which this can be attained. Their utility, then, is at best circumscribed by the narrowness of the application of their principles ; and while we would never wish to see these studies banished from our College, nay, while we would provide liberal encouragement for those whose taste would lead them to their prosecution, we cannot but question the expediency of permitting them to monopolise every avenue to distinction. It is true, something lately has been done, that provides rewards for merit of a different and not inferior order ; and, in this point of view, the institution of Ethical moderatorships may be regarded as a most valuable improvement. But still time is expended on these unprofitable pursuits, while many important branches of knowledge find no place at all in the University, or, at best, are relegated to the vacant benches of the lecture room of a sinecure professorship. Mathematics occupy the chief attention of the teachers and the taught, to the exclusion of studies far more practically useful—more congenial to our national taste—and, above all, more calculated to forward the objects for which Universities were instituted. And we confess that, Tory as we are, we would begin to put less faith in the wisdom of our ancestors, did we believe that the founders of the University bestowed her ample revenues that Mathematicians might be trained—that one, or perhaps two, in a century, might rise to eminence in the science of lines and angles, and a few more acquire an ephemeral distinction within the walls of the College ; while very few, if any, of those subjects with which it most imports an Irishman and a citizen to be acquainted, form a part of the education she bestows.

We were well pleased to meet in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine, an allusion to our University that exactly accords with our own views upon this subject. The writer of those elegant papers upon Edmund Burke, which have lately appeared in that periodical,

thus forcibly and eloquently expresses himself upon the undue preponderance which mathematics have here obtained :—

“ In the immediate instance of the Irish University, it is unfortunate that the mathematical sciences form the chief source of distinction ; unfortunate for the double reason, that they are not the best teachers of a national mind, and that they are most peculiarly unpalatable to the prominent taste of the Irish mind. The country of Berkeley cannot be suspected of wanting any acuteness that may be requisite for the more exact sciences ; but still, unquestionably, the finest efforts of the national faculties have taken a different direction. Poetry, eloquence, vigorous dissertations in the sciences of politics, morals, theology, and history, have been the favourite triumphs of the Irish mind. The indications of natural power in those pursuits, ought to have guided the system of the University, and to the extent of largely abandoning the barren toils of mathematics, a science in which not one Irishman out of millions has sought for or acquired distinction—a science which, from its abstraction, should make the very smallest portion of a national course of instruction—a science too, in which, from its peculiarity, no individual who is not born with an actual and peculiar adaptation of mind for its study, will ever make a productive progress ; and a science too, which, in its general use, is not merely infinitely below all those pursuits which cultivate either the head or the heart, for public or private life, but tending absolutely to repress and repel the faculties given for the fulfilment of our duties in society. Of all men, the man least fitted for a large and liberal view of things, is the mathematician. Of all men, the man most incapable of being reached by reasoning, which does not come in the shape of his science, is the mathematician. Of all men, the most tardy proficient in all those sciences which treat of the probabilities of human conduct, of facts not directly before the eye, and of principles not discoverable in right lines and curves, is the mathematician. What nation would choose the mere mathematician for its guide in the intricacies of politics, in the difficulties or the doctrines of religion, in the emergencies which demand the perspicuous understanding, and the animating tongue ? Yet politics and religion are the great concerns of the present world and the future. The value of the exact sciences is indisputable. But the primary object of all institutions for public education, should be public duty. No Univer-

sity, as such, teaches the professions ; law and physic are left to their peculiar schools, or are at best branches and additions to the general course. Let Ireland reflect by whom has her glory been chiefly augmented in Europe ; and while she gives the tribute of enlightened and willing homage to the memory of her orators, poets, and statesmen ; her Burkes, Goldsmiths, Swifts, Sheridans, and the long line of eminent men who have made her name synonymous with all that is brilliant, vivid, and vigorous in the human mind ; let her throw the whole force of her collegiate system into the formation of characters fitted to sustain their office, and render their services to the empire.”

We give this extract at length, because it is beautifully just ; it is written with the spirit of a statesman and a philosopher ; worth whole pages, aye, whole volumes of the heavy and prolix prosing upon the same subject, which has found its way into the pages of some other periodicals.

The happiness of the community is the end of all political institutions ; and to adapt existing, or to mould new establishments to the forwarding of this, is the object of the science of the politician. The connection between the means and the end is very frequently intricate and obscure ; and it is this which constitutes all the difficulty of politics. But, perhaps, in few instances is the investigation attended with less complicated inquiries than that in which we are at present discussing. Let it be once admitted that Universities should endeavour to communicate that knowledge which will be most *generally* useful, and we apprehend there can be but little controversy as to what it is. The chief requisite for the inquiry is an unprejudiced mind—a mind that will be content to estimate the value of every science and every study, not by any false and adventitious importance which has been attached to it by the rewards that existing institutions bestow, but by its absolute tendency to minister to the good of society. Those, for instance, who have obtained affluence and honour by their superiority in mathematics, cannot, without a strong and vigorous effort, be impartial judges upon the real merits of those sciences. What has been associated with all the ambitious aspirations of ardent youth, must preserve an influence even over the cool

calculations of deliberating age. When long accustomed to regard a study as a means of our personal aggrandizement, the transition is a natural one, to consider it as intrinsically important. It is thus that we feel no little difficulty in advocating the cause we have undertaken, before judges whose habits and impressions, retained long after the pre-disposing causes are forgotten, all urge them to decide against us. It is not easy for men in the maturity of their age to divest themselves of the predilections of youth, and to arrange the system they controul, so that all the studies shall be restricted, over which they toiled themselves with assiduity and success, "*Quod juvenes didicere senes perdenda fateri.*" Besides, there is peculiarly attached to mathematical ability, a proud consciousness of superiority, which not unfrequently prompts its possessors to look upon all species of talent, but that which bears upon lines and quantities, with contempt. Account for it as we will, there is no man less inclined to allow talent, different from his own, its merit, than the mathematician. We know, then, the difficulties that we must contend with, but we know also that they are not insurmountable. We know that the body of men to whom we appeal are the most enlightened, perhaps, in the civilized world: and earnestly, yet respectfully, do we entreat of them to consider if the time now devoted to, and the encouragement held out for, the study of the mathematical sciences, might not be more profitably employed, both for the advantage of the student and the honour of the University. These too, be it remembered, are peculiar times—times when we are persuaded the supremacy of rank can only be maintained by the superiority of intellect. A mighty impetus has been given by the diffusion of information to the energies of the lower classes; and if the middling and upper classes desire to maintain their elevation, they must keep pace with the spirit of improvement. When the village schoolmaster and mechanic has information that a century ago would have been thought erudition in the parson or the squire, the parson and the squire must receive an education very far beyond that which was sufficient for their grandfathers. When the schoolmaster is

abroad among the lower ranks, the University must bestir herself with the higher. She must train their young men to compete with the march of intellect, and to sway the wills of the multitude by the mere moral power of superiority of attainments—by the virtue of that unalterable law by which matter is subjected to mind, and force is made subservient to reason. We see—every reflecting person sees—that perilous times are nigh; times when mighty interests will be discussed, and mighty energies will find employment. And is it inconsistent with the wisdom, or beneath the dignity of the University, to prepare the sons of our nobility and our gentry for the conflict? How, then, is she to train the men who will have the moral energy to rebuke a nation's madness, and the intellectual power to overrule a nation's perverse will? How will she create a second Burke, to send back to its hell the spirit of revolution, when it manifests itself at home? In the hour of danger, it is not the mathematician that will stand forward as the asserter of her rights and the repeller of her assailants. These are considerations that now press upon us with peculiar weight, when every day seems big with changes, of which we cannot see the end. But, apart from all such motives, her duty calls on her to alter her system,—her duty to the country that has so liberally endowed her—her duty to those, the studies of whose youth she is bound to direct. We put the question to the consciences of her rulers, does she direct them for the best?

What young man, about to enter on the theatre of the world, and to bear his part in the busy and the trying scenes of life, would not prefer to an acquaintance with the rules for the solution of spherical triangles, or the differential calculus itself, an intimacy with the laws and constitution of his country, a knowledge of those events which form the subject of modern history, or those principles upon which is based the science that treats of the wealth of nations? Yet, if in his academic days his youthful ambition leads him to seek those honours which are placed within his grasp, he will find at the termination of his course, that four years of the best part of his life have been spent in amassing knowledge which will positively be a dead weight

in the race that he is about to run; and that if he pants for any fame beyond the mere celebrity of a college, or aspires to any higher elevation than that which is connected with a fellow's life, he must begin again anew, he must divest himself of those habits and predilections which scientific reading has formed in his mind, and toil in acquiring the less cumbrous and abstruse, but far more profitable information, upon the possession of which he discovers, perhaps too late, that he must rest his future hopes of competence and fame.

We almost imagine that we hear the angry voice of some sturdy stickler for ancient systems, no matter how little suited to the wants of modern times, exclaim, "Would you have political economy introduced into the college course?" and we answer candidly that we would, and so would Dean Burrowes forty years ago; and had his advice in this and many other respects been taken, the University would have since far more efficiently discharged her duty to the country that has so munificently provided for her support. But let him speak for himself:—

"I have made objections to many of the treatises now read, and I have ventured to recommend a considerable introduction of new matter, particularly in the departments of natural and moral philosophy. The discoveries of these in latter times have been so considerable, as to be well entitled to a place in a general academic course. Chemistry in the one, and the science whose object is the wealth of nations, in the other, are in such general repute, that no person can form any pretension to a literary character, or hold almost any communication with the world, without being acquainted with their fundamental principles; yet these and other branches of knowledge, of no less importance, form at present no part of our course.

"I should wish to place the student, at his entrance into the world, not below those of his own age, in actual information, and at the same time by a judicious course of academic institution, to give him considerable advantage in the capability of extending his knowledge beyond the limits which the necessary shortness of a general university course must unavoidably prescribe. I should wish him to possess all that preliminary information which might qualify him to comprehend the explication of whatever might come before him in practical science, or what he might hear

in ordinary conversation, on subjects nearly related to those esteemed scientific; that he should readily apprehend the construction of any machine, and account satisfactorily for its movements; that he should be acquainted with those ordinary chemical processes, by which the ornamental arts, and all the variety of useful trades are carried on, and should be able to point out the respective advantages and disadvantages of projects for improving the manufactures, or extending the commerce of his country."

Dean Burrowes very judiciously observes, that few or any of the treatises extant upon general subjects, are calculated for the text-book of an examination. Such a work should be clear and concise; it should indulge in no long and eloquent dissertations—it should enter into no discursive arguments—it should hazard no original conjectures—its only object should be to convey the greatest quantity of elementary information in the fewest words. This, however, cannot be expected in a writer, whose essays are intended for general perusal, who has to state his own opinions, and answer objections. And, as a text-book for an academic examination is a thing *sui generis*, so it should be prepared expressly for the occasion, and by persons appointed expressly for the work. The system of a combination of extracts from the most approved writers upon the different subjects, is what the Dean appears to recommend, while the interstices, if we may use the expression, might be filled up with matter, which would seem to connect the quotations into some unity of design, and at the same time exhibit a general view of the progress and advancement of the science. The compilation of such treatises in the sciences of metaphysics and ethics was already recommended by our correspondent Palæus, in our number for August. But the fact is, that though at the time we gave insertion to our friend's communication, we thought that he went quite far enough in recommending the preparation of such treatises as an introduction to these sciences, we are persuaded, from the perusal of Dean Burrowes's pamphlet, and from our own reflections upon the subject, that such treatises alone should form the subject of the examination of the *απολλοι*, while from the candidates for honours, a knowledge of the authors

from whom these extracts are made, might be expected. No doubt, their preparation would create some inconvenience, and would cost some time and trouble; but, surely, in a community, such as that of Trinity College, it would not be attended with any difficulties that would be insurmountable. Dean Burrowes felt the objection that might on this ground be made to his plan, but he thus manfully and successfully meets it:—

“To form and compile a course agreeable to the plan here recommended, will certainly be a matter of some difficulty; but its great importance to the kingdom at large, and the celebrity it will add to our College, will, I make no doubt, induce all individuals of the society to unite in the task. I have consulted several of them, and have found them ready to undertake whatever part may be assigned to their charge. In truth, the duty they owe to the nation, which has provided liberally for their support and protection, demands it of them. Their ambition might, perhaps, be more highly gratified, by the pursuit of their individual studies in the separate branches of science; but their labours can in no other way be so usefully directed. They are maintained, not for solitary study, but for public instruction; not so much that they may write books, extending the boundaries of science, as that they may teach well what is already known. Whatever can tend to promote this end, merits in the highest degree their attention, and claims their utmost diligence. Each course being committed to such three or four members of the society as may, from the known direction of their studies, be most capable of undertaking it, all parts may go on together; and the co-operation of the whole body will encourage all, and make the labours of each inconsiderable. There can be no doubt but that they would receive also assistance from such gentlemen as have been formerly Fellows of Dublin College, and from many others, eminent in the several walks of literature. With such motives to recommend, and such assistance towards executing it, to say that proper treatises could not be drawn up to carry an useful and respectable plan of education into effect, is a gross libel against the University.”

The Dean recommends the preparation of treatises on politics and political economy, (which we need hardly say, are by no means identical) to embrace the following subjects:—

“The third examination should begin with the doctrine of right, and the consideration of man's natural state, and proceed to the original constitution of government, its various species, its separate parts, and the modes of its dissolution, from Locke. To this may be added some of Paley's observations on Locke's principles, with some remarks on the nature and characteristic spirit of the different forms of government from Montesquieu. The rejection of Locke's repetitions, and reserving the chapter of property for the next examination, where it will come in more systematically, will leave room for the addition of some useful matter from the other writers, and particularly from the author of the spirit of laws, on the subject of government and legislation; chiefly as to what relates to administration of justice; matter, mode, and execution of law; crimes, and punishments; support of government; and military force.

“The fourth examination should comprise that science, the object of which is the wealth of nations; a science wholly new in our course, but for its general estimation and real importance, well-deserving a place in it. The subjects it treats of are connected and interwoven so much with each other, that it is not very easy to compile a treatise on them so strictly methodical, as that no one part shall anticipate another. Perhaps the following arrangement, by pursuing a natural order of connection between the subjects, will comprise them all with as little confusion as any other:—

“1st. A view of the progress of civil society, from the simplicity and rudeness of the earliest time, to the refinements of modern cultivation.

“2d. Original foundation of property in the products of the earth—in the earth itself—limitations of property—introduction of money—regulations respecting succession and inheritance.

“3d. Luxury—intercourse with foreign nations—commerce—coin—balance of trade—exchange—regulations respecting commerce.

“4th. Protecting bounties—duties—taxes in general—revenue—finance.

“5th. Inquiry into the sources of national wealth—population—industry—agriculture—manufactures—arts.

“6th. Objects of a statesman's attention—security of property—personal liberty—provisions—education—religion.”

“The first of these might be made more useful by viewing the subject, not barely in a theoretical, but also in an historical light; thus giving the student an habit of deducing political systems from fact rather than

fancy, and giving him an insight into the genuine uses of history. Particular attention should be paid to the refined periods of antiquity, compared with those of modern times; to the change of manners consequent to the overthrow of the Roman empire by the Goths; to the revival of letters, and to the feudal system. Robertson, in his introduction to the history of Charles the Fifth, has everything valuable on these latter points; and Ferguson and Miller have considered the subject of the first division, or chapter, at large in the abstract. The matter of the other five chapters, which a bare communication of the topics must evince of the utmost importance, may be all found in Stewart's Political Economy, and Smith on the Wealth of Nations."

Modern history might, in pursuance of the Dean's hint, be very fairly introduced as supplemental to the first of these courses. We would wish to see extracts from Blackstone introduced, or, perhaps, De Lolme's work on the English constitution. It reflects very little credit on any British University that her alumni are permitted to leave her walls, without the slightest pains being taken to apprise them of those privileges which, as the sons of British men, are their birthright, or to inform them of the nature of that constitution, to whose spirit, as British subjects, it is their duty to conform.

The Dean deduces from an examination of the ancient statutes, and a reference to the original intention of the founders of the University, that the scheme of her course of instruction should be "that of an *elementary course* for general education; to instruct students in the elementary principles of most of the sciences, without going continually into detail, or pursuing any of them to their more remote consequences; a course of science which only lays the foundation of all, but leaves the superstructure to the fancy of the individual." The Dean regards the University in the single aspect of an institution for the purposes of general education: rewards should be added, to excite the students to pursue whatever study their own inclinations leads them to. It is a curious coincidence, that our correspondent, to whom we have already alluded, derives the same result from a very different consideration. We cannot refrain from transcribing his remarks,

even at the hazard of appearing to quote from ourselves:—

"A writer, in a cotemporary periodical, has well laid down the objects of a University as two-fold:—first, to furnish to the youth of the country, generally, a liberal education; and, secondly, to promote the interests, and advance the progress of science and literature.

"If this division be correct, unquestionably the enlightened principle, upon which a college system should be framed, would be to require from the students a moderate knowledge of all the subjects, which may be thought proper to form a part of their course of education, but to give rewards for distinguished proficiency in any."

This, we confess, is the principle which we wish to see adopted—to require from the students an elementary knowledge of all the different branches of knowledge, but to give rewards, aye and liberal ones, for distinguished proficiency in any; this is the principle which would combine in its practical development the two great ends of all academical institutions—which would both furnish instruction, solid and useful instruction, to the generality of the students, and hold out ample inducements to those who had talents for any particular pursuit, to advance the bounds of science and literature, and shed a reflected lustre upon the University itself. Poetry and oratory have already their peculiar prizes; prizes not distributed, perhaps, in the manner best calculated to be effective; but still their institution is sufficient to defend us from the charge of recommending novelties, and to bestow upon our proposition the sanction of precedent. Why should there not be Vice Chancellor's prizes for distinguished proficiency in political economy or modern history, as well as for poetic compositions? Why should not the Algebraist, the Metaphysician, or the Linguist, all meet with particular encouragement and reward, as well as the man who reads the church liturgy with proper emphasis, or expresses his ideas well upon a subject of which he has not thought? Thus, while the compulsory and regular examination would be the test of the student's general proficiency, annual, or perhaps more frequent, examinations in *each particular department*, might be held, at which only those who chose should present themselves. At these examinations liberal pre-

miums should be given, sufficient at once to excite and to reward, to give a stimulus to emulation, and provide encouragement for industry and talent.

Perhaps our readers will be as much surprised at the announcement, as we were at the discovery, that the present establishment of the Dublin University contains all the machinery requisite for the development of a system such as we recommend; all the elements of an institution which would be a great and a national blessing, and whose stability, resting on the sure basis of practical utility, would be as permanent as the national admiration of genius, and the national respect for superior acquirements, (and these it is idle to hope she ever can survive); but if the incredulous will just take up with us the University Calendar, and reckon the number of professorships, whose duties, founders, occupants past and present, (every thing, in fact, but the emoluments,) are there detailed, and bear with us for a little, while we point out the uses to which these dormant energies, if we may so call them, might, with very little trouble, be applied, we think we will be able satisfactorily to prove that, without any new apparatus, a very respectable provision may be made for the instruction of the students in those branches of useful knowledge which are now utterly neglected, or though nominally attended to, are merged in the all-absorbing study of the mathematical sciences; a neglect the more culpable, as many of these professorships, instituted for the express purpose of remedying this defect, derive their income from bequests of private persons. It is only common justice in the University, having received the bequest, to adopt the most effectual means of carrying the intentions of the testator into effect.

Most of these professorships have now become sinecures, or nearly so. Held in *commendam* with a vice provostship, or a senior fellowship, their emoluments are absorbed, and their duties are undone. Now, we would take these professorships out of the hands of the fellows, who are, perhaps, the men least calculated to fill them, having abundance of other matter to occupy their time; and we would throw them open to all graduates who would submit to an examination. If their emo-

luments are sufficient to support a professor in respectability, or to induce a man of talent to devote his time and attention to their duties, it is well—if not, we would add to them, and make them worth from three to five hundred a year, by no means an extravagant provision, but still perhaps sufficient, as experience proves that men in public situations, who have much money, have generally very little industry. If a fellow accepted of one of these, he should vacate his fellowship, or at least resign his pupils; and by this means we would always find able men to fill these situations with effect. We may instance the professorships of oratory, modern history, Greek, and the oriental languages; the strongest example, perhaps, we could adduce, because these chairs are occupied by men who are an ornament to the University, and whose characters are, we had almost said, beyond our panegyric, but certainly above our censure; but who knows them as professors, or how much do they promote the study of eloquence, history, Greek, or Hindostance? How many more orators has the University produced, because such a professorship exists? How many college men will read these remarks, and not understand the subject to which we allude until they consult their Calendar or their Almanac, and discover, probably for the first time, that there is a professor of modern history or oriental languages, and, probably for the first time, by what distinguished names those chairs are filled.

We hold it incumbent on the University to adopt some regulations by which this evil may be removed. With those revenues, which may, in one sense, be called her own, she may do as she pleases, and it requires a reference to the principles of civil polity, and an enquiry into the foundation of corporate trusts, to detect the moral guilt that attaches itself to their abuse. But when individuals have placed at her disposal, funds for a definite and specified purpose—she is of course free to reject the bequest—but if she accept of the donation, she is bound to apply it in accordance with the wishes of the donor; and all the laws of justice, and all the sanctions of good faith—sanctions which it is dishonest to neglect with the living, but impious to break through with the dead—impera-

tively demand it of her, that she should watch these matters with a jealous eye, and not permit the professorships, whose salaries are derived from the munificence of individuals, who, by this act of generosity, subtracted from the provision they had to leave to their children—whose descendants are, perhaps at this moment, feeling its effects—to degenerate into sinecures, and their emoluments be diverted to swell the income of those who surely have enough. Expediency itself points out the course she should pursue. The narrow and selfish maxims of interest coincide with the sacred dictates of justice. If ever she wishes to obtain more bequests, let her faithfully apply what she has, not merely by adhering to the letter of the testament—a decency which the law requires, and the courts could enforce—but by acting up to the intentions of the testator. It is not likely that any one will leave funds, amassed, it may be, by years of toil and parsimony, to the disposal of a body who may, indeed, just do as much as will entitle them to claim the money from his heirs, but instead of applying it to forwarding the objects he has at heart, will divide the spoil with the carelessness of men who think that the most important part of the testament is the bequest. “If they are unfaithful in that which is their own, who shall give them that which is another’s.”

We are very bold in our advocacy of the revision of professorships, because the good work has already been begun. And, considering the slowness with which great bodies always move, and, making allowance for that attachment which men advanced in years, and elevated in honours, must naturally feel for the system under which they themselves were taught, we would almost say that some progress has been made. We allude of course to the professorship of natural philosophy, on the foundation of Erasmus Smith; and Archbishop King’s lectureship in divinity. These places long were sinecures, but are now filled as they ought to be, by men who are qualified to do them honor; who do not receive their emoluments as a part of the perquisites of a fellowship, but as a well-earned reward for mental toil and useful services; who do not bear the name of professor as a mere addition to their dignities, but shed a lustre upon the

name, and upon the station. We confess that we hope much from their appointments—much, as a new principle is established which may lead to good—much, as an immensity of good must be the immediate result. To Dr. O’Brien’s intellectual powers and profound research we have long been anxious to pay our tribute of respect, and we cannot permit this opportunity to pass without placing on record our opinion, humble though it be. Flattery is not our province, and even in praise we confess we do not feel ourselves at home. It is difficult, in speaking of merit, to avoid the penury of praise upon the one hand, and its excess upon the other; to preserve the medium between that scanty measure of approbation that seems the extorted and unwilling homage of envy, and that prodigality of applause which resembles the uncalled for and insincere offering of adulation. In the present instance, however, we are fortunate, at least in this, that the highest panegyric can hardly be regarded as exaggeration.

Long undistinguished from his brother fellows—unknown even to academic fame, except as an attentive tutor and a pious and an estimable man—it was reserved for his appointment as University preacher, to draw into action those mental capabilities which have since stamped him as the first theological philosopher of the age. Those who have read his published sermons, well know that we do not speak in too high terms of his merits. Uniting eloquence, of the purest kind, with the most perfect simplicity, and the profoundest reasoning with the most beautiful perspicuity of style, he charms, while he convinces, and wins upon our feelings, while he forces our assent. He claims from us no unenquiring, and therefore unreasonable, belief—no unequivocal surrender of our judgments; but, making matters of faith almost matters of demonstration, he exalts human reason, not by opposing it to revelation, but by proving it accords with it. He cannot, it is true, explain the mysteries of God, but he silences doubt, by shewing that they are mysteries above our comprehension, and, therefore, beyond our question. The mantle of Butler appears to have descended upon him; and, like him, he seems raised up by Providence to satisfy the doubts of the honest inquirer after

truth, if not to silence the cavils of the proud and presumptuous scoffer.

We have been drawn by our feelings into this digression, for which, perhaps, we should apologise; but while the liberality of the board has thus constituted these two professorships into useful offices, we trust they will not stop here. Let there be no professor in the University who is not a working man, and professorships will be useful and respected. We would by no means limit the selection of individuals to these chairs to the society; because fellows have sufficient to occupy them in the duties of tuition; and a fellowship is too lucrative to be surrendered for a stipend such as the revenues of the College could afford to these offices.

We only would give to the men who might be so appointed, enough to make them independent, but not sufficient to make them idle; and we would extend the range of selection as widely as possible, that merit and talent, wherever it exists, might here be sure of meeting with distinction and reward, and our University draw around herself, and adopt as her own, those who will be her brightest ornaments and her best supports; and we are sure that she will lose nothing by giving to the winds the trammels of academic prejudice, and casting aside that selfish spirit of monopoly which is, perhaps, too much the characteristic of such bodies. It is a system of free election and almost unrestricted choice, that has given to the Scotch Universities those men, whose writings we are proud to introduce into our course—that has given Scotland her Reids, and her Browns, and her Stewarts; nor must it be forgotten, that the man who has identified the name of the Dublin University with some of the most splendid astronomical discoveries of modern times, and caused the fame of her Observatory to travel wherever science is known, or its wonders are appreciated, was a stranger, brought from an English College, to do honour to himself and to the University in the transfer.

But these observations are addressed more to the provisions by which proper persons may be secured as professors, than to the use which we propose to make of them, when appointed. It is not merely that lectures may be delivered, or that the professors themselves may

be distinguished in their respective branches. We wish each professor to be the patron of that which he professes, and to encourage its study, as well as to promote it. For this purpose we would place at the disposal of each a certain sum, to be expended in offering *liberal* premiums for proficiency in the several studies which it may be deemed expedient to encourage. The Professors of Divinity, Mathematics, and Hebrew, have already such funds at their disposal—unfortunately, the competition for these premiums is limited to graduates. But still these institutions may be taken as at once a precedent and a model for the distribution of the prizes we recommend. Each professor should hold an annual, or perhaps an half yearly, examination; to which the students should, with certain restrictions, be admitted; and at which such of the fellows as he might select, or the board approve, should act as his assistants. Perhaps separate examinations should be held for graduates and undergraduates. The Professor of Feudal Law, for instance, should hold an examination in the principles of the British Constitution; and the Professor of Political Economy, in that science which he has been appointed to teach. But every professor should have a fund at his disposal, to encourage the studies, and reward the proficiency, of those who may choose to devote themselves to any particular branch. This is exactly the development of Dean Burrowes's principle, that the course should lay the foundation of all the sciences, while the superstructure should be left to the fancy of the individual; and by this means no useful study would be neglected—all the objections that have been made to a University education would be obviated—College distinctions would become a test of general ability, which they are not at present—we would no longer see men passing through unnoticed, who are destined, in after life, to rise to the highest elevation of fame, while men bear away all her honours, whose distinctions terminate with the day of their graduation.

We have said that the object of academic institutions is to train good citizens for the state. Perhaps it would not "be considering the matter too curiously," if we were to mention a very important, though subordinate,

office, which they may discharge. In a well regulated community, talent should ever be promoted, and ability be preferred, either in the appointments of the government, or the selections of the citizens. When the system of the University is altered, so that she will draw out and do honour to those talents which qualify men for the services and the dignities of the state, it is not unreasonable to expect that College character will attend its possessor into the world; and that her honours will be, to those who have received them, a passport to the respect, and a claim upon the preference of their countrymen.

It is also of importance that ability, particularly that species of ability which now meets with no distinction in Universities, should be attached to the cause of order, and the settled institutions of the state; not only because it is a powerful ally, but also because it is a dangerous foe. Genius ever has ambition—ambition, too, that can but ill brook disappointment and neglect. If its possessor be slighted in the great seminaries of education, a bias may be given to his feelings, and a direction to his energies, that may work incalculable mischief to the well-being of society. But if he be treated with respect, he will learn to value that order of things, under which he feels that his qualities are appreciated. This feeling will grow into an habitual veneration for what is established; and though we do not say that his active services can be purchased at a cheap rate, the distinctions conferred on him, at his University, may serve as a retaining fee in the cause of order, sufficient, at least, to prevent him from employing his powers for its subversion.

We could dwell much longer upon the plan we have proposed—indeed its very novelty requires for it a more ample consideration; but the space that can be devoted to the system of Universities, in a Magazine which embraces all the wide compass of politics and literature, must necessarily be limited; and there is another subject to which, before we conclude this article, we are anxious to allude.

The senior board have lately exhibited a remarkable instance of generosity, in the creation of eight new fellowships. We cannot say that they have exhibited equal judgment in their arrangements regarding them. The addi-

tional fellows are not to be engaged in the duties of tuition: but are to receive, from the College, a permanent salary of three hundred a year; rising, in their turn, into the far more lucrative situation of tutors. These fellowships are not to be filled up at once, but are to be given away at the rate of one each year, so that eight years will elapse before the new arrangement will come, finally, into effect. When it does so, the eight most junior of the fellows will receive the above mentioned stipend, from the College, without the permission of taking pupils; they will, in effect, resemble the probationer fellows of the olden time, and will, like them, in their turn, be coopted into the full rank and privileges of fellows. There will be three grades in the society—senior fellows—tutor fellows—and junior fellows. Now, all this is very well; but it might be much better. The great, the radical evil, is left untouched. A permanent provision is still wanting for the man who devotes himself to any one branch of science or of learning; and, consequently, for the man who is likely to attain to eminence in any. The revision of professorships, which we have recommended, would, in some degree, obviate this defect; but still the fellowship course requires a complete and radical alteration. Had these eight new fellowships been put upon a totally different foundation—had they been divided in equal proportions between Classics, Mathematics, Metaphysics, and Natural Philosophy, we are very sure that the 2400*l.* of annual income would be much better employed; and, besides, the entire number might, at once, be filled up, without the risk of inundating the fellowship with men of inferior pretensions; to avoid which, under the present arrangement, the board have, most judiciously, spread the elections over a surface of eight years.

Fellowships might very safely be divided, according to the plan of which the Board have set the example, in their recent institution of moderatorships, into classical, ethical, and mathematical. The examination for the ethical, of course, to extend to the logical sciences, and that for the mathematical, to embrace all the sciences which are supposed to depend upon mathematics. The principle for which we contend is one of important and

very general application ; it is in effect that which political economists call the division of labour, which is so much talked of, and so little understood. We presume the intention of the institution of fellowship is, that there should be in the University a number of men capable of conveying instruction, in the best manner, upon the several branches of learning which form a part of the course. How this can best be effected is the question. If there be any truth in the principle of the division of labour, it is by assigning to each person a particular department. This is the answer of common sense, as well as political economy. But in the days of Queen Elizabeth and King James, the whole range of science was so small, that one man could compass it with ease, and naturally the division of scientific labour was unthought of. Science has advanced ; its departments have been multiplied and increased. But Queen Elizabeth is infallible ; and our statutes on this point, and this alone, are like the law of the Medes and Persians, that altereth not ; and therefore the candidate for fellowship must be examined in Chronology, and Metaphysics, and Hebrew, and Latin, and Mathematics, and Greek, and Natural Philosophy, and Moral Philosophy, and History, to the period of the battle of Actium. This antiquated and mischievous system is the idol before which all expediency must bow. To this old block of prejudice our University is chained ; and until some daring hand shall snap the rusty fetters, we feel that every reform is in some degree a modification of abuse ; and our College may indeed be progressing towards perfection, but she moves slowly and awkwardly,

"And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

But if the system of professorships which we have ventured to recommend, be adopted, it will do much to remedy this evil ; and we are sure that when time shall have tried, and experience established, the justice of our remarks, the men who had the courage to adopt the system of reason, and obey the dictates of common sense, will be remembered with gratitude as the second founders of the University.

Dean Burrowes has not been the only one among the fellows of the college who has devoted his talents to the advocacy of improvement in the

system. We believe that we are correct in saying, that the recent improvements are more immediately to be attributed to the exertions of Doctor M'Donnell, who, imitating the Dean's example, some years since addressed a letter to the Board upon the subject. This letter, we have been informed, was printed and circulated among the fellows. We regret much that we have been unable to procure a copy, as we are sure, from the character of the writer, that it must contain much that is important and valuable. If we are fortunate enough to succeed in obtaining one, we will probably make it the ground-work of another article upon the subject of college reform—a subject which, by the way, we are inclined not easily to lose sight of. Education has never occupied sufficiently the attention of the British public. It is true we have had our Lancasterian school and our Sunday school societies, and our national board of commissioners for the poor, and our diocesan schools, and our royal schools, and our schools on every possible foundation for the rich ; and we have had our professorships in colleges and halls, and we have our Universities richly endowed ; and our kings and queens have granted manors and estates by wholesale, and our corporations have appropriated funds for the support of free schools, and our parliament have voted millions, all for the purposes of education. But with this we have been content : the machinery was there, and we heeded not how it worked. We prided ourselves on the costly magnificence of our apparatus, without troubling ourselves as to the practical results. These things ought not so to be ; and as far as our humble efforts can accomplish, we will endeavour to correct the evil. If the observations on which we have ventured be well received, or if we find public attention awake upon the subject, we will return to it again. But we may candidly confess, what every one must know, that if we find these inquiries uninteresting to the mass of our readers, we must submit our better judgment to their tastes, and occupy our pages with papers that will be more attractive. Our opinions we never will swerve from ; and when we write, we will write as we think : but while our existence depends upon the support

of the public, we must consult the inclinations, and cater for the taste of our readers, in the selection of the subjects we discuss. But if, as we expect, the education of their sons is a subject that will commend itself to Irish parents, we will on some future occasion endeavour to lay before them such information, upon the state of our University, as may guide their opinions on its system. Of the University itself we desire to say something: we have been speaking of her in terms that some might consider those of censure; but it is not because we do not love and reverence our Alma Mater—it is not because we do not respect her fellows and admire her institutions. No; it is because we wish her well. We address her in the words of Burke, and say, “Those who are least anxious about your conduct, are not those who love you most. Moderate affection, and satiated enjoyment, are cold and respectful A jealous love lights his torch from the firebrands of the furies.” If we have spoken freely, it is because we love largely—if we have spoken warmly, it is because we love passionately. We love ardently enough, to desire to see her perfect; and yet temperately enough, to feel that she has her faults—but no fault that care may not correct, no defect for which prudence may not find a remedy. We know too that there are those who “mark well her bulwarks and observe her towers,” for evil and not for good, and therefore we have done the same for good, and not for evil. We feel that envious eyes are upon her, and therefore it is well that there should be jealous ones. We call upon her friends to reform her, that enemies may have no pretence for intermeddling in her affairs. We have spoken boldly, but we trust respectfully, and suggested freely, but yet with diffidence. Our advice may be rejected, and our warning disregarded, and we must be satisfied; but to our own minds it will be a consolation, that it was given honestly; and while even as she is, we pronounce to her our unbought “esto perpetua,” we would feel more confidence that our prayer would be accomplished, were she as she ought to be.

It remains for us, before we conclude, to say a few words upon the merits of the Calendar itself, which

certainly does not deserve to be passed over with so slight a notice. But the volume for 1833 has been so widely circulated, and so universally admired, that eulogium on its successor is almost superfluous. The University Calendar is a work which no college man should be without; and the value to the student of the present volume is considerably enhanced by its containing a full account of all the recent, and somewhat complicated changes in the course. It is with feelings of sincere pleasure that we contemplate the probability, indeed we may say the certainty, of the continuance of this work. The publication of the Examination papers is a most important and salutary measure; and we are not afraid to place the lists of questions in the volume before us in competition with the best examination papers of the English colleges.

Our examination for fellowship being one for which no parallel can be found in the Universities of the sister kingdom, no comparison can be instituted with respect to this. But during the past year there has been no vacancy for fellowship, and, accordingly, the Calendar contains merely the lists of questions propounded at the medal examination, and those for the mathematical and divinity premiums. With these we may fairly challenge a comparison, and we are sure it will not be to the disadvantage of the Irish University. Next year we hope the Calendar will contain the printed lists of questions to be proposed, according to the new regulations, to the candidate for honour, at the quarterly examinations. (Until a new epithet is invented, we will be Irish enough to employ the old one.) We cannot help remarking the change which has taken place in the spirit of the University.

We remember when first a report of the fellowship examination, which by statute was open to the public, was published in the columns of the *Evening Mail*, a journal which can claim the proud distinction of having first conquered difficulties which had been previously deemed insurmountable, and given to the public a full and accurate report of this most important examination, the conduct of the conductor of that paper was regarded as almost a breach of academic privilege, and no inconsiderable dissatisfaction was ex-

cited. But now, under the sanction of the heads of the University, the examinations whose secrecy was held most sacred, are thrown open to the full scrutiny of the readers of the Calendar. This is as it should be. The more publicity such things obtain, the better; and among the many advantages which the editor of the Calendar confers on the University, we do not

think it the least that these examinations are submitted, through the medium of the press, to a jealous and impartial scrutiny. As a faithful record of every transaction that is interesting to the academic reader, we feel that we may safely recommend the Calendar to the support of all those upon whom our opinion can have any influence.

BATTLE SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Like thunders loud the war-drum comes
 Deep rolling on the wind;
 While battle spears, in bright array,
 Like lightning gleam behind!

Come freemen then, with lance and shield,
 And hearts of valour brave,
 Hark! freedom's voice is on the gale,
 'Tis—Vict'ry or a grave!

No nerveless hand shall wield a brand;
 For doubly sinew'd strung
 Is every arm, by vengeance stern,
 Or song of freedom sung!

As red leaves fall upon the blast,
 When winds are tempest high;
 So slaves shall fall before the free;
 Awake the battle cry!

'Tis not a time for lady's bower,
 When 'gainst the free and fair,
 With vaunting shout, dark foemen come
 Our liberties to dare!

Yet soon each lady shall her knight
 A laurell'd hero see:
 A tyrant's sword with vassal bond
 Shall never match the free!

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Journal of the Geological Society of Dublin.
Vol. I. Part I. Dublin, 1833.

The Geological Society of Dublin is yet a very young institution. It was first organized in November, 1831, and has ever since continued to prosper under the influence of a warm and lasting interest, originating with its founders, and since communicated to every well-wisher to his father land.

The increase of his country's scientific capabilities, marked by new wants and more extended labours, is one of the most cheering anticipations of the true patriot: the labours of individuals, the formation of institutions for the advancement of science, and the monuments erected by both to the progress of knowledge, in each improvement which they effect, and every tribute which they bring to the altar of civilization, meet with their reward in the silent and unostentatious gratitude of their countrymen. They are enshrined in the memory of virtuous actions which become frequent, and even national, when the humanizing and ennobling feelings which are generated by the pursuit of knowledge, and the love of nature are generally diffused, and are allowed to exercise their free prerogative over the human mind.

The learned and Very Reverend President of the Dublin Geological Society has, in an address characterized by its elegant and manly style, and by a spirit of the most sincere love of all scientific knowledge, spoken in a tone which particularly pleases us, of the objects of this institution, and of the ultimate bearing of the subjects with which it occupies itself;—of the best mode of entering on the study of this department of physical science, and of the moral associations and benefits which, like the starry gems found in naked rocks, spring from these very objects of contemplation.

In the future progress of the society, annual occasional addresses will probably be made to contain brief but clear expositions of the state and progress of geological science, either generally, or in connexion with the immediate labours of the institution; but at its foundation it was in much better taste to trace out with skill the road for volunteers, and convince the judgment of the utility of the labours

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proposed, by proving their importance even by the qualifications which are necessary for their pursuit. It was a fortunate thing that a person so eminently fitted by an intimate acquaintance with various sciences, and a powerful and vigorous command over most branches of human knowledge, should lend his aid in furthering so amiable and so noble an object.

One of the first statements in the president's address is, that the knowledge and multiplied uses for which geology is available in the state to which it has now advanced, are themselves the most satisfactory proofs of the vitality of the science, and of the soundness of the principles by which the study is now prosecuted: the short time since this vitality exhibited itself, and the presumption which was shown in the first investigation of the laws of nature, are then pointed out in opposition to the proper methods of research, even as prompted by the desire of relieving wants, or adding enjoyments, and to the "spiritual sustenance" which resulted from their first perception.

The disposition to conclude without sufficient inquiry, and the folly of substituting idle conjecture for patient research in erroneous methods, which are in no science presented to us in so striking a manner as in the history of geology, are also animadverted upon in a proper spirit. But it shewed a much more comprehensive idea of the science the author had to treat of, and a much clearer conception of its character, its tendency, and its boundless promises, that without dwelling upon these subjects more than was actually necessary to warn the mind from error, he could come forward to maintain that in this, which may be deemed the infancy of the science, hypotheses, which are the only substitute for a perfect theory, are not to be decried, as being destitute of all advantage and productive of nothing but injury. "A wide distinction is to be made between hypotheses perfectly gratuitous, such as those before alluded to, and those theories which profess to be founded on facts, though too few for their effective establishment. The former as causing a diversion from the proper path, were fitted only to perpetuate ignorance. Not so the

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latter. Professing to be founded on observations they suggest the necessity of appealing to that test of their truth; and the appeals thus continually made, both by the advocates of such theories and their opponents, are manifestly useful, not only in drawing attention to the facts already brought to light, but also in stimulating the industry of those engaged in multiplying the number of such discoveries. Indeed in this way, hypotheses are our guides in all enlightened investigations: for what we bring to the test of experiment is something which we had previously supposed to be, at least, possible: from partial observation, we form a conjecture as to the mode in which the effect is produced, and this conjecture, proceeding with due caution, we bring to the test of further observation or experiment. When hypotheses are used in this way, when they are founded on observation, and taken as our guides for further investigation, they must be deemed prejudicial whenever they are entertained with an assurance disproportionate to the evidence on which they are founded; for then, becoming a substitute for knowledge, they divert the mind from further inquiry. They do more; for they generate a feeling of scepticism towards even the observed facts, and they tend to throw infant philosophy into disrepute, and thus remotely injure the whole circle of science."

At any other time than the present, we would hardly have ventured to quote the foregoing observations, but we are anxious that there should be no feeling of dread on the part of a thoughtful public, of any evil consequences being entailed upon geology by the pause which the science is said to have made, to inquire anxiously whether the causes now in action are sufficient to have produced the appearances of nature: for now when an hypothesis is not founded on fact, it meets with ignominy and neglect; so when the data are not sufficient, it meets with the calm and dispassionate answer of more extensive inquiries, or more numerous collated facts; and from these causes a science which, in its infancy, was liable to the misrepresentations of a host of pretenders, has now maturity sufficient to protect it against either open or covert assaults.

"On the whole," says the learned president, "I would say, that as in our spiritual concerns the indications of the will of God are the only sure guide of our conduct, so in our physical researches the indications of the laws by which He

governs the world of matter, are the only clue by which we can hope to advance to their more complete discovery. In truth, the genuine spirit of sound philosophy, no less than of true religion, is teachableness and humility. As in the one, humility, arising from the consciousness of imperfection and weakness is requisite for our real advancement; so also in the other, teachableness of mind which leads patiently to trace the operations of infinite wisdom, rather than to rely on presumptuous speculations, is the only sure guide to the knowledge of these laws, by which the same Being conducts the operations of his material creation."

There are six scientific papers in this, the first number of the *Journal of the Geological Society*, all of which are characterized by greater or less merit; the first is on the study of the geological phenomena of Ireland, a most important subject, and treated of by a person certainly well fitted for the undertaking, by his acquaintance with the science, as well as by those duties, connected with the survey of this island, which have called him into its remote as well as its frequented districts; but as this is a subject which rather entails a summary of statements than an introduction to facts, we shall postpone noticing it in the hopes of doing greater justice to its merits, and to the importance of the subject.

The paper which comes next is on *Globular Formations*, by Dr. Stokes, the Professor of Natural History in the University of Dublin, containing some interesting facts which we shall duly notice. Lava, it is well known, occurs in spheroid or flattened globules—all liquids in suspension in the air become so, and when given up to the force of gravity, assume the form of a spheroid, the line of whose greatest axis is at right angles to the attracting surface. In proportion to their liquidity will be the modifications of the shapes induced by their contact with the earth. The circular balls of basalt, described by De Humboldt, on the plains of Joryllo, and abundant in the trap districts of Scotland, may originate from similar causes to which the professor ascribes the formation of balls of lava or of white limestone. This system of rotatory aggregation is further applied to leucite, which Boué considers to have always a central nodule of augite, to granular augites called cocolite, and to that variety of garnet called pyrope, with its isomorphous compound, succinite, with which, and melanite, and other forms of the same mineral, it is now well known to be frequently mixed; but

while the latter we know are fusible, might not the other be worn round by attrition? We have never seen a globular leucite, so cannot speak from experience.

The occurrence of sodulite and hyacinth in basalt, is certainly an interesting fact, and the professor's reasoning upon the subject ingenious. We are next told that obsidian is found in balls, and that this mineral passes by insensible gradations into lava. This is not exactly the way a chemical mineralogist would make the statement. Perlite, also globular, is closely connected with obsidian. We might also add spherulite. Obsidian and pumice, we are then told, pass readily into one another, and the cavities of pumice, scoræ, and amygdaloid, seem to be formed by vesicular vapours. We cannot perceive what relation there is between the cavities found in pumice, or scoræ, with obsidian, to which the former is related by chemical constitution. Menelite, the author says, approaches to obsidian and pitchstone. It is an hydrate of silica—a variety of opal, while the latter are silicates of alumina, combined in the one case with lime, in the other with potash.

Globular quartz is the next object of the notice. This substance occurs, according to the author, in this form, in mulatto stone, county Antrim; in limestone, Sleive Galluion; in sandstone, Skrean, county Sligo. Are these formations by attrition? Hornblende occurs, according to our author, in balls in talcose slate, at Blackbull head, in the county of Cork. This is an interesting fact. Cephalino gold, iron pyrites, carbonate of copper, and clay ironstone (septaria and geodes), are next mentioned, as presenting occasionally the same forms. We have penned a list which is now before us, of twenty-nine different minerals which might be added to these names, as occurring in a globular form from crystalline arrangement—five, chiefly gems from attrition; two agglomerated in the globular form; and one (mica) occurring in the same form, from a concentric arrangement of laminae or scales. As the author probably meant to confine himself to the notice of those minerals only which enter into the composition of mountain rocks, the mention of simple mineral substances not occurring as such, is only an illustrative labour; and hence he has been led to avoid the tedious enumeration of all these simple minerals; and yet it is very difficult for us to reconcile with this idea, the omission of all notice of the various globular formations, geologi-

cally speaking, of carbonate of lime, as the oolites, &c. of the pesolites, peperinos, spilites, among the trap rocks, orbicular diorites, pyromerides, and various other formations.

The observations on the fossil elk of Ireland, by Dr. Hart, the historiographer of that animal, and of the discovery of whose remains this country may be justly proud, is an interesting sketch of what is at present known of its structure; and contains Baron Cuvier's excellent characteristics between it and other approximating species. Dr. Hart mentions the occurrence of these bones in sand and gravel, near Enniskerry. It is a curious fact, that this gravel is chiefly composed of limestone pebbles, though we do not know of this rock having been found within the circus formed by the Bray mountains to the west, the Scalp, Shankhill, and Killiney hills to the north, and the Sugar-loaves and Bray Head to the south. The length between the extreme tips of the horns of this splendid animal, measured in a straight line across, was, in the specimen in the museum of the Edinburgh University, six feet eight inches; in that belonging to the Dublin Society, nine feet two inches. In two specimens which the reviewer had an opportunity of measuring, one at Adare, (Earl of Dunraven's) county Limerick, was nine feet ten inches; the other at Major Purdon's, in the county of Clare, was ten feet eleven inches in a straight line.

Dr. Hibbert has lately advanced the opinion that this singular animal was not only the contemporary of such extinct animals of Europe, as the elephant, the rhinoceros, &c. but was also the contemporary of the earliest inhabitants of the human race dwelling in Europe, and so far from being an animal, the existence of which is referable to a remote antiquity, actually lived in Prussia so late as the year 1550, and perhaps later. This latter opinion was founded on the existence of a figure of a cervus given by Sebastian Munster, in a scarce folio work entitled *Cosmographiæ Universalis*, Lib. VI. There are two drawings given by Sebastian, (see *Edin. Jour. of Nat. and Geo. Science*, Vol. II. p. 64.) which possess the coincidence marked by Cuvier and Dr. Hart, of giving horns to both male and female, after the manner of the rein deer.

The fourth memoir is by Dr. Apjohn, and contains observations on the trap district of the county of Limerick. It does not profess to much detail, this having,

in the opinion of the author, been already accomplished by Mr. Weaver. His object is chiefly the notice of some interesting facts in the geological structure of these districts, which have either been omitted or not sufficiently dwelt upon by the former geologist. These facts are, first of all, the occurrence of galena in carboniferous limestone, at Ulla, on the Tipperary road; the veinstone was calcareous spar, and the accompanying minerals, copper pyrites; so that the promise was not great. On the south-west side of the hill of Ulla, columnar clay-ironstone was met with, overlying the limestone, and itself was covered by a trap conglomerate. This mineral corresponded precisely in situation and in appearance to the columnar ironstone of Derbyshire, lying on carboniferous limestone, and covered by a dyke of toadstone like it, occurring in prismatic fragments, not however quite so thick. Dr. Apjohn then conveys the spectator to the summit of Pallis hill, from whence he looks around on this extensive trap district, separated by the glen of Aharla from the Galtees and Slievenamuch chains, and by a fair valley nearly six miles in width, from the rounded summits of the Bilboa mountains. That these mountain chains are composed of nearly the same materials, namely, shist (clay slate), sandstone, and conglomerate, we have reason to know; but that the *shist* usually appears towards the base of the mountains, resting on the sandstone and conglomerate on the top, is a mistake on the part either of Dr. Apjohn or Mr. Weaver, for we have not the memoir of the latter geologist before us, and we forget his expression on this subject. In whatever part of these mountain chains it has been our good fortune to tread the brook side up their high and heathery acclivities, we have met with pretty nearly similar appearances, viz. transition clay slate with veins of quartz and Lydian stone at the base, and conglomerates at the summit: where there was sandstone, it occurred in out-lying hills, (except in the Galtees, where it enters into the composition of the main chain,) and at the foot of the mountains, ranges reposing on the clay slate or the conglomerates, as it might happen, and interspersed between them and the carboniferous limestone; but supposing, at any rate, that the mode of superposition, as given to us by the author, had been observed, then the nomenclature must be altered, or at least rendered distinct—either it must be sandstone, bituminous shale, or coal measures, and conglomerates of the

millstone grit formation, or by their local suppression (a common phenomenon in geology,) the conglomerates of the new red sandstone, or what may occur, though the reviewer did not meet with such an arrangement, quartz rock (quartzites) transition clay slates, and anagenites. But there are many points in the distribution of the rocks contained between these trap hills of Limerick, and the surrounding chains of mountains, which might occasionally puzzle a most expert geologist. For example, suppose a line drawn across the country from the city of Limerick to the summit of Mount Seepin, (Castle Oliver mountains,) the city itself is left through a level country of black, anthracitous limestone, with few or no organic remains; a low range of rounded hills is next crossed, which are composed of red coloured trap rock apparently stratified, and a circus is entered upon, the centre of which is filled up with bluish white limestone, crowded with fossil remains. This amphitheatre is nearly perfect, and continuous to the east, presenting, in its course, many phenomena of peculiar interest; but it is broken up into rounded isolated hills to the west, and is backed to the south by the well marked trap range of Pallis Green, and Caherconlish, with its outlying domes which start up from the plains of limestone beyond the rugged and picturesque rocks of Lough Gurr, with their deep defiles, their calm and sleepy lake, their abrupt and steep precipices, with mingled ruins of holy and warlike edifices. In the midst of this scenery, so unlike the tameness of the greater part of the limestone district, dykes of various forms of feldspathic or trap rocks, may be seen two miles beyond Bruff; the limestone is interrupted by a formation of quartzites, which is about two miles in width, and which extends to within a few miles of Kilmallock, where the fossiliferous bluish limestone is again met with, and is ultimately lost under gravel and morass, about four miles to the south of this ancient town. Then come a series of low, and rounded hills belonging to the old red sandstone formation, which finally are succeeded at the foot of Mount Seepin, by transition clay slate, stretching up two-thirds of the mountain, and capped by a formation of anagenites, with large rounded pebbles of quartz, and which from the resistance they offer to the elements, give rise to much picturesque Alpine scenery. This is the same order of succession which is presented to us with the omission of quartzites, on the road from Limerick to Nenagh; but in the county Clare the

limestone reposes immediately on clay dates and quartzites, and the anagenites are mostly met with in the deep vallies, as at Cloughry and Killaloe.

Dr. Apjohn turns from the consideration of the mountain formations, to that of the feldspathic or trap rocks, and with the acknowledgment that in the basin of Limerick they not only present the greatest structural or mineralogical variety, but that their geognostic relations are of the most complicated description, equal almost to the three times three alternations of fresh and salt water and land formations, and their different order of creations with ancient basalts, old amygdaloids, modern tuffites, and yesterday's lavas and trachytes, met with in the Auvergne, we shall surely be giving much praise when we say, that he has treated the subject with general clearness and decided impartiality, and that the general tenour of his opinions are quite adapted to the modern state of science; not so his nomenclature—it is the old repetition of the porphyritic green stone, and green stone porphyry of the Wernerian school. In theory, he even talks of the most distinguished German geologists of the present day, contending for two varieties of trap, the primitive and the secondary, as of different origin. This is quite erroneous as a general fact. Hausman and Leonhard admit a great number of trap formations, but accede, with certain modifications, a similar origin to them all, taking care to distinguish those feldspathic rocks consolidated by primitive oxidation, or secular refrigeration, form such as are forced up amidst modern sedimentary deposits, from the same refrigeration, through longitudinal crevices in circles, or vertically by canals of communication (volcanoes).

The Doctor makes some remarks on the stratification of trap, which are unobjectionable as far as they go; but they only apply themselves to the overlying trap formations of Conybeare and Phillips. The question of the stratification of trap rocks was never put in so tangible a form as that in which it came before the British Association for the advancement of science, in 1831. Mr. William Hutton described the whin sill of Northumberland, with that talent for accuracy of observation and nicety of details, which characterize all his labours, and his conclusion was, that this bed of basalt, well known to practical geologists, was produced by the overflowing of lava during the deposition of the mountain limestone group, after those beds which are found below, and prior to those which are found above it. The opinion

of two eminent geologists, Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murchison, was, that the whin had not been injected into the carboniferous limestone, till after the deposition of that whole system of rocks. Mr. Phillips who had examined the whole range of the whin sill, could agree with both parties, for he inferred from that examination, that a large portion of the whin sill was formed by periodical submarine eruptions of lava at intervals during the deposition of the carboniferous strata with which it is associated.

It is obvious that much careful observation is necessary before we can draw deductions of this kind, not only the relation of the main dykes must be established, but the course of branch ranges be studied; the lines of deviation thus attained, must be compared with the direction of the rocks, and the bearing of the compass, and the relation of the feldspathic to the arenaceous calcareous or argillaceous rocks, with which they are associated. There are a few facts of this kind in Dr. Apjohn's paper, of which we willingly take notice. Mr. Weaver had represented the Drumlars trap as interstratified with the limestone of the valley; now the trap resting on the limestone of Castle Guard and lying beneath that of Mount Catherine, Dr. Apjohn considers as part of the same sheet which had been elevated at some remote period by the protrusion of the trap from below and removed, in the course of time, by the ordinary process of disintegration.—The trap dips at the north and south sides in opposite directions. A little more practice in the field would have given the author sufficient boldness to have at once referred the appearance presented by Pallis Hill to the same subterranean agency.

The extraordinary variety of oryctognostic structure, or of character and aspect is, as the author remarks, the most curious fact connected with the history of Limerick trap district. In a notice of this kind, we cannot be expected to enter upon a detailed account of these peculiarities; our duty is satisfactorily accomplished if we can briefly analyse the content of a work or memoir, comment upon its general character in the spirit of fair examination, expose the fallacies, detect errors, hold up the merits as examples and precedents, and when possible, elucidate briefly to the point.—The occurrence of an igneous rock, containing imbedded fragments, sometimes rounded, proving a succession of eruptions, is an interesting fact, but not un-

common in similar districts. The blending of limestone and trap is much rarer, and the occurrence of a zootic spilite, that is to say, of an amygdaloidal rock with fossil organic remains, has only been described as existing in one or two spots. Such a formation it now appears assumes a considerable development in the neighbourhood of Carrick O'Cunnell, and is highly deserving of a careful study. Dr. Apjohn had it not in his power to verify the statement made by Mr. Weaver, that the limestone contained in the breccia had imbedded organic remains; but the interest of the fact is much surpassed by this occurrence of a mineral paste consolidated by igneous action yet redolent with dipenulalud encrutes.

The rock of Drumlara is a trachytic tuffa, not a feldspathic porphyry, unless the milk white crystals were albite, the glassy or vitreous crystals would be decisive as to the character of the mountain rock. This is one of the inconveniences of the Wernerian School, which says that every thing is a porphyry in which crystals of similar or different mineralogical characters are imbedded in a paste. A great many of the rocks of Pallis hill, which were decided upon as vesicular, were, probably, merely so from the decomposition of calcareous geodes or nodules of chlorite and other minerals. The basanites and basaltic varieties of these feldspathic rocks exhibit a columnar structure at Linfield and at Killeely, presenting at the latter place a facade of a truly grand and imposing appearance, and the pentangular pillars of which they are composed, are stated by the author, to be so arranged, that the vertical joints by which they are separated from each other, are all directed to the crown of the hill, like the meridians to the poles of a sphere. We might add, that a peculiar porphyritic rock exhibits a very perfect columnar arrangement near Caherconlish. With these facts we terminate our notice of the trap district of Limerick, which we hope will yet be investigated, with that detail which its extent, its mineralogical varieties, and its theoretical relations, so justly entitle it to.

Mr. Bryce's demonstration of the evidences of Diluvial action in the North of Ireland is a clever and well collected memoir. Mr. B. is a geologist, which is saying something, but he is more connected with his brother with an academy of high repute in the great commercial city of Belfast, these gentlemen have been induced to make one of the first

attempts to introduce the study of the sciences of observation, as a part of the education, or rather it should be said, a part of the recreation of youth. Our expressions of how much we admire this innovation, amount to enthusiastic applause. The Messrs. Bryce will be benefactors to the human race. The great facts upon which the memoir now before us, rests, are the recognition in the North of Ireland of the boulder stones or detached fragments of rock strewed over the surface, as coming in a particular direction, and the determining of their geographical localities when the insitu. The author attaches the two classes of phenomena observed in the North of Ireland, namely the transport of fragments and the excavation of valleys, to a general deluge, and not to a successive elevation of mountain chains.

The district to which the author's observations refer, comprises the counties of Down, Antrim, Derry, Donnegal, Tyrone, and Armagh; of the geognostic structure of these counties, the author gives a general sketch. The few remarks we have to make are connected with geological detail. The author, promulgating an error of Dr. Berger's states, that mica slates extends into Tyrone, and occupies all the northern part of that county, when, from personal examination, we know that great part of the chain of mountains called Sperrin, extending from Stramore Inn, by Mt. Hamilton, to Drumaspen, is composed of gneiss and chlorite slate, the former with large crystals of feldspar and veins of quartz, becoming so quartzose, indeed, in its lower beds, and losing so much of its laminar structure as to become almost a granite. Granite and gneiss are further known to occur in a small area on the north eastern part of Antrim, but Mr. B. who was acquainted with the external characters of these rocks, says that their fragments did not occur as boulders or gravel over the plains of Ulster. The south western districts of Tyrone present many geognostic peculiarities which are not noticed by the author, nor indeed has any account ever been given of the complex formations occurring between Baron's court, and Pettigo, on Lough Erne. It is the same with regard to the whole county of Donegal, of which the author says, truly, that very little is known. We may be allowed briefly to remark, that the granite does not form mountain chains in that county. The crystalline rocks which terminate almost in a point on the northern shore of

Lough Erne, between Belfast and Pettigo, and stretch from thence to the gap of Barnesmore are gneiss and slates, from the gap to beyond the meridian of Killybegs, in a westerly direction, are gneiss with chlorite and clay slate, sand stones and limestone in the valleys and acclivities, (Mt. Charles, Invers, &c.) North of this range, the Gaghan Mountains on the south, the Fintown Mountains in the centre, and the Donegal to the north, with the Alpine county of the peninsula of Inishowen are quartzites, with alternating porphyries and white saccharoidal limestones. Between these are occasional districts of gneiss and mica slate, of which the greatest development occurs in the group of mountains at the head of the Guibarra river. Granite, with pale coloured feldspar is first met with near Naren, where it is flanked on the bay side by clay slate and black porphyries. At Rutland, granite is met with, having flesh coloured feldspar, a beautiful variety, and the same coloured rock is again met with at the bottom of Sheep Haven between it and Salt Hill. Granite with white coloured feldspar constitutes the greater part of the plains between Naren and Bloody Foreland, and the base of the Guibarra Mountains.—We have been thus particular in marking out the granite districts, because the author of the memoir lays much stress on these rocks, and because the result of the very superficial account we have given of their distribution, points out two great facts: first, that the granite does not form the high alpine tract of Donegal but is rather met with on low plains;—and, secondly, that these plains are separated by ranges of mountains from the districts which have been the object of Mr. Bryce's researches.

In the basaltic area, the direction, that is to say, the line of the greatest length of the gravel hills, is between N. W. and S. E. A striking uniformity exist between this direction and that of the trap hills. The hydrographical features, by a compound arrangement, for the detail of which we refer to the author's memoir, curious to say, present the same aspect. These indications of a north west current are borne out by the character of the rolled pebbles. They consist of greenstone, of mica slate from Derry, granite and diorite and gneiss from Donegal, quartz, hornblende rock, &c. It would be well, we cannot help thinking, to mark out by more careful investigations if the blocks of certain magnitude, occurring at an elevation of from 300 to

1,500 feet, were really carried there by the force of aqueous currents, or if, rather the elevation of the crystalline chains did not scatter fragments anterior to the elevation of the trap district, when they were lifted in small quantities, into depressions between two hills, or occasionally upon the acclivities of the hills themselves; for the necessary consequence in the new raising up of rock formations would be, to throw the old transported debris into the valleys, where, if as in this case, they were chiefly primitive, they would become mingled with the fragments of the rock elevating (trap), and those elevated and partially broken up (sandstones and limestones.) The differences which the author mentions as occurring in the proportionate quantities of different rocks, would seem to favour an opinion of this kind. The occurrence of primitive boulders on Rathlin Island, and their absence from the summits of the trap rocks, would surely tend to shew that these latter formations were elevated at a posterior period.

In the primitive districts, which are next the object of the author's inquiry, there have been no interchange of diluvial products. In no instance are fragments of chalk, flint, or trap, met with in Donegal; the districts there consist of crystalline rocks. In the southern district, the great formation of transition clayslate is covered with pebbles, which, in addition to the fragments of its own beds, contain trap in great plenty, chalk and chalk flints in much less quantity, and rarely mullattoe or greensand. The Drumlins of the Lagan consist of the detritus of the mountain rocks of Antrim and Derry, and of primary rock, but there is no transition rock or clayslate. If the current here had flowed from the north, there would have been no primary rocks; if from the west, limestone would have occurred; if from the south or south-west, clayslate. Granite boulders have been swept outwards from the Mourne mountains, by a current setting from the west.

The author concludes, from these and other facts observed in these districts, that powerful currents from the north-west have swept over the whole surface of the north of Ireland, prior to the formation of Belfast bay, Lough Neagh, and Lough Foyle, but subsequent to the elevation of the basaltic rocks. Thus he establishes the existence of one transient convulsion, on which any further remarks of ours are superseded by the following quotation from the author himself:—

"Nothing is yet known of the era of elevation of our several mountain chains.—When these epochs shall have been fixed, and when our diluvial beds shall have been thoroughly investigated, with the aid of the new light that will be cast upon them, and compared diligently with similar formations in other countries, we may hope to arrive more near the true theory of their origin."

An unfrequented and an almost unknown tract of country is the subject of Mr. P. Knight's observations in the next memoir. It is a notice of the general geology of Erris, in the county of Mayo, and contains some curious and interesting facts. The high and beautiful ranges and groups of mountains of these pathless wilds, may truly be said to gratify the eye of the geologist, or, indeed, of the lover of nature. The reviewer has paced their solitudes not without the deepest sense of wonder and admiration, nor had the deep circular mountain excavations (wrongly so called) mentioned by the author, with their deep embosomed tars, their architectural precipices and giant amphitheatres of rocks, a mean share in exciting those feelings. There is in these mountains a style of scenery which is peculiar to them, and which vies with the "sweet solitudes," as Captain Portlock has it, of the Brandon range. Erris is now, perhaps, the only part of Ireland where the red deer ranges untamed and free—an indigenous tenant of his native mountains.

In a geological point of view, the fine range of Maume Thomas, extending westward, beneath the sound, to Achil head, and eastward to Nephin; the Ox mountains, and the mountains south of Lough Gill, are composed of mica slate and quartz rock, some portions of the latter being also composed of granite. We might also add the rugged hills at the passage of Lough Conn, between the Nephin and the Ox mountains.

Mr. Knight, adhering to mineralogical structure, says, that to the westward in nearly the same parallel, granite is found rising out of and alternating with mica slate. This is an interesting fact.

North of the Owenmore, the junction of the primary and secondary country occurs, and the latter is described from Mr. Griffith's reports. This gentleman is of opinion that coal may be discovered among the rocks, which appear mostly to belong to the medial order.

The next interesting fact which Mr. Knight mentions is the continuation of the eastern dyke of porphyry, (discovered by Mr. Bald, and traced in its eastern direc-

tion by Archdeacon Vertelshoye,) in Laggan, then in Leam, within the Mullet, and finally on the west coast. Three other dykes were also observed by Mr. K. The last curious fact is the occurrence on the western coast, opposite Leam, of bog soil, at and under the level of high water, and covered on the land side by sand banks, from thirty to fifty feet in height. At Cartron, within the Mullet, and at Doona, in Ballycroy, stumps and roots of trees, standing as they grew, are found far under the level of high water, resting on bog soil which has only a slight covering of drift sand over it. This is a further addition to the list of sub-marine forests and bogs, which geology was already in possession of, as occurring on the coasts of the British Isles.

We have so far extended these observations on the different memoirs, of which Mr. Knight's is the last, that we shall be obliged to defer to a future notice the consideration of Captain Portlock's interesting memoir, and more particularly what general remarks we have to make on the theoretical and practical advantages which will result from the study of the geognostic constitution of Ireland, and the promises which are held out to us by that study of intellectual as well as of commercial advantages.

Sketches of Turkey in 1831 and 1832, by an American. New York: printed by J. Harper.

The residence of an American population in Turkey is a new era in the history of that empire, and another instance of the mutations taking place in these our revolutionary times. The existence of the American Continent was a thing scarcely known to a Turk. It was a place altogether too remote for his comprehension, and was veiled in a cloud, of obscurity like some distant undefinable object, which might furnish a theme for a story-teller, but was not at all a place to whose existence a true believer was bound to attach much credit. It is remarkable, however, that when he speaks of it, he calls it *yani doodlee*, or the new world, which the Americans now say, is the real etymology of *yankoe doodle*; and so the name is not a modern *soubriquet*, as some vainly suppose, but is really derived from an Oriental language; a hint which we throw out for some future Valancey, when tracing the Aborigines of the Western Continent, that will, no doubt, form a subject for many an essay in the transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.

But though America was little known

to the Turks, Turkey was well known to the Americans, and the active and intelligent people of that continent have been long endeavouring to establish diplomatic and commercial relations with it. This attempt was made during the administration of Washington. Mr. King, the American Minister at London, employed an English gentleman, well acquainted with the Turks, to negotiate a treaty; but he and his instructions fell into the hands of the French, and all traces of them were lost in the prisons of Verdun. A variety of attempts were afterwards made through other channels, and by individuals of nations the Turks knew something about; but they all failed through the jealousy of those nations; they supposed that the profits of the Turkey trade was little enough for themselves, and they seemed to unite in excluding so active and enterprising a people from any share in it. At length, Mr. Rhind, the American Consul, we believe, at Odessa, undertook it. He came to Constantinople as a private individual engaged only in his own affairs, and he commenced his operations during the Ramadan, a period when the Turks were never known to transact any business. He entrusted the secret to nobody but himself and the Reis Effendi, and by a judicious and liberal application of funds at his disposal, he completely effected his object, and to the astonishment of the diplomatic world of Pera, when the Ramadan was over, they found a new people recognized among them, and received on the terms of the "most favoured nations." It further appeared, that the tact and sagacity of Mr. Rhind, had converted what he made out to be an important concession to the Turks, into a most valuable benefit to his country. By a secret article, the Turks were *allowed* to have ships built in America; and thus, while we of the old world were destroying the fleets of our ancient allies at Navarino, those new comers had secured for them the valuable privilege of cutting down and clearing away their useless forests, that encumbered their soil, to supply their loss.

But though the Americans had not been known as a people in Turkey, a few individuals of that nation had occasionally appeared—"their visits few and far between;" and seemed as if the Peraites had formed their opinion of the natives from one of them. A Mr. R—— had appeared one Sunday at the service of the Palace Chapel, and when it was over, he paid a visit to the English Consul Gene-

ral. "Well, Mr. R——," said the Consul, "you have been at service to-day?" "Yes," said he, "I was at a Jewish Synagogue on Friday, at a Turkish Mosque on Saturday, and at a Christian Church on Sunday,—and which of them is the right way?" "Oh, I suppose," said the Consul, "you know that." "That I do not," said he; "I think one is just as good as the other." The impression therefore was, that *all* Americans were free-thinkers, and the people of Pera reported them so.

The Envoy or Charge d'Affaires, appointed to carry the treaty with Turkey into effect, was Commodore Porter, and of him the English knew nothing, except through the periodicals. While in the American Navy, he had written a foolish book, in which there were many things not to be excused even in a young naval officer: But we all know what the conversation generally is at the mess-table of naval British officers, and what are the usual contents of a sailor's letter to his friends, so we can comprehend how it is in an American ship, and make some allowance for it. But the reprobation of the reviews was uncompromising, and the impression left of the Americans was, that they were a godless and licentious race, and that the commodore was the most godless and licentious even of the Americans. When this monster however did appear, he turned out to be a serious, moral, exemplary family man, and surrounded by people of the same class. The first thing he did on his arrival at Pera, was to send for the Rev. Mr. Godell, the American Missionary, with his wife and children, to live with him, and he regularly celebrated divine service at his house, as chaplain. The gentlemen attached to his mission, and all who came to Constantinople in consequence of this residence there, were persons not only of good education, pleasing and gentlemanly manners, and good moral character, but also pious and serious, even beyond those of the same class in England; and they formed not only the most pleasing and intellectual, but also the most religious society of any natives in Pera. Mr. Godell has engaged the American Education Society to establish schools for the instruction of the rising generation of Greeks—in this the commodore, and all his countrymen at Pera, cordially co-operated—one of them subscribed a hundred dollars for the purpose; so that five large schools, on the Lancastrian system, were formed for them in the several

villages on the Bosphorus, in each of which from fifty to a hundred Greek children are now educated. The attachment and good will the Americans bore their worthy pastor was quite delightful. When his house was burnt down in the great fire, and his furniture destroyed, they thought they never could do enough to recompense him. Every day packages arrived from individuals, from Smyrna, and other places, containing various articles which it was supposed he might want, and that, too, from people who had no personal knowledge of him, farther than that he was a clergyman, and their countrymen. It is not our wish to make invidious comparisons, but we happen to know that when the fire destroyed the house and property of the Rev. Mr. Lewis, the respectable agent of the Bible Society at Pera, and subsequently, the house and property of another English clergyman, not one of their countrymen there ever thought of supplying their loss, or offering them the slightest compensation.

We state these things to shew, that a man is not always such as prejudice may represent him, that an individual is no general representative. Whatever Mrs. Noble and other readers may think, Jonathan is, and deserves to be, as highly esteemed as his brother John for every valuable endowment which the latter prizes so highly; and we rejoice that it should be so. We are delighted to hear that our brethren, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, having the same civil institutions, and descended from the same fathers, should rival us in the career of utility, and in the estimation of foreign countries. Already have their indefatigable missionaries penetrated into every part of the East; establishing schools, circulating Bibles, and acquiring the respect and good will of the people among whom they go; and we are as well pleased as if it had been done by ourselves. It is time for us to give up the petty jealousies that separated us, and to recollect, that however seas and circumstances may divide us, still the voice of nature proclaims "we are one."

The author of the anonymous work before us is Doctor Dekay, a gentleman of New York, and one of those who came to Pera on the establishment of an American Society there. He was a person esteemed for his intelligence in his own country, and was ardent and indefatigable in acquiring information when he resided in the East. It is not

to be expected that after three or four books a-year have been latterly published by English travellers in Turkey, that his work can contain any thing new to an English reader. It abounds, however, with valuable local information, and particularly on the new order of things established there, which he lauds highly. This is not because he is a Republican, for his opinions of the Greeks and their revolution are as hostile as if he were a subject of Austria; but it arises from a fair and impartial view of the character of the Sultan, and his efforts to ameliorate the condition of his people. He went to see him going to the Mosque, and though he and his companions had taken off their hats before to most of the crowned heads of Europe, they gave the palm, in all that constitutes a superb-looking man, to Sultan Mahmoud. "His face," says he "intimates indomitable firmness and decision, and at the same time displays a mild and amiable disposition. Schooled in adversity, and a fellow-prisoner with his royal cousin, Selim, from whom, indeed, it is said he received his ideas of reform, he seems to form a proper estimate of his exalted station, by using all its influence advantageously for his country. In this he is often thwarted by the venality and rapacity of his subordinates, and by the credulence of his people; but he returns to the charge with renewed ardour, and seems determined to pursue his patriotic courses, even at the expense of personal popularity. Temperate, and even abstemious in his mode of living, he may yet reign for 20 years over Turkey, and in that time his wise and decisive measures of reform will be so firmly established as to bid defiance to another revolution. Every friend of humanity must hope that his life may long be spared for this good work;—from his people he has nothing to fear."—(p. 238.) This accords with the opinion of Mr. Urquhart, but is very different indeed from that of Mr. Slade, whose work on Turkey we have lately reviewed. It, at least, is two to one in favour of Mahmoud, even without adverting to the superior capabilities of judging possessed by such men, compared with those of a volatile sailor.

Doctor Dekay makes very free with crowned heads, and frequently uses such expressions as "the transition from kings to jugglers is not very abrupt," &c. With this we have nothing to do. He is a citizen of a Commonwealth, and we are no more angry with him than with Demosthenes when he says πᾶς γὰρ ἵ

facilius cupimus ferri. But we regret to see his hostility to England and Englishmen is but ill concealed, and though he speaks most kindly and cordially of individuals, his general feeling is that of great soreness and irritation against the country, evidently arising from the galling and bitter irony with which his nation has been treated by most of our writers. As we heartily wish that this painful and unnatural feeling between the two countries should cease, we shall, as far as our poor influence extends, set ourselves a good example; we shall therefore close our notice, and not search for a single fault in the work of an American to amuse our readers.

Juvenile Sunday Library. Vol. I. *Lives of the Apostles and Early Martyrs of the Church.* By the Author of "The Trial of Skill." London: Hatchard and Son, 1833.

We do not know a more commendable, we may add, a more enviable class of writers, than those who bring their opportunities, inclination, and abilities, to bear upon the instruction—the religious instruction of the young. To this class the author of the beautiful volume before us belongs, and is an honour. The selection of her subjects evinces a studied and remarkable acquaintance with the feelings and habits of the age to which the clear and admirable style in which they are severally set forth, cannot fail to render them deeply interesting.

We could not add to the cogency with which, in her address to the reader, the author urges her arguments for the early instilling of a reverence for the Sabbath, and its important duties; her positions are undeniable; the language in which they are advanced is as simple and impressive as her benevolent motives are praiseworthy and pure. We would earnestly press upon the heads of families and schools the necessity of proposing, in every most attractive form, to the minds of the young, those vital truths to which, from his birth, man seems to be averse. But this enmity can be overcome by wise and salutary discipline in his tender years; when religion may and should be taught him, not as a disagreeable task, but a desirable enjoyment. This is the object which the author of the Sunday Library is studious to effect, and in which we sincerely trust she may succeed as she deserves.

It may be right to add, that this volume, the precursor, we hope, of many as excellent, is brought out in the best style of printing and binding at a most reasonable price.

An Analysis of Butler's Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed. By the Rev. Richard Hobart, A.M. T.C.D. Dublin: Curry and Co. and Simpkin and Marshall, London. 1834.

This little book will be found, we have no doubt, very useful in the place which it is intended to occupy, or, as it is modestly expressed in the preface, "where the abstruseness of the original work might render it less efficient, or even, in some degree, prevent its perusal." But we are inclined to go farther and say, notwithstanding the many weighty objections we have heard urged against it, that books of this description will be found of no slight advantage, even to students of higher pretensions than those who merely wish to obtain a competent knowledge of their author, to pass an examination or to take a degree. To the latter class of persons, who are for the most part either unable or too idle to extract or arrange the pith of an author for themselves, a complete and clearly condensed analysis like the present is not merely useful but of primary importance. But to students of a higher order, we also think, books of this class may oftentimes be useful. No two minds receive the same impressions from the same author; passages which hardly strike one reader at all, will be observed and made use of by another, to paint the exact shade of the author's opinion. Remarks, analogies, and comparisons will be made by one, which will entirely escape the other; consequently a book of this sort, when written like the present, by one who has a deep, accurate, and philosophical knowledge of his author, will be found by the class of readers we allude to, highly useful, not as superseding the necessity of his own labour in reading and re-reading the author himself, but as supplying him with an arrangement of the same subject by another mind equally intent, with his own, on acquiring an intimate acquaintance with the same work.

We are not aware that there is any book of its kind so difficult to be properly analysed as Bishop Butler's Analogy. A book of such deep erudition—such accurate reasoning—so many various allusions to different systems of ethics, cannot be analysed by any mere cursory reader. It is a book, indeed, whose author and itself are equally raised above our humble commendation. To the analysis of such an author no slight talents are requisite; and to his task Mr. Hobart has brought those of no mean order; if to this be added long attention to, and intimate knowledge of, the course of which the analogy forms a part, we shall by no means have ex-

hausted the pretensions of Mr. Hobart to undertake the labour. We can safely recommend it as by far the best analysis we have seen. The neat manner in which it is brought out, the clearness of the type, and excellence of the paper, are highly creditable to the publishers, and afford a good specimen of what may now be done in Dublin in that line.

The Poems of William Drummond, of Hawthornden, with Life, by Peter Cunningham. London: Cochrane and M'Crone, 1833.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon that species of literary exertion, becoming so common at present, which is devoted to what may be called the restoring of the best models of the ancient poetical school. The "furor" to which we have of late years been indebted for some of the most splendid productions of

the muse, has cooled considerably, and the attention is easily directed to the achievements of our earlier bards, from the somewhat languid effusions of our own times. This opening, as it were, of a new and valuable mine, may, we trust, be attended with all the success which its most eager advocates could anticipate; treasures are being daily brought to light, of which the present age scarce knew the existence; and the language of poetry promises to be at once improved and enriched by the exquisite and expressive phraseology of the olden time, which the bad taste of succeeding generations despised as being old fashioned, and consigned to disuse. To Mr. Cunningham, and all who, like him, bring their taste and ability to bear upon similar tasks, we would apply, with sincerity, the no trivial commendation of a master in the art.

"Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet atque
Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
Quæ, priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis
Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas."

Horat. Ep. ii. 2.

The volume before us contains a most interesting biography of Drummond, to which our limits will not permit us to allude further than to say, that it is replete with valuable literary information, and forms an indispensable addition to the general contents of the work.

"The Wandering Muses, or the River of Forth feasting," is the most exquisitely wrought panegyric which it was ever the good fortune of a prince to receive. The sonnets are deservedly classed among the best specimens, either ancient or modern. They abound in classical allusions, and though they savour a good deal of the Italian model—Petrarch and Marino, and their French imitator, Bellai, having been among Drummond's guides, in most instances—still the very quaintness of his imitations has its attractions. On the whole, this is a volume which should find its way into the library of every one who has any pretensions to literature, and any anxiety to form a correct poetical taste. We should be glad to find the talent of Mr. Cunningham exercised similarly upon as interesting and important a subject.

Literary Souvenir. By A. A. Watts. London, 1834.

We know not why this elegant volume has so great a power over our feelings; but such is the case: and yet no cause for wonder. Unassuming in its "coat of

forest green," it relies on *internal* strength and beauty, and seeks to take the public eye, less by a passing gaudiness of livery than by elegance of style, superiority of illustrations, and sweetness of poetry.

Does the "gentle public" need a proof; nay, they shall have it then. The pens of the Howitts are here, and *they* write not to jar upon the senses; the pencils and burins of great men are employed to cater to the eye, while the delicious verses of the editor (Watts) flow in exquisite harmony on the ear; there are some lines of Alaric on the "Sister of Charity," which will chime in our memory for many a day. Mrs. Abdy has contributed some gems, and as a *coup de grace* upon our Irish friends, there are two tales founded on incidents in this country, partaking strongly of the spirit of their writers. The tale which has seized most strongly on our fancy is the "Eventful Passages in an Unhappy Life," of the deepest interest: but if we dwell on each article as it deserves, we shall not be published these six months, for each time we open the volume, a new turn in the tale, a fresh beauty in the illustrations, seizes our attention, and instead of quietly penning this slight token of our approbation, we shall continue to ponder over the fascinating pages of this best of Annuals, forgetful of duty and every thing, save our present delight.

Original Songs by Robert Gilfillan. Edinburgh: John Anderson; Whittaker and Treacher, London; James Burnet, Leith.

There is not a more exquisite collection of poetical gems to be met with, than the contents of this delightful volume. The modest and gifted author declines competition with those whom he conceives to be the unrivalled of his own native land—Burns, Tannahill, and Macneill, and others, still living, whose names we are left to divine. For quantity, Gilfillan may not have overtaken them yet—for the quality of the pieces which he has already composed, we place him second to none. That simplicity, which is justly ranked akin to the sublime, and which so eminently characterises the effusions of the Scottish bards, is as easily traceable in the poems before us, as in those of his better known, and, therefore, more talked of, competitors. But Gilfillan is not a poet of mere ephemeral repute; his fame is extending widely and deservedly, and

must eventually secure him a niche among the illustrious of his country. His productions are remarkable for great depth of feeling, a happy turn of thought, and highly musical expression. His *forte* is the tender; nothing can exceed his easy development and illustration of the passions and affections.

We cannot help extracting one of his poems, selected at random, so if it is not a favourite of his own, he must not be angry. The fact is, we are too enthusiastic about the whole, to be particular in proving the justice of what we have observed by bringing forward any precise portion of it. Our judgment of Gilfillan's claims upon the feeling and admiration of the public is not founded upon a single song or poem in his collection. We have passed some delightful hours over the book itself, between reading and musing, and as every succeeding ballad confirmed our first impressions, any one of them will prove that they are correct.

BALLAD.

O TELL me, gin thou wert a king, what pleasure would be thine?
Wouldst thou for pearls explore the deep, for diamonds search the mine?
To sparkle on thy silken robes, or glitter on thy crown,
With lords and ladies worshipping thy glory and renown!

O tell me, gin thou wert a king, what pleasure would be thine?
Would sumptuous banquets be thy fare, thy drink the ruby wine?
With ladies fair to sing to thee the minstrel's sweetest lay,
And lords to laugh at ilka word that thou wert pleased to say.

O tell me, gin thou wert a king, what pleasure would be thine?
Wouldst thou for feats of chivalry or deeds of valour shine?
Or follow at the gallant chase, or lead the glorious war,
Returning with the laurelled brow, and breast with honour's star?

O tell me, gin thou wert a king, what pleasure would be thine?
Wouldst thou pursue the road to fame, and woo the fickle Nine?
Have earth to laud thy heaven-born strains, and praise the 'witching theme?
Enjoy the dream of poesy?—it is a pleasing dream!

O tell me, gin thou wert a king, what pleasure would be thine?
Wouldst thou cause genius cease to mourn, an' poorth cease to pine?
Bring halcyon days to all thy land, such as the poets sing?
What pleasure would be thine, O! tell, gin thou wert made a king?

O gin I were a king, I'll tell the pleasure mine should be:
I'd have nor wealth, nor fame, nor power, nor cruel tyranny;
Nor lords nor ladies gay should wait upon me or my crown,
Save ane, whase bonnie smiling face would gar them a' look down!

Without a crown, this bonnie lass would mak a king o' me;
And, had I ane, this bonnie lass my lovely queen should be:
The pearl might sleep in ocean's bed, the diamond in the mine,
A fairer jewel I would hae in bonnie Maladine!

The Sacred Annual, being the Messiah, a Poem in Six Books, by Robert Montgomery, fourth edition. London: John Turrill, 1834.

We are not among the number of those who set their faces obstinately against Mr. Montgomery and his effusions; and this we shall prove, we trust, when we come to consider his last poem, "Woman," a subject of no ordinary difficulty to treat of in the abstract, and to which Mr. Montgomery has done unhopd for justice. Neither is it our intention at present to discuss the merits of the poem before us; it has been criticised over and over again before our pages saw the light; but of the shape in which it now appears, as an Annual for 1834, we shall say a few words.

We have no hesitation in asserting, that of all the difficulties which the mind and the pencil of the painter have to encounter, there is not one of such great importance as the illustration of a work which has the sacred things of the invisible world for its subject. We would go so far as to say that there is almost as much conception required in the painter as the poet, and that the lofty visions of the latter *must* lose their effect if they should be presented to the reader's eye upon a canvass which the bad taste and worse execution of the former has invested with an air of the ludicrous and absurd.

So far as the external decorations of the "Sacred Annual" are concerned, we have no material objection to make; in an age when competition in the externals of such productions has arrived at its maximum, a raging fever, there is no use in rebuking the rival of "the watered silk" for his extravagant employ of stamped velvet—so let us open at once, and see how it is embellished within.

What a gorgeous glitter of gold, indigo, and—brick-dust or tooth-powder—we cannot pronounce whether of the twain; but of one, if not both, there is an awful sprinkling upon these awfully bad designs.

"The Temptation," by Martin, it is impossible to speak of in any positive terms. We are among the most enthusiastic admirers of this wonderful artist; but daubed as the plate before us has been, we must be silent as to the probabilities even of its merits. It is followed by "An illuminated Missal Title," which, if its central head were copied from A. Carracci ten times over, it would not atone for the contemptible taste which has brought the whole title, by its ridiculous ornaments, to the level of a Christmas sheet for a school boy's copy.

"Eve's First Born" is literally disgusting. "The Atheist viewing the Dead Body of his Wife," would certainly require some such hint as the painter gave the admirers of his "farm yard" by marking the various animals it contained, "This is a sheep," &c., so ought we to have been informed that the gentleman looking pleased in the black pantaloons, with a spherical angle of the "eternal blue" behind him, is an Atheist, and that the yellow figure, whose outline describes such a graceful curve on the couch, is neither more nor less than his "dead wife." But we will not tire the reader by discussing the rest of these gaudy, indeed, but most indifferent plates. There is nothing so much calculated to bring religion into contempt, as to make the coarse and extravagant designs of an ignorant and self-sufficient taste the vehicles of what is sacred, and consequently sublime. If Mr. Montgomery intends to continue his "Sacred Annual," we would recommend him to employ those artists, and to adopt that style which has secured for his competitors such unbounded success. Let him, in the name of all that is reverend, abjure henceforth, as an accompaniment to his letter-press, such sign-painting as would disgrace the Angel Inn, or would raise the choler of a publican who ordered a bran-new St. Patrick for the patron saint of his popular pot-house.

Adam's Roman Antiquities, with numerous Notes and Indices, by James Boyd, I.L.D. illustrated by engravings on wood and steel.—Glasgow: Blackie and Son. 1834.

We consider this one of the most valuable books which the classical scholar could meet with. It would be idle at this time to comment upon the merits of the original work, but we may bestow the unqualified praise which it merits on the edition before us, enriched as it has been by excellent notes and some very beautiful illustrations. A considerable improvement has been effected by Mr. Boyd, in placing the references at the bottom of the pages, which in the old edition caused, from their frequency, an unpleasant interruption to the text; his own notes are similarly placed, and are neatly printed in a small but clear type. They are full of interesting and important matter, and explain more fully and satisfactorily, in many instances, what had been too briefly discussed in the original work.

The engravings are a most useful addition to the volume; they are admirably executed, and convey at once to the mind of the student the objects which they are

intended to illustrate, and to which mere verbal description could not do the requisite justice. On steel we have a plan of ancient Rome, the "di majores" and "minores," "the procession of a triumph," &c. and on wood the most approved cuts of every thing connected with the ceremonies, religious and warlike, and the domestic economy of the ancient Romans, copied, as the editor states, from works of the highest authority, Montfaucon's *Antiquite Expliquée*, Sir William Gell's *Pompeii*, &c. On the whole, we have seldom seen a re-edited work which could confer such credit upon the gentleman who took upon him the laudable task of enlarging his able original, and at the same time ensuring the circulation of this indispensable addition to a classical library, by reducing its price to nearly one-half of what it has hitherto sold for. We sincerely wish Mr. Boyd all the patronage and support which he so eminently deserves.

Consolation in Affliction, by the Editor of the *Sacred Harp*, &c. Dublin: Wakeman, 1833.

The prodigious circulation (nearly 40,000) of the works already edited by the gentleman who presents this little volume to the public, affords a better and stronger assurance to our readers that their intrinsic merit was very great, than pages of well paid eulogium and panegyric. Of the volume immediately before us, we profess to think more highly, if possible, than of its predecessors. It is not by originality that it has thus won

upon us, for as a *collection* it is rather the perfect keeping in the whole strain of matter, the fresh body of good writing, sound sense, and true religion here brought forward, which has bound our fancy, and forced upon us the conviction that the hordes of master authors have been searched not in vain, nor by an ignorant and unchristian eye. The works of numerous first-rate writers have been ransacked to furnish forth this excellent little volume. Montgomery, Wolfe, Milman, Mrs. Hemans, Bishops Mant and Kenn, have been pressed into the service; in their several contributions affording to the afflicted that which may, indeed, be called "consolation." But this is not by the unmeaning phrases of fashion, or the heartless and worldly condolence of worldly friends, it is that consolation, which by shewing peace, where peace may be had, exalts and raises the thoughts to high and holy sources of happiness, and diffuses a calm resignation over the mind.

We cannot let this exquisite little work pass us, without adverting to the superiority of the typography—as a specimen of printing, it is beautiful, but how much is its value enhanced when we find that it has been brought out in an Irish Press? it rivals any thing of the sort that has been produced by the printers of the sister kingdoms. It really is pleasant to see such a style of *getting up*, creditable alike to the publisher, and the Dublin printing-offices.

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DUBLIN:
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY,
SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, LONDON.
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributions, advertisements, and books for Review, may be left with Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-Court, London, who forward a parcel to our Publishers weekly.

G. N. has been received; we shall be happy to avail ourselves of his favours in future. R. D. C. shall appear next month.

The Translations from Alfieri are accepted with many thanks.

A note lies at our publishers for the author of the Harp of Temora.

'John Forster' has been received, and is under consideration; also the paper by H. C.

The Letter of W. as involving the opinions of a cotemporary Periodical with which we cannot interfere, we feel obliged to decline.

G. C. shall appear next month; we hope to hear from him regularly.

J. H. is under consideration.

Heroic Elegies, No. II. shall appear in our next.

We shall be happy to hear soon again from the author of the Lines to Brenda in our present number.

The Sub's Room has been received.

Lambert Simnel, and the second paper by the same writer, we accept with many thanks.

Our numerous poetical contributors may depend on a strict and impartial attention to their several favours, of which we shall avail ourselves from time, to time, as opportunity may admit.

'The Evening Wind,' and 'The Olden Time,' are accepted with thanks, we shall be glad to hear from the authors at all times.

In future, those contributions of which we cannot avail ourselves for the pages of the Magazine, shall be left at our Publisher's on the first of every month.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XIV.

FEBRUARY, 1834.

Vol. III.

THE GODS OF ANCIENT GREECE.

TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

When yet, ye fabled inmates of the sky,
Your power was by a happy world confessed ;
And when, as with the silken chords of joy,
Ye led a race of men supremely blest ;
When from your altars shone a light divine,
Oh ! every thing is changed since then, when they
Their votive chaplets offered at thy shrine,
Venus Amathusia.

When fondly, Truth's too naked form to hide,
Her veil did Poetry around her fling,
Throughout creation, life's full-flowing tide
Imparted sense to every senseless thing ;
When man, enamoured of fair Nature, thought
To clothe her features with a nobler grace,
And, in his consecrating visions sought
Beneath each form a God to trace ;

Where, by the calculating sage we're told
A ball of fire revolves unconsciously,
Phœbus Apollo then his chariot roll'd
From east to west in silent majesty ;
Some Oread made each mountain her abode,
Some Dryad in each falling tree was slain,
And from the urn of lovely Naiad flow'd
Each silver-foaming stream along the plain.

Vol. III.

P

That laurel once a refuge Daphne found,
 In silent stone doth Niobe still sleep,
 The sighs of Syrinx from yon reed-bed sound,
 And in the grove doth Philomela weep :
 In yonder brook did bitter tear-drops fall,
 When Ceres for her hapless daughter cried;
 From yonder hill did Venus sadly call,
 And call in vain, when fair Adonis died ;

The Host of Heaven, on clouds descending, came
 To mingle with Deucalion's sons of old,
 And Pyrrha's lovely daughters felt the flame
 That drew Hyperion to the shepherd's fold ;
 For men and gods and demigods were then
 On earth united by love's gentle band,
 And heavenly gods and demigods and men
 Adored one Goddess on Cythera's strand.

Before the altar of the Graces bowing,
 Knelt then the consecrated Priestess there,
 Her life unto their gentle service vowing,
 To Venus whispering the secret prayer.
 The godlike crowds that worshipped at that shrine
 Were taught her ministry to reverence,
 And guard that mystic zone, whose charm divine
 Even o'er Jove had shed its influence.

Celestial and eternal was the fire
 That in the burning words of Pindar shone,
 That gently streamed from soft Arion's lyre
 That Phidias kindled into forms of stone ;
 Stamps of a purer, nobler majesty
 The power of the mighty past declare ;
 The Gods, when they descended from the sky
 To earth, found heaven again reflected there.

The gifts they gave then more abundant were,
 And nature's bounty richer then than now ;
 O'er fields of flowers blooming then more fair ;
 The light winged Iris spread a gaudier bow—
 The dew drops of the morning then were brighter,
 That from Aurora's rosy garment hung,
 And the lyre's chords then sounded fuller, lighter,
 When by the shepherd god that lyre was strung.

Gloomy devotion, and restraint unblest'd,
 Were from their ever happy service driven ;
 The pulse of joy beat warmly in each breast,
 When joy was one of the high host of heaven—
 The beautiful and holy were the same,
 False modesty did ne'er their joys restrain ;
 The Muses blushing us'd to fan the flame,
 The Graces in their chambers gently reign.

Your temples then like courts of kings did rise,
The sacred games were held to honour you,
Where Isthmus, rich in glory, dealt the prize
And o'er the plain the rival chariots flew :
Your altars then were gloriously attended,
When happy youths and maidens danced around them,
A sweeter sleep upon your brows descended
When the victorious wreaths of laurel bound them.

Evêc Bacchus ! hark ! they wildly sing ;
And shake their thyrsi to the joyous measure ;
The spotted panthers with his chariot spring,
Bacchantes dance around the god of pleasure.
The rustic faun and satyr wild are there,
And in the luscious dance their arms entwine ;
The ruddy features of the god declare
The mirth-inspiring virtues of the vine.

Then did there pass before the bed of death
No ghastly forms of terror and affright ;
A Kiss absorbed the last expiring breath,
A Genius plunged his torch in endless night ;
In solemn judgment then upon the dead
One that descended from a mortal sate ;
The feeling notes that Thracian Orpheus play'd
Had even power to check the hand of Fate.

Then happy friends again were wont to rove
Together o'er Elysium's flowery meads,
There did the lover find again his love,
The Olympic victor urged again his steeds,
Linus resumed his soul-enrapturing strain,
Alcestis met her lord, secure from harms,
Orestes recognised his friend again,
And Philoctetes found again his arms.

Then by the gods was given a higher prize
To him who won in virtue's arduous race ;
And those who nobly lived, were called to rise
O'er death victorious, to a nobler place—
The gods did honour unto him who tried
Boldly to win the dead to life again ;
The heavenly twins shone brightly forth to guide
The mortal wanderer o'er the trackless main.

Fair world where art thou ? Turn, ah ! turn again
Ye blooming forms that gladdened Nature's face ;
In fairy dreams of poetry remain
Alone, those airy visions golden trace ;
The fields lament, their spring of life is gone,
Each rural deity I seek in vain ;
Ah ! of those living images alone
The empty, lifeless shadows, now remain.

Weep for those lovely flowers, the wintry blast
Has breathed upon them, and they all are dead ;
The glorious host of ancient Gods has passed,
In one, engrossing all, concentrated ;
I sadly gaze upon the starry sky,
Selene, there I look in vain for thee ;
Among the woods, upon the waves I cry,
But only empty Echo answers me.

Nature, unconscious of the joy she yields,
Sees not her own surpassing excellence,
Knows not the mighty weapons that she wields,
Feels not the fervour of my grateful sense.
No longer glories in her Maker's honour ;
For, like a Minster-bell's unvaried tone,
The heavy hand of human power is on her,
And Nature's great Divinity is gone.

Earth, in a self-wrought tomb, now nightly lies,
And, self-created, rises with the morn ;
The moon renews her beauty in the skies,
A cold material system to adorn ;
The ruling powers whom they no longer need,
Into the ideal land of song are flown,
And nature, from their gentle influence freed,
Is left to walk unguided and alone.

Yes, they are gone ! the Beautiful is banished
With them, the Noble followed in their train,
The colours and the tone of life have vanished,
The lifeless letter only doth remain,
By the stream of Time no longer borne along,
Apart, o'er Pindus' mystic height, they fly.
Alas ! that all, who in immortal song
Would live—upon the earth are doomed to die !

C.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH LONDON AND WESTMINSTER.

INTRODUCTION.

"You would think differently if you had lived in London," said the apothecary. Now, it was too bad to be twitted thus by one who would never have been in London himself but for the necessity of getting a certificate to enable him to bray drugs in a mortar, lawfully. I am not sure but I would have told him so, had he staid to hear me; for not being particularly well satisfied with my own share of the argument, I was willing to take revenge by a personal fling at my antagonist; but when I looked up, I perceived he had taken his hat, and was escaping through the door.

How quick are the changes in the mind of one who acknowledges the impulses of sensibility. Had the apothecary remained for tea, as was his wont, I should have battled it out with him the whole evening, and have hardly suffered myself to be persuaded I was in the wrong; but no sooner did I behold him going off tealess, than every thing blunt and opinionative that I had uttered, rose up in memory before me, and but for shame's sake I would have called him back and asked his pardon. And what should shame have to do in the business? said I; it would be more reasonable to be ashamed of omitting to make what we felt to be a courteous reparation; or (to state the matter without comparison, for in fact there is no comparison in the two cases, but rather contrast), to make amends would be reasonable, and not to do so is unreasonable and inhuman. But by the time I had got to the end of this reflection, the apothecary was beyond hearing, and the thing was impossible.

It is ever thus—the suggestions of the devil are acted upon promptly, but good thoughts are slow of ripening into action, and many, very many of the fairest blossoms fall to the ground without producing any fruit at all. I made a note of this in my tablets, and perhaps at some convenient season

may enlarge upon it in a separate chapter.

But how did the apothecary happen to have judged better in the matter debated than I did? Because he had more experience "Had you lived in London you would think differently." And why should I not live there for a time? I had asked myself the very same question a hundred and twenty times before, and never obtained a satisfactory nor even a decisive answer. I now pressed for a reply harder than ever, and my sister and housekeeper, Martha, coming in to make the tea at the very nick of time, I determined to avail myself of her assistance to push for a final decision upon this important question.

"Do you not think, Martha," said I, "that considering I have now attained to as much discretion as years are likely to bring me—(the truth is, I was forty-three the day before; but Martha being ten years my senior, I never liked to be too particular in arithmetical computation of my age in discourse with her,)—do you not think that as travelling is so easy now-a-days, I ought to go and see London?"

"Indeed I think no such thing," she replied.

This brought me nearer to an answer from myself than I had ever been before; had she said yes, or expressed a doubt upon the subject, the necessity for weighing her opinion with reasons on the other side, would have left me as dubious as ever; but this plump denial of the reasonableness of what I had suggested, summoned up a corresponding strength of opposition. "I do not know *why* you should not think so," I rejoined, "and I am sorry you are so decided upon the point; for," continued I, taking courage, and speaking louder as I proceeded, "I believe I *shall* go."

"What *can* have put into your head, brother?" said she.

"The apothecary," I replied.

"Doctor Dosem, do you mean?"

"Even so."

Now, it so happened, that of all men in the village, the apothecary was for various reasons, the one most held in regard by my sister Martha, and this I knew. I might have been popping away with the small arms of argument until bed-time, and it would have been of no use, but the authority of the apothecary was a broadside not to be resisted.

"If Doctor Dosem thinks it necessary for your health," said she, "that is another matter; though, for my part, I doubt very much that you will get better advice than his, even in London."

"It is not my body's health that is in question, Martha; it was with regard to my mind that the apothecary—I beg pardon, I mean Doctor Dosem—suggested or hinted, for he did not directly advise it, that I would be better if I went to London for a little time."

"Well!" said my sister, and there she paused; for as the affair stood, she had nothing more to say.

It occurred to me immediately that then or never was the time for accomplishing my often ruminated visit to the great city. I felt my courage up for the undertaking, and knew how likely it was to suffer a relapse into my habitual indolence. Martha was struck of a heap, but I knew that she would recover by the morning, and would probably win over the very apothecary whose authority I pleaded, to her side. I therefore resolved to start forward at once.

"The Liverpool coach," said I, "passes through at two in the morning; it will be at Birmingham at seven, and at London to tea in the evening, before six o'clock. To-morrow, by this time, I shall be able to compare the London method of making tea with yours, Martha."

"Gracious! you don't mean to go by the mail coach," said she.

"Indeed I do, Martha; and you always have my wardrobe and every thing so well arranged, that I am sure there will be no difficulty in it."

"And to be in London, a hundred and fifty miles away, to-morrow evening, did you say?"

"So saith the coach bill," said I; "and I doubt not it may be depended upon."

Again Martha had no more to say. What fine things are determination and promptitude, thought I, as I thrust my hands into my breeches pockets. These were the qualities that made Napoleon Bonaparte the great man he was. I strode round the room in an active reverie for ten minutes, and did not recollect until I had pulled my hands out of my pockets, that Napoleon was beaten at Waterloo, and died of discontent at Saint Helena.

A note was written to the apothecary, acquainting him with my determination to judge like himself, by experience, and requesting him to see Martha as often as he could, in a neighbourly way, during my absence. A trunk was packed with my best suit of black, and my dozen shirts of white. I had been in bed four hours, was up again, and at the ale-house where the coach stopped before two, in a foggy morning, with the moonbeams faintly struggling through.

THE STAGE COACH.

This introduction seems likely to be of longer duration than I intended; but we shall come to London at last, you may depend upon it, though I doubt very much that we shall get there as quickly as the coach did, for I love to linger by the way, and say something in a friendly tête-à-tête manner about passing occurrences, and the reflections that arise from them. I never could see the great advantage which most of the moderns pretend to discover in the hurry-scurry post-haste method of getting through the world, that for some years past has been in fashion. If one is running away to Gretna Green, or from a highway man, it is all very well; but in general, it is but an ill compliment to the world to say, that to pass from one place of note to another, so quickly as not to be able to see with the slightest leisure or accuracy any thing of what lies between, is the most judicious plan. It is injurious to habits of observation and contemplation, and the consequence is, that not one in a thousand will now be found with habits of simplicity and thoughtfulness. There is a "hey presto" fashion ever in men's minds, and they whisk about in active mediocrity. The heights and the depths of thought and feeling are unvisited.

We go entirely upon the mercantile principle in all things, whereas the mercantile principle is fitted only for affairs of merchandize. Rapidity—quick returns—often turned capital, are all very well as applied to goods, whether in bales, barrels, or crates; but with men, *festina lente* is the best motto. I do not know that, even in merchandize, so much is gained by the new method of rapidity. Certain it is that there is much more bustle and labour than there used to be; but I do not find that people are better circumstanced, or happier, or have more good things to enjoy than they used to have.

I mean all this, which, for anything I know to the contrary, is abstractedly sage, to apply particularly to the circumstance of dragging me out in the middle of a cold foggy night, or at two in the morning, which amounts to the same thing, in order to hurry off for London, as if life or death depended upon getting there at the rate of nine miles an hour. I remember when the same coach came in at nine in the morning, and gave ample time, not only for breakfast, but to see the beauties of the village, if any one was so minded; but now one sees nothing but what is in the coach.

And not even that always, thought I to myself, as the landlord opened the door of the vehicular convenience, to see if any one wanted refreshment, and I looked in to see if there was a vacant place. I could see nothing but a red night-cap.

I asked the coachman to throw some light upon the matter. He, after some delay in getting at the use of his mouth, which was bound up in several cotton shawls, informed me there was one vacant place; whereupon I ventured in, and after groping among some legs and knees, found my corner, with the flaming red night-cap opposite me. The door was shut—there was a slight clatter of chains and buckles—a heavy slow tramp of the ostlers—a couple of lanterns flitting about in the fog. Then the word was given, "All right," and away we dashed through the gloom, at the rate of nine miles an hour. I felt that I was now fairly on the road to London, and occupied myself with anticipation, while my fellow-travellers occupied themselves with sleep.

The man in the red night-cap had a

heavy apopleptic sort of a snore, that troubled me, and interrupted the tranquil current of my thoughts. I began to think that it was the sign of a gross and stupid mind, to sleep so heavily in a stage coach, and that to sleep at all said but little for the polite habits of strangers thrown into one another's company for the first time. By degrees I became actually oppressed and annoyed by the contiguity of these three sluggards—the windows were up, to keep out the cold fog, and the air inside the coach felt thick with sleepiness—that is, with the sleepiness of others, for I was particularly and painfully awake myself, all but my right leg and foot, which, from the particular position in which I was placed, had fallen "asleep," as the phrase is. I felt a very great inclination to awake my foot and my fellow passengers, by kicking the skins of the latter, with the toe of the former. This feeling was gaining upon me, and a heavy pig-like snort from the man in the red night-cap, ending in a sigh like that of a seal or phoca, caught sleeping under the dripping rocks, roused my exasperation to its height. I had begun to extricate my foot, *quo animo* the reader may judge, when the coach stopped to change horses again, and the current of events was changed.

It is more than probable you are aware, good reader, that if, when you are sound asleep in your bed, four horses were yoked to it, and you were hurried off at the rate of a hunt, even over your own smooth shaven lawn before your door, you would be apt to awake; but it is just possible you may not have had occasion to observe, that if rolling along at the rate of nine miles an hour, you have fallen asleep, the ceasing to move on causes you to awake. Nevertheless, this is true, I assure you, upon the word of a traveller; and you may try the experiment the first convenient opportunity.

My travelling companions awoke—the man in the red night-cap the last; and, after adjusting their legs and shoulders, were proceeding to fall asleep again, when something like a bustle was heard outside the door.

"It is very unlucky," uttered a soft female voice, "for I must go to London. Coachman, if you cannot take me inside, I must go outside."

"Indeed you had better not, Miss

Louisa," returned another voice, not so *affecting* as that of the first speaker, but still kind—"it will be enough to give you your death."

"But you know I must go," returned the first voice, "as it is, I may be too late to see my poor aunt——" alive, I suppose she would have said, but she could not get out the word.

"Very sorry, ma'am," said the coachman, "I'm full inside; howsomever there's one of the gentlemen as stops next stage, and I'll ask him if he wouldn't 'commode' you by sitting outside for the ten mile."

The door opened. I hoped and feared it was the man in the red night-cap. Hoped it, because how pleasant would have been the exchange of his knees and nose, for that soft, clear-voiced lady: feared it, because it was so likely he would not stir from his seat, except upon compulsion or the ending of his journey. But he was not the man—it was a slight, tall gentleman, with something black about his mouth, which I afterwards discovered to be moustaches, that the footman addressed on behalf of the lady. At first my gentleman affected not to understand what was said to him—when the request was repeated, he declared, in a very deliberate manner, that the coachman must be out of his mind, to propose to him anything so preposterous.

"No concern of mine, Sir, at all," said the coachman, "I only took the liberty of hasking, 'cause you hadn't far to go, and this here lady seems to have something 'ticlar on her mind to go on, and looks rather delicate for an outside passenger."

"I regret there is not accommodation for the lady," replied the gentleman, "but to propose to me to go outside your coach in the night, and in this damp fog, seems to me one of the most extraordinary things I ever heard of: you must have been drinking, Sir, or you would never have dreamed of it: are you sure you have not taken any spirits during the night?"

The large man in the red night-cap seemed greatly amused at this address, delivered in a thin voice, and in the sternest possible manner, to the big bluff coachman. He laughed, not aloud, but in a sort of inward chuckle, which shook his body and his huge legs, and the motion was communicated

to the coach and the four horses, and I verily believe to the earth all around, so that the whole neighbourhood seemed to laugh at the tall young man in the corner of the coach.

But it was no laughing matter to the lady; so as I had heard the whole affair, I got out, and requested her to take my seat. I saw by the lantern light, that her face was no less pleasing than her voice; but what was that to me? Believe me that the pleasantest voice never sounds so pleasantly as when it returns you thanks for having done a kindness.

The outside seat was not of itself comfortable, for the fog was turning into drops of cold rain, and it was that coldest period of the twenty-four hours particularly noticed in Lucian's dialogue of the Cock and the Cocker. Nevertheless, I did not envy the tall young gentleman inside, his seat in the corner.

But then I knew that I was to have his place at the end of the stage, and the gratitude as well as the company of the lady.

What share have the good looks of that same lady, and her soft distinct tones of voice, in this affair of self-satisfaction? suggested the inward monitor.

I answered myself thus—that were to inquire too curiously. I am forty-three, and it is hard if one may not take the best comfort one can on the outside of a coach on a cold dripping morning, in one's own warm reflections.

So that discussion soon came to an end, as did the ten mile stage, in due time, and I obtained my inside seat beside the lady, who renewed her thanks in a way that shewed her former expressions were not those of mere ceremony.

"I hope you are not damp, Sir," said he of the ruddy worsted head-piece.

I puzzled myself for half an hour, to find out whether it was on his own account, or the lady's, or his left hand neighbour's, or mine, that he made the inquiry; but I could not make out, and gave up the investigation.

Selfishness is so very hateful a thing, that even the hypocrisy that keeps it out of sight is laudable. I care not a pinch of snuff, (and few people care less about snuff than I do,) for these philosophers who tell us that every one, virtuous or vicious, is alike selfish, since they who do good, only do it because

they derive more self-satisfaction from good than from evil. This is running away from common sense, into the difficulties arising from imperfect verbal distinctions. What I mean by selfishness is, the *indulgence* in habits of speech or action which are productive of dissatisfaction, or of no satisfaction to others. You may admit or deny the justness of that description, according to your own opinion, but for the future, when I talk of selfishness, you'll please to understand that this is what I mean, and that it is a vice for which I have no compassion.

The day now began to dawn, and the man in the red nightcap to try to stretch his legs, and to push the cap by degrees upwards from his forehead. At last it fell off, and he put it into the enormous pocket that yawned over his hip. The poking his hand into his pocket apparently put him in mind of something he had there, and he drew forth a bundle in a red handkerchief, which he began cautiously to unroll in his ample lap. Presently there appeared in sight an infinity of thick slices of fat ham, mingled with hunches of bread. He was not five minutes awake till he was deeply engaged in the discussion of these victuals. He looked neither to the right hand nor the left, but deliberately, and with very little noise (for there was no ferocity in the creature) devoured his food. When he had gorged, there still remained a heap of meat and bread, which he rolled up again in his red handkerchief, and thrust into his pocket; and having cleared his throat with a hem! and arranged himself on his seat, he looked about him, and out at the window, with the air of a man who has done something that he feels to be meritorious.

The day passed on, and though a long day, was not an unpleasant one. The lady, though pensive, was pleasing; the gentleman in the diagonally opposite corner, who showed no sign of life until breakfast-time, was afterwards communicative and polite. The man erst of the red night cap ate his ham, and dozed by turns.

CHAPTER I.—LONDON.

What native of the British isles can approach London for the first time without emotion? It is an excitement

of a most pleasing kind, not unmixed with awe, as one approaches the vast emporium of all that is most important and magnificent upon earth. The mighty mass is seen and heard rolling in the obscure distance, as it were the chafing waters of the ocean of life. London—the mighty multitudinous concentration of all that the industry and intellect of the most energetic people in the world can heap together. The home of mighty warriors and renowned statesmen, of the leaders in science and in art—the city whose merchants are princes. London, with its million and a half of human beings in and around it, their daily workings, their toils, their luxuries, their splendour, their wretchedness, and their crimes! One feels that every thing is on a gigantic scale, whether for good or for evil. The latter is indeed dreadful—mighty cities are not favourable to virtue.

From the time we passed Barnet, I experienced the excitement which the consciousness of near approach to the great city so generally occasions. The number of carriages of all sorts coming forth, particularly of public carriages, and a certain town dash about their appointments (the coachmen who drive out of and into London, are quite a more stylish race than their brethren fifty miles from town,) first strike the eye and affect the senses; they seem as it were sparks from the huge moving wheel of human action which we are approaching.

Near and more near we pass the Highgate arch, and are in London. The first thing that attracts us is a collection of buildings in the neatest possible cottage style, surrounding a smooth green and pleasure ground; you ask what place that is, and you are told that there are the alms-houses of the Goldsmiths' Company. Alms-houses! they are not only comfortable but elegant. It is even so; but this is London. It was evening as we drove in, the gas began to blaze by the sides of the long lines of suburban streets, through which you must pass ere you arrive in London proper, and already the pathways seemed crowded with people.

One of the ministers expelled from France along with Charles the Tenth, has lately put forth a book about England, which, amid a great quantity of

flippant impertinence and error, has one or two good things. Of the latter, his description of the impression on entering London is one. "Something," he says, "vague and confused, which one cannot account for—a species of foggy envelope of vast extent, across which you think you can distinguish objects of a conical form; then an imposing mass, which crowns the whole of this vaporous picture, fixes the attention of the stranger—it is London, with its sombre and smoky sky, its numerous steeples, and its majestic St. Paul's."

* * *

But it is a heart-depressing thing to find one's self entering amid this monstrous crowd, with no one among them to shake you by the hand, and say "you are welcome." I felt this when we stopped at a hotel, where all my companions had friends waiting for them. Even the huge feeder and sleeper had his friend waiting for him, who "oped he was arty." It was well for him he had this solace, for he had eaten the last of his ham just as we came in sight of St. Paul's, rising on its shadowy vastness—its head hid in the clouds. But I had no one to say a word to me, and now all was hurry and bustle, with a dozen parties around the coach pulling at every thing. I bethought me of London thieves, and my portmanteau, containing my best black suit, so I hurried forth, forgetting in the coach my umbrella and second best silk handkerchief, neither of which I ever saw again. My portmanteau was quite safe, and I held it firmly in my own hands, though solicited by three men and six boys, to allow them the pleasure of sustaining it for me.

"Do you stop here, Sir?" said the coachman.

"Yes," said I, with a sigh, "I may as well stop here as any where else—is it a good inn?"

"No better beds anywhere, Sir, than at the Peacock; it's a famous house for sleeping."

Then, thought I, our friend of the red night cap ought to have stopped here; but he had gone away with his companion.

I was still standing in the door-way, my portmanteau in my hand, having paid my dues to the coachman, and my adieus to my interesting lady compa-

nion, who was gone off in a hackney coach; when, to my amazement, I saw the coachman jump up on his box again, scarcely any of the outside passengers having got down, and laying his whip upon the horses, away he dashed as though he were commencing a journey.

"Where is he going?" said I to a waiter who stood at the door; "I thought the coach stopped here."

"O Lord! no, Sir," replied the waiter, "he goes into the city."

"What city, my friend?"

I observed that two or three who stood by laughed at this question, which seemed to me to have nothing at all mirthful or ludicrous in it. The waiter, whose business it was not to laugh, did not laugh.

"The city, Sir; London, I mean," he answered.

"And where am I now? What do you call this place?"

"Islington, Sir, this place is called."

"God bless me," said I, "here is a great mistake—Islington—Islington—why I understood we were coming into London, and I saw others alight and go away—ho! this is a very awkward matter—I shall be laughed at—I shall be laughed at: so very simple to be thus left upon the road, and all my own doing too. Islington! why I looked at the map only last Saturday—and such an immense place as this!—pray, how far?"

I was really very much disconcerted, and kept talking on, thinking how very provoking and absurd it was to be thus left behind, I was altogether bewildered, for I remembered perfectly that my fellow-passengers had all talked of going to London, and they had left the coach as well as I.

When I looked at the waiter, in putting my question, I found that even he was not able to keep his countenance; but, although he made very little noise, was laughing till his sides shook again.

"Pray, what is the meaning of this?" said I.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," replied the waiter, "but you've *not* been left behind upon the road, as you suppose; many gentlemen prefer stopping here to going into the city with the coach."

"Yes," said I, "but I left home for the very purpose of seeing London."

"We consider this London, Sir."

"Why, you told me just now it was Islington."

"Islington, Sir, I said; but people reckon it London all the way to Highgate."

"Let me understand you," said I, "is this then a street, or suburb, or district of London?"

"Yes, Sir, I believe that is what it is called."

"Oh! then I *am* in London?" said I.

"I think you may say so," he rejoined,

Devil's in the fellow's evasion, thought I; for I was really beginning to lose my temper. I determined, however, to bring the matter to the proof at once. I had heard a great deal of Hyde-park Corner, and Piccadilly, by lamp light; and I had resolved all day, that that very evening

I would enjoy the sight; so I said to the waiter,

"I want to go to Hyde-park Corner this evening, do you know of any such place?"

"Perfectly well, Sir; no place better known; but it's a long way off."

"How far, pray?" said I.

"I think about five miles and a half, Sir," he replied.

"Pooh! pooh! then I see there is another short stage after all; but there's no use in fretting about it: I'll have a bed here as I am here; and get me some tea."

"Islington!" "Islington!" I muttered to myself, as I walked up stairs; but the repetition of the word made me none the wiser.

The fact was, that I was in London all the while.

BALLAD.

Oh, ask me not to wake that lute,
Whose early strain was one of gladness;
'Twere better far its chords were mute
Than mar thy mirth with notes of sadness!

When last my hand strayed o'er its strings,
Love's gentle tones were lingering there;
But now, the only sound it brings
Is one of anguish and despair!

And tho' I mingle 'mid the throng,
Where pleasure twines her wreaths of flowers;
I cannot sing the same light song
I used to sing in happier hours.

I cannot bid the gloom depart
That casts its shadow o'er me now;
Nor can I hide a breaking heart
Beneath a seeming sunny brow!

Then ask me not to wake that lute
Whose early strain was one of gladness!
'Twere better far its voice were mute
Than mar thy mirth with notes of sadness!

B. H. G.

MY OPINION OF SPORTSMEN.

"He wishes to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field."

The Minstrel.

To be candid with you, gentlemen! (I address myself to the sporting world) there is no character I hold in greater abhorrence than your's. From Nimrod down to Mr. Osbaldistone, I regard the whole hunting, angling, coursing, and shooting family (to use the civillest language I can command) as monsters in human form. Whether they throw the line, or pull the trigger, whether they persecute partridge, slay salmon, or prove their prowess and chivalry on magnanimous hares and mighty foxes, they equally excite my choler and my contempt; and (though there is nothing I so much dislike as Billingsgate phraseology) I denounce them, without scruple, as a pack of dull, dastardly, sanguinary, brutal, and ferocious miscreants. Aye! miscreants; I say miscreants. Why should the Czar Nicholas monopolize that appellation? I take leave to apply it to the gentlemen in scarlet jackets and top-boots, ycleped sportsmen—the agitators of the woods, the disturbers of the peace of hill and valley, Marats to the birds of the air, Dantons to the beasts of the field, and Robespierres to the inhabitants of the lakes, ponds, and rivers.

A sportsman is so called because he

makes a sport of the sufferings of the brute creation. The pleasures of the chase consist in the torture of certain varieties, zoological, ornithological, and ichthyological, of the animal kingdom. It is truly marvellous that entomology has not as yet been put under contribution for the pastime of our squires and country-gentlemen. Domitian is the only sportsman on record who seems to have looked on the insect world in the light of game. We have heard a vast deal of the cruelty of that emperor's favourite amusement of fly-killing. What a monster to hunt down a father-long-legs; what prodigious atrocity to worry the life out of a blue-bottled-fly! Now for the life of me, I can discover no greater humanity in chasing and butchering birds and beasts than in tearing and destroying a moth or a grass-hopper; nor can I see any right whatever that our fox-hunters and grouse-killers have to arraign the Roman autocrat of barbarity. What! is the whole brute creation, quadruped and piped, furred and feathered, to be put beyond the pale of our tender mercies; and are we to have no bowels save for beetles and butterflies?

Down, down with snipe, woodcock, and widgeon,
Perdition seize plover and teal;
Shoot the partridge and murder the pidgeon,
But oh! for the cock-chaffer feel!

Tally-ho! worry reynard to death,
Let the hare too in agony die;
Hunt the doe 'till she yields her last breath,
But for mercy's sake! spare the poor fly!

Your sportsman divide all things that have life into two classes—game and not game. He sees no other distinction in heaven above, earth below, or the waters under the earth; and it depends wholly upon the place which

any given animal occupies in this simple arrangement, whether its rights are to be respected, or whether it is to be tormented and slaughtered with all the mental ingenuity and bodily energy that can be brought to bear upon a

pursuit at once so gentle, so enlightened, and so noble. The moment an unfortunate beast or bird is pronounced game, it becomes consecrated to cruelty—the word heretic was not more fatal in the days of Bonner, or puritan in the time of Laud—the mark of Cain, as it were, is stamped upon it; and any man who writes himself esquire, with a gun in his hand, and a license in his pocket, may torture, mutilate, and destroy it with impunity. With impunity do I say? Nay, the keener his taste for the butcherly occupation, the greater his renown: he grows in fame with every new murder; every hunted hare adds a laurel to his brow; every wounded woodcock claps a feather in his cap; every trout that writhes in mute an-

guish at his feet, contributes to his ruffian celebrity.

In vain his silver plumage pleads for the devoted pheasant—in vain the proverbial timorousness of the hare, stigmatises, with the basest cowardice, the villain who meditates her persecution and ruin—in vain the partridge petitions, as she rises on “whirring wing,” with her tender progeny about her, to be suffered to glean the October stubbles unmolested—all in vain the salmon speculates on a good old age, in the chrystal palaces of his finny forefathers—inexorable and ruthless is the sportsman’s heart—hard his bosom as the nether mill-stone—not even the tear of the spent stag moves him, when—

“ He stands at bay,
And puts his last weak refuge in despair;
The big round tears run down his dappled face,
He groans in anguish.”

But this is digression. I was observing upon how slender a thread hangs the peace and welfare of three-fourths of animated nature: an animal is pronounced game, and forthwith better had it been for it that it had never broken the shell or issued from its mother’s womb. The standard of game is undetermined. It depends upon no zoological or anatomical principles; there is nothing in outward structure, or inward conformation, that makes the difference between what is game and what is not. The sportsman’s caprice is law. Let it be game, says Osbaldistone, or some other Nimrod of reputation, and it is game. Let the rook dwell in the tree-tops in

safety, and live to the age of Priam; but the woodcock and snipe, says the sportsman, I devote to shot and powder: yea, with double-barrelled guns will I pursue them, from thicket to thicket, and mountain to mountain. Thus it is that the lark sings secure in England, while the “chasseurs” of France and Italy rise early and go forth with all their artillery for its destruction. Larks are game to Frenchmen. Who will answer but that lark-shooting, as well as a hundred other fashions of the *Monseigneurs*, may one day be introduced into these realms; and then adieu to the sweetest song of the feathered orchestra! And then shall we wish in vain

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled morn doth arise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at our window bid good-morrow.

Should sportsmen ever adopt the notions of their gallant neighbours, in the particular in question, then, indeed, will “his watch-towers in the skies,” be of infinite moment to the lark of the British isles; and in that sad event we should counsel him rather to build his nest in some thunder cloud, than to return to his native meadows. As to pouring forth his

matin gratulations at poets’ casements, that were a deplorable temerity; for, though the bard may be a-bed within, the fowler would be astrid without; and, though the former is pitiful, (else were he no true son of song,) yet is the latter ruthless: pity dwells not with those who wear the shooting-jacket, and train the pointer: they would spare the lark for its music, as

little as the hare for its weakness, the stag for his majesty, or the trout for his golden coat, glancing in the summersun.

But nature, we are told, impels us to the field. Some men are born to hunt, as others to legislate or to rhyme. Does not the savage pursue the game of his native forests—does he not bend the bow, hurl the javelin, and lay the snare for each bird and beast that soars above his head, or scuds athwart his path? True, but the savage is not a sportsman. Sporting is one of the barbarities of polished life, which the wildest desert that ever Indian roamed, has no parallel amongst its rude usages. Hunting is the business of the savage, not his divertisement. The beasts of the field and fowls of the air are to him necessities, not game. He kills to eat, not for a brutal pastime; and he kills the readiest and quickest way. Hunger stimulates him, not sport; he hunts that he may dine, not merely to acquire an appetite for dinner. Compare him in this respect with the top-booted squire, and which is the barbarian? To obey the fundamental canon of nature, and when we hunger to put forth our hands and use the various viands that Providence has spread before us on the great table of the world, this is not

barbarism either in Britain or Otaheite; but to hunt, harass, worry, tear, lacerate, and mangle the inoffensive and unresisting tenants of the woods or waters, which were subjected to our rational dominion, not to our brutal tyranny, this is atrocity without justification; the vocabulary of invective does not supply us with language adequate to express our abhorrence of enormity so black and so revolting. We must cease to be men before we can become fox-hunters. The ancients intended, no doubt, in the story of Actæon, to shadow forth the crime, and the just punishment of those pests of the animal creation called sportsmen; and what particularly disposes me to this opinion is the circumstance of *Bœotia* (the land of block-heads) being assigned as the country of his birth. It is evident from this, that Actæon was designed to be a type of huntsmen in all future ages. Alas! that the fate of the ancestor has not always descended to his posterity with his genius! I never saw a band of these heroes of the hound and horn issuing forth at day-break, with all "the pomp and circumstance" of sylvan warfare, breathing destruction to foxes, or meditating the circumvention and slaughter of a poor hare, but I recollected the description of Ovid:

"Undique circumstant; mersisque in corpore rostris
Dilacerant falsi dominum sub imagine cervi,"

and wished it realized in the persons of every individual in the field.

What! have we not legs to carry us, horses to mount, carriages to draw us? Can we not walk, ride, leap, swim, dance, play at bowls, cricket, ball, leap-frog, and a hundred other athletic games, to exercise our limbs, elevate our spirits, and string our sinews? Have we not Monsieur Huguenin to

boot, with all the theory and practice of gymnastics? Is it necessary to put our fellow-creatures to torture, either for our health or our amusement? Can we not be active and muscular, unless hares are worried? Can we not be cheerful and merry, unless the fox is torn to pieces first? Must we needs be melancholy, moping, pusillanimous beings, as long as

"In lone Glenartney's hazel shade,"

the stag is roused from his lair by the morning breezes instead of the "heavy bay" of the "deep-mouthed blood-hound?" To hearken to some people, one would suppose that the huntsman is the most important character in the nation. The dog-kennel is the only school. We should, beyond controversy, become a province of France, or a dependency of Belgium, within a twelvemonth after the disuse of our scarlet frocks, and the disbanding of

our harriers and beagles. The gods keep us! on what slight contingencies hang the greatness and glory of kingdoms? Let a hard winter depopulate the hares, or let there be a mortality amongst the foxes, and straightway the fortunes of a mighty nation wane, and the sun of the British empire "hastens to its setting." Her consequence is the creature of the chace. We cease to be sportsmen and to be a nation at the same point of time. Such is the

dignity of game. Some writers there be, who assign to the House of Commons the high office of supporting the grandeur of the realm: others there be who maintain our merchants to be the pillars of the public prosperity: a third class assert that the church is the atlas on whose broad shoulders rests the burthen of the commonwealth; but all are in the dark—all these opinions are alike erroneous: the true *canyatides* that sustain the fabric of the state, are neither our representatives, our merchants, or even our churchmen; but—let the light shine—let the great truth no longer be hid under a bushel—our hares and foxes! Some nations have owed their eminence to their breed of horses, others to their elephants, others to their sheep and oxen; but England flourishes, be it known unto all the world, because of two little animals, scarce four feet long from the caudal to the nasal extremity! The country gentlemen, or squires, are the strength of England. Curran called them “her wooden walls:” now the fox and the hare make the country gentleman or squire what he is; *ergo*, by all the philosophy of the Stagirite, and all the rules of Murray, the fox and the hare are the strength of England. De Lolme wrote in ignorance of this vital truth; Bolingbroke seems not to have considered it; Burke knew it not; Junius overlooked it; but babes and sucklings will sometimes overshoot sages; and what the deepest writers on our social polity had as little idea of as of the institutions of the Georgium Sidus, you shall find made as clear as the sun at noon in any number you open of the Sporting Magazine. Take, for example, the Number of last February, which happens to lie at this moment on our table. At page 240 you find the following *morceau*:

“The New Forest has been hunted by several *illustrious* sportsmen. Among them was the late Mr. Gilbert, whose huntsman was old Tom Seabright, father to Lord Fitzwilliam’s present huntsman, who ranks so high in his calling. The great Mr. Cramp-

ton of the Manor-house, near Lyndhurst, also hunted it, as did also Mr. Warde, for several successive seasons. Mr. Warde was succeeded by Nicoll, *a sportsman of great celebrity, whose quitting it in the prime of his days was a NATIONAL LOSS*. Perhaps no hunting country in England can boast of the extraordinary degree of harmony and fellowship that has existed among the frequenters of this hunt for the last sixty years, and long may it continue to distinguish it. Death has put his hand upon many; the times have dismounted others; but *let the example of such as remain operate upon the rising generation*.”

Again, in another page we read—“On the decease of Mr. Chute, the Vine country was taken by Mr. Abraham Pole, who built kennels and stables at his seat near Basingstoke, but he only hunted it two seasons, when he returned to his hunting-box in Warwickshire, where (*melancholy to relate*) he has, for many years, been domiciled in the winter. Indeed it is *due to him* to say, that never having been master of hounds before, he merely took the management of the Vine pack until a successor to Mr. Chute could be procured. *Fortunately for the country*, it was found in the person of Mr. Henry Fellowes, who is at this time at their head. Mr. Fellowes is no *professor of science*, but in every other respect, well qualified for a master.”

This, to use a favourite newspaper phrase, needs no comment.

But these opinions are plebeian in the last degree. Old Isaac calls the angler’s a “gentle craft;” and protesting against the pleasures of the chase, we run no small risk of being taken for readers of the “Twopenny Trash,” and disciples of Henry Hunt, blacking merchant and ex-M.P. But let calumny say her worst: we deny the title of the sportsman to the name of gentleman. Cruelty and treachery go not to form our idea of that character. What says Horace on this point:

“Nescit equo
Hærerè ingenuus puer
Venarique timet.”

That is to say, to leap five-bar gates, and be in at the death, are no gentlemanlike accomplishments.

Now ye Osbaldistones, and all ye sons of Nimrod, I have had a shot at you; and I have eased

my conscience of a load. Go constantly taking to put himself past to your villainous vocations; I have the help of surgery. This is Reynard's done with you all for the present. Go scour Huntingdonshire, and revenge, and a greater satisfaction to shatter your ribs, fracture your collar-bones, and of all things, break your me than I have words to express. Again I say to you all, break your necks as fast as you can. I wish you Connaught fences in this life; and as to the next, I sincerely hope there may be some merit in leaping a five-bar gate, for I know no other chance in your favour.

SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

O! lassie, dear lassie, 'tis hard I declare
To look on your face as if nae charms were there!
But ye'll nae hear o' beauty, though I'm in despair,
Nor yet will ye let me loe ye!

Your looks are sae modest that ilka blink says—
"Ye neither maun flatter, ye neither maun praise,
Nor yet maun ye on me sae wistfully gaze,
Far less maun ye think to loe me!"

O! lassie, ye needna sae scornfu' aye be,
'Tis little I want, be it little ye gie—
A smile o' your face, an' a blink o' your e'e,
As meikle's to let me loe ye!

O! laddie, now cease wi' your arts and your wiles,
Your talk o' my charms, an' your talk o' my smiles;
The tongue that is saftest aye surest beguiles,
I never can let ye loe me!

O! lassie, the laverock that sings to the sky,
Wi' saft notes o' gladness, an' bósom o' joy,
May gaze on that heaven to whilk he is nigh,
O! then let me look an' loe ye!

O! laddie, the laverock that carols his lay
At portals o' heaven, steals naething away,
But my puir fluttering heart, ye've stown it for aye,
O! then I maun let ye loe me!

MAÎTRE CORNELIUS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE BALZAC.

“ Comme celui qui conte, ainsi comme une histoire,
Que les fées jadis les enfans volaient ;
Et, de nuit, aux maisons, secretees, devalaient
Par une cheminée ——— ”

De La Fresnaye-Vauquelin.

CHAPTER I.

A CHURCH SCENE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Upon All-Saints' Day, in the year 1745—the point of time at which our tale commences—vespers had been concluded at the Cathedral of Tours, and the archbishop, Helie de Bourdeilles, rose up from his throne to bestow, with his own holy lips, the benediction upon the faithful.

The sermon happened to be an unusually long one, so that the shades of night came down before the service was finished, and the most profound gloom reigned in many parts of that beauteous church, of which the two towers were not, even at that time, completed.

A vast number of wax tapers, however, were burning in honour of the saints, placed upon triangular chandeliers which were designed to hold those pious offerings, the precise merit of which, by the way, no council has ever thought proper to explain to us.

The lights of each altar, and all the candelabras of the choir were kindled, but the rays from them, being only partially distributed throughout the forests of pillars and arcades which support the three naves of the cathedral, imperfectly illuminated its immense area.

These flickering lights, as they projected the deep shadows of the massive columns, or the graceful tracery of the lighter ornamental carving, along the lofty and far-extended galleries of the

building, formed there a thousand fantastic shapes, and boldly defined, by the strong contrast, the immeasurable gloom beyond, in which lay buried the lofty arches, the mouldings, the coverings of the vaults, and, more especially, the little chapels on each side, which were already thus dark even in the noon day. The crowd of supplicants, too, produced effects no less picturesque. The forms of some were so vaguely defined in the *chiaro oscuro*, that you might easily imagine them to be phantoms; while, on the contrary, the entire influence of those scattered lights falling full upon others, attracted the attention to them as to the prominent figures in a picture. Then the statues, too, seemed breathing with life, and the men stilled and converted into statues; while, here and there, eyes sparkled in the recesses between the pillars—the stone gazed out upon you—the marble figures became endowed with speech—the vaults re-echoed the sighs around—in fine, the whole edifice seemed instinct with animation.

Life presents no scene more touchingly solemn—no moment of existence more grand and exalted. Some degree of excitement is, indeed, always necessary to produce a poetic effect on the mass of mankind; but, in those hours of religious contemplation, when all the pomp and splendour of the riches of this world are combined with the

grandeur and dignity with which every thing celestial is invested, there is an inconceivable sublimity in silence—terror or despair in repose—eloquence in bended knees, in clasped hands. That union of sentiments which concentrates the energies of souls in one and the same aspiration, then produces an indescribable display of spiritual feeling. The mysterious elevation of all the faithful who are gathered together, in all likelihood, continues to re-act, with its combined influence, on each individual who is engaged, and the most feeble spirit is probably borne along upon the waves of that boundless ocean of love and of faith. Prayer, powerful as the electric stream, thus draws our nature to itself, by concentrating its energies; and this spontaneous combination of all our volitions, equally bowed down to the earth, equally elevated to heaven, contains, without doubt, the secret of those magical influences which the chauntings of the priests, the peelings of the organ, the incense and the pomp of the altar, the breathings of the multitude and their silent meditations, fail not to exercise over our minds.

We need not, therefore, feel very much astonished at finding, in the middle ages, so many love affairs commenced in church in consequence of such transports—which, for the most part, were neither conducted with much squeamishness, nor brought to a very correct conclusion; but in which the women contrived to settle their accounts with heaven, according to their usual fashion, by doing penance.

The sentiment of religion was, at that period, connected by certain affinities with that of love. It was either its origin or its end. Then love was still a religion, it had still its beautiful fanaticisms—its simple superstitions—its sublime devotions, which were in perfect accordance with the creed of the times; and if their mysteries conspired so conveniently with each other, the manners of that age afford a sufficient explication of this singular alliance.

At first, indeed, there was little society to be found elsewhere than at the altar. There, and there only, the lord and the slave, man and woman, met on terms of equality. It was only there that lovers could contrive to see each other and hold any correspondence. In those days the fêtes of the church

composed almost the only spectacles of the times, and the soul of woman was then more powerfully excited in the recesses of the cathedral than it would be at this day in the ball room or in the opera; while now there is scarcely a violent emotion of the female mind that does not lead to a love affair. In a word, religion so intimately blended herself with all the concerns of life—so insensibly insinuated herself into every action of man, that she became an accomplice equally with virtue and with vice. She had made good her entrance into the sciences, into politics, into eloquence, into crimes. She mounted on the thrones of kings—she entered into the hearts of the sick man and the beggar—she was, in fact, all in all.

These observations, although they have but a tint of the sage in them, may yet, perhaps, bear out the truth of this tale, though some of the incidents contained in it might throw into convulsions the soi-disant morality of our own times; which, by the bye, are not a bit too straight laced, as all the world must confess. But a truce to digressions for the present, and let us return to our story.

It was just at the moment when the chaunting of the priests came to a conclusion—when the last peals of the organ mingled with the thrillings of the "*Amen*," poured forth from the lusty lungs of the choir, and while a low slight murmur was still ringing under the distant vaults—at that moment, when the whole congregation collected their attention to receive the words of the blessing, which the prelate was about to pronounce, a citizen, either in haste to regain his own home, or else fearing that his money bags might be carried away in the tumult of the general sally, softly stole off, even at the risk of being reputed but an indifferent Catholic.

The next instant a cavalier, who had lain crouched behind one of the enormous pillars that encircle the choir, where he had remained as if swallowed up in its shadow, pressed eagerly forward to seize the place which the prudent old citizen of Tours had abandoned; but no sooner had he gained it than he quickly hid his face in the plumes that hung from his high grey bonnet, and knelt down on the chair with an air of devotion that would

have deceived even an officer of the Holy Inquisition.

As soon as the worthy folks around had attentively surveyed the stranger, they seemed, one and all, to recognise him, and then betook themselves once more, with great diligence, to their devotions. The good people, however, could not, for the life of them, avoid manifesting to each other a certain indescribable expression, which indicated that the same sentiment was passing in the mind of all—a sentiment bitter, sneering and censorious; in fact, an accusation in all but words. Two withered old crones even went so far as to shake their heads, while they exchanged a significant glance with each other, that seemed to look into futurity, and divine the upshot of the whole affair.

The seat, of which the young man had thus possessed himself, happened to be placed near a chapel situated between two pillars, and enclosed by a grating of iron.

In consideration of good round rents, the chapter of the clergy hired out to certain families of the gentry, or else of the wealthier citizens, the exclusive privilege, for themselves and their retainers, of participating in the holy offices performed in the lateral chapels, which were situated along the two small naves that ran all round the cathedral, and this species of simony is in existence even at this very day.

In the age of which I am speaking, a lady had her little chapel in the church as necessarily as, in our own times, she takes her box at the Italian opera. Those who rented these privileged places had, in an especial degree, the charge of decorating the altar which was committed to their care, and the spirit of self love impelled each to adorn his own in the most splendid and costly manner—a vanity to which mother church accommodated herself with the most surprising facility.

Now it chanced that, in this same chapel, and just beside the grating, there knelt, on a rich square cushion of red velvet, with tassels of gold, a young gentlewoman, in the very next place to that which the honest citizen had heretofore occupied. A silver-gilt lamp, suspended from the vault of the chapel, before an altar adorned with great magnificence, flung its pale light over the Missal which the lady was holding,

and the book trembled violently in her hands when the young man sat down near her.

“Amen ——”

To this response, chaunted in a voice soft, yet piteously agitated, but which was fortunately drowned in the universal clamour, she added earnestly, and in a low tone,

“You ruin me!”

These words were pronounced with an accent of innocence to which a man of delicate feeling should instantly have rendered obedience. As it was, they sunk deeply into the heart of the youth, but being doubtless hurried away by one of those paroxysms of passion which stifle the suggestions of conscience, he still continued to occupy the chair, and gently raised up his head to cast one glance into the chapel.

“He sleeps,” responded the youth, in a voice so artfully pitched, that the reply might be imagined by the young lady to be the echo of her own sounds.

She grew pale, and her furtive glance, wandering for an instant from the prayer book, was turned upon the old man that the youth had been watching.

What a fearful complication of feelings was crowded into that single glance!

When the young lady had scanned the senior, she sighed heavily, and raised her lovely brow, on which a precious gem was sparkling, to a painting of the Virgin. This simple movement, her attitude, her eyes swimming in tears, revealed, with an imprudent candour, the whole of a life, which, had it been other than virtuous, she would not have exhibited.

The personage who had been the cause of so much alarm to the two lovers, was a little old man, hump-backed, almost bald and of a ferocious aspect, with a huge beard, of a dirty white colour and trimmed into the form of a fan. The cross of Saint Michael glittered on his breast; his coarse brawny hands, thickly covered with gray hairs and which had at first, no doubt, been clasped together, had become partially separated from each other during the sleep by which he had incautiously suffered himself to be overpowered. His right hand seemed ever ready to drop upon his dagger, the guard of which formed a sort of rude

shell wrought in iron. He had disposed of this weapon in such a manner, that the hilt lay directly under his hand, so that if, by any mischance, his fingers should happen to touch the steel, he would, to a certainty, have awakened on the instant and turned his eye upon his wife. Now, however, as he lay asleep, there lurked upon his grim lips, and in his chin, sharp-pointed, and turned capriciously upwards, the characteristic marks of a spiteful soul—of a cruel, cold-blooded craftiness, which enabled him to fathom every scheme, by rendering him suspicious of all around him. His yellow brows were knitted together, like those of a man accustomed to believe nothing, to weigh all things, and who, like the miser that poises carefully each golden piece, scans the quality and the precise value of every human action. His frame was bony, strong-set, and nervous; he was, apparently, very irritable and captious, and, in short, you would have pronounced him little better than an ogre. It must have been quite evident, then, that upon the waking of this terrible old gentleman, the danger that threatened his young wife was inevitable, since he was a jealous husband, and would not fail to become very soon sensible of the difference which existed between the old cit, whose presence had given him no umbrage whatever, and the youthful, finely-made, and graceful gallant who had just now taken his place.

"*Libera nos a malo*,"* said she, endeavouring to make the cruel youth comprehend the extent of her fears.

Straightway he raised his head, and gazed upon her. Tears stood in his eyes—tears of love and despair. At the sight of them the lady started and was undone. Without doubt they had both been long struggling against, and could, probably, no longer resist, a passion increased from day to day by obstacles that were insurmountable, nourished by terror, strengthened by youth.

The lady was but moderately handsome, still the pallid hue of her cheek betrayed the existence of secret suffering which rendered her an object of interest the moment you beheld her; but her figure was of the finest order

of forms, and she had the most beautiful hair in the world. Placed beneath the watchful eye of a tiger, to utter even a word, to suffer her hand to be pressed, to receive or acknowledge a single glance, would have been, perhaps, to risk her very existence. Never, indeed, was love more deeply enshrined within two hearts, or more exquisitely relished; but, alas! never was passion attended with more fearful perils. How easily can it then be imagined that the air they breathed—the sounds they listened to—the echoings of the foot-falls—even the marble slabs, things the most indifferent to all other mortals, possessed, for those two beings, sensible qualities and peculiar properties, which they alone understood. Perhaps love taught them to discover faithful interpreters of their feelings even in the icy hands of the aged priest, as they knelt before him at the confessional, or received from him the customary rites of his office. Love, profound, inextinguishable love! graved into the soul as a wound into the body, which wears not away, save with life itself.

As the two young people continued gazing on each other, the lady's eyes seemed to say to her lover,

"Let us perish, but let us love,"

And the cavalier appeared to reply to her's—

"We *will* love, but we *shall* not perish."

At that moment, with a motion of her head that was full of melancholy, she directed his attention to an aged duenna and two pages. The duenna slept: the pages were young, and did not take the least concern in their master's good or ill fortune.

"Be not alarmed," said he, "when the congregation are going away, but suffer yourself to be —"

Scarcely had the cavalier uttered these words in a low voice, ere the hand of the old knight dropped down upon the hilt of his sword, and he started up from his sleep the instant that he felt the chill of the iron. He fixed his jaundiced eyes keenly upon his wife, and, with a facility that even men of genius are rarely blessed with, he recovered his perceptions as clearly, and all his ideas in as unconfounded a

manner, as if he had not been sleeping. In good faith, he was a jealous old wretch.

However, if the young cavalier had one eye engaged making love to his mistress, he did not forget to turn the other slyly round till he brought it to bear upon the husband. Accordingly, the instant that the old fellow's hand showed symptoms of moving, the other rose up nimbly from his seat, ensconced himself behind the pillar, and then vanished with the lightness of a bird.

Throwing her eyes hastily downwards, the lady affected to be reading with great diligence, and strove to appear composed, but she could not check the colour from flushing to her face, nor her heart from beating with an unusual violence. The old gentleman caught the sound of those deep full throbbings that resounded through the little chapel, remarked the extraordinary redness diffused over the cheeks, the brows, and even the eyelids of his wife, and then looked inquisitively around him, but saw not any person on whom his suspicions could fall.

"What's the matter with you, my love," said he.

"The smell of the incense is making me sick," she replied.

"Is it then more disagreeable than usual to-day?" retorted her lord.

Notwithstanding this observation, the old man affected to be satisfied with her excuse; yet, all the while expecting some hidden treason, he determined to watch over his treasure with still greater vigilance.

At length the benediction was finished, and the congregation rushed headlong forward, like a torrent, to the doors of the church, without waiting to hear the end of the "*secula seculorum*."* The old knight waited prudently, as was his wont, until the general hurry was over; then he sallied forward, sending the duenna and the younger of the pages, bearing a flambeau, in the van; he came next himself, supporting his wife upon his arm, and the other page brought up the rear. However, just as the old gentleman reached the side door that opened into the eastern side of the cloister, and through which it was his usual custom to issue forth, a billow, as

it were, of the people, separated itself from the crowd that blocked up the grand entrance, and, as it flowed back with violent rapidity towards the little nave where the party I have described were standing, prevented them falling back upon their former position. The knight and his lady were then hurried onward by the irresistible pressure of the multitude. The husband essayed to pass on first, lustily drawing his wife by the arm after him; but at that instant he was carried violently out into the street, and his wife was torn from him by the arm of a stranger. The infuriated hunchback comprehended in a moment that he had fallen into a snare, prepared beforehand for him. He now repented, when too late, that he had slept for so long a time, and collecting his entire strength for the struggle, with one hand he grasped his wife afresh by the sleeve of her robe, and with the other he endeavoured to clutch the door. But the ardour of love triumphed over the rage of jealousy, and the young man, seizing his mistress round the waist, lifted her away so swiftly, and with such violence of desperation, that the cloth of silk and gold, the brocade and whalebones of her stays, were torn asunder with a loud rustling sound, while the sleeve alone remained with the husband. In an instant, a roaring like that of a lion drowned the cries of the multitude, and shortly after, a tremendous voice yelled forth these words,

"Ha, Poitiers! To the portal, the attendants of the Count de Saint Vallier! To the rescue! Here! this way!"

And now the Count Aymar de Poitiers, the lord of St. Vallier, attempted to draw his sword and cut his way before him, but he perceived he was hemmed in on every side, being pressed upon by thirty or forty gentlemen, whom it would be dangerous to wound, and many of them, too, were of high degree, who only answered his threats with raillery, and forced him away in the midst of them.

Meanwhile the plunderer had borne off the Countess with the speed of lightening into an open chapel, where he set her down on a wooden bench behind a confessional. By the light of

* "World without end," the conclusion of the "*Gloria Patri*."

the waxen tapers which were burning before the image of the saint to whom the chapel was dedicated, they gazed on each other for a moment in silence, they clasped each other's hands tenderly; and while each felt astounded at the boldness of the other, the Countess had not the fortitude to reproach the youth with that deed of daring which was alike the cause of these fearful perils—of this first moment of rapture.

"Will you fly with me into the neighbouring states," cried the youth, passionately; "I have two English genets in readiness that can travel thirty leagues without pausing."

"Ah!" cried she, mournfully, "there is no asylum in any spot of earth for a daughter of King Louis."

"True, too true," replied the young man, confounded at not having before perceived the difficulty of his undertaking.

"Why, then, did you tear me away from my husband?" she asked, with a start of terror.

"Alas!" returned the cavalier, "I never calculated the difficulties I should have to encounter when I found myself beside you, when I heard you address me, when my eyes drunk in your glances. Two or three schemes I did form, but in vain. Well! now, however, every thing seems achieved since I see you."

"Alas! I am undone," said the Countess.

"Nay, say not so—say rather that we are both saved," replied the youth, with the blind enthusiasm of love, "hearken to me——"

"This act will surely cost me my life," she cried, now suffering the tears which were swelling in her eyes to flow without restraint—"the Count will slay me perhaps this very night. But fly to the king," she continued, wildly, "tell him the agonies that for these five years past have torn the heart of his unhappy daughter. He loved me well when I was yet but a child, and in happier days, when in sportive mood, would call me his 'Mary full of grace,' on account of my plain features. Ah! did he know on what a wretch he had bestowed me, how violent now would be his resentment. But it is to my feelings of compassion alone that the Count is indebted, if I have never ventured to give utterance

to my complaints; and were it even otherwise, how should my feeble cry reach the ears of the king, when my confessor himself is a spy of Saint Vallier? Oh! if I have been a voluntary accomplice in this guilty clopement, it is with the hope that you will be my champion. But can I trust myself to—holy Virgin!" cried she, her face becoming deadly pale as she stopped suddenly short, "see—yonder is the page!"

The unhappy Countess spread her hands before her face, to screen it from observation.

"Fear not, my beloved," replied the youth, "he is already gained over: make use of him with the utmost confidence, as he is entirely devoted to my interests. And if the Count shall come hither in search of you, he will not fail to give us timely notice of his approach. There is," continued he, lowering his voice, "in this confessional a canon, who is a friend of mine: it will be naturally supposed that he has withdrawn you from the brawl, and placed you under his own protection in this chapel. Thus is every thing provided to deceive Saint Vallier."

At these words the tears of the Countess ceased to flow, but soon an expression of deep sadness began gradually to spread its shadow over her brow.

"The man lives not," she replied, "that can deceive Saint Vallier. This very night will he learn all. Avert the fatal stroke of his vengeance. Fly to the Plessis—see the king—tell him that——"

She hesitated for an instant, but some sudden reminiscence that flashed across her mind, gave her courage to avow the secrets of her marriage.

"Well, then," she proceeded, "let it be so; tell the king, that in order to bend me to his tyrannous controul, the Count has opened veins in both my arms, and well nigh drains away my life-blood; tell him that he has dragged me by the hair of my head; tell him that I am a prisoner; tell him——" Her heart seemed swollen to breaking, convulsive sobs burst from her throat, tears fell fast from her eyes, and in the agitation of her spirits she suffered the young man from time to time to kiss her hands, as his feelings found utterance in the passionate and incoherent expressions that burst from him.

"The king will speak with no one—My own poor afflicted love!—What advantage have I in being nephew to the chief captain of archers, when I cannot gain admittance into the Plessis to-night—Nay, dearest lady! sweet mistress of my affections!—Gracious heaven! how terrible have been her sufferings—Hear me, Marie; let me speak one word to you, or we are lost for ever."

"What is to become of me," she cried, wildly; then perceiving a painting of the Virgin, with the light of the lamp streaming upon it as it hung from the sombre wall, she ejaculated,

"Holy Virgin, I pray thee direct me."

"Be comforted," replied the youth, "I will assuredly visit you to-night."

"How?" she asked, with innocent simplicity. The peril in which they were placed was so imminent, that it took away, even from their gentlest whispers, the air of an intrigue.

"This night," continued the young cavalier, "I go to offer myself to Master Cornelius, the king's goldsmith: I have means of procuring a letter of recommendation that will procure me an immediate reception: his house is next yours, and once under the roof of that old churl, with a ladder of silk to aid me, I shall have little difficulty in finding the way to your chamber—"

"Ah!" cried the lady, petrified with horror, "if you love me, go not to the house of Master Cornelius."

"What!" exclaimed he, straining her to his heart with all the energy of youthful passion, "then you do indeed love me."

"I do," she replied; "are you not the only hope I have left in the world. You are a gentleman, and I place my honour in your keeping; and were it otherwise," continued she, looking full at him with a dignified calmness, "I am too unfortunate for you to betray the confidence which I repose in you. But to what good can all this tend? Go, leave me to die rather than that you should enter the house of Master Cornelius. Know you not that all who became his apprentices—"

"Were hanged," said the gentleman with a smile, as he completed the sentence, "but *you*, surely, do not think that his wealth can tempt me."

"Oh, go not thither, you will there

become the victim of some of his sorceries."

"I can pay no price that will be too great for the happiness of serving you," he replied, while he surveyed her with a gaze of passionate admiration that forced her to cast her eyes to the ground.

"And my husband?" she demanded.

"I have here what will afford him a sleep," said the other, drawing a phial from his breast.

"Not an eternal one?" asked the Countess, trembling with agitation.

As she spoke, the gentleman gave an involuntary shudder of horror. "I would have defied him to single combat ere this time, were he not too old for an affair of that sort; but, trust to me, I would never rid you of him by poison."

"Oh, pardon me," said the Countess, blushing deeply with shame, "I am cruelly punished for my transgression. In an awful moment of desperation I did *once* conceive the impious thought of destroying my husband, and I now feared that the same thought might have entered your breast. Believe me, my anguish is extreme that I did not sooner confess to you this evil desire of my heart. I dreaded that the Count might discover the feelings that I entertained towards him."

"I have caused you to feel shame for me," she continued, after a pause, offended at the silence in which the young man persevered; "I have deserved that you should thus reproach me."

With sudden violence she dashed the phial to the earth, which was shattered by the fall into a thousand pieces.

"Come not at all," she cried, "his sleep is light and restless. It is my duty to await with resignation the succour that Heaven may send me, and I will do so."

As she uttered these words, she moved to be gone.

"Ah!" exclaimed the youth in a transport of despair, "command me, and I will do any thing, I will even slay him. Yes, you shall certainly see me to-night."

"I have done wisely in flinging away that drug," said she, in a voice almost inarticulate from the rapturous emotion that the certainty of her being so ardently beloved excited; "the fear of

my husband's awaking shall save us both from ourselves."

"I devote my life to thee," said he, as he clasped her hand in his own.

"If the king desire it," said the Countess, "the pope will annul my marriage—and then we shall be united," added she, turning her eyes upon her lover with an expression full of delicious hopes.

At this instant the page rushed up to them.

"Here comes my lord, the Count," he cried.

The cavalier, who was not a little astonished at the length of time which had elapsed while he stood at the side of his mistress, and no less surprised at the despatch of the Count, hastily snatched a kiss from the lady, which she knew not how to refuse, and then saying,

"To-night!" he glided away from the chapel, and favoured by the gloom, gained the portal, stealing from pillar to pillar in the lengthened mass of shadow which each huge column flung across the church.

Immediately an old canon came forward from the confessional, and placing himself beside the Countess, softly locked the grated door, before which the page walked gravely to and fro, with all the cool assurance of a most finished villain.

And now lights flashing through the gloom announced the approach of the Count de Saint Vallier. Accompanied by some of his friends, and attended by some of his retinue carrying torches, he bore in his hand his unsheathed sword, while his dark flashing eyes seemed to pierce through the profound shades, and to penetrate the gloomiest recesses of the cathedral.

"Good, my lord, my mistress is here," said the page, coming forward with marvellous alacrity to meet his master.

The Sieur de Saint Vallier found his wife kneeling at the foot of the altar, and the old canon standing up beside her, most devoutly reading his Breviary. At the sight of them the Count shook the grating violently, as if for the purpose of feeding his fury.

"What mean you with a drawn sword in your hand in the church?" demanded the canon.

"Holy father," cried the Countess, "this is my husband."

The priest immediately drew the

key from his sleeve, and opened the door of the chapel. The Count could not refrain from casting a hasty, yet searching glance, around the confessional, and then applied himself to listen if all was silent throughout the cathedral.

"My lord," said his wife, "you owe many thanks to this venerable canon, who drew me in here."

The Sieur de Saint Vallier grew pale with passion, but he durst not look at his friends, who had come thither rather with the intention of laughing at him than to afford him any assistance; he therefore briefly replied,

"Heaven be praised! And as for you, reverend father, I shall find means to reward you according to your deserts." So saying, he took his wife by the arm, and without suffering her to make her obeisance to the priest, he gave a signal to his retinue, and left the church without uttering a single word to those who had accompanied him. His silence had in it something inexpressibly savage.

Being impatient to reach his own home, and totally engrossed in considering the means of coming at the truth of this mysterious adventure, he hurried in his route through these winding streets which, at that period, separated the Cathedral of St. Martin from the gate of the Chancery, where stood an elegant mansion, then recently built by the Chancellor Juvenal des Ursins, upon the site of an ancient fortress, which Charles VII. had given to that faithful minister as the reward of his glorious labours. From this point commenced a street, called since then "La Rue de la Scéellerie," from the seals which had formerly been deposited there. This street connected the old Tours to the village of Châteauneuf, where rose the celebrated abbey of Saint Martin, of which so many kings had been simple canons.

For a century past, and after many protracted discussions, this village had been united with the town. Many of the streets adjoining the "Rue de la Scéellerie," and which compose at this present day the very heart of modern Tours, had been then built; but the most beautiful mansions, and more especially that of the Treasurer Xancoings, which latter is standing at this day in the "Rue de la Commerce," were then situated in the commune of Châteauneuf.

It was through this street, then, that the torch-bearers of the *Sieur de Saint Vallier* guided him towards that part of the city that bordered on the *Loire*. Mechanically he followed his attendants, casting from time to time a dark and angry look upon his wife and the younger page, and striving to surprise them in the interchange of some significant glance which might throw a light upon the extraordinary event which filled his mind with astonishment and despair.

At length they arrived at the "*Rue du Murier*," where the Count's house was situated. When the whole party had gone in, and the heavy door was closed after them, a deep and unbroken silence reigned throughout that little narrow street, where some of the gentry at that period took up their abode; this new part of the town being nearest to the *Plessis*, which was the usual residence of the king.

The last house of this street was also the last of the town, and belonged to *Master Cornelius Hoogworst*, an old merchant of *Brabant*, on whom *Louis XI.* reposed the most perfect reliance with regard to all matters relating to those financial transactions which the crafty policy of that celebrated monarch obliged him to maintain with other nations.

Influenced by all those considerations, which made this neighbourhood so favourable to the tyranny that he exercised over his wife, the Count de *Saint Vallier* had long since established himself in a hotel that joined the residence of this *Master Cornelius*, and a knowledge of the localities of the places will readily explain the advantages which this situation afforded to a man of a jealous disposition.

The house of the Count, called the "*Hotel de Poitiers*," had a garden surrounded by the wall and moat which served to enclose the old town of *Châteauneuf*, and close beside which ran the causeway, then recently constructed by *Louis XI.* between *Tours* and the *Plessis*. The approach to the house on this side was constantly guarded by watch-dogs. On the left hand side, a large court-yard separated it from the neighbouring dwellings, so that it had no connection with any other house except that of *Master Cornelius*, by which it was supported on the right flank. Thus the mansion of this dis-

trustful and crafty old noble, being completely detached on three sides, could only be invaded at night by the inmates of the *Brabanter's* dwelling, the roofs and gutters of which were connected with those of the *Hotel de Poitiers*. All the windows in the front, which looked into the street, were narrow, and built with solid stone; and, according to the custom of those times, secured with iron bars; the door-way was low-browed and vaulted overhead, like the gates of our ancient prisons, and was put together with a strength and massiveness that seemed proof against the most violent assaults. A stone bench lay by the side of the portico, intended for the use of cavaliers when mounting their horses.

A single glance along the fronts of the two houses inhabited by *Master Cornelius Hoogworst* and the Count *Aymar de Saint Vallier*, was sufficient to show that the mansions had been originally built by the same architect, and alike designed for the occupation of tyrants. The aspect of both was singularly ominous and unprepossessing. They had all the appearance of fortresses on a small scale, and might evidently be defended for a length of time with great advantage against any attack of a ferocious multitude. The angles of the buildings were protected by small towers, resembling those which antiquarians have noticed in various towns where the hammer of the destroyer has not yet been busy at its work of sacrilege. The openings in the mason work were of very small dimensions, and thus conferred on the iron window-shutters and doors a prodigious strength and power of resistance. The popular commotions and civil wars, so frequent in those times of discord, fully justified all these precautions.

As the sixth hour pealed out from the belfrey of the Abbey of *St. Martin*, the gallant young lover of the Countess de *Saint Vallier* was passing before the *Hotel de Poitiers*, and stopped for a moment, to survey it. He could distinguish, in the lower apartment, the noise which the domestics of the Count made at their supper; and, after having cast one wistful look upon the chamber where he conjectured that his mistress was lodged, he directed his steps towards the door of the adjoining house. On every side of him, as he was

passing along the streets, the young cavalier had heard the joyous voices of those who were regaling themselves upon the good cheer that was going forward in all the houses throughout the town, in honour of the festival of All Saints. The rays of light streamed cheerily out in all directions through the ill-closed joints of the window-shutters; a column of smoke ascended from every chimney, and the savoury odours from the taverns and cooks' shops filled the streets with their fragrance. Vespers being over, the entire town was making merry, and a thousand varied and joyous sounds rose blending together, which the imagination can conceive much better than language can describe. But in this quarter a profound and grave-like stillness presided. In these houses dwelt two passions which can never know one moment's gladness. In the distance, the fields lay hushed in repose, and there, beneath the mighty shadow of the towers of Saint Martin's abbey, the two solitary mansions, silent as the tomb, separated from all the others, and situated in the most winding extremity of the street, presented all the appearance of a lazar house. The building opposite to them was appropriated to the state criminals, and stood aloof from the rest.

Absorbed in a reverie of delicious thoughts which sprung from a heart animated with the romantic and daring chivalry of the times and glowing with the ardency of strong and youthful passion, the adventurous cavalier had passed with hasty steps through those festive scenes within the town, scarce heeding the many jocund sounds of revelry that pealed around him, or if haply they did for a moment dwell upon his ear or mingle with his meditations, it was but to find a congenial echo in the cheery throbbings of his own heart, or to lend their aid in brightening some joyous vision of love. Now, however, as he stood, in the still and voiceless gloom of night, before those dreary mansions whose black and heavy-fronts frowned ominously upon him, he experienced an instantaneous revulsion of feeling that arrested the warm and bounding blood in his veins and threw

it back heavy and freezing upon his heart.

Affected by the sudden contrast, of which youth and a sanguine temperament rendered him more peculiarly susceptible, it is not to be wondered at, that when on the point of plunging into an enterprise so tremendously hazardous, the cavalier should linger thoughtfully before the house of the banker, as the many strange stories of which Master Cornelius had been the subject, the melancholy and mysterious fate of all those unhappy persons who had heretofore entered into the service of the Fleming, and the singular consternation of the Countess at the mention of his own project, crowded upon his recollection.

At that age of the world, the terrors of an ignorant and gloomy superstition still continued to exercise an almost undiminished tyranny over all descriptions of persons—every age and every rank of society, learned and unlearned, the noble, the peasant, the soldier, and even the lover—every body trembled at the name of magic: few persons were then to be found, whose minds refused to believe in the existence of supernatural events, or were cold to marvellous recitals, and the lover of the Countess de Saint Vallier,* however daring he might be, could not check the indefinable fears which rose in his mind, nor avoid pausing to reflect anxiously upon the moment of entering the house of a sorcerer.

The history of Master Cornelius will fully explain the feeling of security with which the merchant had inspired the Count de Saint Vallier, the terror displayed by the Countess, and the hesitation which arrested the steps of her lover. In order, however, that readers of the nineteenth century may perfectly understand how occurrences, so common in their appearance, had come to be considered supernatural, and to enable them to enter fully into the fears and superstitions of the olden times, it will be necessary to interrupt for a short time the course of our narrative, for the purpose of taking a rapid view of the adventures of "*Maitre Cornelius*."

* The Countess de Saint Vallier was an illegitimate daughter of Louis the eleventh, by Madame de Sussenage, one of his mistresses in Dauphine.

CHAP. II.

LE TORÇONNIER.*

Cornelius Hoogworst, one of the wealthiest merchants of Ghent, having incurred the enmity of Charles Duke of Burgundy, found shelter and protection at the Court of Louis XI. The king being sensible of all the advantages he might derive from a man who was connected with the principal houses in Flanders, in Venice, and in the Levant, had ennobled, naturalized, and in various other ways paid court to Master Cornelius; a thing which rarely happened with Louis XI. Besides, the monarch was as agreeable to the Fleming as the Fleming to the monarch. They were both wily, suspicious, and covetous, alike politic, alike well informed; both superior to the times in which they lived, they understood each other to a miracle, laying aside or resuming with the same facility, the one his conscience, the other his devotion; they worshipped the same Virgin, the one from conviction, the other from flattery; and, in short, if we can believe the spiteful stories of Oliver le Daine and Tristan, the king used to go to divert himself in the house of the merchant; but they were still the diversions of Louis XI. History has not neglected to transmit to us the licentious tastes of that monarch, to whom debauchery was never displeasing; and the old Fleming found, without doubt, both entertainment and profit in ministering to the capricious pleasures of his royal client.

Cornelius was now living in the town of Tours for nine years past, and during those nine years the most extraordinary events had happened in his family, which made him an object of general execration. On his first arrival, he expended very considerable sums of money for the purpose of having a safe place to deposit his treasures. The ingenious contrivances which the locksmiths secretly executed

for him, the strange precautions which he had taken in introducing them into his house, in order to make himself thoroughly sure of their discretion, were for a long time the subjects of a thousand marvellous stories, which furnished the gossip of the evening parties of Touraine. The extraordinary artifices to which the old man had recourse, induced the belief that he was possessed of the wealth of the east. Accordingly, the story-tellers of that region—the very land of story in France—built up chambers of gold and precious gems in the house of the Fleming, and did not fail to attribute to a compact with evil spirits the source of these unbounded riches.

Master Cornelius had originally brought with him two Flemish men servants, and an old woman, and also a young apprentice of a gentle and prepossessing deportment. This young man served him in the capacity of secretary, cashier, factotum, and courier.

In the first year of his residence at Tours, a considerable robbery was committed in his dwelling, and the judicial investigations that were instituted, established that the crime had been perpetrated by some inhabitant of the house. Thereupon the old miser threw his two valets and his secretary into prison. The young man was of a weakly constitution: he sank beneath the tortures of the rack, to the last protesting his innocence. The two servants confessed their guilt to relieve themselves from the torture; but when the judge demanded of them where they had secreted the plunder, they maintained an absolute silence. They were again put to the question, found guilty, condemned and hanged; but ascending the scaffold, they persisted in declaring their innocence, according to the usual custom of all who are executed.

* This old word signified in the reign of Saint Louis, (the ninth king of that name,) an usurer, a tax gatherer, a man who oppressed by violent means. The epithet "*tortionnaire*," which continued to be used in the palace, sufficiently explains the word *torçonnier*, which we frequently find written "*tortionneur*."

The whole town of Tours was engrossed for some time with this singular affair; however, as they happened to be Flemings, the interest which the unfortunate servants and the young secretary had excited, quickly died away: indeed the wars and seditions of those times furnished men with perpetual subjects for excitement, and the drama of one day completely threw in the shade that of the preceding.

More grieved by the enormous loss which he had sustained than by the death of his three domestics, Master Cornelius continued to live alone with the old Flemish woman, who was his sister. He obtained from the king the privilege of employing the couriers of the state on his own private concerns, lodged his mules with a muleteer in the neighbourhood, and from that hour lived in the most profound solitude, seeing scarcely any person except the king, transacting all his business by means of Jews, who, being excellent speculators, served him faithfully in order to obtain his all-powerful protection.

However, some time after this adventure, the king himself procured for his old *torconnier*—so Louis XI. used familiarly to denominate Master Cornelius—a young orphan for whom he entertained a great regard. The poor lad devoted himself most diligently to the affairs of the merchant, learned how to please him, and completely gained his good will. But one winter's night, the diamonds which were deposited in the hands of Master Cornelius by the King of England, as a security for a loan of a hundred thousand crowns, were stolen, and the suspicions fell upon the orphan. The king treated him with so much the greater severity as he had himself promised for his fidelity, and accordingly the unhappy youth was hanged, after an examination conducted in a very summary manner by the Provost Marshal Tristan.

For a long time no person had the courage to go to the house of Master Cornelius to learn the trade of banking. At last, however, two young men of great integrity, and anxious to acquire a fortune, successively entered into his employment. Robberies to a very large amount were committed at the very same time that those young men came into the house of the usurer,

and the peculiar circumstances that accompanied those crimes, and the manner in which they were perpetrated, proved so evidently that the robbers had established a secret correspondence with some of the inmates of the house, that it was impossible not to suspect the newly arrived strangers. The Fleming, who had now become daily more and more suspicious and vindictive, gave information of the whole affair, without further delay, to Louis, who thereupon charged his provost marshal with the investigation of the matter, and the trial of each was promptly commenced, and as promptly brought to a close.

The patriotism of the people of Tours secretly laid the whole blame on the haste of Tristan. Guilty or not, the young men passed for victims, and Cornelius for a hangman. The families of the two former, who went into deep mourning, were universally esteemed, their complaints were attended to, and from conjecture to conjecture, they finally succeeded in persuading the people of the innocence of all those whom the king's goldsmith had sent to the gallows.

Some gave out that the cruel hearted miser, following the example of the king, endeavoured to place terror and the gibbets between the world and himself, and that in reality he had never been robbed, that these disastrous executions were merely the result of a cold deliberate scheme, and that his desire was to enjoy the possession of his treasures without any fear. The chief consequence of those rumours amongst the populace was to cut Cornelius off from all communication with society. The citizens of Tours shunned him as if he carried the plague about with him; he was known amongst them by the name of "the usurer," they called his house "*Mal-maison*," and even if the merchant could have found strangers sufficiently courageous to enter his house, all the inhabitants of the town would have prevented them by their stories.

The opinion which was least unfavourable to Master Cornelius was that of those persons who regarded him as a man of an inauspicious and fatal character. Some he inspired with an instinctive dread, others with that profound respect which people feel for unbounded power or exhaustless wealth,

while to many more he appeared invested with all the indescribable attractions which mystery never fails to confer. The strange sort of life which he led, his singular countenance and the unaccountable favour with which the king regarded him afforded sufficient excuse for all the stories of which he was the subject. After the death of his persecutor the Duke of Burgundy, Cornelius very frequently made visits to foreign countries, and, whenever he was thus absent, the king took care to guard the house of the banker with the soldiers of his Scotch body guard. This royal solicitude gave occasion to the courtiers to surmise that the old man had some how united his own fortunes with those of Louis XI.

As he stirred but rarely from home, the gentlemen of the court frequently paid him visits. He was sufficiently liberal of his money, but he was exceedingly capricious. One day he would not let you have a single sous; the very next he would offer you immense sums of money, always, however, in consideration of large interest and good securities.

In other respects, he was a good Catholic, and went regularly to his religious duties, but he was in the habit of going to Saint Martin's at a very early hour and as he had purchased one of the little chapels in it, he was there as well as elsewhere, separated from all other Christians. In short it was the common proverb of that period and one which indeed continued to exist for a long time afterwards in Tours—*"You have met the Lombard, misfortune will befall you."*

"You have met the Lombard!" This accounted for all sudden evils, involuntary dejection of spirits, and ill chances of fortune. At court, too, it was just the same thing; there they attributed to Cornelius that fatal influence which the superstitions of Italy, of Spain and of Asia have denominated the *"evil eye."* Were it not for the dreaded authority of Louis XI., which was drawn like a mantle over that house, the populace would, on the slightest pretext, have utterly demolished the *"Maison"* from the Rue du Murier—and it was, nevertheless, in the garden of Cornelius that the first mulberries which were planted at Tours had been put into the ground; then the

people of Tours considered him as a good genius. Such is the stability of popular favour!

Some gentlemen who met Cornelius, when out of France, were astonished at his excellent spirits. At Tours he was always gloomy and abstracted, and yet there he never failed to return. Some mysterious irresistible power led him back to his dark mansion of the Rue du Murier. Like the snail, whose existence is so inseparably connected with its shell, he used to declare to the king that he never found himself happy except under the vermiculated stones and within the bolts of his little bastille, though he was well aware that after the death of Louis XI. that place would be the most dangerous on earth for him.

"The devil is playing his pranks at the expense of our gossip, the usurer," said Louis XI. to his barber, Oliver le Daine, a few days before the feast of All Saint's Day. "He is again complaining of having been robbed. At any rate there is nobody now for him to hang, unless he hangs himself. The old vagabond! Think of his having been here just now, to ask me if I had not yesterday carried away, through mere inadvertency, the chain of rubies which he wanted me to purchase from him. *Pasques Dieu!* said I to him, I never steal what I can have for the taking."

"And was he really afraid of you?" said the barber.

"Misers have no fear except on one subject," replied the king; "and my gossip, the usurer, knows well enough that I will not pillage him."

"For all that the old rascal overreaches you," replied the barber.

"You would not be sorry if it were so—hey?" said the king, throwing a look full of arch meaning at the barber.

"*Ventre Mahom!* Sire, the inheritance would be a rare scramble between you and the devil!"

"A truce," said the king, "do not put evil thoughts into my head. My gossip is a more trust-worthy man than all those whose fortunes I have made; perhaps because he owes me nothing."

Master Cornelius had now lived for two years alone with his old sister, who passed universally for a witch. Indeed a tailor of the neighbourhood went so far as to assert that he had often seen her on the top of the house, awaiting

the hour of assembling at their orgies. This circumstance seemed so much the more extraordinary as the old miser was known to lock up his sister in a chamber the windows of which were secured by iron bars.

Still as he grew old, Cornelius was constantly plundered, and as constantly ready to suffer himself to be made the dupe of mankind, to all of whom he began to conceive an utter aversion, except to the king, and for him alone he entertained a great esteem. Then he fell into a state of the most determined misanthropy, and, as happens for the most part with misers, his passion for gold, the identification of that metal with the very substance of his own body, had become more and more intimate and increased in its intensity with his age.

Even his sister herself excited his suspicions, although she was, perhaps, still more avaricious and more penurious than her brother whom she surpassed in all ingenious schemes of stinginess. Their very mode of existence also had in it something unaccountable and mysterious. The old woman so very rarely took bread from the baker, so seldom made her appearance in the market, that even the least credulous observers had come to the conclusion of ascribing to these two extraordinary beings the knowledge of some secret means of sustaining life. They who themselves dabbled in alchymy insisted that Maitre Cornelius had hit upon the way of making gold; the philosophers gave out that he had discovered the universal panacea. He was, in short, in the apprehension of the country people far and near, a sort of fabulous monster of whom the town folks did not fail to relate to them the most marvellous stories, and many persons came from very curiosity to look upon the outside of his dwelling.

Seated upon the bench before the house which faced that of Maitre Cornelius, the young cavalier looked now at the Hotel de Poitiers, now at the Malmaison. The moon was shining from amongst the clouds, and as she touched the projections of the buildings with her rays, she tinted with the blendings of lights and shadows the hollows of the sculpture, while the fitful streaming of her pale light flung an air of ill omen upon both the mansions. It seemed as if nature herself

lent her aid in heightening the superstitions that haunted the place.

The young man began to recall to mind in succession, all the traditional tales which had rendered Cornelius an object at once of so much curiosity and terror; and although the violence of his passion determined him to enter the house and remain in it for as long a time as the accomplishment of his projects should require, yet did he hesitate ere he hazarded that last step, well as he knew that he would not fail to take it. But who is there who does not, in the most critical moments of life, desire to listen to the suggestions of presentiments, and endeavour to poise himself, while he totters upon the brink of futurity. Though he was a lover well worthy the name, still the young man feared—strange to tell! the thoughts of dying without having received some proof of affection from her he loved.

This internal deliberation was so painfully absorbing, that he took no heed of the chill wind that whistled between his legs and round the angles of the houses. Before entering the house of Cornelius, it would be necessary for him to lay aside his real name, as he had previously divested himself of the fashionable attire of a nobleman. He was besides debarred, in case of any mishap, from laying claim to the privileges of his birth, or the protection of his friends by the certainty that he would, by such a course, irrecoverably ruin the Countess de Saint Vallier: because the old lord, if he should suspect the nocturnal visit of a gallant, would have no scruple in putting her to death before a slow fire in an iron cage, or compelling her to waste away her life from day to day in a dungeon of some strong castle. As he surveyed the miserable garments in which he was disguised, the gentleman felt not a little ashamed of the figure he cut. From the appearance of his girdle of black leather, his clumsy shoes, his woollen stockings, his trunk-hose of linsey woolsey, and his coat of grey cloth, he resembled the clerk of the meanest officer of the law. For a noble of the fifteenth century, it was already in itself a sort of death to enact the part of a citizen, without money or moveables, and to renounce the privileges of his order.

But still, to scramble upon the roof

of the house in which his mistress wept in confinement; to descend through the chimney, or to scamper along the galleries and from gutter to gutter, to reach at length the window of her chamber; to risk his life for the gratification of sitting by her side on the same silken cushion, with a comfortable fire blazing before them, while all the time the grim old husband is fast asleep and encreases their pleasures with his snoring; to set heaven and earth at defiance, as he snatches from the lady a thousand kisses in the boldest manner imaginable, when each word he should utter might be followed by death or, to say the very least, by a bloody encounter—these voluptuous pictures, and the romantic danger that encompassed the enterprise, completely decided the young man to persevere. Though the reward of his toils was but trifling, though he could but once more kiss the hand of the Countess, he resolved to attempt every difficulty, impelled forward by the chivalrous and impassioned spirit of the age. In short, the enterprise had too much of the perilous and impossible not to be attempted at all hazards.

Just at this moment all the bells of the town rang out the hour of curfew. The law on this point had fallen into disuse, but its form still existed in the provinces, where every change is so slowly effected. If the lights were not extinguished, the officers of the division stretched the chains across the street: most of the gates were closed, the slow tread of some of the citizens patrolling in bands, with their retainers armed to the teeth, and carrying flambeaus, echoed in the distance. Then the town, being in some sort shut in, immediately seemed to sink to repose and no longer to fear the attacks of any depredators except from the roofs of the houses. In those times the most frequented walk by night was along the tops of the houses, and the streets were so very narrow, even at Paris, that robbers used to leap from one side of them to the other. This perilous feat for a long time afforded amusement to King Charles IX. in his early years, if we can place any reliance on the histories of that period.

Not wishing to be too dilatory in presenting himself to Master Cornelius, the gentleman was just about to leave

the place where he had been sitting and to knock at the gate of the Malmaison, when, as he raised his eyes towards it, his attention was attracted by a sort of appearance of the most extraordinary nature. He rubbed his eyes, as if to clear his vision, while a thousand different ideas passed through his mind at this strange sight. On each side of the entrance appeared a face ensconced between the two bars of a kind of port hole. He had at first taken these two visages for grotesque figures cut in the stone. They were wrinkled, sharp featured, harsh-lined, hatchet faced and motionless, and of a brownish or tan-colour; however, the cold of the atmosphere and the light of the moon enabled him to distinguish the thin white mist which respiration impelled from the two bluish noses, and at last he finished his survey by perceiving in each lank hollow face, under the shade of the eyebrows, two eyes of a dull blue colour, which emitted a fiery glare, and resembled those of a wolf, who, crouched in the cover, thinks he hears the cry of a pack of hounds. The restless light of these eyes was still directed so fixedly on him, that the moment he became sensible of its presence in examining this extraordinary spectacle, he felt himself like a bird surprised by a setting dog, while a sensation of feverish fear shot through his frame, which he quickly repressed. The two faces strained forward in anxious suspicion were doubtless those of Cornelius and his sister: however, the gentleman instantly affected to be engaged in finding out where he was and as if seeking to discover the house described upon a card which he drew from his pocket and endeavoured to read by the moonlight; then he went straight up to the gate of the usurer and gave three knocks, which pealed through the house as if it had been the entrance to a cavern.

A glimmering light passed along under the porch and, immediately after, an eye sparkled through a small but exceedingly strong grating.

"Who's there?"

"A friend, sent by Oosterlinck of Bruges."

"What do you want?"

"To get in."

"Your name?"

"Philip Goulenoir."

"Have you any letters of recommendation with you?"

"Yes, here they are."

"Pass them into the letter box."

"Where is it?"

"On the left hand side."

Philip Goulenoire threw the letter into a slit in an iron pillar, which was just under the port-hole.

"Diable!" thought he, "one would think that the king is come hither. There are as many precautions here as at the Plessis."

He waited near at hand for a quarter of an hour, and after the expiration of that time he overheard Cornelius saying to his sister,

"Let down the chevaux de frize before the door."

A clashing of chains and iron bars resounded from beneath the portal; then Philip heard the bolts withdrawn, the locks grating, and at length a little wicket studded with iron was opened in such a manner as to describe the most acute angle through which a man of very lank dimensions could possibly pass, and Philip, at the risk of tearing his garments, slid rather than walked into the *Malmaison*. A toothless old hag, with a face like a fiddle, and eyebrows that resembled the two ears of a pot, and who could not, if her salvation depended on it, insinuate a hazel nut between her nose and hooked chin a pale ghastly being with hollow temples, appearing to be composed merely of bone and sinew, conducted him silently into a parlour, while Cornelius himself followed with suspicious caution in the rear.

"Sit down there," said she, pointing to a three legged stool which was placed in one corner of a huge stone built chimney, but whose hearth, little disarranged or blackened, did not contain a spark of fire. On the other side of this chimney stood a table of walnut wood, with turned legs, upon which lay a single egg upon a plate, and ten or twelve narrow slices of dry hard bread cut with the most studious parsimony. Two other stools, upon one of which the old woman seated herself, evidently notified that the wretched couple were just about to sup. Cornelius first proceeded to push in two iron shutters, no doubt for the purpose of closing the *judases*, as they were called, through which he had been for such a length of time

peering into the street, and then returned to take his place at the table.

The pretended Philip Goulenoire now beheld the brother and sister dip into the egg turn about, with the greatest gravity and with all the precision which soldiers would use at mess, their little scraps of bread, which they scarcely coloured by the operation, in order that they might contrive to apportion the time which the egg would last with the number of their scraps. This dexterous arrangement they performed in profound silence, and, during the whole time of his meal, Cornelius never ceased to examine the false apprentice with as much anxiety and keenness as if he were weighing his own old bezants.

Feeling an icy chill creep over his shoulders, Philip was strongly tempted to look around him, but, with all the cunning which a love enterprise will awaken in the mind, he kept a vigilant watch on his inclinations, and restrained himself from throwing a single glance, however furtive, upon the walls, feeling well convinced that if Cornelius caught him doing so, he would not harbour one of so curious a disposition in his house. In such a predicament, he was obliged to content himself with modestly fixing his looks now upon the egg, now upon the old woman, and occasionally he turned his attention to his future master.

The goldsmith of Louis XI. bore a very strong resemblance to that monarch, and had also contracted certain gestures of the king, as happens very frequently to persons who live together in habits of intimacy. The bushy eyebrows of the Fleming almost completely enveloped his eyes, but when he raised them a little, a clear glance shot from them, searching and full of a commanding influence, the glance of a man accustomed to silent meditation, and to whom the phenomenon of concentrating the internal powers of the mind has been long familiar. His thin lips, compressed and pursed together, conferred on his face an expression of inconceivable shrewdness. The lower part of his visage bore a vague resemblance to the muzzle of a fox; but the high and arching brow, which was thickly set with wrinkles, seemed to reveal the existence of great and excellent endowments—a nobleness of soul, whose soaring flight experience

had learned to moderate, and which the bitter lessons of the world had (without doubt) driven back into the most secret recesses of this singular being. Beyond all question, he was a miser of no ordinary character, and profound and peculiar enjoyments and undivulged trains of thought lay concealed beneath his ruling passion.

"What's the price of Venetian sequins?" abruptly demanded he of his future pupil.

"Three quarters at Bruges; one at Ghent."

"How much is freight upon the Scheldt?"

"Three sous of Paris."*

"What's the news from Ghent?"

"Lieven d'Herde's brother is ruined."

"Ah!"

Upon this exclamation the old man covered his knees with a lappet of his Dalmatian gown, a species of robe made of black velvet, open in the front, having large sleeves, without a collar, the once sumptuous stuff of which was now crumpled from long use. This remnant of the magnificent dress which he formerly wore as president of the tribunal of *Parchois*, an office which had procured him the enmity of the Duke of Burgundy, was now nothing more than a rag.

Poor Philip no longer felt himself cold: the perspiration burst out from every pore and he trembled at the thoughts of having to undergo a further examination; the brief instructions which a Jew, whose life he had saved, had given him the preceding evening, sufficed so far, thanks to his own memory and the perfect knowledge which the Jew possessed of the manners and habits of Cornelius; but the cavalier, who in the first ardour of his plan did not entertain a single doubt, now began to discover all the difficulties of his enterprise. The solemn gravity and imperturbable coolness of the terrible Fleming had such a powerful influence over him, that he began to feel himself already under the bolts, and to see all the ropes of the provost marshal at the command of Master Cornelius.

"Have you supped?" demanded the banker, in a tone of voice which plainly signified, "do not take any supper."

Despite of the accent with which her brother made this enquiry, the old woman started with affright; she eyed anxiously this young partner of her meals as if she would gauge the capacity of the stomach which he might naturally expect to satisfy, and then said with an affected smile,——

"You have not stolen your name, for your hair and moustaches are blacker than the devil's tail."

"I have supped," replied the youth.

"Well, then," said the miser, "you shall come again to see me in the morning. It is a long time since I have been in the habit of associating with an apprentice, and I shall want the night to prepare myself."

"Under your favour no, by Saint Bavon, gentle sir. I am a Fleming, and know no person in this place; the chains are now thrown across the streets, and if I go out I shall be cast into prison—nevertheless," he added, somewhat alarmed at the eagerness which he threw into his words, "if it be not your convenience, I will go."

The adjuration of the young man had an extraordinary effect upon the old Fleming.

"Well, well," said he, "be it so; by Saint Bavon you shall even sleep here this night."

"But"—said his sister, in consternation.

"Nay, say no more about it," replied Cornelius, "by his letter Oosterlinck pledges himself to me for the youth;" then stooping himself towards his sister, he whispered into her ear, "have we not a hundred thousand livres from Oosterlinck? A good security that, I trow."

"Aye, and if he steals the jewels of Bavaria from you—bethink you, brother, he seems more like a robber than a Fleming."

"Hist!" interrupted the old man, at the same time pricking up his ears, and the two misers listened attentively.

Immediately after the old man had said "hist!" a noise, as if caused by the tramp of men, resounded gradually

* The Parisian sous was one fourth more than the piece of money of the same name which was formerly coined at Tours.

more and more distinctly in the distance, and from the other side of the trenches of the town.

"It is the guard of the Plessis going its round," said the sister.

"Come," replied Cornelius, "fetch me the key of the apprentice's chamber."

The old woman made a movement as if to take up the lamp.

"Are you going to leave us alone without light," cried Cornelius, in a most significant tone of voice; "have you not learned at this time of your life to find your way in the dark—is it such a difficult matter to lay your hand on the key?"

The old woman took the hint which his words implied, and departed. As his eyes turned on this singular old creature just at the instant when she reached the door, Philip Goulenoire contrived, without his master's detecting him, to cast a furtive glance round the apartment. It was wainscotted with oak to the height of the breast, and the walls were hung with tapestry of yellow leather ornamented with black arabesque work, but that which struck him with the greatest astonishment was a pistol with a match-lock, having a long spring-bayonet attached to it, which new and formidable species of weapon lay close beside Cornelius.

"How do you purpose to gain your livelihood?" demanded the usurer.

"I have but little money," replied Goulenoire, "but I know something of my business, and if you will only give me a sous for every mark that I put into your pocket, I will be contented."

"À sous! a sous!" repeated the miser in astonishment. "Ah! but that is a large sum of money."

Just at this moment the old witch returned.

"Come," said Cornelius to Philip.

They went out beneath the porch, and ascended a flight of stone steps which wound upwards within a high turret at the side of the parlour.

At the first story the young man stopped short.

"Nay, nay," said Cornelius, "what ails the child. Diable! 'tis the very chamber where the king takes his diversions."

At length, at the top of the turret in which the winding stair-case had

been constructed, and immediately under the high sloped roof, stood the sleeping apartment of the apprentice, a small circular chamber surrounded on every side by the chill naked stone, and built without the slightest ornament. The turret occupied the middle of the front which looked into the court yard, and this latter, like all those of the province, was narrow and gloomy, while at the bottom you might perceive through the grated arcades, a wretched garden in which there was nothing except a few large trees. The cavalier made all these observations as he wound slowly up the staircase, by the light of the moon which, fortunately for him, was shining brightly. A little truckle bed, a stool, a water picher and a crazy old trunk composed the furniture of this miserable apartment. The light of heaven had no other means of entering it than through small square apertures disposed at regular distances all round the eve course of the turret on the outside, and which no doubt were considered ornaments, according to the taste and character of that graceful architecture.

"There is your bed-chamber; it is plain and strong; you have everything in it which a man can desire, who wants to sleep."

Having so said, and bending on his apprentice a parting look, in which a thousand suspicions were crowded together, Cornelius closed and double-locked the door after him, took the key out, and descended the stairs, leaving the young gentleman just as much at his wits' end as a cobbler would be without his awl.

Alone, without light, seated on a stool in a paltry garret, from which his four predecessors had departed only to ascend the scaffold, the young cavalier could only compare himself to a deer entangled in the toils of the hunter: he sprang upon the stool, strained himself up to his full height, to reach if possible, the small openings which were placed high up in the wall, and through which a pale faint light was streaming: he gained the elevation, and perceived the Loire, the lovely hills of Saint Cyr, and the gloomy grandeur of the Plessis, where here and there a light shone forth from the recess of some window;

then in the distance spread far away the beauteous plains of Touraine, and the silver sheet of the river winding its way amongst them. The most trifling appearances in nature possessed an indescribable charm—the glass windows—the fountains—the tops of the houses glittered like jewels in the flickering rays of the moonshine, which flung over all existence its magical delusions.

The soul of the young noble could no longer check the gentle yet sorrowful emotion which rose within him. Was it the spirit's last farewell to nature?

He remained fixed to the spot, experiencing, by anticipation, all the fearful sensations which his adventure seemed likely to give birth to, and yielding himself up to all those fears which the prisoner feels, till the light of hope itself is finally withdrawn from his eyes. Each new difficulty served but to clothe his mistress in more attractive charms. She was no longer a woman in his sight, but a supernatural being dimly descried through the glowing atmosphere of passion.

A faint cry, which he fancied proceeded from the Hotel de Poitiers, quickly brought him to himself, and to a knowledge of his true situation.

As he sought his bed to reflect on this circumstance, he heard light stealthy steps, which echoed along the winding stairs, and listening attentively, these words, "He is in 'bed,'" pronounced by the old woman, reached his ears. Chance had effected, without the knowledge of the architect, that the slightest noise was reverberated through the chamber of the apprentice, through which means the pretended Goulenoire did not lose a single movement of the miser and his sister, who were without doubt watching him. He undressed himself, lay down on his bed, and pretended to fall asleep, employing the time, during which his hosts remained upon the steps of the stairs, in contriving the means of getting out of his prison into the Hotel de Poitiers. After waiting till about ten o'clock, Cornelius and his sister, feeling convinced that their apprentice was asleep, retired to their own apartments. The youth listened with the greatest attention to the heavy and distant sounds which the two Flemings made, and felt certain that he could ascertain the situation of their chambers, which ap-

peared to him to be necessarily in the second story. Now this story, as in all houses of that period, was carried up into the roof, out of which last rose the windows, richly ornamented and corresponding with those of the lower rooms. The roofing was surrounded by a sort of cut stone work that concealed the gutters intended to conduct the rain water which spouts, fantastically shaped into crocodiles' heads, threw out into the street. The gentleman having studied these localities with the sagacity of a cat, came to the conclusion that he could effect a passage from the turret, through the roof, and make good his entrance into the apartment of Madame Saint Vallier, going along the gutters (with the assistance of a spout) but, unfortunately, he did not know that the windows of the turret were so small that it was impossible to pass through them. In this emergency he resolved to go out upon the roof of the house, through the windows of the stair case, which lighted the landing place of the second story. However, to accomplish this venturesome project, he must leave his apartment, and Cornelius had taken off the key of it with him. The young man had taken the precaution to arm himself with one of those poinards with which they were wont, in the good old times, to give the finishing touch in deadly combats, when your adversary entreated you to despatch him. This desperate weapon had one side of the blade as sharp as a razor and the other notched like a saw, except that the teeth were pointed in a contrary direction to that which the sword took in penetrating the body. With this poinard, then, he determined to saw through the wood of the door around the lock. Fortunately for him, however, the hasp of the lock was secured on the inside by four strong screws, so that, with the assistance of his poinard, he succeeded, not without great difficulty, in unscrewing the hasp which held him prisoner. This being accomplished, he carefully placed the screws upon the trunk—the next moment he found himself at liberty, and forthwith he descended, without his shoes, to reconnoitre the localities of the mansion. It was not without the greatest astonishment that he beheld, thrown wide open, the door of a corridor off which branched numerous apartments, and at the lower end stood

a window which opened into a sort of valley formed by the roofs of the Hotel de Poitiers and the Malmaison, which united in that place. Nothing can possibly explain the joy of his heart, unless it be the vow which he forthwith made to the Holy Virgin of instituting a mass at Tours in honour of her, in the then celebrated parish church of l'Escrinnolles.

After he had examined the high and spacious chimneys of the Hotel de Poitiers, he began retracing his steps to take up his poinard. A chill and deadly shivering ran through his limbs, as he beheld a light brightly illuminating the staircase, and then Cornelius himself, in his Dalmatian gown, holding a lamp in his hand, with his eyes wide open, and fixed steadfastly upon the lower end of the corridor, at the top of which he appeared like a spectre.

"Should I open the window and leap out on the roof, he will surely hear me," said the young man to himself.

Still the dreaded Cornelius continued advancing—advancing like the hour of death on the condemned criminal.

In this critical extremity Goulenoire, protected by love, recovered all his presence of mind. He slipped softly into the recess of the doorway, squeezed himself up towards the corner, and in that manner waited the approach of the miser. When the old usurer, holding the lamp before him, came just into the current of wind, which the other managed to produce with his breath, the light was suddenly extinguished. Cornelius growled out a few inarticulate words, seasoned with a Dutch oath, and turned back the way he came. Then the young spark ran

to his chamber, and snatched up his weapon—regained the window in the very nick of time—opened it gently, and jumped out upon the roof. Once again at liberty, and beneath the vault of heaven, whose air he breathed, he felt himself fainting from very happiness, or perhaps from the excess of agitation, into which the dangers he escaped, or his own rashness had thrown him. Placing his hand on a gutter, he sprung up lightly upon it, and said to himself,

"Through which of these chimneys shall I go down into her apartment."

He surveyed each of them in turn, and at last, with an instinct which can only be taught by love, he proceeded to feel them, in order to discover that one in which there had lately been fire. Then, when he had decided that point, the hardy gallant thrust his poinard fast into the joint of two stones, hung his ladder from that, cast it down the mouth of the chimney, and ventured, without a fear, upon the faith of his good blade, to descend into the chamber of his mistress; not knowing whether Saint Vallier might be awake or asleep, but determined to fold the Countess in his arms, though the lives of two men were the price at which he might purchase the gratification.

Cautiously he placed his feet on the still warm embers, then stooping a little, the happy lover beheld the Countess sitting in an easy chair, revealed by the light of a lamp, pale with joy, and trembling with anxious expectation, while she pointed with her finger to Saint Vallier, who lay stretched in sleep on a couch a few yards from her.

Oh! what a burning and silent embrace. It had no echo but in their own hearts.

THE WANDERER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHMIDT VON LUBECK,
BY MRS. HEMANS.

Ich komme vom Gebirge her,
Es dampft das Thal, es braust das Meer,
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der seufzer, wo ?

Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,
Die Blüthe welk, das Leben alt,
Und was sie reden leerer schall,
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.

Wo bist du, mein geliebter Land,
Gesucht, geahnt, und nie gekannt ?
Das Land, das Land, so hoffnungs grün,
Das Land wo meine Rosen blühn ;
Wo meine Freunde wandelnd gehen,
Wo meine Todten auferstehen,
Das Land, das meine sprache spricht,
Das theure Land—hier ist es nicht.—

Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer, wo ?
Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir zurück,
Dort, wo du nicht bist, ist das Glück.

I come down from the Hills alone,
Mist wraps the vale, the billows moan ;
I wander on in thoughtful care,
For ever asking, sighing—*where* ?

The sunshine round seems dim and cold,
And flowers are pale, and life is old,
And words fall soulless on my ear—
—Oh ! I am still a stranger here.

Where art thou, Land, sweet Land, mine own ?
Still sought for, longed for, never known ?
The Land, the Land of Hope, of Light,
Where glow my Roses freshly bright,
And where my friends the green paths tread,
And where in beauty rise my Dead,
The Land that speaks my native speech,
The blessed Land I may not reach !

I wander on in thoughtful care,
For ever asking, sighing—*where* ?
And Spirit-sounds come answering this
—“ *There, where thou art not, there is bliss !*”

SCOTLAND.—No. II.

LETTER IV.—TO E—— S——, ESQ.

A TRAVELLER'S PRESAGES AND PRESENTIMENTS.

Glasgow, July, 18—.

My dear * * *

Although it is but a few hours since I placed a letter for you in the post, and but one hour since I lay down with a resolution to seek repose, here I am, with, if not like, a perturbed spirit, labouring for your annoyance. It is impossible for me longer to resist the impulse which constrains me to unbosom to you my secret burden. Peace of mind I have not. Sleep will not come to me while I am wasted by an untold sorrow. Nay, I feel that I ought not to have rest, while, from an unpardonable fastidiousness, I leave undischarged a duty which I may have but short time to fulfil, and to the speedy performance of which my very restlessness may be a gracious warning. Forgive me, my dear friend, if I cause you any vexation by the confidence I am about to repose in you ; and even if you think me silly, do not be unmeasured in your reproofs. This I ask for your own sake. In a few weeks hence, you may find it soothing to think that you have spared yourself the remembrance of a harsh or hasty expression.

I have a solemn presentiment on my mind, that my present journey will have a fatal ending, and I wish you to be aware of my anticipations, that you may take such measures as are fitting, for the welfare of those for whom we both feel an interest, but in whom, I may say, as far as I belong to this world, I live and feel.

Whatever you may think of the unreasonableness of my apprehensions, you will admit that all these measures may be taken without involving in their consequences any thing prejudicial. I would not act rashly in obedience to what I may consider warnings. I would not violate an

engagement, or even abandon the pursuits in which my proper business lies ; but, to feel, as I do, perpetually recurring intimations that some trouble is at hand, and not to have recourse to all safe and permitted means of alleviating calamity when it has come, would be to renounce the privileges of a soul that looks before and after, or to insist on the unworthy and impossible condition, that every presage of the future which is to be regarded, shall have been first rendered apprehensible to a faculty which can take cognizance directly of no time but the present.

Believe me, my friend, the scepticism which prevails on the subject of presentiment, is too haughty and indiscriminating. Conjectures are not presentiments ; nor are the wandering doubts and fears which chequer the sunny prospect of every man's future. These are clouds which an ardent fancy, in the very wantonness of its power, may exhale from the region upon which they cast their slight and transitory shadows. Presentiments are not of these, nor among them. For my part, I can see no reason why they should not be entitled to respect equally with anonymous warnings of impending danger, in which the nature of the danger is not clearly defined. If calamity be at some future period to overtake me, why may it not at this moment have commenced its pursuit. It seems admitted, that the young of the more timid animals manifest symptoms of terror, to themselves, I dare say, inexplicable, when the roaring of the lion is heard. It is confessed that the great phenomena of the seasons are preceded by alterations in the atmosphere, which science has rendered, as it were, visible to all, but which are directly felt or discerned by animals of the inferior species, and by some who are among the more susceptible of our own. Why

should it be taken for granted that the spiritual regions are less qualified to transmit notice of coming change than the physical ;—or why shall it be rashly denied that the presentiment by which I am oppressed, is—not a groundless apprehension of something yet to be—but an actual sensation conveyed to the mind or wrought within it, by elements which have, at this moment, existence and activity, and which send sadness and mystery to my soul, while they are shaping out the disaster which may, to-morrow, befall me.

Nor have I been left altogether to the presentiments of a saddened spirit for the warning of evil to come, if (*which it is not*) it be right to name any visitation an evil. Incidents, also, which I am constrained to accept as omens, have admonished me. When these things do so conjointly meet—mental inquietude without apparent cause, followed or attended by circumstances calculated to produce it—"let not men say these are their causes, they are natural." They are not natural, my friend, or if they be, nature is very unlike what is dreamed of in your philosophy. Attend, while I detail to you how outward events kept pace with or responded to the persuasion which depressed my spirits.

I spare you the recital of such things as the sudden stopping of my watch—the mal-adjustment of my horse's harness—his rearing and backing, an offence which I had never known him to commit before. I proceeded to more important matters. When my eldest child had kissed me, and said with his accustomed benison, "God bless you, papa—good bye," he walked quietly into the drawing-room, where, looking in immediately after, I saw he had gone to weep. His sister soothingly said, "Papa will soon return from Belfast;" but he said "No, he is going to Scotland—I will kiss him again," and presently he had his arms a second time about my neck speechless, and weeping. One of the two sore bereavements by which my maturer life has been afflicted, was preceded by just such an omen. But, I had corroborating evidence of what is to come. The child's mute farewell sensibly affected me, the pain of parting blending with the previously existing apprehension, gave to vague presentiment a direction and an object, and I can truly say, that had a death-

bell tolled as I unclasped my child's little arms and laid him down, it would have been a voice so congenial to the state of my mind, as probably not to be noticed, but, certainly, not to occasion a new alarm. You can judge, therefore, how heavily the first hours of travel passed over me, and how eagerly, when, arrived at my destination for the night, I sought distraction from thoughts which, in the solitude of my inn, whither the gloom and storm of an inclement evening had driven me, acquired a degree of power with which I felt myself incapable of contending. Now, mark the ally I was fated to procure. I wished to be relieved from the persecuting remembrance of my poor child's prophetic farewell. "It is the only book in the house, Sir," said the waiter, handing me a volume of Carleton's second series of *Traits and Stories*—one which I had not seen before. I opened the book eagerly, and read with an interest which caused the circle of ideal personages, among whom I now lived, to shut out for a time all thoughts of personal apprehension. But—"all occasions do inform against me"—the story I read was *Tubber Dearg*, and in it an omen like that from which I would escape, and the melancholy sequences it boded, are invested with the attributes of beauty and terror, which the poetic imagination alone can bestow, and which secure for every subject they adorn an imperishable place in the memory.

But in order that you should understand how much the influence of my omen has increased, what vitality has been imparted to it by the story of *Tubber Dearg*, you should know how frequently my admiration of the author's powers brings his works to my remembrance. Of all the writers who, in our latter days, have made fiction the vehicle by which the national traits are delineated, I look upon Mr. Carleton as pre-eminently the first. Miss Edgeworth, to whom was given the divining rod by which the unseen springs of feeling and poetic interest were detected under the most rugged and unpromising surface of Irish life, I do not include among the later writers; nor Lady Morgan, whose Irish novels, in general, have their scenes laid in courtly places, where our native character has the strangeness of an exotic.

I speak of a class of writers, and perhaps I might add subjects, altogether different. Those, I mean, to which we owe the stories of crime and conspiracy, and the displays of that national spirit, so unacquainted with, and so careless of English custom and law, that it could be likened to the mountain distillation, whose high privilege it is never to see the face of a guager—a privilege collaterally derived from the dignities of those touchy spirits of elder time, who claimed as their right (and used as their convenience,) exemption from entering any walled town. We have writers—men of genius too, who have taken, as the matériel of their stories, the present character and condition of our people, who seem to regard the ornaments of fiction as useful especially in attracting attention to a correct picture of very unhappy circumstances, and of good and evil qualities; and among those, or rather of these, I regard Mr. Carleton as the first. I can admire the graphic descriptions of the O'Hara Family—the art with which their stories are evolved—the surprise and suspense of their incidents—the spirit of their dialogue, and the force and fidelity with which they delineate character. I have been absorbed in the pathos and gaiety, the glimmer and gloom of the Munster Festivals, and, in the terrific interest which their author has communicated to some of his splendid but impossible “situations,” and in my momentary forgetfulness of their improbability, have convincing proof that if he had little prudence in avoiding difficulties, he has shown surpassing genius and art in sustaining them. The author of “To-day in Ireland,” gives sufficient proof of qualities of mind which promise much; but he wrote of Ireland, one would say, while he was learning the character of her children. He seems not to have been of those of whom he writes, nor to have grown up among them, but to have made the advantage which a man of superior powers can always make of the opportunities thrown in his way, and the portions of information he had gathered. To the author of “Irishmen and Irishwomen,” we have often, (always, indeed, when jealous duties allowed us the indulgence of conversing on subjects of domestic fiction,) offered the tribute of our unavailing

praise. I need not say to you how much I admire the simple and unassuming form of his stories, and the judgment with which he enhances their pathos and spirit, by the accurate and seemingly unornamented truth of his dialogue and his details. He imparts life to his characters—they act and speak after their own manner, and by their own volition. I need not remind you how truly I admire his performances, and honor his motives. Many others have laboured, with credit and good effect, in this late explored field, but none, in my judgment, so successfully as the writer of the “Traits and Stories.” He has written tales which are not so much pictures of Irish life, as admirable contrivances to make real agents tell their own story;—through which, as through a kind of moral glass-hives, the passions, and tender-nesses, and humours of his countrymen can be seen working. In grace and finesse he is excelled by many, in the adventitious embellishments which are gathered as the results of cultivation, other stories are more adorned than his; but in the power to sound every note in the character of his countrymen, in accurate knowledge of their condition, in the boldness and industry with which he appears to have explored the more remote and hidden causes of their miseries and crimes, in the singular tact and discrimination with which he has threaded the perilous mazes of party and faction, and the clearness and force with which he exhibits the result of these anxious and important inquiries, Carleton's “Traits and Stories” seem to me unrivalled and unapproached. You may judge, then, with such an opinion of these tales, with a disposition to quote them as though they were political authorities, with a persuasion that legislators could learn more, and of more use, from them, than from the voluminous reports of committees and commissioners to inquire into the state of Ireland; you can judge whether the omen which I sought to chase away, did not gather a deeper and more appalling blackness from the verified prognostics in the story of Tubber Dearg.

I had serious thoughts of returning to my home, and they for some time maintained a sharp conflict with what I hope I may call my better resolution. I combated them, as my letters, dated

Glasgow, have already informed you, successfully. I am not my own master : I should violate a contract were I to yield to my strong inclination. No ; the warnings which teach me to prepare for sorrow, are not sent to make me commit evil. I was glad, however, when the motion of the steam vessel taught me that the battle was won, and that I had no longer the choice of doing wrong. Before we got under weigh, I had another shock. I was gazing on the somewhat fantastic form of the head-lands of Belfast loch, and thinking of things which agitated me then, and oppress me now, when, as if a terrible answer to the questions with which my thoughts invoked futurity, I heard at my side a female voice utter with most plaintive intonation, " Nae mair—nae mair." Would it surprise you, had I experienced a temporary delirium ? The mourner was a poor woman, who had come in the vessel from Glasgow, the same in which I was proceeding thither, and who could with great difficulty be prevailed on to set her foot on Irish ground, or abandon the vessel in which she had left a soil more loved. Her weeping was occasionally interrupted by the heart-sinking burden, " Nae mair, nae mair, sweet Scotland, nae mair." She was, after no short struggle, prevailed on, or constrained rather, to land. In the meleé that preceded her disembarkation, the liberality with which she displayed a muscular arm, and the melancholy which her asseverations that she was " an honest woman" appeared to have borrowed from her recent grief, (and which made them seem more like confessions of unworthiness than claims to respect,) might, if you were severe, supply you with proofs that neither her elegy nor her war-song was composed by a drinker of undiluted water ; but it is my affliction, that while in the incident there was enough of the risible to divert the blow that fell upon me, it did not come to my aid. The sorrowful Scotchwoman was permitted to remain two hours on board, that I might have her appalling " nae mair" sounded to my heart, at the moment when its fall was heaviest ; and whenever the circumstances recur to my mind—they do frequently—all that would make mirth for the merry, hovers about confusedly for a moment, then disappears, and, like a departing mist,

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discloses the solemn scenery of the sea and the blue mountains, while the unsympathising dash of the waters returns to my ear, not blending with, but as it were, accompanying and authenticating the sad woman's random but subduing prophecy.

Here you have my story of omens and presages. Had I to combat with presentiment alone, I might have subdued or escaped from it. Were external things my only alarmists, I could take refuge amidst thoughts which would have quieted and sheltered me ; but when incidents menace or warn, and when their suggestions fall upon a mind wrought up to a condition, in which the most abundant harvest it is disposed to yield consists of sad presentiments, you ought not to be surprised that such a conspiracy, or correspondence between admonishing nature and an alarmed spirit, has produced upon me what I feel convinced is no more than the natural and the designed effect. Farewell, my friend : if you are for a moment inclined to think of my confessions with a feeling of no very respectful commiseration, I do not blame you ; but I am very sure, could you form an idea of the relief I experience from confiding a secret which sorely distressed me, to one upon whose sympathy I can so fully reckon, and whose friendship will ensure a compliance with my directions, even though his judgment may account them superfluous, you would not censure me. It is the privilege of a virtuous sorrow that its secrets may be revealed. In the disclosure permitted to well-placed confidence, they part with much of their bitterness. It is only the half-indulged wishes or purposes of guilt which should be held unutterable. They should be kept from the influences of light and air, and, like those dreaded criminals, whom the provident and discriminating severity of ancient Roman law condemned to an unseen death, they should be relegated to the deepest and darkest dungeon of the mind, and strangled there. * * *

A. W.

LETTER V.—TO E——S——, ESQ.

LANARK—FALLS OF CLYDE—EDINBURGH.

My Dearest * * *

This has been indeed a busy day, and in conducting me here as my jour-

U

ney's end, has had a magnificent termination. I have seen Hamilton and Bothwell Brig, and the Cartland Craigs, and old Lanark and new, and the Falls of the Clyde, and the factory to which its waters are condemned to minister. What objects and what associations for a day. You cannot expect me to describe them. Just now, sight and story are so confusedly mingled in my brain, that I should not find it an easy matter to disentangle them. What a country this Scotland is—"Where'er you turn, 'tis haunted holy ground." Wallace achieved his first exploit, you remember, in Lanark, and was sheltered, before he had gathered strength to take the field, in the neighbourhood of the Cartland Craigs. Bothwell Brig—what recollections—but it is changed. It has been rendered more commodious by an addition of several paces to its breadth. Still the original twelve-feet-wide fabric has been suffered to stand, and fancy is so indulgent to me to-day, that the labours of the wide-bridge committee have kindly mouldered away, and the relic of the olden time is all that my memory will condescend to accept or acknowledge.

And to think of a factory of Owen's in such a region as this—amidst the remembrances of all that is poetical in

human action, amidst the loveliest and most romantic forms of excelling nature—to think that, in the beautiful valley of the Clyde, and amidst the honoured memorials and agitating traditions of Wallace and the Graeme,—a system which would regard man as the mere creature of circumstance—would reduce him to the condition of a machine—would reject or extinguish the motives and incentives by which action is ennobled, and make life a dead level—a system which is the bodily presence of the very essence of mediocrity, shall have complacently located itself.

You do not, I am sure, expect me to say much about those beautiful Falls of which you have seen so many pictures and read so poetical descriptions. I thought each of the three less awful than Poulka Phouka, when, on that memorable evening, we, for the first time, beheld it. The Clyde Falls are all in the light. You see the water, in the principal, advancing to the desperate leap, and after the strife and the agony, languidly departing. There is, no doubt, its own peculiar charm in this absence of concealment or disguise, in which, with, as it were, that noble consciousness of virtue so happily noticed as a characteristic trait in Miss Holford's Wallace:

"Little reck's he who may know
The passions that glance on his manly brow,"

the proud river manifests a kindred indifference to the abatement of applause which its tarrying after the thunder shock, and its manifestations of langour or pain, may condemn it to experience. However, these mighty agents in nature to whom our admiration is offered, have their exits and their entrances, and there is assuredly something of deeper awe in the feeling with which you gaze upon the strife of waters, when you see not whence they come, or the dark region into which they disappear. You may find a beautiful engraving of the Stone-byres Fall in Chambers' *Picture of Scotland*, and a highly interesting description of the entire scenery, and the course of the river through the series of cataracts, until after the last fall, "it glides dejectedly away, with numerous spots of foam upon its surface, like a spent steed, whose dark sides exhibit marks of late exertion as unequivocal as

slowness of pace and dimness of eye"—well may the river flow dejectedly. It scorned the commands of the potent wizard, Michael Scott, and set at nought the efforts of his spirits, when they would execute their dread master's will—and now—the slave of a more ignoble despotism, it may shriek with Ariel afflicted, and vainly wish that the wizard of Ercildoune would arise to give deliverance from the indignity of such imprisonment and torture. But, let me be just. I spent some time in the factory, and can say that its inmates, however little may be done for their moral welfare, seemed contented and happy. They work nine hours and a half in the day, and, as their toil is by no means laborious, are free sufficiently long to be refreshed and to keep up their acquaintance with nature. Can any acquaintance, such as theirs, be profitable? I do not know. My impres-

sion is, that the most glorious spectacle in nature, to produce an effect on the heart, must be seen in the light of poetry or in that of religion. The precept, "feed and be fat, my fair Callepolis," seems the be all and the end all of Mr. Owen's discoveries. Its influence is surely not favorable to either piety or imagination.

How can I think of detaining you by factories and systems, when I am here—in Edinburgh—the miracle of cities—where the new, and the old, and the *ancient* which, because it is independent of convention and usage, may be (for our generations) eternal, but cannot be either old or new—divide while they, as it were, disclose within you new capacities of admiration. Other cities have finer buildings, and streets which are statelier and not less beautiful, but it is a distinction peculiar to this place, that it has those points of view from which its principal objects are seen to the best advantage. What a city it must be for a Scot to return to. Even I was moved when at ten miles distance I beheld the embattled outline of the castle, high reared above the smoke that hung over the peaceful ways of the city, and looking forth in the clear air, as if it watched that no sudden war should approach them. Nor is the proud challenge of its Keep, a heraldry to be followed by disappointment when you enter the city. No pitiful suburbs remind you that the poverty which seeks and dwells in a metropolis is that which is least endurable. You enter at once into places, and squares, and streets, which seem to say that a model of them existed in a mind of power before they assumed a material form, and that when the beautiful idea was realised, no meanness was permitted to disfigure it. My first great surprise was occasioned by the old town. We have our old and new in Ireland—as in Limerick—Glasgow has its old and new—but in neither of these fair cities is there anything which could prepare for the manner in which the dwellings of the middle ages, and of our enlightened day, are exhibited to you in Edinburgh. I thought I should have to go look for the old town—but, as the coach drove up Princes-street, on the one side was the array of the new town, and on the other (a dell converted into a garden between) old Edin, in its singular and

striking altitude, flanked at one end by the stupendous castle, on the other by Arthur's seat and Salisbury Craigs, displayed itself to my amazement and admiration.

Do you understand my description? It is perhaps my own slowness of comprehension which deceives me into the notion that you may need explanation more in detail. Princes-street I would term rather a terrace, having at one side a line of houses, well built of hewn stone, but not lofty—extending on the other to the railing which separates a precipitous descent to what had once been a swamp, but is now a fair garden, at the opposite side of which the old town ascends to its secure, though, in seeming, dizzy elevation. War and tumult, you know, hemmed in old Edinburgh with a kind of Cretan necessity. Only the sky was free; and thus, without thinking of Dædalus, his principle was adopted, but not his fortunes, in the uplifting of human habitations into tracts of air, where man ne'er soared before. But to return, "*à nos moutons*"—Princes-street may in a sense be said to have its two lines of houses; the modern and the old—"a union lovely in partition," near enough to form one whole, and wide enough asunder to be seen to the best advantage. It is indeed altogether a most striking spectacle: the commodious aspect of the new, the picturesque of the old—the works of the fifteenth and the nineteenth centuries quietly confronting each other. Onward, on the Calton Hill, beauteous fragments of ancient architecture—the portico of the Parthenon, in its grand simplicity, surveying the fruitless efforts of all the various ages denominated modern to rival Athenian glory, and—enclosing all in their protection, looking, one could almost fancy, with maternal pride on what they shelter—those hills which are so recommended to us that we greet them as friends seen for the first time, but long dear and familiar. But I must give up—I find that I am babbling, not describing. After being twenty-two hours awake, a man must sleep, even in Edinburgh. * * * * *

A. W.

LETTER VI.—TO R—— S——, ESQ.

OMENS—NEWHAVEN.

Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh, — Aug. —

I thank you most sincerely, my

dear * * * for your letter of remonstrance, which has not, you may be sure, the less weight with me, because of the visible restraint under which it is written. I fully admit the propriety of your protest against being required to prove a negative of such a nature as I have proposed to you, and feel that, strictly speaking, I should rather show cause why the omen and anticipation shall be considered shadows of the coming but yet unseen event, than expect of you to show that they cannot serve as the notice and the measure of a future calamity. Still I would submit, that my reasoning, confined within the limits I set to it, is not altogether erroneous. Remember that I do not attempt to justify, by my superstitions, any act or omission which demands justification. If I could prove a *necessary* connection between the mental disquietude I experience, and some disaster whose approach it indicates, I should not then have to confide only to one faithful friend the story of my apprehensions—I should have to communicate to those most interested, an account of my certain expectations of evil, and to take the suitable measures for meeting and mitigating the distress for which it would be criminal to be unprepared. The uneasiness I suffer is not sin, neither are my precautions imprudence.

Yet I must acknowledge there is force in your observation, that the very habit of observing presentiments, and allowing them to have so much influence over the conduct as even the mention of them denotes, must enhance their importance to the mind; and, just in the same manner as the narrators of dreams usually have dreams to relate, which, but for the practice of "r^{ac}contant," would have left their repose undisturbed, I can understand how signs and sentiments may gather, where there is a disposition to entertain and discourse of them. I felt the power of your reasoning on this baleful indulgence, and strove to profit by it. I fixed my attention on the objects before my eyes, and laboured to see them with the eyes alone. I, even to the utmost of my power, refused to admit imagination into a partnership, and like Nelson in battle, if fancy waved ever so modest a flag to call me from the business of seeing and doing, became obstinately blind to the

quarter which displayed the unacceptable signal; you shall hear with what success.

I venture to affirm, that if I have an opportunity of laying open for your inspection the various memoranda of my tour, their minute and worthless accuracy will amaze you. Like an unscientific caterer for a geologist, who seeks by the multitude of pebbles with which he is overloaded to make amends for his unhappiness in selecting, I collected, as I went, scraps of all kinds, for which I was essentially ill adapted. Qualities of soil—descriptions of farming—villages—population—sheep—oxen—altitude of mountains—course of streams—and all those approved ingredients in travellers' tales, of which *one* cannot abide in my memory, you may find in my books, set forth with pompous accuracy: and I defy you to detect a single proof that anything more than hands and sight were concerned in compiling the precious records. Well—presentiment, you will admit, had not an unoccupied mind to work on, and as to outward signs or portents, the faculty to which they addressed themselves was "put in irons"—I passed them, as it were, with closed ears, and gazing on their forms, heard no voices to alarm or betray. I arrived in Edinburgh, and certainly, at my entrance, forgot every thing but the spectacle of beauty it displayed. Little things, however, even here jarred me. The hotel where I have put up is a good house, the accommodations seem ample, and yet the room—the sleeping room—into which I was shown as mine, looked out immediately on a burying-ground. I did not think the place of tombs the first prospect which my temporary home in the City of Palaces should deliberately present to me. I asked whether I could not have a room in another part of the house, and was instantly shown to a chamber in every respect more commodious. It was not, then, from necessity, an apartment which in some sort seemed a vestibule of the grave, had been allotted to me. But, let that pass—with the change of prospect, let me consider the ill-omen averted. An incident followed, which has had more influence over me.

I was fortunate enough to meet here our old friend ———, and to make companionship with him. If I

have been industrious in finding out or imagining inauspicious bodings, you may naturally accuse me of ingratitude as well as inconsistency, if I did not mark such a meeting with a white stone. I was not so mulish as to be unthankful, or so regardless of my well-being, as not to make the most I could of my happy adventure. A weight was off my mind; and, seeing the sights of Edinburgh, in company with one whose intellectual stores and social qualities would furnish interest, and conjure up cheerfulness through a rainy day in a Ballynascorney hospitiium, I need not tell you that I was for a time effectually fortified against all spectres or spectral prognostications. All this was well—I was happy—and only by occasional shrinkings, was reminded of my late warnings. But, believe me, I am not the framer of my disquietudes: something is before me, and even the splendors of this place, and the captivations of the society I was privileged to enjoy, have not power to protect me from the anticipation of it.

If you are meditating a visit to Edinburgh, determine on dining one day at least at Newhaven, and have your table spread at Mrs. Clark's. Let it be a fish dinner; you will not, I venture to say, think white bait unparalleled after you have eaten those barbarian fishes. There is an interest too in the awkward slatternly village; the houses so unceremoniously huddled together, and encroaching on the streets, or receding from them, just as accident or caprice appears to have determined. There is, contrasting as it were with the random character of the village, a handsome pier, which forms a commodious embarking place for the various steamers daily passing to the opposite, the Fife shore, and to Stirling, &c. &c.: the inhabitants are a people as distinct from those of the town and of the adjacent villages, as gypsies are. They intermarry with each other only, and preserve at the present day the manners of their remote ancestors. You

have them (I am speaking of those engaged in fishing) described in the Antiquary. To us the appearance of the women especially seemed extraordinary; their countenances bronzed with exercise and weather; their bulky and manifold garments, the short petticoats, which being generally conspicuous with stripes of bright yellow, and brief as those of Bavarian broom girls, gave a foreign character to the costume, which the tones of their voice, their pronunciation rather, and our inability at a little distance to understand their language, very much heightened. But, you must see for yourself. We were so pleased with our entertainment at Mrs. Clark's, that we made an appointment for a second day's dinner, and on this occasion were promoted from the very humble tenement we first occupied, to a good house at the summit of the sloping garden, reserved for more select guests and occasions, where we banqueted, withdrawn from direct contact with the street, and able to look out, over the tops of the houses before us, upon the open sea and the passing sails, which, in the distance, harmonised beautifully with the scenery (may I call it so) where we beheld them.

All for a time was well. The sea was smooth as a mirror; the light of the evening had become more grave, while an occasional chaunt ascending from the vessels in harbour, and at times the short clear stroke of the ship bells, whose eloquence is so laconic, were the only sounds that broke upon our conversation. I was yielding more to the influence of my company and the hour, and felt as if the complicated warnings and menaces which had caused me such uneasiness, were quietly dissolving before influences better and more genial. Was it accident that in such a moment, without preparation for it of any kind, I should hear a voice of unequalled power and melody pouring forth that immortal dirge of Stevenson's, from Hamlet:

"And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No! no! no! no! no! no! no! no!—He is dead."

Was it—could it be accident that I should hear these words breathed out in tones of sweetness and expression, such as would lead you to say that

something which you had ever been wishing to hear, but of which you had always before, because of some want or redundancy, been disappointed, was

now vouchsafed to you? The voice was of a nature to leave an impression painfully consonant with my preceding anticipations. Its prevailing character was majesty. It was plaintive, no doubt, and tender; but yet in the richness of the full, mellow, unbroken swell of sound, and even in the delicacy of the departing cadences, there was a dignity which seemed to discriminate from the expression of immediate suffering, the tone of sympathy with sorrows well known in times past, but now remembered rather than endured. I was not so silly as to think that the dirge was sung by a being relieved from the encumbrance of mortality. No; nothing could less resemble the 'vox exilis' ascribed, from time immemorial, to the shadowy wanderers of the night: but do not think me refining, when I add, that a sustained nobleness imparted to the pathos of the manly voice which entranced me, a character rather of commiseration than anguish, a character which seemed to claim for it a freedom from the ordinary testimonies of suffering, and taught you to understand an exception to the rule, that he must first weep himself who would draw tears from his hearers.

Whatever you may think of my su-

perstition, you believe, I am sure, that my love of music is sincere, and that the admiration I felt could only be awakened by very rare excellence of voice and manner. You may think that my ominous feelings were absurd, but will at the same time believe, that the artist who called them forth must have been accomplished, and of high distinction. What will you say, then, when I tell you it was impossible to obtain from any of the people of the house the slightest information as to whence or from whom the rich melody proceeded. It would be tedious to dilate on the effect produced on me. I have been delivered up again to alarms which I thought had departed from me for ever. It seems as if all my faculties have been explored to find out where I was most vulnerable; and "even in the hour when my heart was most gay," Shakspeare's words and Stevenson's music, and a voice worthy to be their minister, meet together in the air at Newhaven, to chase from me my cheerful mood, and recall my sad presentiments.

"What business had they there at such a time?" * * * * *

A. W.

ATHENS.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, ESQ.

All pious joys may thrill the Athenian man
 Who, standing free where Pericles has stood,
 Beholds the purchase of his proper blood,
 The once more Greek-mann'd Acropolis:
 For here old Freedom, on her rocky van
 Still holds to heaven those trophies unsubdued
 Of arts and arms, which make Ilyssus' flood
 The famousest that e'er to ocean ran.
 Temple and tower, and tale heroic told
 In her own tongue, can give the natal soil
 Claims unimagined on her conscious son:
 Yet I, methinks, so love my barbarous isle,
 That more I could not, though each nameless Dun
 Had been an Areopagus of old.

ANNOYANCES OF A POET.

"GENUS IRRITABILE."

The first and principal annoyance is to be deficient in genius, and that, where one has a longing to be poetical, "the wish" is not always "parent of the thought."

It is annoying to feel one's self a swan, and yet to be generally mistaken for a goose.

It is annoying, after you have soared into "the highest heaven of invention," that people will not perceive the poetry, but call your sublimest flights nonsense.

It is annoying that the banks of "wizard streams" are commonly so damp, that inspiration is not to be got but at the risk of a fit of rheumatism.

It is annoying that Milton and Shakespeare wrote so much and so well. Originality is out of the question, and yet the want of it is continually objected to one as a most heinous crime.

It is annoying that there should be such harsh words in the language as blockhead, ass, idiot, dunce, dolt, driveller, &c.—they are so excessively convenient to ill-disposed critics and reviewers.

It is annoying that ideas should be not quite so plenty as blackberries.

It is annoying that salt herrings should be so enormously expensive.

It is annoying that immortality should not be a property of a suit of clothes.

It is annoying that hurricanes will blow aside the skirts of one's coat at times when the integrity of one's nether garments is anything but unimpeachable.

It is annoying to be compelled, for want of the price of a sheet of brown paper, to paste your exquisite sonnet to "A Sweet Zephyr" on a shattered pane of glass, to protect your garret from the intrusions of his blustering brother Boreas.

It is annoying when unblest with the 'non deficiente crumena,' to be urged by the demon curiosity to lay out five pence upon a daily paper, which treats you either to silent contempt, or 'declines your favour as unsuited, &c. with thanks.'

It is annoying when, in the assumed garb of 'a constant reader,' or with the soubriquet of 'a steady subscriber,' you present to the editor of a monthly periodical, 'with most sincere wishes for the success of his patriotic designs,' an ode, a sonnet, lines for music, or a monody on a dear friend, and to betray by your blushes of virtuous indignation, and your leaving the magazine on the publisher's counter when you have perused the list of contents, that you are the 'Petrarch' or the 'Philo' or the 'Q in the corner' that 'won't do.'

It is annoying, if you are a bachelor, to be a poetical tutor in a patrician family, to mistake politeness for passion, to address some heart-rending stanzas to one of the petticoat high blood, and to be suddenly metamorphosed, in consequence, into a philosopher of the *exoteric* school, when you find yourself at, what is called in your native *patois*, 'the wrong side of the hall door.'

It is annoying, when enamoured of one in your own rank, to assemble together all the qualities which constitute female infinite perfection, and to discover, having 'pummelled your wall and nibbled your nails to the quick,' that your Dulcinea, though a mere milliner, or modish mantua-maker, is still sagacious enough to draw an impassable line of distinction between plain reason with cash, and polished rhyme without credit.

It is annoying, if married, to have the career of composition checked by the clamours and uproar of little Colin, Thyrsis, Phyllis, Alexis, and Corydon, and to be unable from the wasted state of one's exchequer to provide their mamma with birch-rods to keep them quiet.

It is annoying that Corydon should eat up, at a single meal, the whole produce of an epic poem as long as the Jerusalem Delivered.

It is annoying that twelve cantos should not purchase Thyrsis a pair of shoes.

It is annoying that your wife's name should happen to be Biddy.

It is annoying to dream of Houris the live-long night, and, on awaking, to observe that Biddy is—not an Houris.

It is annoying that Biddy should not be content with one hundred and forty-five stanzas upon her birth-day ; but should be so unreasonable as to ask for the price of a flannel petticoat.

It is annoying that your baker should refuse to accept draughts of Helicon in discharge of his year's bill.

It is annoying to be a fanatical admirer of the country, and yet pass one's entire life in Dirty-lane.

It is annoying, when you have out-done yourself at a lampoon, to find that the object of your satire has no intention whatever of committing suicide.

It is annoying to write Bacchanalian songs, and drink cold water.

It is annoying to be harassed to join a Temperance Society, when your tipplings and excesses for the last seven years have been limited to pots of beer, and even those only the "tricks of strong imagination."

It is annoying to be taken by the public for a species of chamelion.

It is annoying to observe the face of the churchwarden, when he goes round with the poor box on Sundays—he looks as if he thought one worth a whole penny sterling.

It is annoying to be informed by an experienced phrenologist that you are *rather* defective in ideality, but that your constructiveness is so well developed that you would, probably, make a very respectable carpenter.

It is annoying—but it were as feasible to count "the leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa," as to reckon up all the annoyances of a poet.

EPITAPH

ON A GIRL WHO WAS SPEECHLESS LONG BEFORE HER DEATH.

—————"Mors vocis iter properavit cludere blandæ,
Ne posset duras flectere lingua deas"—

MART. Ep. 11. 48 or 29.

A mournful band around thy grave, too late
We own the crafty messenger of fate—
In dread of heaven, upon thy *lips* his hand
The monster placed—then reared aloft his brand—
Upon a weeping world scowled back disdain,
And struck secure—he knew *its* tears were vain—
Oh, thus alone the tyrant could succeed,
And such a sacrifice so early bleed—
He closed the lips that pleaded but to gain,
That heaven itself could scarcely hear complain—
Choked the harmonious fountain of those prayers
That would have welled away beyond the spheres,
And, with the weak omnipotence of woe,
Have drawn the arm of power athwart the blow.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SIR CHARLES LEWIS METZLER VON GIESECKE,

LATE PROFESSOR OF MINERALOGY TO THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

PART I.

Charles Lewis Metzler, the subject of this memoir, was born (one of twins*) at Augsburg, in Bavaria, on the 6th April, 1761. His father was a respectable wine merchant, by whom he was educated in the Augsburg confession of faith, in which he stedfastly continued through life. He was placed, at an early age, at the University of Göttingen, where, for a time his studies were influenced by the desire to gratify an aged grandmother, whose darling ambition was to see him shine in the pulpit. Her decease, however, put a period to the course of divinity which he had been pursuing, and some stronger surviving influence turned his attention to the law, in which course of study he continued for some time, but not with that degree of devotedness essential to success. In truth, the mind of young Metzler was not well adapted for the continuous pursuit of metaphysical or abstract studies of any kind. He rejoiced in the fair face of the material world, and in the literature which portrayed the actions and passions of humanity. Even amid his legal cares he zealously studied mineralogy, under the celebrated Blumenbach; he also became intimate with Schiller, Klopstock, and Goethe, and maintained a friendly correspondence with the latter for many years. His literary taste must have been very decided at an early age, for we find him associated with Heyné, in his celebrated translation of Homer, and bringing out a translation of *Hamlet* on the Vienna stage, which was highly admired, and performed for an entire week together. The young student seemed, at this period, much enamoured with the stage, for we find him performing *Hamlet*, and other favourite characters, with the zeal of a devoted amateur. It is not at all impossible

that the incidents which marked this era of his life might have served his friend Goethe as a foundation for the dramatic part of the career of his enthusiastic hero *Wilhelm Meister*. His love of music was so strong as to amount to a ruling passion; and though he never attained to any particular eminence as a performer, his compositions were much admired. Whilst attached to the stage, he was concerned in the composition of two operas, the musical departments of which were especially allotted to him. Little is, however, known in this country respecting his productions in this peculiarly captivating path of literature, into which youthful talent is so often seduced; even the flames of the operas are unknown, and we are only acquainted with the *denouement*, too frequently the fate of uncalculating, aspiring, and all-confiding genius, viz. the failure of the company in whose frail bark Lewis Metzler "and his fortunes" had embarked on the dangerous voyage of dramatic enterprise; the "thousand and one" distresses and embarrassments that await on pecuniary disappointments; and finally, the endeavour to escape from the disagreeable associations of ideas and persons that began to crowd on his ruined fortunes by an expedient which with British stage-stricken youths is generally a preliminary—the adoption of a new surname. Young Metzler chose that of his mother's family, von Giesecke, and, fortunately for science and himself, renounced the stage for ever.

His natural talent and powers of observation peculiarly facilitated his acquisition of a knowledge of the external characters of minerals—a branch of natural history which had charmed his attention at an early age, and soon

* His mother had several other children twin-born, and once three at a birth.

after his discomfiture in the histrionic art, appears to have completely engrossed it. And here it may not be unimportant to those who take a phrenological view of human nature, its pursuits and successes, to record one of Giesecke's marked characteristics—the capability of estimating size and weight by the eye and hand. Up to the latest day of his life he could guess to an ounce the weight of any hand specimen of several pounds weight which he picked up in his excursions; his eye was almost a perfect measure of mineral proportions, and a single view often sufficed him to develop the intricacies of mixed crystallizations, and predict with confidence the angles and resulting specific forms which lay concealed beneath apparent confusion.

It appears that he regularly recommenced the study of mineralogy in his thirty-third year, viz.: in 1794, under Werner, at Freyburg, with considerable success. Ernest, now reigning prince of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha, brother of Leopold, King of the Belgians, was a student in this famous school at the same time, and associated with Giesecke in his scientific researches. From henceforth the latter seems to have devoted himself to the study of mineralogy with unremitting attention, and cultivated the acquaintance of many of the most talented and rising mineralogists of Germany and Sweden, with whom he subsequently maintained a correspondence, interchanging discoveries and observations that must have been in the highest degree interesting and improving, for we find in the list, besides Werner and Blumenbach, the celebrated names of Karsten, Klaproth, Gallitzin, Crete, Elkeberg, Afzelius, &c. whose labours in the field of mineral and chemical science have secured them a reputation as imperishable as the substances whose characters they devoted their lives to develop.

The travels which M. Giesecke undertook in furtherance of his passion for the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of minerals, led him through a considerable portion of Germany, Sweden, Norway, and the Faroe Islands,—descending into and examining almost every mine of consequence, securing for his future museum the most interesting specimens which his means would enable him to attain, and

adding, at every step, to his stock of knowledge in this important branch of natural history. His zeal and intelligence attracted considerable attention to his researches, and he was elected a member of several literary and scientific societies, such as Berlin, Upsala, Jena, Augsburg, &c.

The very warlike and unsettled state of affairs throughout the Continent at this period, did not hold forth much encouragement to the exclusive pursuit either of dramatic literature or his more favourite science of mineralogy, and M. Giesecke entered the Austrian service, in which his desire of scientific travel was gratified by an appointment in the suite of Prince Metternich, as Assistant Secretary of Legation, in his embassy to Selim II. at Constantinople. Under this diplomatic safe conduct, he traversed and inspected the rich mineral districts of Hungary, Transylvania, Bohemia, Styria, and Carinthia. He was also engaged on another occasion in the train of a similar embassy to Naples, when an opportunity occurred, which he eagerly availed himself of, to ascend and examine Mount Vesuvius, from which he brought an interesting collection of specimens.

M. Giesecke continued in the Austrian service until he received a wound in the right instep, which rendered him slightly lame ever after, and obliged him to wear a high heel to his shoe to compensate for a contraction that took place in consequence. This lameness necessarily led to his retirement from the army, and subsequently to his settlement in Copenhagen, where he opened a school of mineralogy, and dealt extensively in minerals, which his intimate knowledge of the mines of Germany and Transylvania enabled him to obtain in select and valuable assortments. Here he remained till 1801, when Nelson attacked the city. M. Giesecke's residence happened unfortunately to occupy a conspicuous site in front of the English squadron, and was a principal sufferer by the general fire that spread through the city during that memorable bombardment. His house and cabinets of minerals were burnt, his pupils dispersed, or otherwise engaged in that eventful crisis of the fate of Denmark, and his arrangements as a resident there completely overthrown. With a view

to compensate him in some degree for his losses, Christian VII. first provided for him in his almost annihilated navy (in restoring which, there was greater necessity than ever for the aid of men of industry and talent) as "first officer" or midshipman, and subsequently appointed him to proceed to Greenland on a geological and mineralogical survey, with a view to develop its traditional treasures of the mine. On this more scientific and congenial task, M. Giesecke departed from Copenhagen in a whaler, in the year 1806, and landed safely at Disco Island, where he assiduously entered on the researches which formed the great object of his mission. He kept a journal of all the interesting observations and occurrences of his life; and from this, at a subsequent period, drew the materials of his famed "Lectures on the Natural History of Greenland." This journal (in German) is now in the possession of his administrator, Robert Hutton, Esq. of this city.

In this survey he spent five years, absolutely forgotten by "the Majesty of Denmark," amidst the toils of government and the momentous events of a Continental war, unequalled in its effects on the destinies of rulers and nations. His old patron, Christian VII. died in 1808, and Frederic VI. who succeeded, was engrossed by novel and more pressing considerations. Some particulars of his researches during this period into the fate of the old Norwegian colonists, who nine hundred years ago made extensive settlements on the eastern coasts of Greenland, may be found in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. xiv. Another paper, on the climate and geology of this remarkable country, appeared in Brewster's and Jameson's Philosophical Journal, vol. i. The information contained in these papers is, however, very trivial compared with the mass of interesting facts acquired by M. Giesecke in that neglected region, and which he intended to throw together into a work that should transmit his justly-earned fame to posterity. Amongst other discoveries which he thus reserved for subsequent publication, was that of a bed of coal, forty feet thick, on the shores of Disco Island.

Six years of his residence were spent in geological and mineralogical

surveys chiefly between the latitudes of 60° and 64° on the western coast, and a seventh in the severe lat. of 68°, among the *Vroven* or Women Islands, an almost countless cluster on the same shore. His restless spirit of research did not, however, allow him to continue long at any time at rest, and his constitutional energy and activity may be estimated from the facts, that during the seven years and a half which he spent in Greenland, he not only visited several of the old Norwegian settlements, long deserted, on the eastern coasts, (from which he brought away bronze fragments of their church bells,) but traversed the western side in Baffin's Bay no less than four times, viz.: from Cape Farewell, in lat. 59° 16' to Gletchers, in lat. 76° 4'. In these journeys, the difficulties and dangers he encountered in the collection of his minerals, were innumerable. In his land researches, he generally travelled alone, not being able to inspire the natives with his passion for mineral discovery; and in going from one island to another, he had nothing better to convey him and his collections than the miserable seal-skin boats of the country, which were always managed by women. Above 76° 4' no land travelling is practicable, for the ice-blink, or eternal glacier of the arctic regions, covers the entire face of the country. M. Giesecke has the credit of being the first European who ventured to winter so far north on this inhospitable shore. The chart which he constructed of "the Western Coast of Greenland," proves how usefully he occupied his time. A very fine draught of it by his own hand may be seen in the Royal Dublin Society's Museum. Captain Sabine, who has since visited several points on this coast, laid down in Giesecke's chart alone, speaks in high terms of its accuracy. It also appears adopted by Scoresby, in his admirable work on the arctic regions.

In 1811 our long-forgotten traveller was remembered by the Danish court, and a whaler (the *Der Frechling*, Captain Ketelson,) was commissioned to bring him home. On the arrival of this vessel at Greenland, she was found to be so much injured by the floating ice which she had encountered during

her voyage, that M. Giesecke, now injured to the severities and casualties of a winter residence in Greenland, preferred remaining there another season, to braving the dangers of the icy sea in the shattered bark that offered to carry him and his treasures to Europe. He shipped, however, a great quantity of new and valuable minerals in this vessel, for Copenhagen, which on its passage homeward was captured by a French privateer, but was afterwards retaken by an English frigate off the east coast of Scotland, and carried into Leith as a lawful prize—the boxes of minerals were thrown at the back of the Custom-house as of no conceivable value in the eyes of either English sailors or Scots tidewaiters: the French and Danish captains did not care to make any explanation for the benefit of their enemies—or, as is very probable, they were not aware of the value of the minerals they had been deprived of. Certain it is that the boxes of “*thae dommed stanes*” lay under the sun, wind, and rain, in the Custom-house yard at Leith, till the wood rotted and fell away, and discovered the minerals to the discriminating eye of the late Thomas Allan, Esq., banker, of Edinburgh, who soon recognised the rare and valuable nature of the “*stances*,” and purchased the entire from the Custom-house authorities for forty pounds sterling.

The following is his description of the state in which he found them, given in a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh on the 20th April, 1812. (Vide Thompson's *Annals of Philosophy*, vol. i. p. 99.) entitled, “*Memorandums respecting some Minerals from Greenland.*”

“These minerals filled no less than nine or ten old boxes and barrels: a few specimens were wrapped in coarse paper; but a scanty supply of dry meadow moss was the only other material with which they were prevented from injuring each other. Before I examined them, they were turned out on the floor of a merchant's warehouse in Leith, and lay such a spectacle of uninviting rubbish, that they were thought wholly unworthy of attention by all those who had previously seen them, which principally arose from the very great quantity of rubbish and water-worn stones,

many of them covered with marine insects, with which the collection was loaded. The impression their first appearance made upon me was entirely similar, till my attention was attracted by some large white masses of what I thought resembled *cryolite*, of which I had obtained a few grains when in Paris, as a present of great value. On closer inspection, I soon found I was right, while, most fortunate for me, the masses I alluded to passed with others as sulphate of lime. Indeed, the very circumstance of its abundance was enough to stifle any suspicion of its being the rare and sought-for mineral. I consequently accomplished the purchase, along with my friend, Captain Imrie, without opposition; and having caused the minerals to be washed, in order to remove the dirt and soil with which they were covered, I carefully examined each separate specimen, and after throwing aside one half of the entire bulk as useless, the remainder turned out to be of much more value than I at first expected”

* * *

“This substance obtained a very high estimation in the mineral market. I have in my possession a small specimen, for which a friend of mine paid four pounds; and taking its weight and the price as the ratio, the value of all the *cryolite* in this parcel would have exceeded the sum of five thousand pounds.”

The other rare and new minerals found in the same consignment, may also be briefly mentioned:

Sodalite.—Specimens of this substance were given for analysis to Dr. Thompson, who, on the discovery of twenty-three and a half per cent. of soda among its constituents, gave it the name it has since borne. Mr. Allan states that M. Ekeberg, of Upsala, had also analysed a similar substance, and communicated the result to him in a letter, dated 14th April, 1810. His analysis indicated 25 per cent. of soda. “There is one circumstance,” says Mr. Allan, “which I cannot pass over, relative to a fugitive colouring which I observed on breaking up the masses. On the fresh fractures, I was very much surprised to find a beautiful rose or purplish pink colour, and the more so to observe, after laying some specimens by, that in the

course of a few hours this lively tint wholly disappeared. I had occasion to make several observations of the same sort: at one time I broke a mass, and laid one portion under the rays of the sun, while the other was placed in the shade. The former was deprived of the red hue almost instantaneously, while the other retained it for some time. This induced me to try the effect of excluding the light. I accordingly wrapped up a mass, which, after a period of three years, retained its colour nearly as fresh as ever."

Allanite.—This substance was entirely unknown to Mr. Allan, and at first mistaken by him for Gadolinite; but on being submitted to the examination of Dr. Thompson, it was discovered to be brown oxide of Cerium, and was named by him *Allanite*, in compliment to the *secondary* discoverer. It was also stated by Mr. Allan, "that the same substance had been found amongst a parcel of minerals from Mysore; yielding by analysis the same notable proportions. It is somewhat singular that a new fossil should be discovered so nearly at the same time, among minerals from two quarters of the world so widely separated."

Garnet.—"This substance," (continued Mr. A.) "I found of a form which I had not seen elsewhere. It is a regular octahedron, truncated on all the edges and angles. The principal crystal measures an inch and quarter along the edge. I found another variety of a dark olive green colour, crystallised in the *leucite* shape, and imbedded in bluish grey quartz; also the red transparent variety, presenting the same form, and imbedded in a compound of quartz and felspar; lastly, in small transparent grains of a brilliant red colour, imbedded along with augite in snow-white granular felspar, forming one of the most beautiful rocks I ever beheld."

For some time after these and other interesting minerals had thus fallen into the hands of Mr. Allan, and the nature of Allanite and Sodalite had been investigated by Dr. Thompson, the name of Giesecke remained unknown in Europe. Meanwhile his valuable specimens, widely disseminated through the cabinets of the mineralogists in Great Britain, and the Continent by his fortunate possessor, thus became

an abundant source of fame and profit, in the absence of the individual so justly entitled to both. Of all this valuable property, we may here remark that our traveller never was able to recover anything. It was irrevocably "lost to him and his heirs for ever!"

All this time the indefatigable industry of M. Giesecke was accumulating another valuable cargo of minerals and specimens of natural history. In this work he went through considerable personal toil, being obliged, for the most part, to search for and carry home on his shoulders his sparry spoils, over precipitous tracts of rocks and glaciers, where human foot had never trodden—where not a blade of grass or shrub raised its head to cheer the desolate prospect, and where "all was barren," except to the exploring eye of the mineralogist. He used to show, with pride, at his lectures in after days, a splendid prism of rock crystal, of nearly half a hundred weight, that he had carried home on his shoulder from a fissure in which he found it, nine miles off in the mountains. It was in one of these solitary rambles which frequently extended to thirty or forty miles, that he found the bodies of fifty Russian hunters who had perished in an avalanche many years before, while in pursuit of furs. All still appeared undecayed in death, with the exception of one of the party, who had somehow lost a leg—though all were as brittle as the ice that incrustated and preserved them. Nearly two years after the dispatch of the first cargo, the *George and Thomas*, a Hull whaler, happening to touch at Greenland for water, our mineralogist, who had previously learnt the fate of his former shipment, gladly availed himself of the opportunity of returning to Europe. Having conveyed his second collection (the result of his last two years' researches,) on board, he bade adieu to Greenland in the summer of the year 1813, after seven years and a-half residence, during which he had enjoyed more opportunities of acquiring an exact knowledge of the country than had fallen to the lot of any European since the days of the good old Norwegian missionary, Hans Egede, who resided there from 1721 till his death in 1758. In addition to the duplicates of his former

captured collection, he now brought with him an interesting series of zeolites, splendid varieties of the precious adularia, with hyperstein, opalescent quartz, tourmaline, Gieseckite, &c. Some notices of the native situations of the three rare minerals, (Cryolite, Sodalite, and Allanite,) appear in an article in *Thompson's Annals of Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 389., by Mr. Allan, entitled "Mineralogical Remarks on Greenland," derived from conversations with M. Giesecke immediately after his arrival in Edinburgh, (October 12th 1813,) a few extracts from which may here be appropriately given :

"Cryolite is found in only one place, in a very remote and unfrequented quarter in a *Fiord*, or arm of the sea, distinguished by the name of *Arksut*, situated about thirty leagues from the colony of Juliana Hope, in South Greenland. It occurs embedded in gneiss, in two thin irregular seams. One of these contains the pure white Cryolite, and is entirely uncontaminated with any admixture. The other is wholly composed of the brown discoloured variety, mixed with galena, pyrites, &c. They are situated very near each other : the first is washed at high water by the tide, and a considerable portion of it is exposed, the superincumbent gneiss being removed. It varies from one foot to two feet and a half in thickness. From the degree of decomposition which it has undergone, this curious fossil could not be procured attached to the matrix, particularly as it was always separated by a thin layer of mica, in a state of decomposition. The Sodalite occurs only at one spot, but in a more accessible situation at Kanerdluarsuk, a narrow tongue of land, upwards of three miles in length, in latitude 61°. It is found in an extensive bed, varying from six to twelve feet in thickness, and dipping south between beds of mica slate." * * * "The Allanite occurs in granite at Kakasoeitsiak, near Alluk, between Capes Discord and Farewell, on the east coast, the extreme point of M. Giesecke's travels in that direction, and he consequently was unable to revisit it. Beside these, M. Giesecke has been so fortunate as to find a great variety of other minerals, entirely new specimens of most of which he has had the kindness to place in my cabinet."

But to return to our naturalist's second collection. It did not consist of minerals alone. He brought away a complete *hortus siccus* of the plants of Greenland—numerous specimens of its birds, insects, fishes, shells, and seeds, besides portions of the skeletons of the larger animals, and arrived with them safely at Hull, in August 1813, where he landed in his Greenland dress of furs and feathers, (his European clothes having long since been worn out.) He placed his valuable specimens in safety, and instantly set off for Leith—having learnt that his first cargo had been taken thither a prize—where he made anxious inquiries, and ascertained that they had been publicly sold by the authorities, according to law, for the benefit of the captors—that they had fallen into Mr. Allan's hands—and that the latter was fast acquiring, by their aid, that notoriety in the scientific world, for which he had laboured so unremittingly. His loss soon became known to the public, and awakened considerable sympathy in his behalf—a feeling that soon spread to Ireland. Meanwhile he was received by the *savans* of "Modern Athens" with the high consideration due to his voluntary exile and years of labour in the arctic regions. Mr. Allan invited him to take up his residence in his house, and every one seemed proud of the opportunity of distinguishing the man who had devoted so much of his life in the cause of science. Sir George Mackenzie requested M. Giesecke to sit for his picture to the celebrated artist Raeburn, which he first intended for the Historical Society of Edinburgh, but subsequently presented it to the Dublin Society, accompanied with a very complimentary letter.

Meantime the Dublin Society had made arrangements to establish a professorship of mineralogy, distinct from that of chemistry, with which it had been united under Mr. Higgins, and from that of mining, then filled by Mr. Griffith. A warm desire was expressed that Mr. Jameson, professor of mineralogy to the University of Edinburgh, should, during his vacation, come over to this country, and annually deliver a course of lectures in the Dublin Society. A strong opposition was, however, raised to this scheme, both in Dublin and Edinburgh—the heads

of the Scotch University peremptorily forbid Mr. Jameson's acceptance of the offer—and he, consequently, relinquished the idea of filling both professorships. The Dublin Society then resolved to have a professor of mineralogy exclusively its own, and advertised in the Dublin, London, and Edinburgh papers, and the Vienna Gazette, for an individual of competent scientific attainments, at a salary of three hundred pounds per annum, and two guineas a day while engaged in mineralogical surveys, with liberty to form a class of pupils at three guineas a ticket. In reply to their liberal invitation, the Society received answers and applications from nine candidates, viz.: Messrs. Henry Baker, William Calley, William Fitzgerald, Henry Lambert, Doctor Smellie, Doctor Millar, Messrs. Robert Bakewell, Thomas Weaver, and the subject of our present memoir. C. L. M. Giesecke.

The committee of mineralogy, to whom the memorials and recommendations of the several candidates were referred, decided without hesitation that the choice of the Society ought to be confined amongst the last-mentioned four. Doctor Millar was well known in Scotland as a medical gentleman, practically well acquainted with its mines and geological formation; as a lecturer on mineralogy, natural philosophy, and chemistry, who had received the thanks of the Edinburgh Institute in the latter capacity; also as editor of and contributor to the second edition of "Williams' Mineral Kingdom," and of the fourth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," from the year 1801 to 1811.

Mr. Bakewell was the celebrated author of the "Introduction to Geology, with an Outline of the Mineral Geography and Geology of England." He also was an experienced lecturer on geology, physical geography, and the branches of natural philosophy connected therewith, and had delivered public courses at the Russell and Surrey Institutions. Further, in the exercise of his profession, the mineralogical survey of estates, he had attained much practical knowledge of the various formations of England. He was strongly recommended by Dr. Smith, President of the Linnæan Society, Knight Spencer, Esq. secretary to the Surrey Institution, the Bishop

of Llandaff, and J. Harpur, Esq. secretary of the Duchy of Lancaster, for whom he had drawn up a report of the minerals of the county of Derby. But the most formidable rival of M. Giesecke was Mr. Thomas Weaver, well known in Ireland as a man of talent, education, and great experience in the scientific management of mines, and as a former competitor with Mr. Griffith for the place of mining engineer to the Dublin Society. His father had been largely concerned in working the extensive copper mine in Parys' mountain, and expressly educated him with a view to qualify him for mineralogical pursuits. He had been early sent to the mining school at Freyburg, in Saxony, where distinct professorships are established for mineralogy and the art of mining, for chemistry, for natural philosophy, for mathematics, and for jurisprudence, each taught as they severally bear on the subject of mines and minerals. Here he studied for two years under the celebrated Werner, and afterwards spent two years more in travelling through Germany, extending his knowledge of the subject. Thence he returned to England, and spent a considerable time examining its mining districts; subsequently he came to Ireland, and conducted the Cronebane copper mine, the lead mines of Glandelough and Luganure in the county of Wicklow, and was one of three commissioners appointed by government to work the gold mine, on its discovery in the adjacent mountain of Croughan Moira. Mr. Weaver had also translated from the German, Werner's work "On the External Characters of Minerals," which Sir Humphrey Davy had, in a letter to the Society, described as "accurate and profound."

M. Giesecke, who, during the preparatory bustle incident to an election, had been three weeks a resident in the house of Mr. Allan, in Edinburgh, received from that gentleman a letter of introduction to the Dublin Society, which was certainly not as warm as might be expected, both from our traveller's proven merits, and from the obligations Allan owed him. M. Giesecke was, however, favoured with a very zealous and valuable recommendation by the Society's secretary and vice-president, J. L. Foster, Esq. (the

present Baron Foster*), which, from the favourable interest it awakened, tended considerably to turn the tide of opinion in behalf of the stranger whose cause he advocated, and who seemed to possess a natural claim to the sympathies of all inheriting a kindred thirst for knowledge. Henry Joy, Esq. (now Chief Baron) and the late Hon. George Knox, were also actively conspicuous in their endeavours to attach to the society the valuable services of our distinguished traveller. The only difficulty apprehended by the society was, that M. Giesecke, who was somewhat advanced in life, and knew hardly a word of English, would prove a very unintelligible lecturer; however, such was the confidence of his patrons in his talents, learning, and capabilities of further acquirement, that they pledged themselves he should learn to lecture in English satisfactorily. They happily succeeded, and on the 2d December, 1813, an election by ballot took place, in which the following numbers appeared:

For M. Giesecke	152
For Mr. Weaver	106

majority for M. Giesecke 46, (the other candidates having withdrawn altogether from the contest,) and on the ensuing 27th of January, Mr. Foster had the satisfaction (in his capacity of vice-president, at a meeting of the Society,) of introducing their distinguished professor, then just landed for the first time in Ireland. On the same day

that M. Giesecke's appointment took place, one of his warm supporters (Mr. Joy) was elected to the office of secretary, which another (Mr. Foster) had just vacated on his nomination to the office of vice-president; and thus the professor had the pleasure of feeling himself surrounded and supported by individuals of the highest scientific attainments and influence, not only in the particular society of which they were distinguished members, but also in the extended circle of their public lives, where their opinions and example had all the salutary effect which never fails to attend on true learning and ability.

Preparatory to entering on his professional labours for the society, M. Giesecke obtained leave of absence for a few months, as (his engagement with the government of Denmark being concluded) he felt it necessary to present himself at the court of Frederic VI. and render an account of his interesting mission, fulfilled at such a sacrifice of health, comfort, and all the enjoyments of European society. Proceeding thither *via* Edinburgh, he was received with all the honours his unwearied exertions so well merited, was rewarded with the Order of *Dannebrog* from the hand of Frederic, and an appointment to the honorary office of chamberlain to the King. There was indeed a salary of fifty pounds per annum attached to this sinecure; but it was encumbered with an anti-absentee clause, that the money should be spent

* DEAR M^CCARTHY—I enclose to you a memorial from a German gentleman of the name of Giesecke, offering himself as a candidate for our mineralogical professorship. I have lately had opportunities of knowing him personally at Edinburgh, and of seeing the very high estimation in which he is held by the scientific people there; he is considered as not inferior to any mineralogist in Europe, and certainly not to Jameson. I can also certify (which is important for our purpose) that his manners are peculiarly prepossessing and gentlemanlike. He has been for the last seven years pursuing his researches in Greenland, under the most dreadful privations that I ever heard of falling to the lot of a traveller. His energy may well be estimated from this circumstance: he is now about to give to the world a very full account of these unknown regions; and it would surely add to our reputation, as well as to his own, that such a work should be published by our professor. We should also secure the important accession of his collections, which are of course most valuable. He speaks English very imperfectly, but I have no doubt he would soon learn it abundantly sufficient for our purpose. He is quite satisfied with our terms; and I have only to add, that the Edinburgh men of science feel great interest in the event of the election, from conceiving it to be a real object to fix him in the British islands.

Ever yours most truly,

J. LESLIE FOSTER.

Lurgan, Oct. 20, 1813.
B. Mc Carthy, Esq. assist. sec. D. S.

in Denmark. This annuity was afterwards appropriated by our professor to the use of his niece, Miss Müller, who accompanied him to Dublin on his return to his duties as a lecturer, but who went back to Copenhagen after a few years residence in the Irish capital.

Sir Charles arrived in our city on his return from Copenhagen, in November 1814. As he passed through London on his way, whither the principal part of his mineral collection had been forwarded, he took the opportunity of having them safely repacked and shipped for Dublin. During this tour he was elected a member of the Royal Danish Antiquarian Society, of the Wetteravian Society of General Natural History at Hanau, Fellow of the Geological Societies of London and Dublin, and others of lesser note.

All this time our professor was steadily employing every leisure moment in the study of the English language; and within sixteen months he found himself able to read in English his first lectures on pure mineralogy. Of these he commenced the delivery in April 1815, to a private class, in the lecture-room of the Dublin Society's Repository, Hawkins-street. However, notwithstanding the fame of the professor, and the attraction of a number of new, rare, and very valuable specimens which he had collected, and now exhibited and described, only seven individuals purchased tickets for the course; all other admissions were complimentary. In consequence of this visible unripeness of the public for the pursuit of mineralogy "at a price," it was deemed advisable both by Sir Charles and the Society, that his subsequent lectures should be thrown open to the citizens; consequently, after the removal of the establishment to Leinster House, Kildare-street in July 1815, he delivered his celebrated lectures on the natural history of Greenland gratuitously, to a crowded and delighted audience.

This removal originated in the impression on the minds of several influential members, that the Society by

allowing its now truly valuable library, museums, apparatus, &c. to remain in a very close, dirty and unimproved suburb of the city, suffered a corresponding depreciation in the estimation of those whom it endeavoured to instruct and enlighten. The approaches were then bad on all sides, subjecting members, visitors, pupils in the fine arts, and attendants on scientific lectures, to constant discomfort in their daily visits to this institution, which was now inviting the attention of both citizens and strangers, more deservedly than ever. The observation of distinguished foreigners was at this era particularly attracted to the Society, from the high scientific position which it was assuming. The Arch-dukes John and Lewis of Austria were elected honorary members in March 1816, and the former expressed his anxious wish, through his secretary, Baron Widmanstetten, that a permanent correspondence should be formed between the museums of Vienna and Dublin. This desire had already been anticipated by Sir Charles, who had forwarded to Baron Schreibers, Director of the Imperial Museum, a portion of the meteoric stone, weighing seven pounds three quarters, which had fallen in the county of Tipperary, on the 10th August, 1810, and received in return, through the Austrian ambassador at London, specimens of German meteorilites, and other interesting minerals. Amongst these were fragments of the meteoric stones that fell at Stamern, in Moravia, and at Elbogen, in Bohemia.* The Society also received at the same time one which had fallen in a great shower of stones at Aiglè, in France, (and had been analyzed by Vauquelin and Thenard,) from the hands of Henry Heuland, Esq. of London.

The removal and arrangements of the Leskean, the new Systematic, and the Greenlandic Cabinets, necessarily occupied a good deal of the professor's time, and were not completed till June 1816. The Society had, on its leaving Hawkins-street, invested him with the controul and conservation

* At a later period (July 1830) the Society's museum was enriched by a specimen of the rare *Proteus subterraneus* or *P. anguinus*—also forwarded by Baron Schreibers. This animal is shaped like a lizard, but has gills over the eyes. It forms a new genus, and has hitherto been found only in the aquatic cavities of the lake Zirknitz, in Carinthia.

of the entire museum, which contained numerous specimens of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, as well as of the mineral—besides the productions of art, both foreign and domestic, in considerable variety. The Leskean Cabinet was, at the time of its purchase for the Dublin Society, by the Irish House of Commons, in 1792 on the death of Chevalier Leské, one of the most complete, and best arranged mineralogical collections that existed in Europe. It consisted of five divisions:—1st. The *characteristic*, illustrative of the external characters of minerals, containing 582 specimens: the *systematic*, embracing every variety of mineral then known, each in its exact order of composition as far as chemical analysis had revealed, containing 3268 species: the *geographical*, containing 1098: the *geological*, containing 1909: and the *economic*, exhibiting the minerals useful in the arts, manufactures, &c. amounting to 474. The whole series contained 7331 specimens, of which a descriptive catalogue was written in German by Karsten, translated by the late Dr. Mitchell, and printed in two 8vo. vols. by order of the Society. This book has become scarce, but copies of it are in the Society's library and museum, to which access can readily be had; and as the minerals are all numbered and arranged *seriatim*, any individual specimen in each or all of the five divisions can easily be referred to, and the description found in the catalogue.

The new systematic cabinet of minerals, which well deserves to be called the Gieseckean, consists chiefly of the splendid donation of our professor on his appointment; it has since, however, been enlarged and enriched by his continental researches, which enabled him to procure all the new species discovered since the death of Chevalier Leské. It now contains 2332 species, arranged characteristically according to Werner, of which Sir Charles has carefully drawn up an extensive and valuable *catalogue raisonné*, which was printed by the Society in November 1832.

Of these 1461 are earthy specimens.

. 34 — saline.

. 90 — inflammable.

747 — metallic.

2332

Of this number 229 are found in Ireland.

The Greenlandic museum was formed by Sir Charles alone, and comprized that valuable collection so generously presented by him to the Society, and which had been procured between the 67th and 76th degrees of N. Latitude, consisting of 612 specimens, of which 415 were minerals, 26 quadrupeds and fishes, 41 birds, 62 insects and shells, and 68 dresses, models, &c. beside a complete *hortus siccus* of Greenland plants, particularly described in an accompanying catalogue.* So liberal a donation from a private and far from affluent individual, fully exemplified how thoroughly their

* Sir Charles subsequently reduced the number of minerals in the Greenlandic cabinet to 356, and embodied the remainder in the new systematic cabinet, arranged on Wernerian principles of external characters.

The Irish collection at this period scarcely deserved notice; its rise and progress is subsequently detailed.

An interesting statement laid before the public in 1831, by Isaac Weld, Esq. one of the Hon. Secretaries of the Society, entitled, "Observations on the Royal Dublin Society, and its existing Institutions," contains the following passage—"These several collections of minerals, (which comprise upwards of 30,000 specimens,) under the eye of a professor whose superlative attainments in the science are acknowledged from one end of Europe to the other, afford, if not the best, certainly one amongst the very best schools for the study of mineralogy which exist within the British dominions. It is only to be lamented that the want of such a room as has been latterly erected at the public expense, at the British Museum, for the display of their minerals, has made it expedient to arrange the specimens in lofty vertical, instead of horizontal cases; in consequence of which those on the top shelves cannot be viewed without inconvenience. Had the Imperial Parliament been proportionably liberal, and proportionably just to the *National Museum of Ireland*, (for such the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society virtually is,) these and many other deficiencies might and would long since have been satisfactorily remedied.

professor identified his personal interests with those of the Society in whose service he had enlisted. It was agreed that the least compliment which could be paid Sir Charles under these circumstances, was to admit him an honorary member of their Society; he was accordingly proposed by Peter Digges Latouche, Esq. and unanimously admitted the 18th July, 1816. About the same time he was also elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy, in which institution he subsequently attained the dignity of a vice president.

His unique collection contained some interesting specimens of the skeletons of the larger animals, viz. :—The skull of the sea-horse, (*Walrus*); of the great white arctic bear, (*Ursus Maritimus*); of the great black seal, (*Phoca Barbata*); two of the narwhal or sea-unicorn, (*Monodon Monoceros*), one of which contains a perfect horn nine feet long, another the rudiments of two horns; the bottle-nosed whale, (*Balæna rostrata*); a drawing executed on an enlarged scale of the great whale, (*Balæna Mysticetus*), from which baleine or whalebone is obtained, and the preserved eye, about the size of that of an ox, though the fish from which it was taken was ninety-six feet long. The natural history of this interesting animal is further illustrated by various specimens of its food, its enemies, and its products. The first mentioned consist of varieties of the order *Mollusca*, and include the genera *Sepiæ*, *Squilla* and *Medusæ*. The second include several species of its intestinal worms, (*Ascaris*, *Tænia*, &c.)

Amongst the rare specimens of its "natural born enemies," are groups of barnacles, as they were cut from the back of the smaller species of whale, (*Balæna Boops*), which is frequently killed by the Esquimaux in its attempts to free itself from these parasitical testacea, by rubbing its skin to the rocks. The capture of one of these fish is quite an epoch in the life of a young Greenlander: he summons all his neighbours to the banquet, who, thereupon formally pronounce him "fit to be married." A group of twenty-six of these barnacles, of various sizes, from that of Ward's melon to that of a walnut, (*Lepas Poliocephalus*, *L. Diodema*, and *L. Corona depressa*), still attached to a portion of the whale's

skin, may be seen in the cabinet of Major Sirr, whose extensive and valuable collection of shells and minerals contains duplicates of all the interesting specimens in these natural classes brought by Sir Charles from Greenland. Several in his possession are finer than any we have seen elsewhere, and are well worth the inspection of the connoisseur.

One of the most interesting novelties brought to the museum of the Society is the living shell of the *Anomia Pristacea*, hitherto found in British latitudes only in a fossil state, and thought to be extinct till displayed to the eyes of our wondering conchologists, in its primitive testaceous form. The size is exactly that of the fossil shell found so plentifully imbedded in the recent limestone district of the Counties Dublin, Kildare, &c. It is very fragile and transparent, of a soft greenish shade of horn colour; the protruding hinge in profile, strongly resembling a hawk's or parrot's beak, whence the fossil takes its name; but a still more striking likeness to the bill is observed in another point of view in the living shell, viz., when its valves are moved so as to resemble the motion of a parrot while chewing, face to face with the spectator. Within, two long and delicate tooth-shaped snow-white processes may be seen extending from the blunter hinge of the more convex valve, (*vide* two specimens in Major Sirr's museum, *Anomia*, No. 12.) I may here also refer to two other species of which superior specimens exist in the same private cabinet—*Venus Arctica*, No. 3, (a unique specimen in Ireland, I believe,) and the beautifully varied orange and blue scallop, deeply ridged, and with very unequal ears, labelled by Sir Charles, "*Pecten Islandicus vel Greenlandicus*," No. 283. These two shells were found by Sir Charles, together with a white sea-mouse, (*Aphrodita Alba*), in the stomach of a Greenland cod-fish. The scarlet chiton, (*Chiton ruber*),—the gigantic long armed crab, (*Cancer longimanus* var. ?)—two rare and beautiful individuals of the genera *Asterius*, viz. *A. Caput Medusæ*, and *A. Reticulata*—the ferocious wolf-fish, (*Anarichas Lupus*), the strength of whose jaws and teeth are such, that when taken, its convulsive dying bite will even make an impression in iron.

Amongst the valuable furs presented by Sir C. Giesecke, were those of the blue fox, (*Canis Ictes*), the white fox, and the white or Alpine hare, the latter two possessing all the warmth and richness which characterise the winter dress of these *genera* in arctic regions.

In the list of preserved birds were the Arctic Raven (*Corvus Corax*, var.) the Greenland Bunting (*Emberiza Navalis*), found at the extremity of animated nature in the immediate vicinity of the glaciers: the reddish peregrine falcon, (*Falco Peregrinus*), a bird which hunts the Alpine hare unrelentingly. Sir Charles was once witness to a chase of this kind, in which the falcon (who had seized its prey and was carried along on its back in the agonized flight of the hare,) stretched out one claw to catch a shrub in passing, and held with both so tenaciously that its legs were torn asunder in the struggle: the great white tailed sea eagle, (*Haliaëtus Albicilla*) which on the coast of Greenland our traveller had frequently seen actively employed in fishing, and where engaged with an enemy too powerful for him, carried down beneath the surface and drowned, as if he also were incapable of relaxing his powerful talons. On other occasions where he has wearied out and killed his fish, yet could not ascend with it, he has been seen to stand anchored on the back of his slaughtered prey, and to erect one wing as a sail, and so guide his prize to land or to the nearest sheet of ice.*

This extensive cabinet also contained a collection of the eggs of arctic birds, and a number of Greenland seeds; (the latter were consigned to the care of Mr. Underwood, at the Society's Botanic gardens.) Amongst the plants was the *Ledum Palustre*, from the leaves of which the Esquimaux prepare an infusion which they delight to drink in the style of our tea. Sir Charles, in after years, ex-

pressed his surprise at finding a flower of this plant, worn in a button-hole of the coat of a peasant whom he met in a wild part of the county Clare, and who pointed out where he had plucked it. The plant is not mentioned as a native of Ireland in any of our botanical catalogues.

Amongst the specimens of Esquimaux art included in this interesting museum, were a complete assortment of the household furniture, fishing and domestic implements, harpoons, weapons, clothing, bedding, and tents, of the natives—exact models of their boats and sledges, winter and summer habitations, &c. One of these harpoons was lost in a whaling expedition off the coast of Greenland, and carried away by a strong fish, which was subsequently captured in the South Pacific Ocean! when the harpoon was recognised by its brand. In this apartment stands a summer tent of valuable seal-skins, once used by a Greenland family, completely furnished with all the articles essential to Esquimaux comfort and luxury: their pot-stone cauldrons, lamps, stools, pillows and *smoothing-irons*—their embroidered seal-leather reticules, boots, gloves, and seal-bladder work-bags: their reindeer-sinew-threads and fishing lines—their wooden spoons, snow-spectacles, and friction-matches—their whalebone boxes, baskets, and magical roarsers. The latter instrument of music is of a very simple construction, being only a flat notched bone, which is whirled by a string to produce its peculiar sounds; an implement well known to our schoolboys under the name of “the bull-roar.” This is one of the chief adjuncts to their necromantic style of medicine, and is used with appalling effect in the darkened hut of the patient, by the wizard doctor, who persuades the unfortunate sufferer that the spirit of his malady is roaring under the exorcism. Sir Charles detected one of those spiritual quacks in the use of this bull-roar, on an occa-

* There were also presented to the Society's Museum, in March 1827, by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, 18 preserved arctic birds, (including 13 species) and a collection of 56 dried arctic plants, made by Captain Parry in his previous voyage to the polar regions.

A very valuable donation at the same time, by James Fetherstone, Esq. of Bracklin Castle, Co. Westmeath, also deserves to be mentioned. It consisted of 123 birds and 8 quadrupeds from North America.

sion where he was interested in the health of a poor Esquimaux, and thereby sadly embarrassed the doctor.

At the entrance of the tent stand a male and a female figure clad in their seal skin costume, elaborately embroidered with tawed leather and wampum beads. During the long residence of our professor amongst this people, his European garments wore out, as before mentioned, and he was obliged in self defence to adopt theirs. His shirt he described as being a very comfortable and tasteful garment, but rather uninviting in the preparation. It was composed of the skins of the Greenland diver (*Columbus glacialis*) previously steeped in animal brine, the long feathers of which were pulled out by the teeth of the seamstress, and the internal adhering blubber sucked out by her lips. The offer of this *bonne bouche* is a high personal compliment, and the refusal to taste is quite as serious a breach of sociability as that of an American Indian to smoke a calumet.

Beside the Esquimaux hut above mentioned, lies the identical bed which our traveller slept in during his seven years sojourn in Greenland. It consists of the huge skin of the white arctic bear, sewed up in the shape of a bag with the fur outwards; near it lies the paw, nine inches across the palm. Into this bag M. Giesecke nightly crept, clothes and all, and completed his simple preparations for repose by drawing the flap hood over his head. The introduction of this skin into the museum of the Royal Dublin Society has been productive of a misfortune that was not anticipated. It contained the eggs of a nondescript species of moth, whose ravages in the *larvæ* state have been most destructive to furs and feathers. Year after year its progeny were secreted, and its attacks renewed with an industry that baffled all attempts to extirpate them. Numbers of valuable preserved beasts and birds were cut to pieces or crumbled to dust by them. The bear skin was submitted to repeated beatings and purifications, but in vain! Still the moth's eggs remained and vivified, and the work of destruction still went on. Amongst other damages, we have to deplore the loss of the fine case of Greenland birds, which they so injured as at length to render it necessary to

throw the entire away. It would have been better policy to have, in the first instance, burnt all the specimens attacked by this plague, for the species has since been disseminated through the city to a serious extent. The sparrows that built in the walls in the vicinity of the lawn of the Society house, commenced the mischief by carrying away to their nests all the loose hairs, beaten and shaken out of the bear skin on the grass, to which the eggs were attached as usual by the provident mother-moths. These eggs were hatched in due season in the same nest with those of their unconscious feathered nurses, and all the *larvæ* that escaped instant destruction finally distributed their winged progeny far and near. About two years since, some stuffed birds, sent from Dublin to a museum in Belfast, were the means of introducing the eggs into that town also, where the ravages of the insect soon brought it into a deeply lamented notoriety amongst naturalists. As this animal seems destined, by its devouring organization, to create a sensation in European museums, we shall devote a little space to a description of its nature and habits, as we are not aware that any notice of either has hitherto appeared in print.

Each moth lays some hundreds of eggs immediately previous to its decease, which generally occurs in June, but great differences are found in this respect, resulting from the situation or local climate in which the parent had itself been born and reared. Thus, in the warm museum of the Royal Dublin Society, these eggs are laid in the month of May, and hatched in three or four weeks after, while in colder situations, the caterpillars do not appear till September; the times varying according to the shelter or exposure in which the mother moth may place them. The eggs are small, hard, and brown; and are found deposited in rows along the feathers or hairs of preserved skins, or any other animal substance which may serve the future *larvæ* for food.

When these come forth, they begin to prey voraciously, cutting the furs or feathers across above their insertion, at the same time gradually preparing a covering in which they wrap their delicate bodies, and ever afterwards carry about in their

incessant predatory excursions. This covering appears to be formed by interweaving and agglutinating quantities of the hairs and feathers which they cut off and leave undevoured, herein exhibiting the same instinct that belongs to the grub of the may-fly (commonly called corbait) which attaches together little sticks and stones to defend itself in the streams that it inhabits. The *larvæ* are very gregarious and grow rapidly, still adding to their cocoons (as the snails do to their shells) till they attain a length of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch, when they are found with a dull grey body and a reddish brown head. The body is very soft and tender; a touch is almost sufficient to destroy it. The animal possesses, however, a high degree of cunning, and on the slightest appearance of danger or disturbance, rolls away and drops like a spider by a silk thread till it reaches the ground, leaving its cocoon armour behind, which it can regain by the same thread. It continues in the caterpillar state for nine or ten months, manifesting in this respect a great contrariety of habit to the silk worm, which remains in the *larvæ* form a few weeks only, but lies quiescent in the previous egg state for several months of autumn, winter, and spring. The Greenland caterpillar, perhaps, resembles most of all that of the *Tinea Tigrenus*. It is of equal size, lives gregariously, and possesses the same faculty of ascending and descending by a thread. That which the *Tigrenus* employs seems to be of a cottony fabric. As our Greenland caterpillar's existence approaches its first great change, it becomes more choice in its food, is under the necessity of travelling over a greater space to find it, and of biting right and left to allow its conglomerate cocoon to pass also. In thick furs or plumage it does not bite so deep as amongst scanty shelter; concealment in its travels being apparently one of its objects. It leaves a profusion of excrementitious matter in its path, in the shape of small black grains polished like the finest gunpow-

der. It possesses an extraordinary power of resisting the applications of poisonous ingredients amongst which it is often obliged to work its way by the precautionary art of the furrier and taxidermist,* as the following observations made by Mr. Richard Glennon, in the museum of the Royal Dublin Society, will illustrate. He had prepared the skins of some stuffed birds with a dry powder which consisted of arsenic, sulphur, snuff, and powdered alum, and naturally expected that the specimens so impregnated would become very repulsive subjects for the appetites of his enemies, the Greenland caterpillars. He was, however, greatly surprised to find the poisoned plumage cut up indiscriminately with others, and that the cocoons of the little marauders who traversed it were studded with specks of powder, which, when examined by a magnifying glass and chemical tests, proved to be particles of the arsenic, sulphur, snuff, and alum, which the insect had, in its ordinary vocation of building its cocoon, taken in quantity, and agglutinated amongst the rest.† On the completion of its cocoon, it only remains a few days wrapped up, and then emerges as a moth, somewhat larger than either the saddle moth or that of the *Tinea Tigrenus*. The male is only about half the size of the female, and its colours are lighter and not so well defined. The thorax is a dark brown, the face and proboscis covered with snow white plumes, the eyes brown and beautifully iridescent by reflected light; its head appears as if divided vertically into two lobes; the antennæ are long, slender, and pointed, marked with alternate brown and white rings. The wings are banded with three colours; on the shoulder dark brown, in the middle light grey, and on the extremities a pepper and salt colour. The wings underneath, and all the body, are light drab colour. The two hinder legs are long and covered with fine brown and white hairs.

They begin to fly about in the dark of the evening, and continue on the

* One who preserves subjects of natural history for cabinet specimens.

† The specimens of birds and beasts at present in the Society's museum chiefly owe their safety to repeated applications of corrosive sublimate dissolved in dilute alcohol, so that at last the furs and feathers became encrusted with a mercurial coating slightly soluble, to which all insects seem to have a decided distaste.

wing the greater part of the night. If chased, they can turn on their back like tumbler pigeons, or like ghost moths, for an instant, till, by the changes of colour which they exhibit, the eye is repeatedly deceived and baffled, so that they find little difficulty in eluding pursuit. The male moth lives about two or three weeks, and the female about a month, at the end of which time their wings are generally worn away, by the incessant agitation in which they are kept. Another characteristic of this moth is very remarkable. The thighs of its long hind legs are very muscular like those of the grasshopper, and the knees are spurred like the beetle's. By these aids it can, when in danger, jump to a considerable distance without using its wings. The instinct of cunning which characterizes the caterpillar, seems continued

to the moth for its preservation, for no fox displays more sagacity in hiding itself on the approach of a foe. Where an attempt at flight would be imprudent as too slow a mode, it skips away with great quickness; taking care, as it comes to the ground, to fall on its feet, which, by their elasticity, enable it to land in as great security as the agile *Pulex irritans* itself.

The female is exceedingly tenacious of life, and not even the agonies of impalement can divert its organization from fulfilling the great function of its short existence—laying its eggs, which it does to the number of some hundreds, in straight and parallel lines, (so as to cover a hair all round, for example,) from a flexible depositor of a quarter of an inch in length.

It has been proposed to term this insect *Tinea Greenlandica*.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, ON HEARING HER SING MOORE'S MELODY OF
"THOSE EVENING BELLS."

Oh ! do not sing that song again,
I feel my heart is strangely moved,
For every note of that sweet strain
Is link'd with thoughts of her I loved.

Cease ! cease that song—each stanza falls
In sadd'ning cadence on my ear,
And with a wizard's power recalls
The voice I never more may hear !

Feelings that long have hidden lain
Enshrined within this ruined heart,
Start into life and light again,
Awakened by its magic art !

It tells of bliss for ever fled,
Of loves and hopes, now pass'd away—
It tells me that the flowers are dead
That blossom'd in life's early day.

It tells of One, whose smiles relieved
This aching heart from many a care :
But, like a dream, that smile deceived,
And leaves me now to dark despair !

Then, lady—stay that mournful lay,
It sounds like dead affection's knell,
Each trembling accent seems to say—
" I've loved not *wisely* but *too well* !"

B. H. G.

STANZAS TO BRENDA.

While the blue heavens spread above,
 Or ocean darkly swells below—
 While this heart beats, the stream of love
 For ever through its depths must flow ;
 Unchanging still it shall remain,
 Whate'er my fate in life may be ;
 Thro' joy—thro' grief—thro' withering pain—
 To throb, love, live, for only thee !

For thee I'll wake my cherished lyre,
 Albeit, dearest ! far away—
 And sing of hope, or love's quenched fire,
 As joy or grief may prompt the lay ;—
 Snatches of song !—as wild and sweet
 As music in some silent dell—
 Or those low sounds, that, sighing, meet
 A harp or sea-nymph's chiming shell !

Oh ! it were heaven to dwell with thee,
 For ever, in some happy spot,
 Where, through the day, the wilding bee
 Sings to the blue Forget-me-not ;—
 To mark the purple morn arise,
 And taste thy young lip's honey kiss,
 Or, ling'ring, watch the twilight skies,
 Oh surely !—surely !—*that* were bliss.

But Brenda ! should those visions fade,
 Like foam-bells on a summer stream—
 Should every hope that love hath made,
 Pass like a bright but fitful dream—
 My prayer—my soul-sent prayer—shall be,
 That thou may'st happy be, as now—
 That grief may never fling o'er thee,
 One cloud to shade thy starry brow !

Farewell !—farewell !—I'd rather die
 A thousand deaths, than madly bring
 One burning tear—one secret sigh—
 To dim the sunshine of thy spring.
 But oh ! betimes let mem'ry turn
 At eve, or 'mid the still night's gloom,
 To him, whose love must ceaseless burn
 Till quenched within the cold dark tomb !

THE RESURRECTIONS OF BARNEY BRADLEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY."

There was a time when the friends of any Irishman who happened to be found "dead" or "drowned," which, after all, is much the same thing, never thought of getting a coroner to "sit upon the body," as it is frequently termed; but this was before Barney Bradley's time. There was a time when Irishmen brewed their own beer, and wore strange wigs; but this was also before Barney Bradley's time. There was a time when Irishmen were industrious, lived in rude comfort, and slept in bed o' nights; but this was before the coercion bill and Barney Bradley's time. There was also a time when Irishmen loved whiskey and fighting, and hated guagers, which time was long before Barney Bradley's time, and will be long after it. This now is the time we speak of;—rather a brief space, to be sure, extending only from the days of Adam to the present, and from the present to the end of *secula seculorum*. We say from Adam's time, for Barney, who was a walking book of knowledge, could have told you that when Adam was thrust out of paradise, he set up a private still; "an' more betoken," added Barney, "a murderin' fine time it was, in regard that devil a guager or red coat durst show his face." Barney, in fact, was very learned upon the history of malt drink, and could, if you believed him, disclose the receipt from which the Danes used to make beer from heather. In this boast, to be sure, he went in the very teeth of tradition, which affirms that the Danes kept the knowledge of such an invaluable secret to themselves; "bekase," says tradition, "if Irishmen had known it, they'd have earlier leathered the murderin' villains clane out o' the country." But at all events Barney without scruple frequently put himself not only against tradition, but against Scripture. "Sure whin Noah," said he, "pressed the grapes, what does it mane barrin' distillin' the sup o' malt?" When contradicted on this point, by his friend Darby McFudge, Barney

replied, "Keep your jaw asy, Darby; what do *you* know about it? Sure its only the highflown way that Scripture has. I can't shave you if you be spakin'." Now this last observation usually silenced his antagonist, and we will tell you why. Barney, though no barber either by education or profession, carried such a smooth hand at the razor, that his house was crowded every Sunday morning with his village friends, from whose faces he reaped with the greatest dexterity their week's crop of beard. There are few villages in Ireland that do not contain such a character as Barney Bradley, and every one of them is famous for anecdote or story telling: but whether the operation of shaving naturally produces the power of invention, or this imaginative faculty their expertness at shaving, we leave to modern philosophy to determine. The subject is too slippery for us, who are no philosophers at all. Here then follows a loose outline of Barney, whom the reader will be kind enough to take, upon our authority, as the representative of his class. Within the bounds of his own parish he was a well known man; and in his own village the best authority under the sun upon any given subject. His cabin stood in the very centre of the hamlet, a perfect pattern of houses inhabited by men who hate work and scorn comfort. The roof was covered with a coat of rotten thatch, long dissolved into black dirt, over which grew large lumps here and there of green and flourishing chicken weed. When Barney's wife had put down a fresh fire, you might see the smoke oozing through the roof in all directions, and spreading so complacently in dusky clouds over its surface, that on a calm day very little else except the smoke could be seen. As you entered it, two stone steps brought you over a pool that lay, two thirds of it at least outside the door, one third inside. A good stride brought you to the middle of the floor, where you found Barney, with a beard two inches long upon his

own chin, hard at work shaving his neighbours', and amusing them with his stories. When you came close to the house, you might hear the peals of laughter ringing from within, and among all the voices Barney's was by far the most audible; for he it known to you that he always laughed longest and loudest at his own jokes. Barney never loved what is termed spade-work, nor agricultural labour of any kind; but devoted himself on the contrary to the lighter employments of life. Some wicked wag who had read Horace taught him a phrase, which he frequently applied to himself with a marked air of consequence, and a rather offensive consciousness of his own accomplishments. When, for instance, any goodnatured neighbour reproved him for frittering away his time in a series of small pursuits, that were, at all events, unprofitable to himself, he usually replied first with what is called barber's logic, and then with the quotation from Horace.

"Keep your jaw asy, Paddy: how can I shave you, if you be spakin'?"—This was the barber's argument.—"If you want to have larning for it, it's this—I mix the *utyle* with the *dulse*, an by jabus, show me a man of you all that's able to do as much. So no palaver, but bate that if you can."

"An' what do you mane, Barney, by mixin' the *utyle* wid the *dulse*?"

"Pick that out o' your larnin'," was Barney's reply; and as the querist seldom had learning from which to pick it, Barney found it a very valuable method of putting an end to the remonstrances of his friends. There was, besides, a third method of silencing them—to which he also pretty frequently resorted. This mode, which he only adopted when tipsy, which only happened when he failed to get liquor, simply consisted in knocking them down first, and afterwards explaining to them the grounds upon which he did it. Such a species of argument, however, frequently went against himself, so that his friends had, on some occasions, not only the satisfaction of pointing out to him his follies, but of correcting them in his person; a kindness which, to do him justice, he returned to them as often as he could. Barney not only shaved his neighbours gratuitously, but bled them also, whenever they required it, or rather

whenever he himself thought it necessary. He was, in fact, a perfect Sangrado, with this difference, that he recommended burnt whiskey instead of water. It were to be wished, indeed, that every medical man, now a-days, would imitate him, and take his own prescription as Barney did; for then a patient could put confidence in his doctor. Barney charged half a crown per head for bleeding; and let it be mentioned to his credit, that his parish was the best bled parish in Europe. He had a three-fold system of treating every possible complaint under heaven; he bled, as we have said, administered Glauber salts upon a fearful scale, and then prescribed burnt whiskey. To be sure, he frequently inverted the order of his recipes. Sometimes, for instance, he bled and medicined them first, and afterwards administered the whiskey; and sometimes, on the contrary, he administered the whiskey, and then bled and medicined them. It mattered not what the complaint was, Barney scorned to alter his treatment, except as to the order in which he applied it, or to give up one atom of his judgment touching the virtue of his tripartite *theory*, which was, in the mean time, dreadfully *practical* to his patients.

One excellent advantage resulted from his system. There was no such thing in the parish as an imaginary malady. To complain in the presence of Barney was a proof of no common hardihood, it being, in fact, only another word for undergoing the three-fold operation in its most rigorous severity. Barney would have no excuse, hear no palaver: did they know better than the doctor whether they were well or not? "Sure, blood alive, there was a great big faver on their back. Didn't he cure Darby M'Fudge of the same complaint, only that Darby was dead all out afore they sent for him; an' now isn't he as well an' better than ever he was, barrin' the weakness in his back, that'll go off wid two or three more bleedings, two or three stiff doses, and two quarts o' whiskey." In short, there was no resisting Barney, who so far departed from the regular practice as frequently to spend the better half of his fee in treating his patient to the prescription he had ordered him. With respect to Darby M'Fudge,

whom we have mentioned, he was a standing referee for Barney. No complaint ever afflicted a human being, under which, according to Barney's account and his own, he had not suffered. Barney had cured him of the cancer, the falling sickness, a paralytic stroke, a broken back, together with fevers, agues, and several minor complaints without end. Darby, when applied to, gave the enquirers every possible satisfaction.

"Be gorra thin he did cure me o' the cancer, sure enough, an' afterwards of a palatic stroke I got in a row we had with the M'Thumpers, in Ballykippeen fair. Devil a' haporth fails the same man, when he gets his own way, so there isn't. Sure it 'ud be neither fair or honest in me to deny the thruth."

Yet, notwithstanding this disastrous valetudinarianism of Darby, we are bound to say that not a man in the parish ever knew him to have a day's sickness. But as he and Barney said, in reply to this very natural observation, "they always tuck the complaint in time, before the nabours had an opportunity of *seein'* it."

Pass we on now to the other accomplishments for which Barney was noted. Not that we are anxious to claim for them more high-sounding titles than those by which Barney himself was willing that they should be recognized. He was, then, what modern taste would call a veterinary surgeon; but Barney would certainly have by no means relished the term of a surgeon for horses. Nay, he was not even known as a farrier, but simply as a horse doctor; which is, after all, a more significant phrase than either of the other two. He bled and doctored horses upon the same principles as those applied to his friends, and it was observed by those who had a right to know, that, if we except the blood-letting, he treated man and horse upon nearly the same scale. In addition to this, he understood all diseases incident to cows, sheep, pigs, and dogs; and as a referee was necessary in these cases, as well as in those of his human patients, so did he refer, without compunction, to his staunch friend Darby M'Fudge, who never, in a single instance, failed to lie stiffly on his behalf! Darby's farm-yard in fact was, if you could believe himself and Barney, ab-

solutely a veterinary hospital, and his cattle as much afflicted with disease as himself. But that signified little. Their cures were every whit as effectual as his own, and, we may add, as secret; for "Barney," as Darby said, "had them well agin afore they had time to be sick."

Their immediate neighbours, of course, understood all this, and bantered them with a good deal of humour upon their success in so gravely hoaxing those who did not know them. They told Barney that all his most topping cures were wrought upon those who were not sick—that however successful he might be at curing, he was a very bad hand at prevention; for that whenever he persuaded a healthy man to take a course of his medicine, by way of guarding off any malady, he never failed to bring either it or a worse one on him. Notwithstanding this, many of those who openly ridiculed his pretensions had a lurking confidence in his skill, and applied to him as readily, when ill, as if they had never made him the subject of their mirth.

At faction-fights Barney was frequently useful in bleeding those who had been severely beaten; but, with the true spirit of a partizan, he, for that day, confined his skill, with a rascally want of benevolence, altogether to the necessities of his own party. This we neither can nor shall attempt to defend, because it was unprofessional: we simply state the fact, that he would not open a vein in one of the opposite side, if it would save their lives, except with his cudgel, which was heartily at their service. It would be unjust in us, however, to deprive Barney of a certain high degree of merit to which, in the capacity of a medical practitioner, he was fairly entitled. His parish was, without exception, the most peaceable one in Ireland, and this effect was, by the best judges, properly traced to Barney as the efficient cause. The priest and the parson both certainly scouted this argument, so creditable to him, and ascribed the cool moral state of their parishioners to religious instruction. Their jealousy was natural enough, though rather narrow-minded on both their parts; but it was notorious that his medicine and lancet, so freely and vigorously applied, did more in keep-

ing down the passions of the people, by letting their bad blood out, and removing their bile, than all the sermons that ever the worthy gentlemen preached. As a proof that we are right, we will just mention an anecdote, which, as it is an authentic one, is calculated to set the matter at rest. On a certain occasion the two religious parties of the parish were openly preparing for a party fight. The priest and parson went to the respective leaders, and attempted by every argument in their power to change their purpose. Neither could succeed, and the task was given up in despair. Barney, on the other hand, having heard of their failure, resolved to show them that *he* was the best peacemaker of the three. He accordingly waited upon the two heroes the day before the fair, insisted that they wanted blood-letting, would take no excuse—they would fight, he said, the cooler for it—and ere he left their respective houses, he had taken forty-eight ounces of blood from each. The next day neither of them attended the fair, and in consequence of their unaccountable absence there was no fight.

But the priest and minister were not the only persons who looked upon Barney with jealousy. The two parish attorneys were his bitter enemies, in consequence of losing so many law-suits through his interference. Two neighbours, who had a dispute about a strip of land worth very little, decided on going to law, and having each consulted his attorney, they were egged on to a most vindictive and litigious spirit by Jack M'Fleece'em and Dick M'Shear'em. On the eve of the assizes, Barney bled and medicined the two neighbours, and to the utter dismay of M'Fleece'em and M'Shear'em, they came to a compromise, and peaceably divided the strip between them. Barney's wife, before her marriage, had given such proofs of temper and prowess as promised little more in married life than a very slender share of authority to the husband: yet it was wonderful to think with what placidity and resignation she discharged her domestic duties. Whether she possessed a certain idiosyncrasy of constitution or not, we cannot pretend to say; but we do affirm, that although he was ready with the lancet, he never prescribed *whiskey* in her case. On

the contrary, he took that part of the prescription on her behalf, and let it act if it pleased, by sympathy.

Barney, however, after all, distinguished himself most as a rustic barber and hair-dresser. He was, besides, a keen hand at sharpening a razor, having acted as razor-setter to priest, parson, and all the neighbouring country gentlemen for some years. From his equals he made no charge, as we have said; but he never hesitated to accept a gratuity from the wealthy. Such, in fact, is a routine of his pursuits, that is, of such as he actually *did* practice, for it would swell our pages beyond all bounds were we to enumerate all that he attempted. Nothing could prevent him from believing that he was a universal genius. For instance, he tried his hand at masonry, which he abandoned, after having built a house that did *not* crush its intended inmates to death, merely because it fell before they came into it. He attempted on two or three occasions to be allowed to practice as *accoucheur*; but was repulsed with scorn by Bridget Moan, the midwife. He practised as a shoemaker for some time, and lamed half the parish. All his own stools and chairs were made by himself, in his efforts to be a carpenter; for which reason it was as much as a man's limbs were worth to sit on them. As a hair-dresser he was desperately ornamental, the heads which came from under his hands usually exhibiting all the variety which could be produced by the most startling inequality of surface.

Still Barney was a great favourite with the whole parish. If he fought with a man to-day, he treated him to-morrow, which surely was a proof that his heart retained no malice; and he whose heart retains no malice deserves to be a favourite. He loved his glass, too, and that was, is, and will be, many a good man's case. If he drank too much to-day, why he atoned for that by drinking as soon as possible after he had got sober, to show that he entertained no spite against the whiskey. He was, from the nature of his pursuits, a wandering character; to-day at one extremity of the parish, strapping a razor; to-morrow at the other, bleeding a friend, or doctoring his horse, perhaps both. Of course, no man was more visible. Wherever you went you met him. Any odd sight that was to be

seen in the country side, he saw it—at least he always said so. Any strange story that was to be heard, he heard it. He was an eye-witness of all fights, cock-fights, still-huntings, fox-chases, weddings, drivings, auctions, and all the other great little events that keep parish rumour afloat. Neither was any man more ready to take a part in a passing spree, than Barney; for which reason he has often come home to the wife in rather a queer condition. Many a drubbing has he got at the hands of his own patients; and many a drubbing, on the contrary, have they received at his.

For many a year will the May fair of Ballykippeen be remembered, if for no other reason, at least on Barney's account. Barney, in fact, attended them professionally, and spent the early part of the day in the pig-market, where the soft and peculiarly mellow intonations of his horn might be heard rising gradually to its fullest note, and melting away quite poetically in a dying fall. We do not undertake to say how he spent the better half of the day; but we know that about the hour of four o'clock he was something between drunk and tipsy. His professional avocations had been terminated for at least two hours before; but in the course of that period, he had atoned for his morning's sobriety. Now, Barney was one of those men whose ruling passion still is strong in drink; and, of course, whenever he was tipsy, he could not sit five minutes in any man's company without taking out the lancet, and feeling his pulse. It was then, a little after four o'clock, that, on going somewhat unsteadily up the street of Ballykippeen, he met a large, comfortable, corpulent farmer, called Andy Murtagh.

"Andy," said Barney, "how goes it?"

"Why, Barney, man alive—no but dothor—or, I b'lieve surgin's betther—why surgin Bradley, how is every inch of you, not forgettin' your lances?"

"Faith the ould cut, Andy;—still mixin' the *utyle* an' the *dulse*: did you hear the cure I made on Darby M'Fudge?"

"No, Barney—I did not; let us hear it.—But what do you mane by the *yew—yew*—Phoo! what the diccens do you call it? I suppose it manes the whiskey an' wather; am I at it, Barney?"

"Faith you opened the right vein there, any how—divil a nater explanation could be put to it. But, Andy, did ever any man livin' remember such unhealthy weather? Begad it's a killin' sason, the Lord be praised!"

"Killin'!—why it's the healthiest sason, Barney, widin' my memory, instead o' that."

"Andy, you have but one failin'—you'd contradict St. Pether if he said the same thing. I tell you it is an unhealthy time, an' that if the people don't take warnin' they'll die in scores like rotten sheep. What does Jack Simpson's weather-glass say? '*For the next three months there's to be a mortal number of deaths.*'"

"An' I contradict the weather-glass, too, Barney."

"Why, do you mane to say that you're well yourself at present?"

"Faith, I'll swear it, Barney—in spite of you an' all the weather-glasses in Europe."

"Then divil a worse sign could be about you than that same. It's always the fore-runner of ill health. Sure you never heard of a man bein' sick yet, that his health was'n't good before it."

"Barney, how is your ould patient Darby M'Fudge? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come, come, man, don't be a coward; I tell you, your nose is a little to the one side, an' that's another sign. There's a complaint, Andy, that twists the half of a man's face toards the left ear; an' nothin' cures it but flaybottomry. Divil a thing. Now don't be an ass, Andy; you know as well as I do that you're out of order. You're unwell; that's the short an' the long of it."

"Unwell! why what 'ud ail me? Sure you see nothing wrong wid me?"

"I'll tell you what, Andy—by all the books that ever was shut, you want flaybottomry. All the blood in your body's in your face this minit. But, asy; let me feel your pulse. Oh tuudher anounce! you're—you're—Andy, folly me. It's nothin' else than a downright blessin' that I met you."

The good-natured farmer had not time to resist him, so without saying a word, Barney led him across the street into a back yard, where, after planting him in a stable, he proceeded with his dialogue.

"Now, Andy, be a man, an' don't fear a drop o' blood; have you half-a-crown about you?"

"For what, Barney?"

"Becase, if you have, better laid out money never left your pocket; I'll save your life—not that I want to alarm you—all I say is, that you're widin a turn of havin' a fit of perplexity—devil a less it is!"

"A fit o' perplexity! faith, if that's a complaint, I've had it often in my day, Barney."

"A fit o' perplexity, Andy, is what they call the knock-down complaint."

"Faith, surgin, an' I have both got an' gave the same complaint in my time," said the stout farmer, laughing. "I tell you, Barney, I've given many a man the falling sickness afore now, an' that's well known. Are they related?"

"They're cousin-jarmins any how, man alive—if you go to that. But this perplexity you see is——"

"Look to yourself, Barney—If ever a man had an apperance of it, you have. You're black in the face this minit, an' your two eyes is set in your head."

"Why, man," said Barney, "your pulse is fifty-six, that's six more than the half hundred—strip immediintly, or I'll not be answerable for the consequences."

"How could you bleed me here, you nager?"

"Right well; I have the ribbon and every thing—as for a plate we don't want it. I'll bleed you wid your face to the wall."

"Well, come, hit or miss, I can't be much the worse of it, so I don't care if I lose a thrifle; I think I *do* want to get red of some of it—I always bleed in May, any how."

He stripped, and in a short time Barney had the blood spinning out of his arm against the stable wall, to his own manifest delight, and not much to the dissatisfaction of honest Andy Murtagh. It might be about an hour after this, that the attention of the crowd was directed to a fight between two men opposite the public-house to which the stable, wherein Andy had been phlebotomized, was attached. One of them was evidently in a state of intoxication, and the other had the use of only one arm; but as he appeared, by the dexterity with which he

handled his cudgel, to be left-handed, or *kithogue*, this circumstance was not such a disadvantage as might be supposed. The fight lasted but a short time, for the more drunken of the two received a blow which left him senseless on the street.

Our readers need scarcely be told that this was Barney and his patient. The former, on receiving his half crown, insisted on giving Andy a treat, at which some dispute arose that caused the keeper of the public house to put them both out into the street. Here they fought, and the result is known. Barney, however, soon recovered; but having been perfectly satisfied with what he got, he only thrust his hands into his pockets, to ascertain whether or not he had any more money to bear the future expenses of the day. On hearing silver jingle, he concluded that all was right; and with his professional spirit highly excited, he went through the fair, insisting, by the way, that every acquaintance he met was on the point of having "a fit of perplexity," and pressing them to "thry flaybottomry and *medicine*," for he had added the latter in consequence of his being more highly intoxicated. We cannot at present trace him further; but we must request our kind readers to accompany us to the head inn of the town, where, with the apothecary and doctor, the county coroner, a vulgar man who loved his glass, was seated at lunch, or dinner if you will, upon a cold turkey and ham, both of which they washed down with indifferent good port. The coroner was in the act of putting the glass to his lips, when the door opened, and two men in evident distress and alarm soon entered.

"What's the matter?" said the coroner, laying down the glass; "you look as if you were—were—eh?—what do you want?"

"We want you, Sir, if you please."

"Why, what's wrong?"

"One Barney Bradley, Sir, that was *kilt*."

"Kilt! by whom was he kilt?"

"By one Andy Murtagh, Sir, that hot him a *polthogue* on the skull, Sir, and kilt him."

"Right—right," said the coroner—"all fair: gentlemen, you will have the goodness to come along *wid* me, till we sit upon the corpse. Your opinions

may be necessary, and I shall order the waitther to keep the lunch safe till we dispatch this business. Between you and me, I'm not sorry that that fellow's done for. The confounded scrub has bled me out of business—ha! ha! ha!”

“Barney Bradley!” said the doctor, “was not that the quack who treated men and horses upon the same scale? That rascal,” he added, in an undertone to the apothecary, “that rascal was only fit to live under a Whig government. He had a monopoly of deaths to himself, the villain.”

“Better could not happen him,” replied the apothecary in a whisper: “the scrub got his salts from Boileau, in Dublin, took them by the hundred weight, the slave, and I never got a penny by him. Well, you see, doctor, there is justice above.”

“Gintlemen, the sooner we get through this consarn, the better,” said the coroner. “Let us dispatch it quickly, and we’ll have our snack snug and convenient when we return our verjick.”

On arriving at the public house, they found considerable difficulty in making way to the room in which Barney lay. The coroner’s name, however, was an *open sesame* to the party, who in a few minutes found themselves ready, as the coroner said, to “enter upon business.” After having surveyed the corpse, the judge of the dead requested his medical friends to try if any symptoms of life remained. The doctor consequently felt his pulse, and shook his head.

“Ah!” said he, “it’s all over with him!”

The apothecary looked into his face—“Ay!” he exclaimed, “it is so, but isn’t that a villanous expression of countenance? That man, doctor—that man, Sir, had—a—a—that is, independently of the violent mode of his death—had—I think, the germs, doctor, the germs—or seeds of death within him. Am I right, Sir?”

“You are positively right, Sir. The man would have died, most decidedly, especially when we consider that—”

“Gintlemen,” observed the coroner, “it doesn’t signify a horse-nail how or whin he might have died. The man is dead now, and that’s enough—or rather he was *kilt* by a blow on the

sconce; so our best and only plan, you persave, is to swear a jury to thry the merits of the case. And, gintlemen, I’ll take it as a particular *fever*, if you will have the civility to make no reflections upon the corpse, for every such reflection, gintlemen, is unbecoming, and dangerous, according to the present law of libel, and an extenuation probably against myself. Let *day mortis nil necy borcum* be our rule in this unhappy case—hem!”

This was received with great applause by the bye-standers, who began to cheer him for so spirited a defence of the deceased. The coroner, however, would not suffer this.

“Gintlemen,” said he, “I must requist that you will avoid giving exprission to any such thing as public feeling on this occasion. We want to identify ourselves with no party whatsoever, at least I don’t. I’m partly a government officer, and obadience is my cue; but as the county is divided into two parties, I feel it to be my duty to hould myself *neuther* upon the one side. *Hanim on diuol!* whisht wid yez, gintlemen, no chceriu!”

The worthy coroner immediately swore a jury, after which they proceeded to find a verdict in the following manner:

“Gintlemen, are you all sworn?”

“We’re all sworn, Misther Casey.”

“Waither,” he shouted, “I’ll trouble you to bring me a tumbler of cowlid wather, with a naggin of whiskey in it. There’s the devil’s *drewth* about me to-day, boys; upon my honour and *soul* there is—owing to the *hate* of the room and the hot weather.”

“Faith,” said the foreman, “myself is just as if I was afther bein’ pulled out o’ the river, with prospiration, I’m so dhry. Blood alive, Misther Casey, don’t forget us!”

“What! a naggin a man! No, faith; let it be a glass apiece, and I don’t care. Waither!”

The waiter appeared.

“Bring up twelve glasses of whiskey, and be quick, for I’m in a devil of a hurry.”

The coroner, when the whiskey arrived, took off his grog, and the treat to the jury also soon began to disappear.

“Misther Casey,” said the foreman, with a shrewd face, “here’s wishin’ your health, and success to you, Sir, in your occupation!”

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Foreman. Now let us proceed to call the witnesses—capital whiskey that, for public-house whiskey: gintlemin," added he to the bye-standers—"if there's any of you comperent to give evidence in this unfortunate affair, we are ready to hear you. Does any of you know how the diseased came by his death?"

"Faith, Mr. Crowner," said a voice out of the crowd, "it would be well for him if he had come *by* it—be my sowl, he *stuck* in it, any way, poor fellow."

"That's no evidence of his death," said the coroner, with a grave and knowing air, "we want something nearer related to the subject."

"I'm his cousin, Mither Casey," said a man coming forward.

"But what do you know of his death?" inquired Mr. Casey.

"Oh, devil the haporth, good or bad, barrin' that he's dead, poor fellow," replied the man.

Several persons now advanced, who declared that they were competent to give testimony touching the manner and cause of his death. One man was sworn, and thus replied to the jury:

Foreman—"What do you know about this business, Mickey?"

"Why, be gorra, I seen Andy Murtagh there givin' him the lick on the head that kilt him: an' I say it's neither fair nor honest for Andy to be a *jury* upon the man that he *done for*."

This was like a thunderstroke to the coroner, who, by the way, our readers may have perceived, was at the time none of the soberest. Instead of being angry, however, it affected him with uncontrollable mirth; and as a feather will often turn the feelings of an Irish crowd either one way or the other, so did Andy's manœuvre and the coroner's example produce loud laughter among all present, especially among the jurors themselves, except, of course, the friends of the deceased.

"Murtagh," said the coroner, "devil a thing you are but a common skamer, to make such an ass of me, and corpse, and jury and all, by such villanous connivance. You're at last a homicide, Andy; and to think of our bringin' in a verjick, and one of the jury an outlaw, would mutilate the whole proceedings. Only for the humour of the thing, upon my honour and sowl, I'd not scruple a thrawnecan

to commit you for contempt of court, you imposther."

"Faith, Sir," said Murtagh, "I thought I had as good a right to be on the jury as any other, in regard that I knew most about it. I'll make a good witness, any how."

"Get out, you nager," said the coroner; "I'll lay you by the heels before night, plase God. Gintlemen, hold him tight till we return our verjick."

"I'll give you my book oath," replied Murtagh, "that the man was walkin' about as well as ever he was, long after his scrimmage wid me. Ay, an' I can prove it. There's Dick Moran, he knows it."

Dick was sworn and examined by the foreman.

"Dick," said the foreman, who was a process-server, and who, moreover, considered himself no bad authority as a lawyer, an opinion which caused him to keep a strict eye upon the practice of the courts.

"Dick, what's your name?"

"Dick, what's your name!" replied Dick, with a grin: "be my faith, that's aquil to 'Paddy, is this you?' when you meet a man!"

"You must answer him," said the coroner; "the question is strictly legal."

"It is," said the foreman, in high dudgeon—"it is strictly laygal; an', I say agin, Dick Moran, what's your name?"

Dick raised his eye-brows, and after giving a look of good-humoured astonishment and contempt at the foreman, gravely replied, "My name, is id? why, Paddy Baxther."

This excited considerable mirth; but the coroner began to get exasperated at what he looked upon as an insult to his authority.

"Confound you, you rascal, why don't you answer the foreman?"

"Come, thin—my name's Dick Moran."

Foreman—"Do you remember the present fair-day of Ballykippeen?"

Dick—"You may swear that, Pether; but I'd tell you better to-morrow."

Foreman—"No, Sir; but *you* are swearin' it, so I'll have no shufflin'."

Dick—"Time for you to determine on that, Pether; better late mend than never do well, any how—does that cup fit?"

"That's not to the purpose, at all at all," observed the coroner; "devil a verjick we'll get to-night, at this rate."

Foreman—"Hem! did you see the deceased on *that* day?"

Dick—"On *what* day?"

Foreman—"I mane on *this* day."

Dick—"But who do you mean by the deceased, Pether?"

Foreman—"Barney Bradley, you aumodhawn, who else?"

Dick—"To be sure I did; but the man's drinkin' this minnit, wid his wife and father-in-law, in Bill Finigan's, an' is in as good health as yourself, Pether; faith, in a betther state of honesty, at all evints."

Foreman—"Why, don't you see him lyin' kilt before you, man alive?"

Dick—"Hut, man, I'm spakin of his cousin an' namesake."

Coroner—"Well, of all the rascals I ever saw at an inquest, you, Dick Moran, are the greatest!"

"Misther Lacy," said one of the jurors, "you don't undherstand this business, wid submission. If our foreman was at Dick for fifty years, he'd not wring a syllable out of him. Neither Dick, Sir, nor any other witness in the house, will answer a *prossarver*."

"Right, Brian," said Dick: "but I'll answer *you* any thing."

"Well, tell us what you seen of this business?"

"Why, I seen Andy Murtagh knockin' down Barney; but thin, by the vartue of my oath, didn't Barney bleed myself in Paddy Campbell's tint, aftherwards?"

"There's not a word o' thruth in that, at all evints," said another man, pushing himself forward as he spoke.

"What's your name?" said the coroner.

"Darby M'Fudge," said the man; "I'll give my oath that poor Barney, God rest his sowl, never moved or spoke afther the welt that Andy there bot him. I was by from the beginnin' of the fight till his death, and his last words to myself was—'I lave my deat,' says he, 'upon Andy Murtagh; and,' says he, 'Andy had no right to shut his fist so hard, or he wouldn't have kilt me, good or bad.' God be good to you, Barney darlin', you're lyin' there, and it was you that cured me of the cancer an' fallin' sickness, along wid a broken back; an' bad luck to

the penny o' money ever he'd take, by way o' payment, barrin a bottle o' whiskey, or the likes. Be me sowl, he *knewn* more than docthors an' putty-carries that had a higher name."

"That's direct proof," said the coroner, "we can asily find a verjick on it: there's a man who evidently speaks truth. Now, my worthy fellow, remember that you're on your solemn oath—when did this conversation take place between the corpse and you?"

"In the street below, Sir, afther poor Barney was kilt, wid the help o' God."

"Darby, my nate fellow," said one of the jury, "how could he tell this *afther* he was kilt? Keep a sharp look out, Darby; we know you an' Barney of ould. Arra, be me sowl, Misther Casey, that man 'ud swear through a dale boord for him."

"I'd not belicve a syllable from that fellow's lips," whispered the apothecary to Mr. Casey.

"He is evidently a lying rascal," said the doctor, "for no honest man would wantonly asperse the professional character of any set of gentlemen."

"Come, Sir," said the coroner, "there must be no equivocality here, nor no dispersion of purfessional character. You could have no conversation wid the man after he was killed."

"Be me sowl, an' he was speechless, any how. I swear to that through thick an' thin, an' I'll stand up for it, that it was Andy Murtagh there that kilt him."

"But, Darby," said the process-server, "how could a man who was speechless hould discoorse wid you, you nager?"

"How could a *prossarver* be a rogue, you dirty savage?" replied Darby; "I'll answer you nothing. Paddy Finigan, do *you* ax me," he added, with a significant look at Paddy, "an', remimber, Paddy, that poor Barney was a warm friend o' your own."

"Misther Casey," said the angry foreman, "that's puttin' swiggessions upon the jury; an', be the same token, it's not laygle."

"You ought to be committed, you rascal, for perjury," said Casey to M'Fudge. "How dare you swear that you held a conversation with the man after he lost his speech?"

"Faith, an' I did too," replied

Darby; "I axed him wasn't it Andy Murtagh that done for him, an' he didn't say to the contrary. Silence gives consent, you know."

"You're nothing but a profligate," observed the coroner—"a cool, hardy villain."

"Why, wid great respect to you, Misther Casey," said a man in the crowd, "I b'lieve you didn't swear Darby M'Fudge, at all at all. Howsom-ever, as to that, Sir, I can settle him, any how. The thruth is, Sir, that Darby there never seen a morsel of the fight betune Andy and Barney, good or bad. He was wid me, Sir, an' my brother, at the time it happened, an' I can swear that it was only since he came into this very house that he knew who it was that gave Barney the welt that settled him."

"What my brother says is thruth, Sir. Darby said too, it was wid his fist that Andy sthruck him, when every one knows it was with a staff, your honour."

"You are a sensible fellow," replied Casey.

"But, in the mane time, the man is right," said the foreman: "devil a one of Darby M'Fudge was sworn at all, the sconce!"

"And that's all the better," said Casey; "there's so much perjury saved."

"An' if I wasn't even, isn't my word as good as your oath any day, you rip you. He has perjured himself, Mr. Casey, till there's a crust upon his conscience a foot thick," said Darby.

"Bravo, Darby!" exclaimed several voices from the crowd, "lay it into him."

"An oath from him would blisther a griddle," continued Darby, encouraged by those around him.

"Sir," said the foreman, "you ought to have a crier to keep order in the court. That blaggard should be put out."

"I'll tell you what it is," said the choleric coroner, addressing Darby, "if you're not off before we find our verjick, upon my *secret* honour, I'll kick you from this to the court-house above, and lay you by the heels there afterwards."

"You'll kick me, is id? A pair of us can play at that game, Misther Casey. Did you ever hear what profound intherest is? I tell you, if you

rise hand or fut to me, you'll get that same. To the devil wid all upstarts."

The coroner, who was a noted pugilist, set in a body blow that laid Darby horizontal in a moment. Darby, however, had friends on his own part, as well as on behalf of Barney, who were not at all disposed to see him ill-treated by a man in office.

"Down wid the rascal!" they shouted, closing immediately about the coroner, "down wid him! he's a government man, any how, an' a spy, maybe, into the bargain. Down wid him!"

"Come on, you rascals!" shouted the coroner, "my jury and I against any baker's dozen of you. Gentlemen of the jury, stand to me, and we'll clear the house. Come, boys—come, gentlemen—fight like devils. We can bring in our verjick afterwards."

"Honour bright, Mr. Casey," responded the jury, "we'll back you, Sir, every man of us. To the devil wid the verjick, till ather our spree's over."

The friends of the jurors also took the part of the coroner, as did many others present, for the man's propensity to fighting had made him popular; so that, in point of fact, the numbers were pretty equal on both sides. A rich scene ensued. In a moment, the whole room exhibited such a picture of riot and uproar, as could scarcely be conceived. The coroner and his jury certainly did fight like devils, and they were every whit as devilishly opposed. All were thumping, knocking down, pulling, dragging, wrestling, and shouting. Crash went a chair—smash went a window or a table—down went a man here—up sprung another there—a thurd was heard in this corner—a shout in that. Sometimes they appeared detached into small groups; again they seemed like a ravelled hank, matted into one mass of inextricable confusion. The doctor and apothecary got first an odd thump, *en passant*, in compliment to the coroner: by-and-bye they were sucked, sorely against their wills, into the vortex of the fight; and ere it was half over, they might be seen amongst the thickest of the fray, giving and receiving, according to their ability, on each side. The fight might now be at its hottest, when two men were seen engaged in a bitter

struggle near the window, one of whom was the coroner, and the second, to the inexpressible astonishment of all present, no other than the subject of the inquest, Barney Bradley himself. In a moment, what between surprise and mirth, there was an immediate cessation of hostilities among all the belligerents, with the exception of the coroner and Barney, Darby M'Fudge and the foreman, who, so far as exhaustion permitted them, laid in the blows with great vigour. It was impossible to say on which of their heads victory might have alighted; for, however amusing their contest appeared to the wondering and excited by-standers, the latter deemed it proper to separate Barney and the coroner, for the ludicrous purpose of giving that gentleman an opportunity of recognising his antagonist. The foreman, who had already been sufficiently well drubbed, felt no wish for a more lengthened battle; and the two medical gentlemen stood as if thunder-struck at the activity of the *corpus*! When the four were separated, it is utterly impossible to describe what ensued, so as to retain any portion of the mingled mirth and amazement of the whole crowd.

"Eh?" exclaimed the coroner—"What! why! is it—eh?—is it the—it is—by the sky above us, it's the rascal that was kilt!!—the dead vagabond we had the inquest over!"

This was replied to by a thundering uproar of laughter, in which, however, neither the coroner nor his medical friends felt any inclination to join.

"Be the holy farmer, Mr. Casey, you're fairly done!"

"Death alive! Misther Casey! *you* may say that, any how, an' so may Barney. You see, in spite of all your law, the devil a dhrop was out of him! ha! ha! ha!"

"Why, who dared to hould an inquest on me?" exclaimed Barney, with astonishment.

"Faith, Mr. Casey there, Barney, and twelve jurymen, wid that prossarver for the foreman."

"He did! well here's for his trouble," said Barney, attacking the coroner once more with evident good-will. The crowd however interposed, and succeeded in appeasing his indignation. "Let me at him!" he shouted, "let me at the rascal! You won't! Well,

never heed! Be this and be that, Misther Casey, if I ever catch you houldin' an inquist on me agin, I'll make it be an ugly business to you!"

"In the mane time, we will return our verjick," said Casey. "There is legal proof that you were dead, and the jury have nothing to do with your resurrection at all at all, you unsasonable rascal you."

"Right, Mr. Casey," shouted the whole crowd, "the sorra's funny thought, that. Barney, be asy, man alive! Barney himself can be a witness, Misther Casey."

"Faith," said Casey, "I'll not be well licked, and defrauded out of my money into the bargain. I have two medical gentlemen to prove that he was dead, and wid the help of heaven and an obadient jury, we'll return our verjick. Waither!"

The waiter appeared.

"Waither, another tumbler of waither, wid a naggin of the same to tighten it. Gentlemen of the jury, I cannot lose this opportunity of returning my sinsare congratulations upon the decided stand you have made on this trying occasion, against those who countenance and encourage blaggardism and outrageousness. You are, gentlemen—(here waither, it's not for the foreman I ordhered it)—you are, gentlemen, an honour to your country, and wid twelve such indepindent men to support me, I'd undertake to lick any thirteen fellows in the county, and to give a proper verjick upon any dacent case of manslaughter, murder, shoocide, or Otto-diffay afterwards. And now, gentlemen, for fear you might be disposed to call this merely dry talk, I order you a glass of whiskey each, to keep you cool and collected!"

"Bravo! Misther Casey; be my song, Sir, you're the very moral of a crowner," returned the jury, "long life to you, Sir!"

"Waither! a glass of whiskey a piece for the gentlemen of the jury."

"Faith, Misther Casey, it 'ud be amost worth one's while to get knocked on the head, just to have the pleasure of your sittin' an them."

"Gentlemen, your healths, any way! Why, touching a verjick, I'd not give in to ere a coroner in Europe for

probing an Otto-diffay, or charging a jury. And, gentlemen, I say there's nothing like a good skrimmage, even although a skull or two be cracked."

"Devil a thing. Bravo, Misther Casey! Faith your'e the jewel of a crowner, Sir. More power to you! If other people won't make work for you, why you'll be apt to make work for yourself, an' why not?"

The waiter now returned with the spirits, and the jury, after pledging the now tipsy coroner, told him they were ready to proceed with Barney's inquest.

"Come, gentlemen," said Casey, "before we begin I'll be dacent. Here waither agin: bring the subject—bring Barney Bradley something to drink. He liked it before death, and faith he must get a sup after it."

"Why then as you're doin' the dacent thing, Misther Casey," said Barney, "you're welcome to sit an me wid a heart an' a half."

Coroner—"Now Barney, be an evidence, man alive, and give us a lift where you can."

Barney—"Ha! ha! ha! Devil fly away wid the merrier. Depind your life an me, Misther Casey. We'll make out a clear case, or the sorra's in it. But saize the word I'll answer the pross-sarver."

"The Pross-sarver, faith and an unlucky spalpeen he is to put on a jury. But I'll pledge my reputation that if one half the county was to murder the other, Barney, I'll never have one on an inquest agin. Let that satisfy you all."

"Success, Misther Casey! The drivin' blaggard skulked into it merely to grab the shillin'."

"Now, gentlemen, let us resume proceedings. Barney, as I consider you the most important evidence, we shall begin wid yourself."

"Wid all my heart, Sir; ha! ha! ha! But, wid submission, Misther Casey, are you unwell, Sir?"

"Not I. I'm in excellent health."

"Be gorra then, wid great respect, you're no sich thing, Sir. Devil a man in Ireland wants flaybottomry more than you do."

"What do you mane, Brádley?"

"Why, Sir, you have too much blood in you entirely. Your nose, Sir, is twisted a little to the one side too, an' be gorra that's another sign."

"Come, come, man—my nose! Asy Barney, you know how *that* can be accounted for. On the other point your'e right enough. Maybe I have more blood than I want, sartainly."

"Sir, if you take my advice, you'll lose some immedintly. I'll spin it out o' you while you'd say Jack Robisson."

The audience were exceedingly grave here. Not the least symptom of a smile appeared on a single face. On the contrary, they looked at the coroner with an alarm which the rascals succeeded in making more impressive by their feigned attempts to conceal it. At length one of them said in a very solemn voice,

"Misther Casey, Barney's right, Sir. Something is wrong wid you, whatever it is, for there's a great change in your face since you came into the house."

"Tut, it can't be, but if I thought—"

"The safest way, Sir, is to be sure and lose the blood. Barney's the very boy that can breathe a vein in style."

"Where are the other medical gentlemen?" said the coroner. "Why, they are gone! However I don't wonder at it, after what they got."

"Waither," shouted Barney, "bring up a basin, poor Misther Casey's not well. Why, Sir, you're changin' for the worse in your looks every minute. Devil a word I'll hear, Sir, nor a blessed syllable of evidence I'll give to-day, barrin' you take care of your health."

"Gintlemen of the jury, do you think I want to lose blood?"

"Bedad, Sir, there's a terrible change on you: why your'e black undher *both* eyes. You must have got some hurt Sir, inwardly, durin' the row."

"Faith and there may be something in that sure enough. Come, Barney, set to work. It can do no harm at all events."

Barney, now in his glory, stripped the coroner, and in two minutes had a full tide of blood rushing from his arm, into a large wash-hand basin, the bottom of which could not be covered by less than thirty ounces of blood.

"Now, Misther Casey, dont you feel asier?"

"I do, Barney, but curredly wake. Stop, man, you have taken enough, five times over; do you intend to *fill*—the—the basin? Stop!—my night's going—I'm getting —"

Forty-eight ounces of blood would be apt to make any man weak. The worthy coroner could go no farther, and in a moment he lay at full length, in a swinging faint.

It was now, when he could not hear them, that their mirth became loud and excessive. Barney, in the mean time, tied up his arm.

"The devil fly away wid you, Barney, but you're able to walk widout bein' led, any how, you bird o' grace!"

"Whist, wid yees," replied Bradley; "we'll be up to him. Let us sit an' hould an inquisht an himself, before he comes to—that won't be these ten good minutes to come."

"Oh! consumin' to the better. Here you rap of a pross-sarver—you must be the crowner; an' as you'd do nuttin for nuttin, we'll give you another glass o' whiskey."

"Then, Barney, you must take my place on the jury."

"To be sure I will."

"Well thin, gentlemen, as we were all spectathors of this bloody business, we may as well, at wanst, return a verdict against Barney."

"Not wilful murder agin me any how, aither in joke or airnest."

"No; but here's the verdict: *we find that Mither Casey died by the visitation of Barney Bradley.*"

"A choice good one," replied Barney. "Here, waither, bring in a naggin of burnt whiskey for Mither Casey. That's what'll set him to rights. Here, boys, let us bring him near the windy, an' rise him up a little. Come, Mither Casey, blood alive, Sir, don't be a woman. Pluck up spirit; here's a naggin o' burnt whiskey, to make all square. Bedad, Sir, you have nothin' else than the pattern of a ginteel face this minute."

Coroner—"Where's the whiskey, in the first place?"

Barney—"Here, Sir; here it is. Never nip it; take it at a bite, an' you may dance Shawn Buie in five minutes."

"Yes, it will do me good. Gentlemen of the jury, what has happened to me? Was there anything illaygal in this business?"

"Sorra haporth, Mither Casey, barrin' that Barney Bradley tuck a few ounces of blood out o' you."

"Yes, yes, I remember. Barney, in

the mane time, confound you and your flaybottomry, you have almost bled me to death, you infernal quack."

It was impossible to resist the ridiculous appearance of the coroner, whose face, being at best ruddy upon a sallow ground, now bore a strong resemblance to green linen, if we except his nose, which was of a pale dead blue, like the end of a burned brick. The laughter in fact could not be suppressed, nor could the coroner, after surveying himself in a three-cornered broken looking glass that hung against the wall, avoid joining in the mirth, although at his own expense.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "there is no use in my spoiling a good joke, although I've paid some of the best blood in my veins for it. It's well known, any how, that a more blood-thirsty vagabond than Barney Bradley is not to be had.—You go about, Barney, you nager, seeking whom you may bleed; and I now tell you, that you'll take a cup too much from some one before you're hanged, my man. Reduce your practice, Barney, or you'll die somewhere convanient to the county gaol—ha! ha! ha! Well, gentlemen, now let us to serious business, for, upon my conscience, I'll have a verjick and my fees, if the fellow was to come alive fifty times."

"We're ready, mither Casey, to examine the witnesses."

"Let any man, then, who was present at this unfortunate business, step forward and state all he knows."

"I seen the whole of it, Sir, an' more," said a man to the jury.

"Alick Smith," said one of the jury, "tell us what you did see, an' never mind statin' what you didn't see."

"Why, you see, Pether, I happened to be passin Brian Finigan's public-house at the time; so, begad, hearin' that it was a bit o' fun, I ran up from the street that Billy Button the tailor lives in, bekase, you see, I was goin' to leave the measure of my head for a hat wid Condry Branagan."

"I thought," observed the coroner, "you said you were passing Brian Finigan's."

"But that was *after*, Sir—so, hearin', you see, of the row, up I ran just about two minutes after Barney was sent home to his modher."

"What do you mean by that?" enquired Casey.

"Why, afther he was knocked down, an' kilt, Sir."

"But were you not present at the fight?"

"Oh the devil a blow I seen them give, Sir, barrin' what I heard from them that war lookin' on. But that's no rason that I can't give you the outs and ins of the business as true as any one, allowin' for mistakes."

"Get out, you spalpeen" said Casey, "take yourself and your mistakes out of this. You're nothing but a nagerly equivocator."

"Well, Misther Casey," said the fellow, winking at the bye-standers, "if that's my thanks, I can't help it. I'm always willin' to oblige a *jintee* lookin' gentleman. It's more than I'd do afore Barney bled you."

The coroner winced at this, but the mirth and the cause of the mirth were too decidedly against him to resent it with success.

"Come, now," said he, "I'll tell you what, boys; I'll order any man half-a-pint that will give true evidence on this melancholy affair."

Nine of the jury immediately volunteered.

"Beg pardon, Misther Casey," said the foreman, "that's not laygal, wid submission; it's what lawyers call insubordination of perjury. It'll *invalued* the whole inquest."

"You lie, you rascal," replied Casey, deeply offended, "how dare you charge the coroner of the county with disorganization of perjury. Only you're on the jury, I'd send you out of the window by the heels."

"Faith, an' let him not be too sure that that same will save him," observed the rest of the jury; "devil a betther we could do than shove him out, an' clap Barney himself in his place."

"Out wid him!" shouted the bye-standers, "out wid him, the rip, an' make Barney himself foreman—ha! ha! ha!"

"Devil a sweeter," said Barney; "wid all my heart. Out wid the rascal!"

The coroner, if he were even disposed, had not strength to prevent this. The window was raised, the unfortunate process-server caught, and very quietly, but with remarkable exactness, dropped astride a cow that happened to pass, which cow belonged to a poor widow who lived in the suburbs of the town. It is sufficient

to say that in a short time the cow and her rider were followed by at least two-thirds of the fair, as far as the pound-burn, in which she deposited him, to the exquisite enjoyment of the spectators.

"Now, Misther Casey, we'll make Barney himself foreman."

"I doubt it's a *little* irregular," said Casey; "but as it's a particular case altogether, why let him have the office."

"Well but, Sir," said the jurors, "here's nine of us that can give right thrue evidence."

"Faith," said Barney, "you may add me for a tenth, provided the half-pint's to come to the fore."

The coroner now felt himself sadly puzzled; he was literally overwhelmed with evidence. Not an individual present, after having heard of the affair of the half-pint, but professed himself to be intimately acquainted with all the particulars of that "melancholy affair." The transaction promised to be clouded with wittesses.

"What's to be done?" said Casey; "death alive, boys, I can't hear you all; if I did the fees of the inquest wouldn't cover the expences."

"But the gentlemen of the jury, Misther Casey, have the best right to the whiskey, Sir. Remimber how we stood to you in the skrimmage, a while ago."

"Under the circumstances, gentlemen, I'll ballot for evidence; first, for two out of the jury; and afterwards for two more out of the bye-standers; and there's a full bottle gone."

"That's takin' evidence by the quart, Misther Casey."

"Boys, be asy, now—and don't turn so solemn an investigation into ridicule. Get me a hat."

A score of caubeens, amidst the most unlimited glee, weré instantly offered to him, and having selected one, he proceeded to draw lots for the wittesses, or, as he more formally termed it, "to ballot for the evidence in this unfortunate transaction." Barney himself and another juror had the good luck to succeed, as had Andy Murtagh who had *kilt* him, and a person who was an eye-witness.

"What's your name?" said Casey to the stranger.

"Philip Coogan, Sir."

"Were you present at this business, Philip?"

"I was present at both, Sir, wid the help o' goodness."

"At both what, man alive?"

"Why, Sir, at Barney's and Andy's affair, an' afterwards at your own little consarn in the house here."

"Well, but stick to Barney's and Andy's; what do you know of that?"

"Why, Sir, Barney bled him in Brian Finnigan's stable, up agin the wall; then, Sir, Barney brought him in to trate him. I don't know what privication came atune them, but something surely must, Sir, or they'd not tuck to weltn' one another as they did."

"Go on, Philip."

"I was passin', Sir, when I see Brian Finnigan, an' his brodher, an' his sarvint, pushin' them out; an' one o' them, but I cant say which, hot Brian a lick as he went in."

"Well done, Philip; you're coming to it by degrees, as the lawyers go to heaven. Go on."

"Then, Sir, they attacked one another agin—Barney, Sir, let fly at Andy wid his *battagh*, an' thin' Andy here knocked him down, an' that blow sobered him."

"Be the vartue of my oath, Misther Casey, he didnt knock me down this day. It was never in his waistcoat to do it," said Barney.

"Philip Coogan tould the truth, Misther Casey," observed Andy, "'twas I that gave him as purty a tumble as ever he got since he was christened; an' is well able to do it any day."

"Murtagh, be asy, man," said the coroner, "your'e not bound to criminate yourself; (waither!) consider that there may be a verjick of homicide, any how, brought against you."

"Not 'till I kill Barney over agin, Misther Casey."

"I tell you, Andy, that the jury have laygal and professional proof that the man was dead. We have nothing to do only to prove how he was killed. Coming to life again is his own affair, not ours."

"Be me sowl, I suppose it was the row brought me to life," said Barney, "if any thing 'ud do it, 'twould be aither that, or a smell to the whiskey bottle, praise be goodness!"

"That's your own consarn, Barney, and not the jury's," said Casey.

Barney—"It's a lie, any how, to say that Andy knocked me down; he was never the man."

Andy—Well, I'll tell you what, Barney, let the business go an, and you know we can decide that asy enough afther."

Barney—"Never say it again, Andy. Boys, go an wid the inquest. It's the least I should know whether I was kilt or not, at any rate. Ha! ha! ha!"

Barney's brother juror now stepped forth to set them right.

"Misther Casey, Sir——"

"Waither!" said Casey, "were you asleep, you spalpeen? Bring me another tumbler of wather, wid a naggin of whiskey in it. I'm as wake as a fishing-rod."

"Take it burned, Sir," said Barney, "an' dhrink the wather afterwards. That's the right plan."

"Bring what I desire you," said Casey; "go on, Mr. Juror."

"I must give it agin Barney, Sir—I seen Andy Murtagh gave him as clane a knock-down as ere a shave ever Barney himself gave in his life. I was beside them, Sir, an' Barney, by the vartue o' my oath, couldn't kick no more than a spatch-cock."

"Able to kick you for that lie, any day," said Barney, "an' will, too, before a month o' Sundays passes."

A fresh argument here took place between Barney, his brother juror, and Andy Murtagh, in which the latter insisted that if Barney were *kilt* at all, *he* it was who had the merit of killing him. Barney stiffly denied this, and their partizans on either side gave rather decisive proofs of their readiness to bring the matter to a short issue. The coroner, however, at this moment received his tumbler of water, a fact which reminded him of the compensation he had promised them for their evidence.

"Now, boys," said he, "let us have no more fighting here till we finish the business in hand, at any rate. After that you have the length and breadth of the street to decide it in. All I can say is, that if you rise a ruction now, you'll get no whiskey from me."

"Faith, an' that's sensible, Misther Casey, an' stands to rason; we *have* the street, as you say; so let us put it off till afther we get the *quart* of evidence."

"Asy, boys, asy; no more of that. But now what verjick will we return upon the death of Barney?"

"Oh devil purshue the one o' me

will ever consint to be kilt by Andy Murtagh, or the likes o' him ;" said Barney.

"Faith, an' if I was on the jury," replied Andy, "I'd consint to give no other."

"Misther Casey, Sir," said a juror, "we'll do the thing in a way that Barney can't be offended wid."

"How is that?"

"We'll find—*Kilt by Andy Murtagh, and found beatin' the coroner afterwards.*"

The bystanders decided on the propriety of this verdict by the loud seal of their approbation. Barney himself, the coroner, and Andy Murtagh, were also carried away by the spirit of the moment. It was impossible, in fact, to resist it. A general scene of mirth followed, which was still heightened by the good humour with which Casey paid them for their testimony. This worthy gentleman insisted that they should shake hands, and bury their differences in a fresh bottle at his expense, a suggestion which was instantly acted on, but with what degree of sincerity we cannot say. He thought himself bound, however, to thank the jury in "a neat address," and he proceeded as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Jury—For your unwearied attention, patience, and general good conduct, in this trying and tedious case, I beg leave to return you my most serious acknowledgments. I am now fifteen months and six weeks upon the bench ; and I am bound to say that in the course of that period I have never sat upon a case of such difficulty, handled in a manner that reflects, gentlemen—hem—that reflects such—such credit and general esteem upon the talents you displayed in assisting me in my difficulties, this day. We had, gentlemen, to *fight our way* through a very ugly species of opposition, and nobly you acquitted yourselves. Gentlemen, I am bound to say, that you are the best boxed jury in the three united kingdoms ; by which I mane England, Ireland, and Scotland. But I must add, that some of the party who conducted the row against us have a villainous habit of kicking in the shins while they fight ; by which I have heavily suffered. I do not now wish to rip up the embers of strife ; but I must confess that, touching the kicking in the shins, I strongly suspect the *corpse* to have been by

far the worst conducted. Gentlemen, I repeat it, that the subject of the inquest did not behave himself with due decorum. He denied that he was kilt, gentlemen, in the teeth of the plainest and most equivocal evidence. We had the opinion of two medical men—who, I am sorry to say, were each of them whacked by the corpse, gentlemen—so to spake—both of whom proved that he was dead. We had, moreover, the testimony of the worthy man who kilt him, corroborating the opinion of the doctors. Yet he denied the fact in the face of all this ! However, as I said, let it all be forgotten. Gentlemen, I now propose the health of ould Ireland—a country, gentlemen, in which, I am proud to say, the law of inquest, gentlemen—the law of inquest—is better understood than in any other country under the sun. Gentlemen, 'Ould Ireland, the land of Inquests !'

This, as the papers say, was received with tremendous cheers, and the health of the coroner drank, as "one of the best coroners that ever sat on a live corpse." This was rather sharp, but the worthy man was now too far advanced in liquor to notice it. He accordingly paid the reckoning, got his hat, and was staggering out, when the waiter thrust a slip of paper into his hand, on which was written : "Verdict of the jury that *rot* upon the body of Bartle Casey, Esquire, late crowner for this part of the county, before Barney Bradley, Esquire, flaybottomist and horse-doctor—We find that the diseased died by the visitation of Barney Bradley. Signed Barney Bradley." Here followed the names of the twelve jurors.

"Ay," exclaimed Casey, after he had made it out with some difficulty, "I don't doubt that, any how. The rascals would outwit the devil, let alone Bartlemy Casey, Esquire ; and as for Barney Bradley, he would bleed the devil if he had any blood in him." He then staggered up to the inn where he slept that night, with less of fever than he would have felt were it not for the virtue of Barney Bradley's lancet.

This was Barney Bradley's first inquest, or, as it was termed by his neighbours, his first resurrection. He was, however, the subject of three inquests, every one of which he survived,

and in every one of which the coroners suffered, either by "flaybottomry" or a sound drubbing. In fact he became so celebrated a corpse, and withal so dangerous, that on the occasion of two or three subsequent deaths occurring, after the three inquests alluded to, no coroner would sit upon him, inasmuch as they did so at the evident risk and hazard of their lives.

Our readers will of course be anxious to know what disease or accident it was that occasioned Barney's temporary death. Ah ha!—There we have

them! Don't you know, worthy readers, that the beauty of a modern tale is mystery? Do you think we are such a common-place writer as to tell every thing? That, you know, would be blabbing upon poor Barney. Farewell!

And now to conclude, we beg leave to recommend this *authentic* story to John Bull's perusal, and that it may serve to correct his views of Irish life and character, is the earnest and sincere wish of the writer. Amen.

STANZAS.

'Tis strange how people talk of love,
Some find it such a pleasant thing!
Through worlds of bliss they seem to rove,
With *them* 'tis everlasting spring!

And others find it such a pest!
A wayward, sad, tormenting sprite,
That seizes on the hapless breast,
Its joys to crush—its hopes to blight!

Some find it all dressed out in flowers,
Mid sunny days and starry nights,
Dwelling in most enchanting bowers,
And all surrounded with delights!

Anon, some luckless wight shall tell
How o'er his fresh and happy years
Love rang a sad, funereal knell,
And left him nought but sighs and tears.

'Tis puzzling now to think of this,
When love shall come to be our doom,
That either it is perfect bliss,
Or else, an all-pervading gloom.

And *how* to *gain* that dazzling height,
Where love sits throned in cloudless day,
Or how avoid that dismal night,
Where love shuts out each cheering ray.

A safer course there seems to be,
Not all made up of joy or woe,
Not soaring up to ecstasy,
Nor sinking down to depths below.

A cloud may *sometimes* cross its way,
A storm may *sometimes* shake its flowers,
But then a bright reviving ray,
Dispels the cloud, and dries the showers.

So when we come to fall in love,
(As fall in love we surely will,)
We'll try this safer course to prove,
By wisely blending good with ill.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF GRANA WEAL.

CHAPTER I.

Of Grana's christening, and how discreetly she passed her teens.

There has been a great dispute whether it was Lord Peter or a Prior Martin who christened this young gentlewoman, whose history I have taken in hand. I will quarrel with no man for holding whatever side, in that dispute, he pleases, but only say that, in my poor judgment, it was a pity her baptism should have been so long delayed; for, to tell the truth, she was a bouncing girl, fit to be married the day they admitted her. But at the same time it must be confessed, that this was the whim of the day, and that neither John Bull, her neighbour, nor the Baboons, had much the start of her on that score; and that for the Porkers, Fieryskulls, and other northern families, they acted like perfect Anabaptists in comparison, some waiting for their wise teeth, some dipping bald-pate and grey hairs in the font, and some never getting christened at all.

My granting the start (were it but an inch) to John and Jacko will be considered unfair by some, who maintain, that Grana was christened in Julius Cæsar's time, and that Father Patrick only confirmed her. As I said before, I quarrel with no man for his opinion, only state my own. Be it as it may, 'tis certain Grana grew in a short time to be the best communicant the bishop had, and always got the catechising of the rest; nay, opened a school at her own expense, whither the neighbours' children used to come, for miles round; so that all over her estate you might see students of humanity, and poor scholars in shoals, some expounding Plato and Aristotle, some thumbing their horn-books, some working problems in geometry, some cyphering on slates and sand-boards, all as civil as so many sizars, and scores of chaplains, professors, pedagogues, and ushers superintending. Grana's estate was one of the completest things, of its size, you ever

saw: wood and water in abundance; turbarry at her kitchen door, no such grazing round all the country side as on her holm, and some of the finest pieces of corn land in the north, higher up by the grange. Then, lots of game in her preserves, and two or three clear trout-ing streams, forming as many capital mill sites, running right through the middle of the demesne from end to end; with famous fishing in the herring pond, and no want of snug coves for a hooker to lie in through the winter.

To be sure she did not make the most of the land, for she had no care to cut down the timber: it had been there, she said, from the first, and while she could get malt and meal enough out of the grange, she wanted no more red ridges on her estate. She was fond of a run with the hounds too; and loved better to tramp through the dew of a morning with a hawk on her wrist, than to follow the plough-tail; all very allowable in a lady of her ancient blood, but a bad example to the tenants. These were a roaring crew of jolly dogs, up to anything, born devils for courting and fighting, that went about hunting and fowling, like qualified esquires; and if you'd ask one of the sporting blackguards to put his hand to a spade or shovel, 'tis odds but he'd fetch you a slap in the chops for your pains. Then, Grana's mode of administering justice was anything but what it ought to be; she held her own petty sessions but once a twelvemonth, and had no regular constable or settled bailiff on the land, so that when the tenants would quarrel about their marches, as they were were for ever doing, they were always sure of plenty of time to take the law into their own hands, and have a set-to before Grana heard of the row. On this account you'd hardly meet a fellow, for the length of a day, on the roads about, that wouldn't have his head bound up, or his arm in a sling; but

Grana did not mind it so much, provided none of the neighbours' people were concerned, for she rather liked, she said, to see her boys enjoying themselves; that as for boxing and cudgel-play, they were manly exercises and kept the chaps in wind, and that a black eye was a handsomer mark on a man's face any day than any sign of a white liver. So you may suppose there was no want of bloody noses at their fairs and patterns, much as at the present day, with this difference only, that if a fellow should happen to whip his knife into another's puddings, there was no bother with judges or jury; he had only to put his hand in his pocket like a gentleman, and the coroner was satisfied. As for the friends of the deceased, it was their look out to have a good poke at him in return, and he had no more to do than raise his cousins and fight for it; or, if he did not like that, shift himself to another town-land, (for there was no act in force on Grana's estate against vagrants,) or else stow himself away in the nearest church, where he might laugh in their faces out of the vestry-room window.

Yet with all, Grana's life was a warm and merry one. She never saw such a thing as a baker's or butcher's bill: as to groceries, she never tasted, so didn't miss them: her wine and silk merchant was the only dealer she ever troubled, and he was the civilest fellow in the world—beef or butter, tallow or hides, all was the same to him; and he stocked her cellar, and kept her back decent, on terms so reasonable, that you'd never have missed his payment out of the larder. Her own wenches spun her shifts and table cloths, and her own lads wove them; so it was, too, with her flannel petticoats, blankets, carpets, &c. As for her table, she had curdy salmon, and haunch of venison three times a week, with sirloins of beef, saddles of mutton, fowl and ham, woodcocks, pheasants, partridges, and wild ducks without end; strong ale, neat wines, and a hall that swarmed like a bee-hive at dinner time. After supper she kept it up singing and dancing till cock crow: none of the neighbours had such a taste for music, and there was always a warm corner by the fire for whatever strolling piper, fiddler, or harper, might want a tuck out and a night's lodging.

A fellow with a tolerable voice was sure to be well entertained; nay, though he had no voice at all, would get the run of the house for charity, for Grana was the most generous and hospitable creature breathing. She was not slack neither holding her own among the neighbours, of which I'll give you an instance.

There were a set of fellows on the north of John's estate over the pond, as untamed savages as could well be imagined. They could not be called tenants, for they paid neither rent nor taxes, but they had been there since before the memory of man, and would let neither John or John's master meddle with their vagabond concerns. Now Grana having suffered from their troublesome vicinity, determined to take the rogues in hand, and so served an ejectment without more ado on the first she could get at. She sent over a stout fellow, one of her bailiffs, called Longpaw, who completed the process execution in a trice, and then began to cast about among her people for a proper occupant for the vacant premises. There was one among her wenches called Peg, a rawboned, hard-working creature, but full of fun and spirit, the best in the house at a reel, which she would dance, playing the pipes all the time, and no bad hand neither with her whistle in a row. Her elbows were red with the constant exposure to the cold, and she valued a wetting or a snow-balling no more than a crack of her fingers. Such a hardy quean was just the sort of person fitted for the out-farm; so she was put at the head of a complete establishment, and shipped forthwith across the pond to her new quarters. Here she kept up the old housekeeping famously, and soon gathered a set of jolly boys to her platters that would have gone through fire and water for her. But, I am sorry to say, she proved but an ungrateful jade after all; for she not only turned on Grana in course of time, as shall be seen hereafter, but has even had the impudence to deny that she ever received so much as a petticoat at her hands: if you ask her, at this day, whom she's come of—"Oh," says she, "I'm descended frae the same stock wi' John an' the Baboons: Grana Weal has the honor, man, o' being my illegitimate half-cousin."

"And where got ye the kilt, Peg?"

"Oh, fra Julius Cæsar an' the Picks."

"And the Mac to your name, Peg?"

"Oh man, can ye ax siccin a question? I got it frae the hielan's to be sure."

"And where did the highlanders get it, Peg?"

"Fra Julius Cæsar an' the Picks, I tell ye," and so on, defiling her old nest to the best of her abilities.

But with all, Peg is a good soul if you knew her, and did her business like a Trojan now. She bustled about among the marchers, pushed this one into the gripe, and doubled that one over the ditch, slit a third's windpipe, and smoked a fourth out of his house like a badger from his hole, then clapped down the boys upon the holdings, and set them to raise barley and kail on the poor rogues, leek gardens and bits of grazing. It was astonishing how well she throve, for though she could never get fat, she soon grew so tall and wiry that John (who by the by, was at this time a poor creature enough,) was no sort of match for her even with all the help he could beg or borrow. Grana in the mean time was getting on as usual, and gradually finding money gather on her hands. She was anything but covetous, nay blameably extravagant in some things, yet she found she could not get rid of all her income without some smarter expenses; so she began to melt down her broad pieces into cups and candlesticks for Peter, and sent all over the country, hiring the best stone masons, carvers, gilders, and upholsterers to build and furnish a new glebe house for him: when it was furnished, the neighbours all declared they had never seen the like. Then she gave gold in hand-fuls to scholars and masters of arts, and threw about her money among fiddlers and story tellers till all the tenants went mad for learning and music.

It would have done your heart good to have seen her hall of a Christmas night or Hallow Eve; such singing to the harp, such dancing to the bagpipes, such drinking of healths, and shaking of hands, and kissing and coaxing, laughing, blushing, and gallanting was never heard of in the country side before. Peter's lass, you may be certain, had the best of what was going; there was no one in the north to say black was the white of Peter's eye then; so they

had things all their own way, and, to be sure, they lived like sons of Irish kings. Nothing in Grana's gift too good for them.

"My Lord Peter's man wants half a rood of ground for an herb garden."

"Draw him out a lease for ever of the low park."

"My Lord Peter's man has sent to borrow a hod of mortar to plaster the crack in the vestry room wall."

"Send down a couple of masons and a cart load of Roman cement."

"My Lord Peter's man complains that he lies cold o' nights."

"Let him come and take as many blankets as he pleases out of my store-room; and, hark ye, tell the good father he can have what else he wants to keep his back warm, and welcome;" and so on, till they grew so fat they could hardly wag.

As to the management of Grana's household and lands, I have already hinted that it was none of the most systematic. She'd sometimes have but one steward, sometimes four or five; and whenever this happened, the fellows, puffed up with the vain glory of their authority, were sure to go by the ears. Then it not unfrequently occurred that one of the remoter tenants, falling into arrears, would swear he had a commission, and set up as bailiff on his own account, distraining his neighbours' goods and pounding their cattle, till they'd come down with smart replevies, and then, when complaint would be made to the head steward, the rascal would have eaten the cattle, pawned the goods, or drunk the proceeds, and absconded. But the quarrels of the stewards themselves were the worst of all: these rogues would let drive at one another with the ledgers and day books, break the lignum vitæ rules over each other's heads, and turn the whole office topsy turvy. Butler, cook, and chambermaid would strike on for their favourites, and all the servants' hall was sure to follow: skillets and porringers, pot-sticks and ladles would fly about like fun; and Grana herself would have to retreat to her own closet till the tumult might be appeased by some one getting the upper hand. On the whole, however, her household was even then better managed than that of any of the neighbours, not excepting either the baboons, bulls, or porkers. She could show a larger list of regular stewards

and upper servants than any other housekeeper for twenty miles round; and if she was a little vain of her ac-

counts, it is no more than others would have been, had they possessed any to be vain of.

CHAP. II.

Of Redhead Fieryskull's vehement courtship of Grana Weal, and how she clapperclawed him.

At some distance from Grana's estate, but still in her neighbourhood, lived two hot headed squires of the family of the Fieryskulls. They were cousins-german, and no man could have said for a week at a time whether they had been on good terms, for they fought and made it up again a hundred times a day. The elder one, Redhead, was a famous hand in the Northern Yacht Club. Squire Frank, the younger, sailed a crack boat too, but on the whole preferred field sports. None of Grana's boys, with all their devilment, led such a bang-up life as these cocks of the north. They scorned hunting and fishing for anything but sport; and had you asked either of them to drive out the cows or to muck the byre, as Grana's lads were always willing to do, egad you'd have had your head in your hand in a twinkling. Redhead's plan was to lift what he could get on a summer cruise, and live on that during the winter like a gentleman, at home, feasting on fat collops, and swilling ale from the skull of a Thames waterman he had once beaten to death with his own boat hook. Frank simply planted himself in the warmest corner he could find, not mattering much to whom it might belong, and basted the first fellows he could lay his hands on till they were fain to fetch him whatever he called for.

"What a goose you are, cousin Redhead," he would say, "roughing it through all weathers in that craft of yours, when you might follow my example and billet yourself on some warm housekeeper, eating of the fat and drinking of the strong, instead of going shivering home to the old log-house, to keep company with rein deer and bears all winter, with a wreath of snow at your door-cheek, like a house, and a blast through every cranny that would skin an otter."

"Mind your own affairs and be cuned," says the other, laying his

shoulder to the large boat and shoving her down from the beach, then—"Bear a hand my hearties, jump aboard; stand by the peck and throat halliards; up with your jib and away we go—boatswain!" "Aye, aye, Sir," says the boatswain, a bandy legged villain called Turgy, an atrocious, bloodyminded, truculent, down looking dog as you ever heard tell of. "Lie sou' and by west, Sir," says Redhead, "for look ye, I mean to make a trip to the herring pond this cruise." No sooner did his tarry rascals hear whether they were bound, than up they tossed their heads and gave an huzzza.

"Ah, my lads", says he, "is that the sort of course you like to lie?" "Aye, aye, Sir," sung out all the damned villains with one consent. "Who knows the navigation of the pond?" says he: then half a dozen began telling him all the inns and outs of it, for the base, bloody, and brutal renegades had been bred and born on its banks. So down they came with a snoring breeze and made the entrance of the pond next tide, ran in at high water, and were beating up between Grana Weal's and John's estates before sunset. Standing off and on, and looking out for a safe landing place, they could not help admiring the beauty and convenience of Grana's country.

"Rare good grazing by that riverside," says one; "thundering fine fall for a corn mill there," says another; "snug spot that to build a box on," says a third; but, Lord love ye, had you heard them when they doubled the point that was between them and Grana's house, and saw all her servant maids on the holm alongside, some milking the cows, some bucking linen by the river, and some singing songs as they plied their distaffs by the door. "My eyes," says one, "what fat heifers!" "Confound my buttons," says another, "what tight wenches!" So into the long boat they jumped, like

madmen, and, before you could say Jack Robinson, had the cattle houghed, the wenches carried off, and Grana Weal's house burning over her head like a tar barrel. Such of the boys as they found about the place, they knocked on the head, and it was as much as Grana herself could do to make her escape with life and honour. Peter's poor fellows came in for another guess sort of handling than they had ever been used to before. The murdering heathens cut their throats in all the pews of the church, chucked their wafers out upon the dunghill, and swilled up their consecrated wine like so much swipes in a pot house. There was nothing to be heard but screams, shouts, and the smashing open of doors and strong boxes—nothing to be seen but slaughtered men and cattle, smoke, flames, and the ill-looking ruffians themselves, running back and forward with sacks full of plunder on their backs.

Grana, and as many of the boys as she could gather, effected a retreat in tolerable order to her farm-house on the other side of the estate, and having barricaded the windows and doors, prepared to make a stand for life or death. As many of Peter's men as were left, followed, with their books and papers under their arms, and as much of the church plate as they had been able to save, stowed away in their cassocks; but it was impossible for the poor fellows to carry off more than a mere trifle; so that the plundering pagans never were in such luck either before or since. Chalice, salver, censer, bell, book, and candles, they stuffed into their greasy pouches at every turn; but nothing was, in my mind, so pitiable as the havoc they made in the schoolmaster's library, dog-eared the best grammars and dictionaries, and tearing out whole chapters of the lives of saints, for wrappers, matches, and the vilest purposes. Relics and images were tumbled about, and trampled under foot with the commonest rubbish; but not till they had been picked pretty clear of their gold and silver cases and crowns of fillagree. In a word, the marauding sons of white bears crammed their boat to the gunnel with Grana's best, and then made off; only, by way of retainer, leaving Turgy the boatswain, with a couple of dozen rogues, well

armed, to keep the coast clear till their return.

And now I am going to tell you a rare joke about Turgy. The carrot-headed scamp kicked up the deuce's delights for a while, thrashing all the boys he could lay hold of, and vowed that he would fire Grana's crops from one end of the estate to the other, unless he and his rogues got leave to do as they liked with a score of the tenants' daughters. Now, the knave, you must know, had ensconced himself, as safe as old Chassé, in a casement behind the walls of Grana's burned house; so that, although her boys would have eaten him like an oyster, could they have caught him out of his shell, or got the least bit of their knives in by any chink or cranny, when he might be gaping for the tide; yet, while he kept the close doors and sharp look-out he did, they saw the they had no chance of getting at him by fair means, and therefore, making as if they did not care though they should give him his will, although they could hardly keep from spitting in his face over the wall, as he made them his rascally proposal, they said they would consider of it, and he should have their answer that evening. Accordingly, about dusk, they brought the girls, strapping hussies all, as Turgy and his blackguards admitted when signing the receipt. I'll warrant you the churls' chops watered at a proper rate as the twenty wenches stepped into the court; and, like three-year olds, only holding their handkerchiefs to their faces, as was natural. The foxy old sinner himself was up to the foremost one, throws his arms about her neck, and was beginning to salute her cheeks, when making, as if to return his embrace, he gripped him so hard round the middle, that he thought his back bone would have gone by the small; and, i' faith, before he had time to ask her what she meant, he found himself on the broad of his back, and a smart fellow of eighteen, with a knife in his fist as long as your arm, squeezing his heel into his weazend, and swearing like ten troopers that he'd rip him from chin to chine, unless he gave in without more ado. The rest were at the same game all over the court-yard; and clapping on the thumb-ropes and hand-cuffs, like proper lads of war; having done

which, they throw open the gates, struck the rogues' flag, and having turned it upside down, nailed it on the barn gable, where it was a mark many a day after, for mud enough to build a small cabin.

This success set Grana on her legs again, but it was only for a month or so. Redhead's rascals having discharged their cargo, and held one or two carouses, grew so impatient for another lark, that, leaving a dozen half-sickened carcasses hanging by the heels in the log-house, and staving God knows how many pipes of wine on the beach, lest Frank or any of the neighbours should come in for snacks while they'd be from home, they fairly hoisted sail one morning, and were down on Grana's marshes, smashing and burning like old Harry, before she had well got her tattered cap put to rights on her head again. Grana's steward at this time was a gay sort of fellow, called Brian; he had trounced about a score of competitors for the host, and made them come down with bail for their future good behaviour, so handsomely, that he commonly went by the name of Brian Bind-'em-over. I forgot to tell you that Redhead would not have found it such an easy matter to plunder and burn as he did, had it not been for the old bad blood among the tenants, which had come to such a head a little time before he made his first onslaught, that it gave rise to the saying that holds to this day, namely—that if you'll put one of Grana's boys on a spit, you'll find another to roast him. So, hardly one at first would lend a hand to help his next-door neighbour, though he knew his own turn was coming; and but for Brian, it would have been so again. Bind-'em-over, however, was a fellow that would take no denial. "Come along, Bill," he'd say to a sturdy knave, standing with his hands in his pockets, though the thieves were romping through the next field, "lay hold of your hatchet, old boy, and turn out." "I'll not," the sulky bound would answer, "you may get Tom to fight for you; but I'm cursed if I fight in Tom's company to-day." Well, Sir, I wish you had seen the rousing box in the ear Brian would fetch the unlucky blackguard—"Here Jerry and Jem," he'd say, "tie this fellow and Tom together—lightly, look you—neck and

heels: then pitch them over the hedge, and let them take what they get from the lads on the other side." Bless your heart, before they had clapped on more than a couple of turns of the thumb rope, the fellows were shaking hands like the best friends in the world, and marching next minute side by side, as civil recruits as you'd ever wish to see.

When Brian had scraped a score or two of the tenants together in this way, he drew them up on the holm, and made them a speech. "My lads," said he, "our mistress is the handsomest, liberalest, and best bred young lady in the north. It would be a sin and a shame not to fight for her like lads of taste and mettle. Only look at her beautiful face," says he, for Grana was kissing her hand to them out of the parlour window, "only look at her bright eyes, like drops of dew upon the grass, and her cheeks like the roses in June, and then say if he wouldn't be a knave and a poltroon that would let the gentle darling fall into the hands of such an unlicked cub of a sea calf as this murdering thief that's threatening to play the devil with her and with us all. Think of your own wives and daughters, of your sisters and sweethearts," says Brian, with strong emphasis; "think how you'd like to see them given up to some Turgy in earnest. Ah, ha, my boys, we must fight for the young mistress, or God help her maids. So here go three cheers for Grana Weal, and let's have at the villains of the world."

The scoundrels on the other side were all the while handling their boarding pikes and cutlasses, and Redhead himself ogling Grana with the tail of his eye. "Faith, lads," says he, "you must lay on load presently, for these scum are beginning to look as if they meant to show fight; and as I'm set on having the wench by fair means or foul, why, you must give them a keelhauling. My wig, what a pair of eyes she has got! who knows but I may marry the quean yet, if I like her on trial?" With that he led his jail birds through the gap, thinking to make minced meat of Brian and his men, but, on my conscience, it would have been as good as ten pounds to you to see the infernal licking that Brian's boys gave the whole scurvy crew of them;

Never was such a battle-royal fought on the estate either before or since, and the Redheads got such a combing as has satisfied them to this day.

After leaving half their complement and more dead as mutton on the holm and shingle, they took to the water like Norway rats, as they were, some scrambling aboard the jolly boat, some swimming, and some wading up to the neck in the pond, and ducking like divers to dodge the great stones that were whizzing about their ears in all

directions. The worst of it was the misfortune that happened to Brian, who was run through while fighting like a hero at the water side. Grana waked him three days and three nights, and he had the greatest funeral ever seen in that part of the country. As for Redhead, he never looked back till he got into the log house; and Grana, thinking she was going to have a quiet life again, set about repairing the old walls, and stocking her larder for a merry Christmas.

CHAP. III.

Of Grana Weal's neighbour John, and what a roaring blade he grew, all of a sudden.

It is time for us now to speak a little of Grana Weal's neighbour John, and the great alteration that had been in him of late. John was at first, as I have said, but a poor creature—went with a clout tied round his middle, like a wild Indian, and painted himself all over with the strangest devices you ever saw. He'd have a half moon on his shoulder, a gridiron on his breast, and the sign of the chequers, done in blue, in the rear—had no notion whatever of decent lodging, and used to lie cheek by jowl with his own bull dogs. Still he was a civil poor soul, and neighbourly enough. Now you must know, that long before the Baboons, Fieryskulls, or Porkers had an existence, there was a famous family in the south, the greatest squires you have heard of yet, called the Beaks. It is supposed by some that they took their name from their hook noses; by others, that they were so called from their always being such keen keepers of the peace. Be it as it may, they were the most slap-up swells of their time, and Squire Julius Cæsar Beak was the head of the family. Now the squire coming to these parts a hunting, fell in with John, very nearly mother naked, in the woods. He took a fancy to the poor wretch; and, although John kicked against his nill-ye-will-ye kindness, succeeded at last in partly taming him. He gave him half-a-dozen shirts to his back, a blanket for his shoulders, taught him how to blow his nose, and hold a knife and fork, and would have made a smart fellow of him in the end, but,

dying suddenly, the care of the poor lad fell to his heirs at law. They bestowed more or less attention on John, as they happened to be in the humour; but, on the whole, made him useful to himself in spite of heart. One would set him to break stones for an avenue—another to ditch in the common—and a third to carry the hod to his masons, while they ran up an eighteen-inch wall between his share and that of the savage tenantry I spoke of as infesting the northern parts of the estates.

There was nothing these fellows hated so heartily as civility in any shape; so they pretended to take great dudgeon that John should have any thing to do with strangers; said they did not understand his giving the beaks a footing at their door, and swore they'd "thresh them both if they didn't give up their newfangled works instantan." Accordingly, one dark night they came down in a body—broke a great hole in the wall—pulled down the scaffolding—smashed all the wheel-barrows, hods, and shovels, and laid the masons' stone-hammers about their ears till they left them as stiff as their own crowbars. The Beaks immediately sent over a squad of constables who quelled the riot after some trouble, but gave John a sound bastinadoing for not standing better up to his battle, and then left the unfortunate fellow to scratch his broken head, and await his next thrashing in fear and trembling. He thought he would have some peace when he heard that Peg, as I have

already told you, had taken up her quarters at the back of the wall, and was by the ears with his tormentors; but Peg very soon taught him his mistake: she pulled across the ferry in her punt, and had whipped up a score of bullocks before John could pluck up heart enough to get his knife out. Then came the Redheads on the opposite quarter, burning and pillaging all before them like incarnate fiends; and they had hardly turned their backs till two or three of Grana's discharged bailiffs stepped across the pond and curry'd him till he roared again. Poor John was like a man distracted; he went about tearing his hair and wringing his hands, bemoaning himself at all the neighbours' doors, and praying most piteously that some good soul would turn out for love or money, and lend him a hand to clear his grounds of the thieves.

There was one of the Porkers, a stout fellow, called Hog—Hog Porker, who lived beyond the Fieryskulls, that finding himself hard bestead to hold his own in such a perilous vicinity, had long been casting a covetous eye on John's fat meadows. He pricked up his ears when he heard John's offer, and shouldering his staff—"Come along, Master Bull," says he, "I'll stand by you; and ask nothing but a long lease and a low rent for keeping your estate clear of these vermin henceforth and for ever." "Done," says John, and back they came in a twinkling—routed Redhead like shot, and sent Peg home with her petticoat torn all to tatters. John gave Hog the lease he had promised, and all was well till the first quarter day. I'faith, John found then he was likely to have little rent, but plenty of tenants; for they came over in droves, ousting the old holders, and telling John that they hadn't saved his neck for nothing, and they were amind to look to their own payment. Poor John, after kicking a while to no purpose, was fain to make the best of a bad bargain, and submit. He was a good tempered fellow and never bore malice, so he had forgotten the whole affair in a twelvemonth, and was as good friends with the Porkers as with his own people.

To tell the truth, they had left him very few of his own people to be friends with, or foes either. They had rooted them out for five miles round

John's, as completely as if they had never been: for John himself, they had him altogether in their hands, and managed him as they pleased. They had put him on a regimen from the first, feeding him on nothing but roast beef and suet dumplings, never letting him walk more than a mile a day, and keeping him on a bench by the fire side, sucking stout till he had grown a very porpoise. His temper, which had been as fiery as flint before, mellowed under this treatment till it was as mild as syllabub; and now, instead of leading the harum scarum scrambling life he had been accustomed to before, he took to minding his concerns like a man of the world—kept a ledger and day-book—paid no money without a receipt, and in a word became one of the most respectable yeomanly good fellows in the country. His stewards, indeed, were little better than those of his neighbours: he had no less than seven in one season, and all that time the rogues were at loggerheads. Still John thrived and Hog multiplied; and neither Redhead, Peg, nor Grana, cared to disturb their prosperity.

But Hog's time was up—he was to get a ringing he little dreamed of. Frank Fieryskull, who had quartered himself, of late, over against John's estate on the other side of the pond, clapped him alongside one morning, by surprise, and boarded fore and aft with all hands. John was cooking some hasty pudding, in the caboose, and, though grown heavy and soft, was anything but a spooney. He turned to with fork and ladle, and fought till he was floored, then submitted to his fate with the best grace he could. Never was such a ringing of swine known, as ensued. You'd hear the fellow's horns sounding at every corner, and, then such a squealing and grunting as they'd lay the Porkers by the leg, and begin to handle their awls, as would have created ears in a post, and deafened them after. Some made a slant stroke or two, but it wouldn't do: if a fellow but showed his tusks or set up his bristles—"turn another pin in his nose," was the word, and that lad laid no snout to trough for a month again. As for John, Fieryskull sweated him down from sixteen to eleven stone in the first six weeks, and that, partly by curryings and bastings before breakfast,

and partly by making him run ten or a dozen miles a-day, by his stirrup. He then began to put him regularly in training; fed him on under-done beef-steaks and dry toast, made him run a mile up hill every morning, in flannel, and would let him drink nothing but a couple of glasses of wine in the day.

John in a short time grew smart and handsome, and getting a chance sight of himself in a looking-glass, was so well pleased with his alteration that he needed no more forcing, but went of his own accord to the fencing school, learned to ride the great horse, hired singing and dancing masters, and took with great success to the study of French. In another month he was the most changed man in the world, would hardly speak to a Porker if he met him, and would as soon have swallowed arsenic as hog's lard: nothing now would serve my dainty gentleman but caper-sauce tarts, and har-ricos. You'd meet him of a morning riding out with the Baboons and

Struts, (the Beaks were broken, horse and foot, long ago, and these were two of the assignees,) with a hawk on his fist, and a sword by his side, spurs quarter of a yard long, and a tall feather in his hat, humming some new song, or chattering French like a magpie. If you'd give him "good morrow, master Bull." "Ah, *bon jour*" John would answer; but, by Jove, if you'd forget to make your leg to his worship, "Gadzooks, you knave!" he'd cry, "where's your cap?" and fetch you such a cut over the shoulders with his riding-whip as would make you jump again. I need not tell you of his matches at tennis, his mains of cocks, his races for the plate, and his swaggering in the ring, for all the world knows what a life he led. You may be sure such a fellow had a keen eye for all the smart girls and great heiresses in the country, and that Grana Weal was not likely long to be overlooked; but more of that in the next chapter.

BACCHANAL EXTRAVAGANZA,

OR, SONG OF THE WINE BOND.

Oh! come to the wine-bond in gladness and glory,
The Burgundy's bright, and the brandy is strong;
Our bold deeds shall flourish in Fame's future story,
Brave sons of the wine-cup, and knights of the song!

We'll stifle the lockers, and burke the wine brokers,
With hammers and pokers, we'll force in our way;
Our torches are gleaming, the red wine is beaming,
In bright oceans streaming, away lads, away!

Yon dark bull of Cadiz, how silent it slumbers!
Unconscious the spoilers thirst strong for its blood;
Its heart drops shall waken our wild swelling numbers,
It dies as the flower dies, when nipt in the bud!

The world's getting old with its dull round of pleasures,
Its cold forms of friendship, tame, tame are they all;
But *here* is the mine where repose its chief treasures,
And, goblet of Bacchus! enjoy them we shall!

Come, come, dost thou blush at a flaggon of claret?
Ha! ha! 'tis its brightness but meeting with thine!
Come, bleed him again, the bluff barrel can bear it,
In joy let us share it. Hurra! for the wine!

The night moon is up, through the heavens see her wander,
'Tis well, for our torches grow drowsy and dim;
Rouse, sons of the night, let us crown it with splendour,
In glory and grandeur and cups bumper brim.

HYMNS FOR CHILDHOOD. BY MRS. HEMANS.*

It is a pleasant and a goodly sight—
 apart from all religious consideration—
 to see the group that nature has thrown
 together in the mysterious relation of
 parent and child, the one bending over
 the helplessness and innocence of the
 cherished nursling of its affections, in
 the attitude of tearful interest, and the
 other gazing up, with some of the feel-
 ings, perhaps, that more mature reason
 will direct it to reserve for the exclusive
 worship of the Parent of all things,
 in the face of that being, which is to
 its sweet confiding heart all that it has
 to depend upon, be accountable to,
 cherish, or love. More than earthly is
 the glance of the mother's eye, as she
 looks through the transparent happi-
 ness of the child, and sees the delusions
 of youth, and the cares of manhood,
 and the sorrows of age, in the long
 perspective of solicitude beyond it.
 Onward and onward does her tearful
 vision strain, and catch at the
 shadows of futurity as they float by,
 and store their shapeless image in the
 recesses of her yearning bosom: and
 ardent is the prayer then breathed
 forth—the burthen it may be of a sigh
 that is half a smile—for the protection
 of a more powerful hand and a more
 watchful eye than her's, as well to lift
 her soul's idol out of the deep waters
 of affliction, that *must* go nigh to over-
 whelm it in the mid-ocean of existence,
 as to look comfort into those recesses
 of the fainting and despairing heart,
 which the earthly vision even of affec-
 tion is unable to penetrate. If there
 is a time when the mother turns with
 pain from that voice within, which so
 often at other seasons dins into the
 mental ear the claims of *the world* upon
 her charge, the expectations entertain-
 ed by kindred, the necessity of pre-
 paring it for, and setting it forward
 into the great arena of *life*, equipped in
 a *temporal* panoply: if there is a time,
 we repeat, when such speculations ex-

cite pain rather than pleasure, it is
 when the young *debutant* is thus in help-
 less, unconscious, smiling innocence, at
 the feet of her who seems to have the
 avenue of life and death in her power,
 the keys of heaven and hell in her
 hand,—before the curtain is raised, or
 the false garb put on, or the hollow
 shout of a world's applause have yet
 sounded in its virgin ears. There,
 while the happy eye of experience
 looks laughingly into the gulph of fu-
 turity, as the venturous boy over the
 dark precipice, the instinct of nature
 trembles within the breast of her who
 loveth her own, and leads her to bare
 to him the bosom of her counsel at
 once and unrestrainedly, to lure him
 from the edge, and to fill him with all
 holy caution for the time to come.
 Sweet are the minds of both at that
 hallowed moment, nor can we say
 which is most to be envied, the saved
 innocent who rushes back to that sacred
 fountain—"great nature's Nile"—for
 refreshment, or her who extends her
 arms to the regained wanderer, now
 doubly dear from past danger and de-
 liverance.

Few that have rejoiced in the "*mut-
 tername*," the name of mother, there
 are, who have not felt at times this
 yearning after the happiness of their
 child, divested of, because above all tem-
 poral views. Few there are, however, in
 such a situation, and in such a mood,
 who know how at once to apply holy
 counsel in a method applicable to the
 wants, wishes, and capacities of its ob-
 ject. It is said that "out of the
 abundance of the heart the mouth
 speaketh;" but this cannot surely be
 supposed to mean, that eloquence will
 invariably follow enthusiasm, and that
 we have but to *intend* the mind to en-
 list the tongue and taste also on our
 side. We, for our part, are a little
 sceptical concerning such occasional
 inspiration; nor can we by any

means subscribe to the truth of a position, which strikes at once at the root of all established systems of mental dynamics. On the contrary, it is well known that earnest anxiety has taken away the powers of the intellect, just as ill-regulated effort has those of the body; and that the tranquil pride of conscious ability is the state best suited for the exertion of physical and mental energy.—But we are not going to philosophise. The work before us repels argument—it is beneath it, inasmuch as it is intended and adapted for the circumstances and capacity of unreflecting childhood; it is above it, inasmuch as its sentiments and images are unpretending, beautiful, and holy.

Among the influences of talent—sweet and heavenly as those of the poetic Pleiades—this is not the least remarkable or the least enviable, that it lends an importance to whatever it touches upon, and, like the Alpine sun, gives even to the coldness of snow the rose-tints caught from the light of its own inspiration. *Nullum tetigit quod non ornavit*, was Johnson's posthumous praise of our countryman; nor was it his least honour to have deserved it. While we make this observation at the outset, however, we would not wish to be considered as presuming to offer an apology to the public either for the production of a work like that before us, or for our coming forward to support it. Every one must be aware of the important effects resulting from the tendency of the first books thrown, like flowers, in the path of a child, and whose odours for the most part breathe around the recollection of after life with a charm that all its artificial perfumes cannot overcome. We have ourselves the earliest pages we have ever looked upon, enshrined to this day in the innermost core of our memories, hallowed with all the impressive sanctity that antiquity can lend to worship. But we say this, that when Felicia Hemans ushered a volume into the world, though that volume was but a collection of childrens' hymns, an importance attached itself to the work, as a literary production, which it would scarcely have possessed, had the fair authoress been less celebrated or less deserving of celebrity. When to this is added the gratifying consideration, that an English literary character of such eminence has made choice of this metro-

polis for her publication, we feel ourselves imperatively called upon to come forward and hail the little stranger among us, and introduce it wherever we think our introduction will serve as a passport for its admission.

A few lines of modest preface give to the public a disclaimer of any original intention of publication, and the authoress's reason for being at last induced to change her mind. In it we are also told that "the Hymns were intended to associate the first devotional thoughts of childhood with the loveliness and solemnity diffused over the outward creation;" and, surely, a more spirit-stirring task could not be set before genius than this—to present to the opening eyes of the understanding the "loveliness and solemnity" of nature in the garb of sweet and harmonious poetry—to strike the lyre that is to awaken the child, as it were, upon a bed of flowers, each possessing a balm calculated to heal many a wound in its struggle through the wilderness of life—to associate the poetry of the universe with the poetry of the lips, and introduce the lovely sisters to the early acquaintance of the immortal innocent. The task was felt to be a pleasant—a holy one, by our authoress. No one, perhaps, who ever wrote, understood the poetry that dwells in childhood, like Mrs. Hemans. She never speaks of or to early youth throughout her works, without at once enlisting the sympathies of the mature reader, and the affections of the tender thing that is addressed. She possesses in an eminent degree the dignity of maternity, and yet she is the "friend and associate" of the child; and still as she leads it with the talisman of the "better land" before it, over the fields and through the groves, and past the hum of cities, and along the solitary shore of the sea, it listens eagerly and happily to her heavenly discourse, until when it asks, perchance, as it looks around it at last, and sees nought in the solitude but its feeble self and its unwearied conductress—"where is that land, the land thou hast promised to show me?"—the sweet poetess points her hand upwards, and raising the eye of inspiration after it, exclaims in the enthusiasm of holiness and song—"it is there—it is there!"

With the tearful interest that such an

office awakens, it is, that she addresses childhood in these graceful lines :

Oh! blest art thou, whose steps may rove,
Through the green paths of vale and grove,
Or, leaving all their charms below,
Climb the wild mountain's airy brow :

And gaze afar o'er cultured plains,
And cities with their stately fanes,
And forests, that beneath thee lie,
And ocean mingling with the sky.

For man can shew thee nought so fair,
As Nature's varied marvels there;
And if thy pure and artless breast,
Can feel their grandeur, thou art blest !

For thee the stream in beauty flows,
For thee the gale of summer blows,
And, in deep glen and wood-walk free,
Voices of joy still breathe for thee.

But happier far, if then thy soul
Can soar to Him who made the whole,
If to thine eye the simplest flower
Portray His bounty and His power :

If, in whate'er is bright or grand,
Thy mind can trace His viewless hand,
If Nature's music bid thee raise
Thy song of gratitude and praise ;

If heaven and earth, with beauty fraught,
Lead to His throne thy raptured thought;
If there thou lovest *His* love to read,
Then, wanderer, thou art blest indeed !

The design of the little work, as the preface informs us, is to familiarize the child with the external creation. With such a view, the authoress addresses it as *the wanderer*, and for its guidance she has given a short poem upon each of the most prominent features of nature, as they are displayed to the eye upon its rambles :—"The Rainbow," "The Sun," "The Rivers," "The Stars," "The Storm," "The Birds," &c. are described and hymned upon. Of these, "The Rivers" is so simple, and yet so sublime, that we cannot forbear transcribing it :—

Go! trace th' unnumbered Streams, o'er earth
That wind their devious course,
That draw from Alpine heights their birth,
Deep vale, or cavern source.

Some by majestic cities glide,
Proud scenes of man's renown,
Some lead their solitary tide,
Where pathless forests frown.

Some calmly roll o'er golden sands,
Where Afric's deserts lie;
Or spread, to clothe the rejoicing lands
With rich fertility.

These bear the bark, whose stately sail
Exulting seems to swell;
While these, scarce rippled by a gale,
Sleep in the lonely dell.

Yet on, alike, though swift or slow
Their various waves may sweep,
Through cities or through shades they flow
To the same boundless deep.

Oh! thus, whate'er our path of life,
Through sunshine or through gloom,
Through scenes of quiet or of strife,
Its end is still the tomb.

The chief, whose mighty deeds we hail,
The monarch throned on high,
The peasant in his native vale,
All journey on—to die!

But if *Thy* guardian care, my God!
The pilgrim's course attend,
I will not fear the dark abode,
To which my footsteps bend.

For thence thine all-redeeming Son,
Who died the world to save,
In light, in triumph, rose, and won
The victory from the grave!

But even this is exceeded by "The Nightingale"—

When twilight's grey and pensive hour
Brings the low breeze, and shuts the flower,
And bids the solitary star
Shine in pale beauty from afar.

When gathering shades the landscape veil,
And peasants seek their village-dale,
And mists from river-wave arise,
And dew in every blossom lies;

When evening's primrose opes, to shed
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed;
When glow-worms in the wood-walk light
Their lamp, to cheer the traveller's sight;

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely Nightingale;
And from a hermitage of shade
Fills with her voice the forest-glade;

And sweeter far that melting voice,
Than all which through the day rejoice;
And still shall bard and wanderer love
The twilight music of the grove.

Father in Heaven! oh! thus when day
With all its cares hath passed away,
And silent hours waft peace on earth,
And hush the louder strains of mirth;

Thus may sweet songs of praise and prayer
To Thee my spirit's offering bear;
Yon star, my signal, set on high,
For vesper-hymns of piety.

So may thy mercy and thy power
Protect me through the midnight hour;
And balmy sleep and visions blest
Smile on thy servant's bed of rest.

The "hermitage of shade" is genuine poetry. Lovelace calls his prison "a hermitage;" but here the expression is peculiarly happy, where the child longs for such solitude to pour forth a *devotional* song during the night.

The "Hymns" are followed by some "Miscellaneous Pieces," all however partaking of the same simple and spiritual character, so as to avoid any material variance with the title of the little work.

"A father reading the Bible" presents a scene at all times interesting, but it is rendered touchingly so by the skilful hand of Mrs. Hemans. A light is described as playing on the hoary forehead of the parent, that is glowing, however, with something yet more glorious from within:—

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm, benignant eye,
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of Immortality!—

We give a specimen of this portion of the work in "The Child's First Grief,"—a sweet little poem, which we fancy we have already seen in print:—

"Oh! call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?"

"The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sun-beam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh! call my brother back!"

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me!"

"He would not hear thy voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

"A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven."

"And has he left his birds and flowers;
And must I call in vain?
And thro' the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?"

"And by the brook and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had lov'd him more!"

We well remember a shelf of children's novels that were our delight

in the wonder-loving hours of our infancy. "Cinderella," "Ricquet with the Tuft," "Beauty and the Beast," and a variety of others, most of them, we believe, translated from the French or Italian, and all wrought up with much strange adventure and horrific incident to please the early palate. We remember them with pleasure, it is true, as we do every thing then read or done—but without advantage; and when we turn from this collection of trash, with its little clumsy morality disguising much that is reprehensible and dangerous, and cast our eyes upon the modest volume before us, enriched with taste and elegance, and glowing with virtue and religion, we are inclined for once to give up our old prejudices, and would even fall into step with the "march of intellect," were we not convinced that the more celestial "march of grace" has been the guide of our fair authoress.

Parents are oftener tardy in the application of useful instruction to their children, than entirely neglectful of it, and unreasonably expect that after the appetite having been vitiated with "Puss in Boots," whether in pamphlet or pantomime, it will be in a state to relish the lighter fare of morality and religion. It is easy to *make* early impressions—it is next to impossible to *unmake* them. Parents are required to give direction rather than impetus to the sympathies of their children; and when that is once supplied aright, every subsequent effort of vice is *against the grain*. To all who have the duties of superintending the early education of children entrusted to them, whether it be by the laws of nature or of society, we recommend this little publication with all our heart and with all our judgment. Never was there a safer play-thing for youth; for when it is destroyed, as most play-things are in a short time, it will in all probability be found to have left behind it that which will stand instead of the amusements of more advanced years, and moreover prove a blessed exchange for most of them.

The last poem in the book supplies the young mind with a prayer applicable to that case of greatest trial at such an age, the sickness and death of a parent. Long would it be before the greatest poignancy of grief, or the greatest sublimity of resignation, could

point out to the little family kneeling around the failing strength of her who was their stay, with hearts trembling in mingled awe and anguish, such a soul-relieving vent for suffering, and such a direction to supplication as that which is here afforded. Like a flood of weeping upon tearless woe does such a strain as this fall upon the speechlessness of filial grief. We all, at every age, have needed, or shall need such consolation—then before all who have been or are to be orphans, would we lay the few following verses, as affording great and solid comfort :—

Father ! that in the olive shade
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son ;
Oh ! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief ;
Or to the chastened, let Thy might
Hallow this grief !

And Thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
“ Thy will be done ; ”
By thy meek spirit, Thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief—
Thou Saviour ! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief !

We throw this unpretending little work before the notice of an Irish public. It is a gift to it from one, who, when she gives, confers a benefit as well as a favour ; and therefore it is that we, being by this time the organ of literary communication throughout this country, feel doubly anxious for the success of the experiment, so that the amiable and gifted authoress may in this instance add one additional flower to her wreath, the blossom of a plant raised from British seed in the garden of Erin.

FAREWELL !

TO * * * *

Farewell ! by thee forsaken,
Joy's lingering ray is o'er ;
This heart can ne'er awaken
To one bright moment more !
The hopes my soul had cherished
Have withered one by one ;
And tho' life's flowers have perished,
I'm left to linger on !

The clouds of early sorrow
Hang heavy on my brow ;
No sunburst of to-morrow
Can brighten o'er it now !
My broken lute—alone—
Remains my grief to tell ;
And thus its parting tone
Can *only* say—farewell !

DIALOGUE ON THE POPULAR OBJECTIONS AGAINST THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH,

BETWEEN THE ARCHBISHOP OF D———N, BISHOP OF L———N, AND
D———L O'C———LL, ESQ.

ARCHBISHOP—It has long been an anxious wish of mine, to hear your lordship's opinions upon the present state of the Church of England and Ireland. If there be some advantage, in a free state, gained to the public good by the opposition which exists among those who defend the different sides of any great religious or political question, for thus, perhaps, the truth is elicited, and a middle and wiser course is eventually pursued; yet the delay that occurs in arriving at the decision which is ultimately acted upon, is not the smallest amount of evil which arises from this opposition. If public men were all philosophers, and if private views and objects did not cast a mist before the eyes, through which public measures were indistinctly inspected, the march to perfection, so far as here it is attainable, would be more rapid. But, constituted as our nature is, such disinterestedness cannot, as a general principle, be expected to actuate the minds of those who guide by their example, or control by their knowledge and wisdom, the mass of mankind. If, however, there be some exceptions to this selfishness—if a few only, in contemplating our present affairs, are moved by singleness of purpose, to unravel the complex difficulties which surround their discussion, we may expect to find those persons among the ministers of religion, from whose minds, speculations of a character too mundane ought to be removed. Especially may we hope to find them among the heads of the church, who, generally, are elevated to their dignified station from the supposed possession of superior attainments. More divine attractions, assisted by time, have from them drained off the lees of intemperate feelings, leaving the mind pure and calm for the consideration of the subjects that may engage it. To your lordship, therefore, I turn with much anxiety. The great abilities

which, by nature, you possess, cultivated to the highest perfection during a long life of unwearied industry—the experience of such a mind, attained by the continued and anxious investigation of the interests of the Church of England, and particularly the Irish branch of it, induce me to transgress ordinary impediments, and to request that your lordship will indulge me with a discussion upon the subject I have proposed.

BISHOP—I cannot have the least objection to enter upon the proposed question; particularly when solicited as I have been by your grace, from whom if I in anything dissent, I entertain the highest respect for your various talents, and venerate the unclouded integrity that adorns your life. However, I profess that I cannot see much advantage as likely to arise from such a discussion. But I am most willing to give my opinion on any question that may be proposed. At present the matter is stated too vaguely to grapple with.

ARCHBISHOP—I am very thankful for your lordship's ready compliance with my request. I should wish, however, to guard your lordship against the supposition that I entertain any views respecting the Established Church, in direct opposition to those you may have formed. Indeed, I am not so fully acquainted with them, as to acknowledge an agreement with, or to profess dissent from them. And the principal reason of my seeking this interview, is, to ascertain how far we coincide, to endeavour, if we should disagree, to induce your lordship to assist me in the advancement of my opinions, if satisfactory reasons do not appear for their refutation; and at the same time, freely to open my mind to all the arguments that may be alleged against them, and if I cannot overturn them, at once to be guided by your lordship, and adopt whatever course

may be deemed expedient for their propagation and general adoption. I am free to confess, within a few years not only the aspect, but the nature of public opinion has been so much altered, that all our institutions must require some other mode of defence than an advocacy of the theories under which they were originally established. I have no desire to discuss these changes, nor the value of them. But public opinion having produced them, will necessarily continue to put forth all its energy, until everything in the state that is opposed to it be remodelled or removed, so that there may not be any institution obtruding itself into notice, as affording a practical example of its inefficiency to complete its task of adjusting public measures and establishments to its authority. I do not acknowledge myself an advocate for driving these opinions to their full extent, and of commencing a new arrangement of all our institutions, according to its direction; but I cannot see, how it is to be opposed, and if this be true, by what means the Established Church can continue in its present position.

BISHOP—Still I should wish your grace to set down the point at which we shall commence our discussion. The way in which it is now proposed, lays open the entire question of the late approximation to revolutionary opinions in the public mind. Your grace indeed refuses to consider these changes, or their causes. While you neither express an approval or disapprobation of them, your grace likewise appears to hesitate in acknowledging yourself an advocate of permitting public opinion, without some restraint or check, to re-model, according to its wildest theories, all the institutions of the state. Unless public opinion is to be not only our ruler, but our law, this restraint must be placed somewhere, and at some time; otherwise all that is perfect, and good, and useful, will be confounded with what may require regeneration. For public opinion, unless directed, and judiciously restrained, becomes public clamour and headstrong fanaticism. Indeed it requires an accurate judgment to prescribe the limits of each. Therefore it appears to me essential, from the preliminary observations of your grace, to endeavour

to trace the causes which have given within these few years such vitality and vigour to public opinion, and so far as those causes emanate from justice, truth, and prudence, to permit them, undisturbed, to effectuate their objects; but if they have originated in injustice, falsehood, and folly, the duty of legislators, and of every patriotic citizen too, is to prevent the evil tendencies of that which has arisen from them. Now effectually and permanently to do this, we must endeavour to purify the sources from which it is derived. Thus it becomes necessary to discover what these sources are; as, by examining these, we shall be enabled to ascertain the value of the consequences that may ensue from their exertion. For the visible acts that emanate from it we always investigate with a certain degree of prejudice, as they may be opposed to previous views or immediate interests, while we can analyze their causes with a calmer judgment. Public opinion in England, within the last twenty years, has derived its power not from any inherent necessity for its being called into action, for, if this had been the source of its existence, some great unredressed public evil would have justified its exhibition. On the contrary, it derived its power from the fault of our governors. When once the principle was admitted that the ministers of the king might league together for the administration of public affairs, yet individually differ from each other on the most important subject which could engage their deliberations, public opinion was at once invested with all its present power. It matters nothing as to the effects, its distant and now unperceived effects, whether the question thus left in abeyance ought or ought not to have been settled as it has been. The means which led to its final arrangement established the principle that the maintenance of unanimity and truth is of lighter consideration than the procurement of false peace. The pernicious tendency of this concession was at once visible, and every day exhibits stronger evidence of its mischievous operation. For every question that has since been entertained, is immediately canvassed, not as to its tendency to procure permanent advantage, but whe-

ther it will secure immediate applause. The operation of this principle more universally prevails than flippant observers perceive, or its selfish patrons are willing to admit. It has already pervaded all the important acts of our legislature. The religion of the mature—the education of the young, are subjected to its power. Commerce has confessed its necessity, the daily transactions between man and man, and the endearing obligations of neighbourly intercourse, are palsied by its touch. The policy of Jewish priests,* and the selfishness of the Pharisees, are the chief ingredients in this principle—expediency and the hope of a speedy return. For now it is a political axiom, we will take care of ourselves—let posterity follow the same rule. Thus is the government of the nation at once renounced by its governors; they pass it over to the mob; they appear, indeed, to hold the reigns of government, but they do not direct them. The character of the nation, as a bold, free, and independent people, is altered. What is good is not pursued for its merit, nor evil avoided for its mischief. The one is sought and the other shunned, because temporary advantage may arise from the adoption of virtue and the rejection of vice. But vice would be pursued, and virtue deserted, if present struggles accompanied an adherence to the nobler policy. Thus is at once relinquished the principle—the birthright of Englishmen, and the sole fountain of all her blessings, political and religious,—the pursuit of what is right for its own sake, leaving the means of liberation from the difficulties that may ensue, to be supplied by the gracious hand of providence. Would expediency have left us in possession of Magna Charta? Would expediency have produced the Reformation? Would expediency have placed the Prince of Orange on the throne of England? These reasons will show your grace, that we cannot, advantageously to the interests of the Church, examine her present situation, in reference to the influence of popular clamour. If I consent to commence the discussion here, we shall only debate about the best mode of applying the principle I condemn. To

act wisely, we should endeavour to place the Church upon her true foundation, to explain the unsoundness of the objections that exist against her establishment, and having done so, to call upon our governors to protect her interests and promote her prosperity. It is an unalterable axiom of my political creed, that the sovereign and his council have duties to perform, paramount to any external influence; and if these duties, founded in justice and constitutional right, cannot be performed without the sacrifice of oaths, of honor, and of law, the throne of the one ought to be abdicated, and the high offices of the other at once relinquished.

ARCHBISHOP—I have not interrupted your lordship, because I have listened, with great pleasure, to what you have advanced. But the strain of observations into which you have fallen, would not meet the object I had in view in seeking this interview. That object is plainly this. By the operation of causes, which were not controlled, and now cannot be resisted, it is important to every calm and religious mind, and to all the friends of the Established Church, to consider what means can be adopted for her preservation. If any means can be proposed, though in other matters individuals may differ, all who love the church ought to unite in a bond of affiliation to advance them.

BISHOP—I still think your grace would begin at the wrong end of the question. The practicability of maintaining the church against an invasive foe, and adopt the means of doing this, is no doubt important, after we have decided the previous question, on what grounds ought the Church of England to be maintained. Thus, instead of applying the principle of expediency to the church, and regulating all her interests, according to the crude suggestions of popular clamour, we shall be engaged in exposing the futility of the objections that are urged against her establishment. Without this preliminary discussion, we leave our foes without dispute to rail at the church as an institution opposed to present improvements. Their reproaches against her derive all their pungency and power from the asser-

tion, that her foundations were laid in popish times, before the minds of the people of England had attained that elevation of free thinking which would enable them to choose a system of ministerial instruction, more in consonance with the feelings which now direct them, in adjusting the different departments of the state. Many of the unreflecting friends of the establishment listlessly consent to view her position in the same light, and calculate that their utmost exertions can effect no more than erecting barriers to impede assault, and having timorously resisted encroachment, to yield one defence after another. These subtle tactics of our enemies, and this ignorant zeal of our friends, at once deprive the church of her greatest strength. By the repeated annunciation of the unsuitableness of the church to the temper and improvements of present times, a host of allies are immediately attracted to the adoption of this senseless war-cry. Reformers, to be consistent, will abolish the church—infidels, to indulge their insatiate hatred of religion, will annihilate her—rebels, to advance nearer the throne, will desecrate her foundations—political economists, to gratify a cherished theory, will confiscate her possession—Protestant dissenters, to gather golden harvests from increased congregations, will violate her—and Roman Catholics, to cherish ambition and the passion of revenge, will trample her learning and her piety, her ministers and her glory, in the dust. In the fury of this assault, the church stands unprotected, her soldiers aspiring to no loftier enterprise than shooting blunted arrows from her besieged bulwarks. The concession, though with apparent reluctance, appears to have been made that she must finally yield to popular pressure, and after a few seasons of ineffectual struggle, employed only to retard her demolition, she must fall at the feet of her enemies. This wicked, and base, and cowardly concession, produces this destructive effect, that every proposal which her enemies suggest is not canvassed as to its effect upon her stability, but whether its influence will accelerate too rapidly her decline. The sudden disorganization of an establishment in which so many various interests are represented, it might be dangerous to permit, as the perfidious

policy of those who would betray her might rebound upon themselves. Thus, from the mode in which our friends are content to fight the battle of the church, her enemies, secure of victory, have only need of patience to obtain their reward. These observations will open to your grace's mind the views I entertain, as to the impolicy of our efforts being applied only to the means of resisting the warfare with which we are assailed.

ARCHBISHOP—I acknowledge, my lord, that this view of the question had not before occurred to me. But even now I cannot perceive the advantage likely to arise from any decision we may adopt, as to whether the Church of England ought to be maintained. If we perfectly agreed on this point, as doubtless we do, yet our convictions on the subject would not tend to alter or to invigorate the proceedings of our advocates; and, what is worse, it would not diminish the unabating rancour of our foes.

BISHOP—Your grace mistakes my object. I would not presume to urge any arguments in defence of my views, for the purpose of convincing your grace, believing that your penetration and attachment to the church have already discovered all that I could suggest, or my zeal enforce. But I understood your grace's object to be, to devise the best means of defending the church. The best means I conceive are, to show that she deserves to be defended, and thus establish the necessity of her existence. If this be done by a refutation of the objections that are urged against her, our governors are placed in this position,—they either must support the church, or abandon her on principles which are untenable. If Protestant dissenters are deprived of all other objects except those which arise from selfish ambition—if Roman Catholics can press no arguments against her establishment which are not founded in their hatred of the reformation, we shall provide, my lord, a much better defence for the church than making arrangements to meet one stratagem by the adoption of another. Her friends and her foes will then, at once, be separated—the object of every proposed plan of reformation will be brought to the touchstone of whether the proposer is a sincere friend or a secret foe; and thus the question will be decided,

whether the Church of England is to stagger on, under the medicaments of quack reformers, or whether she ought to be nourished by royal favor *openly and unambiguously*, and placed by the homage of the learned, the protection of the powerful, and the authority of the law, beyond the reach of the factious and juggling tricks of two aspirant bodies. Thus the friends of the church will feel, as our ancestors did of old, an honest pride in defending her, and all concerned for her safety will emulate each other in restoring her to pristine health and vigour.

ARCHBISHOP—This would, indeed, be a consummation devoutly to be wished. But how will our defence of the church produce this effect?

BISHOP—My conviction is, that thousands of the friends of the church, and tens of thousands of her present enemies, do not understand the foundation on which she stands, and are therefore unconscious of the facility that exists of refuting all the objections that factious clamour vociferates against her. Many of the nobles of our land, many of the representative senators are equally ignorant of this truth. If, therefore, we have ground to stand on, it is right to clear away the rubbish that hides it from view, and thus allow the city set upon the hill to be seen. The circulation of truth always confirms and invigorates friendship, and what is more useful, it abashes and emasculates hostility.

ARCHBISHOP—But there are some popular arguments against the church, which no defence, founded even on the justest principles of reasoning, will ever prevent from being generally influential.

BISHOP—I am not quite sure of that. Such irresistible popular arguments were once supposed to have existed against Christianity. Such are supposed to exist against kingly government. Yet the gospel has been adopted in every clime in which it has been preached, and monarchy is almost the universal form of government. But not to advocate and thus advance the cause of truth, because plausible sophistry may urge objections against it, would be to libel reason, and render almost useless the gift of speech.

ARCHBISHOP—I confess that I am now exceedingly anxious to hear your lordship's refutation of these popular arguments. And that the results of

your lordship's great experience and knowledge might be drawn out to advantage, I wish it were possible that some person who had been in the habit of advocating those delusive sophistries had an opportunity of bearing part in this discussion,—an office which I can inadequately perform, as they have always made no impression on my own mind.

BISHOP—This task I must impose upon your grace, or at least some person must perform it; for I came here not expecting this discussion, and am therefore quite unprepared to be counsel for and against the prisoner. At best I shall make but a poor defence, but I must be excited to reply by hearing the objections stated as strongly as they can be.

ARCHBISHOP—A thought has just occurred to me. I hope your lordship will not be annoyed at my mentioning it. Mr. O'C—ll has appointed to call here about this hour, relative to some lands which he holds in the county of Kerry, under the University of Dublin, and a reference has been made to me as a visitor. If he consent to be present, I shall introduce him to your lordship, if you have no objection.

BISHOP—I can have no objection to speak to any person whom your grace wishes to introduce in your own house, nor can I have any hesitation to defend principles which no sophistry can overturn. I can appropriately repeat the words of the unhappy Charles, "I have a good cause and a gracious God."

The archbishop re-enters, accompanied by Mr. O'C—ll. Allow me to present Mr. O'Connell to your lordship—the Bishop of L—, Mr. O'Connell. You are aware, Mr. O'C—ll, of the conversation in which the bishop and I have been engaged, and as you have kindly promised to propose the objections you entertain against the Established Church, may I beg you will state them.

Mr. O'C—LL—Though I have addressed as many assemblies of men as perhaps any person of ancient or modern times, yet it has never fallen to my lot to propose my opinions to any, under such circumstances as the present, nor to any individuals in your lordship's rank and profession. Yet as this strange interview has fallen in

my way, I am highly pleased that I have the honour to address the most distinguished ornaments of the Irish church, from whom, though I may dissent in most things, yet I cannot refrain from expressing the high estimation with which I regard the learning, abilities, and moral character of both my auditors. I am free to acknowledge that my objections to the Established Church are manifold, and of various character. These, however, may be divided into two classes—those which I entertain towards the Protestant Church as a Catholic, and those less sectarian prejudices which flow from the notion of free citizenship.

BISHOP—Perhaps, my lord archbishop, we shall more properly discuss the objections founded on the last division of Mr. O'C—ll's statement, for I can see no objection that he can urge, on the ground of his being a Roman Catholic, distinct from those which exist against the reformation.

Mr. O'C—ll—The objections which a Catholic feels may be derived from two sources—as they regard religion, and as he is a member of society.

BISHOP—The religious ground of hostility against the church is the same as exists against the reformation. The other sub-division falls under the class of objections which you have already stated under what you term free citizenship.

Mr. O'C—ll—I do not think your lordship's distinction correct. For if at the time of the reformation the seceders from the Church of Rome had formed themselves into separate congregations, whose ministers were supported by the voluntary contributions of their members, a Catholic, though he would be opposed to the reformed doctrines, and therefore to the Protestant societies which maintained those opinions, yet he would have no ground of objection to urge, that as a Catholic he had cause of offence.

BISHOP—In the case supposed, he could not complain, either as a Roman Catholic or as a member of society, because there would not exist even the plausible ground of complaint which you express under the term free citizenship. But, as the case now stands, he dissents from the doctrine of the Protestant Church as they are op-

posed to his own, and he opposes the establishment of the national church, because it maintains those opinions. Therefore his opposition to the establishment is only different from his opposition to the doctrines it teaches, so far as the means to attain an object are distinct from that object. A Roman Catholic, as a member of society, has no objections to urge that may not be felt by every Protestant dissenter. He ceases to be individualized when he classes himself with society.

ARCHBISHOP—I hope Mr. O'C—ll will allow me to assume the office of umpire. As such, I consider the argument of the bishop quite conclusive. Therefore we will proceed to Mr. O'C—ll's second class of objections.

BISHOP—There is one remark I am anxious to make before we proceed. Mr. O'C—ll's anxiety to confound the ground of objection against the church, which a Roman Catholic feels as a member of society, as distinct from some other objection, to which he alludes as arising from his notions of free citizenship, clearly intimates the sectarian character of the opposition to the national religion. I mean nothing offensive now, nor in any future remarks I may have occasion to make; but the nature of our discussion requires freedom of expression. It is a fact that is very remarkable, when viewed in connection with the present outcry against the church, that except the Quakers, none of the Protestant dissenters of any classification in any period of our history, in England, Ireland, or Scotland, when the delusion of liberty ran highest, ever complained of the hardship of supporting a national religion. Church property, as such, has been in the possession of Independents and Presbyterians in each of these countries. This opposition has been commenced by Roman Catholics, and the distinction Mr. O'C—ll was anxious to draw, confirms my suspicion that the doctrine of free citizenship is assumed as a convenient name, to conceal the hatred which Roman Catholics feel towards the reformed doctrines. It is well known that opposition against the church, assumed to be derived from this cause, will win more converts than if it were openly acknowledged that they were offended as members of the Roman Catholic Church. I think Mr.

O'C——I unwarily committed himself by his double distinction.

Mr. O'C——LL—As the archbishop has decided against me, I am ready to proceed. I wish, however, to ask his lordship one question; if the Protestant dissenters, at the commencement of the reformation, did not object to support the church from which they dissented in doctrine?

BISHOP—There were no dissenters, in the sense of separatists, in the commencement of the reformation, nor till late in the reign of Elizabeth, and meeting-houses for separate worship were not built till 1671; the doctrines of the church were never disputed at that time*—the ceremonies were. The Brownists, the Gospellers, the Nonconformists, and subsequently even the Separatists, never held it to be an infringement of Christian or political liberty to support a church. The Independents did, but not in the sense assumed.

Mr. O'C——LL—I thought your lordship asserted, that no class of Protestant dissenters ever refused to support the church.

BISHOP—No; my words were, “ever complained of the hardship of supporting a national religion.” The Independents did object to support the Church of England; but it was on the ground that the church was not the ground and pillar of truth. Their tribunal of Triers and Ejectors was

instituted for the purpose of casting out, under the mockery of a trial, one minister of religion, who, on their interpretation, faithlessly discharged his duty, in order to supply his place with another, who then was legally entitled to the tithes, which were rigorously exacted and paid.

Mr. O'C——LL—Does your lordship mean to assert, that tithes continued to be paid from the commencement of the troubles of Charles I. to the restoration.

BISHOP—I do, categorically. And though the payment of them had been annulled, my argument would lose nothing of its force. For the discussions respecting the discontinuance of tithe were always held in reference to the substitution of some other mode of payment of the clergy, as Whitlocke,† in several instances, and Thurlow, the secretary to Cromwell, abundantly prove; while the sale of the dean and chapter lands, and not of the tithes, exhibits plainly the distinction that was taken between the payment of the clergy of the Church of England and the intended payment of the ministers of the republican party.

ARCHBISHOP—We have wandered from our object. I cannot see the advantage of this discussion.

BISHOP—Pardon me, my lord. I think I have established some material points, which may serve as prolegomena to Mr. O'C——ll's proposed

* The old Puritans dreaded the crime of schism. In 1587, to avoid the imputation of it, they imposed on themselves the following rule: “That the brethren should communicate with the church in word, and sacraments, and in all other things, except their corruptions.” The Nonconformists continued to communicate till 1645, when the Presbyterian form was established. After the Restoration, and even after the act of uniformity, all the Protestant sects communicated occasionally with the Church of England; and in the year the corporation act passed, out of fifty-six Presbyterian members of parliament, only two refused to receive the sacrament. In 1663, the year after the Presbyterians were turned out by the act of uniformity, Mr. Baxter, at a meeting of their ministers, proposed, “how far it was their duty, and lawful, to communicate with the parish churches in the liturgy and sacraments.” This suggestion was not opposed. And at another meeting, in 1666, it was agreed “that communion with the Church of England was lawful and good.” Bishop Stillingfleet therefore dates the separation of the dissenters from the church from the time of the king's declaration of indulgence in 1671–2; in consequence of which they built meeting-houses for themselves. The bishop, in his preface to his book on separation, published in 1681, states that conformity continued among the Presbyterians till that time, but it was on the decrease, for “when they were earnestly pressed by those in authority to join in communion, they refused it, and have been more and more backward ever since, until now.”

† Whitlocke's Memoirs, pp. 535, 682. Thurlow's State Papers, vol. i. pp. 68, 367, 387. Vol. iv. p. 377. Vol. v. pp. 129, 246.

abolition of the Church. Our history records no one instance of a design to abrogate a national religion. No body of dissenters ever complained of the grievance of supporting one, though they might prefer another to that established. This was reserved for the Roman Catholics of Ireland, who, not having any hope of immediate success on the plan of the independents, by objecting to the Established Church, and proposing their own in its stead, have adopted the system of annihilating every form of an establishment, that, as their own church cannot now be ascendant, she may first be placed on equal grounds with the Protestant, and from equality may thus advance to dominancy. This attempt to overthrow the church of England, was not made until her political power was secured. On the contrary, her advocates always asserted that the national religion would be freed from danger by giving that power to Roman Catholics.

Mr. O'C—LL—Surely, my lord, the Catholics refused the tithe to the Protestant Clergy in the reign of James II.

BISHOP—Yes. But not on the ground of annihilating tithe and a national religion. The Roman Catholic priests claimed it, and the people paid it to them. And this was done for the purpose of establishing another national religion.

Mr. O'C—LL—I have but one observation more to make. The bishop has asserted that history affords no example of a design to extinguish all national religions. His lordship must forget the examination of Mr. Emmet, before the committee of the House of Lords in 1798. He distinctly avowed, that such was the intention of the United Irishmen, and that they would as soon establish Mahomedanism as the Roman Catholic Church.

BISHOP—I did not forget the instance, but from delicacy to Mr. O'C—I did not mention it. Before Mr. Emmet had made this acknowledgment, he had the manliness to confess, that separation from England, and the establishment of a republic, were to accompany the demolition of the church.

Mr. O'C—LL—We had better now, my lord archbishop, proceed in our discussion.

ARCHBISHOP—I shall propose the subject, as the right understanding of it will greatly facilitate our proceedings. Popular arguments have been addressed to the passions of the people, to arouse their hostility against the existence of the Established Church. If these arguments are founded in justice, the church ought to be dissolved. If they be not, the church ought to be maintained, not by vacillating measures, or dubious attachment, but with resolute determination, and sincere support. Therefore, we now propose to examine the objection that is supposed to exist against the Church of England, on the ground of some inalienable privileges, originating in what Mr. O'C—I denominate free citizenship.

Mr. O'C—LL—My doctrine on this head does not require many words in explanation. I hold, that every man, in a free state, as he can chuse the church of whose faith and ceremonies he approves, is bound only to support the ministers of that church.

BISHOP—Your statement will not be complete, unless you add, and “if it pleases this free citizen, not to chuse any church, he is not bound to pay any minister.”

Mr. O'C—LL—No. Every man must select some creed, and support some minister who promulgates it.

BISHOP—The ground of objection against the Church of England is, that conscience is invaded by the compulsory obligation of supporting its clergy, when some persons in the state do not derive any advantage from their ministry. I am not able to discern how conscience is less offended, or the liberty of the subject less controlled, if, whether a man believes revealed religion, or not, he must support some of its ministers.

Mr. O'C—LL—The obligation to maintain the Christian religion is a duty incumbent on the magistrate. But he leaves to the subject the option of selecting what form of it he pleases to support.

BISHOP—I do not deny this duty of the magistrate, though I refuse my sanction to the manner in which you say he may exercise it. You will remark, however, that by this acknowledgment you subscribe to a right in the sovereign, anterior, in the point of

time of its taking effect, to the exercise of the privilege which you assert is inherent in the free citizen. The right of the free citizen has no existence till the right of the sovereign is exerted, in declaring that his subjects must chuse some form of religion. Whence, then, arises the power to control the sovereign in selecting what he deems the purest form of religion for national worship. His right of compelling all his people to acknowledge a belief in revealed religion, is founded on its unimpeachable truths, and the advantage hence derived to his moral government of the people, from their certain improvement in religious knowledge and virtue. But, if these truths are subjected, by the exercise of any other privilege, to the probable chance of mutilation or corruption, and the moral government of his subjects likely to be impeded, and their happiness, temporal and eternal, endangered, the very right, which you have acknowledged he possesses, is controlled by a power which has no existence till he has exercised this right; and therefore, the principle upon which it is founded is at once invalidated and rendered ineffectual to promote the objects for which it exists. But, neither the duty of the magistrate, nor the permission, which you say he ought to grant to his subjects, of chusing what form of religion they will support, are the points now at issue. The question is, the invasion of the liberty of the subject, by a compulsory ordinance to support the ministers of the Church of England, which liberty, I contend, is as much controlled by his obligation to support any other minister of revealed religion. The infringement of conscience lies in the act of being compelled to support what he does not believe, or rather, to support one minister of religion, when he prefers and derives instruction from another. This infringement of conscience is not diminished, but vastly increased, when he is compelled to support some minister of the gospel, when he believes every minister of it preaches falsehood. And inasmuch, as some form of religion is better than no form, to the mind of him who believes in revelation, the infringement of conscience is therefore less on him who is compelled to support a church, in the

main points of whose doctrines he must agree, than on him who is obliged to support some church, or some minister, when he considers all churches and all ministers as equally false.

ARCHBISHOP—I consider the bishop's argument quite satisfactory and unanswerable. Perhaps his lordship will permit me to suggest, that it will appear much stronger by elucidating it by an example. We will suppose that Mr. O'C—ll's system of optional religion had been in practice in 1650, when the Society of Friends arose. Now, would their sufferings, as they termed their loss of goods, which were taken and sold for the amount due for the tithes to the Established Clergy, have been diminished, or their liberty as subjects less subjected to control, or their conscience as Christians less insulted, if, instead of compulsory payment to one particular class of ministers, the selection of some minister of any other creed or church had been granted to them, though they denied the necessity of any order of priesthood for the promotion of Christianity.

Mr. O'C—LL—I leave your lordships in possession of your valuable defence of an Established Church, which amounts to this, that free citizens are justifiably compelled to support its clergy, because if men were released from payment to the ministers of religion, unless they belonged to their church, they would become Infidels or Quakers.

ARCHBISHOP—The Bishop's argument leads to no such conclusion. The question stands thus: you object to the payment of the established clergy, on a specific ground. You propose to obviate this, by the institution of another system of propagating religion. But that system contains the identical objection, which alone, you have as yet advanced against the Established Church. Surely, then, there could be no justice in the abrogation of the present mode of maintaining religion, by the adoption of another mode equally liable to the same objection. I do not conceive, Mr. O'C—ll, that you have given any satisfactory refutation of the bishop's argument.

Mr. O'C—LL—If, then, I should not bind myself to my first statement, and if I propose that every member of

the state shall pay or not, as he pleases, some minister of religion, what defence can then be made, by the ingenious bishop, for the Established Church. For I am free to confess, that sooner than offend the conscience, or restrain the liberty of the subject, I would cancel my former proposition, and risk the comparatively less evil of some few men not choosing any religion, than compel all men to support the clergy of the Church of England.

BISHOP—The patriotism which is defended by the promotion of infidelity I have now nothing to do with. I pass, at once, to the question at issue. What, then, becomes of the duty of the magistrate? For, by the present supposition, he at once renounces any religious superintendence of his subjects. This you have already acknowledged, he ought not, and cannot do; yet he can have no jurisdiction according to your present plan. The office of a king presupposes a jurisdiction over the person, as well as protection of all the interests of his subjects. This jurisdiction and protection, I contemplate, will be declared, according to the proposed arrangement, to be limited to concerns merely temporal. But happiness in this life, and prosperity in the pursuit of its enjoyments and blessings, mainly depend upon virtuous conduct. Yet religion, the greatest, indeed the only instrument in producing virtue, is excluded from the means which a monarch may employ to promote it. Thus, a king, restrained from the power of fostering religion, at once abdicates his golden province, as the patron of the law of God, and is, therefore, restricted from the use of the most influential means of exciting obedience to the law of man. He ceases to be a king, in the true, nay, in any just sense, of a protector of his subjects; and they thus at once become the ruling powers, by forcing him to renounce this jurisdiction: their authority is placed above his—indeed all authority is taken from him, and, effectually, a republican government, from the instant he recedes from the exercise of his spiritual authority, is established. The force of these observations appears to me, I freely acknowledge, irresistible, when the proposition is to annihilate a national established religion, which the king has sworn, in the most solemn manner, to defend; and to in-

troduce in its place no form of religion, but actually to invest his subjects, if it shall so please them, with the right of denying even the providence of God!

Mr. O'C—LL—The existence of an Established National Church does not necessarily infer the promotion of virtue, or that men advance in the knowledge of religion.

BISHOP—I could easily prove that such is the tendency of an Established Church, but I will not be led away from the precise point at issue. It is enough for my argument to prove, that the establishment of a national religion, fostered and protected by the king, is the best means he can adopt to discharge the duties incumbent on him, as the promoter and defender of religion. How these duties can be discharged by a sovereign, without the selection of some form of religion, which is established by law, I cannot divine. But at least they are in some sense discharged, in ever so small a degree, by the establishment of a National Church. They are not at all discharged when he is dispossessed of all authority respecting religion.

Mr. O'C—LL—The natural inclinations of men lead them to adopt some religion, and the efficacy of its doctrines, in promoting virtue, is just as obligatory, whether there be an Established Church or not.

BISHOP—As I took the liberty to condemn the principles of your patriotism before, I now equally condemn your doctrine of the natural tendency of man to be religious. I grant there is a natural tendency in man to be superstitious; and hence arises an additional necessity for a legalised provision, under royal protection, of means to prevent superstition. The advancement of religious knowledge is always in proportion to the judicious use of those means to promote it, independent of, or rather in opposition to, the natural suggestions of the human heart. Hence, too, the necessity and the wisdom of the location of parochial ministers, responsible to higher authorities for the discharge of their duties; whereas your observations would tend to establish, not only the inutility of a parochial priesthood, but of the office itself. But to return to our subject. By the system you advocate, the sovereign is compelled to profess an indifference to any religion; and, therefore,

the selection of any or of no form is equally acceptable to him. Now this renunciation of royal protection would inevitably lead, in numerous instances, to utter heedlessness in choosing any religion. Thousands and tens of thousands of his subjects would be deprived of the opportunity of instruction—they would be misinformed, or not informed at all—the King would possess no means of correcting this evil. But how, it may be asked, would this affect his government? One instance is enough. There must be a complete revolution in the criminal law, which regards the moral actions of men; for, constitutionally, the King is the judge who presides for the trial of offences against the criminal law, and punishments are visited on crimes, on the supposition of a moral and religious education. If by a national decree, the people are released, so far as the laws of the land can do so, from their responsibility to God for their actions, they are equally released, on equitable grounds of argument, from being answerable to the law of man, so far as it derives any sanction from revealed religion. On what plea could vice be punished, if the incentives to virtue are withdrawn, and the means of being made acquainted with the purest notions of it have ceased to be encouraged by the law? I conjecture that the attempted refutation of this argument would be, that crime is punished because the subject is injured, according to the false dictum of an illustrious judge, who to a poor peasant, complaining of the hardship of being condemned to lose his life for stealing one sheep, replied, "You are not to be hanged for stealing a sheep, but that sheep may not be stolen;" that it is not, in fact, the immorality or the sin of the action, as it respects religion, which is visited with condemnation, but the effect of that sin in injuring others. But the moral responsibility of the governor is involved in the guilt of the subject, when the means of being acquainted with the sinfulness of that guilt are withheld or not encouraged; for crime will ever be in proportion to the extent or limit of the knowledge and conviction of sin. Christianity is, therefore, a part of the laws of England, and on this ground only can it be that in the judge, that is in the King, is vested jurisdiction in

punishing a perjured person. For, remove the responsibility to God, to which the laws contemplate every person being subject, and all difference ceasing between falsehood and perjury, the punishment must cease too, and thus, at once, is annihilated one of the great engines for the defence of life and property. Therefore, the maintenance of the Established Religion, being, in its effects, an obligatory transfer to the people of Christian duties, elevates the King to the dignity of supreme head of the church, being the guardian of the happiness of his subjects, and as such, therefore, the promoter of the religion of our Redeemer.

Mr. O'C—LL—This ingenious defence of the Established Church seems to me to fail in one point. Could not all the obligations to which your lordship's argument binds the subject, be made equally strong by leaving the law, as it now stands, untouched; and, therefore, Christianity, as a part of the law, would have the same force as it now has. Surely, if the Established Church were annihilated to-morrow, that law might remain.

BISHOP—You have already given to the subject the privilege of denying Christianity. This is the foundation of your system of free citizenship—to chuse or not to chuse any form of religion—to pay or not to pay any minister of religion. How then can you take away a privilege which is the corner stone of your theory, and after you have permitted him to reject the law of Christ, to punish him for not obeying it. By retaining Christianity as a part of the law of the land, you necessarily infer that he has learned that law—that it was compulsory on him to learn it, and, therefore, to pay some Christian minister. This argument you have already abandoned, as untenable; for if the subject is bound to pay any minister of religion, the liberty of the Quaker is as much, and of the Infidel in a greater degree invaded, than the Roman Catholic's is in contributing to the clergy of the Established Church.

Mr. O'C—LL—Your arguments, my lord, are ingenious, perhaps I might say, sophistical. There is one magnificent example however to overthrow all your reasoning—America, the land of civil and religious liberty. In that country the plan is adopted which I

first proposed. Every one is obliged to pay his subscription to the minister of some religion. The parish officer, at stated times, in every year, visits each house, which is taxed according to its value, at a certain rate. He presents a book to the occupiers of the house. In this book are separate columns, at the head of each is written the title of some church or religious denomination, either Protestant Episcopal Church—Roman Catholic Church—Presbyterian—Methodist—Independent. The householder inserts his name in the book, in whatever column he pleases. Each clergyman is furnished with a list of the houses, and the rate set upon them, and by inspecting the parish officer's book, he can ascertain precisely the amount paid over for him. Now it is notorious that in America the duties of religion are universally enforced, and no want is expressed or felt as to the inefficient performance of any of the offices of the priesthood.

BISHOP—I have a short answer to all this. AMERICA HAS NO KING!

Mr. O'C—LL—Well, my lord, and does it follow that the country which has a king must therefore be entangled with all the heart-galling appendages of a church and clergy, whose ministry the people, or a large proportion of them, reject. This, permit me to say, is an extraordinary defence of monarchy.

BISHOP—I am not now engaged in defending monarchy against republicanism, nor is the question whether the system of supporting a Christian priesthood which is adopted in America is better than an established clergy, under a monarchy; but whether the republican mode of propagating religion can be introduced under a kingly government. Therefore my answer to your statement was—America has no king. The interests of eternity necessarily engage so much of men's attention, that the clergy who are employed in the explanation of the means of attaining it, must ever be an influential body. If under a monarchy, every description of clergy are alike alienated from royal protection—for to discard the established ministry on the supposed grounds of political expediency necessarily infers the discountenancing of all others—they will naturally seek and acquire new patrons in the multitude of their hearers. Thus

is fostered the most pernicious description of Imperium in Imperio. The expounders of the law of God become the agents of the multitude, not in reference to the subjects only of religion—for what power, under the supposed circumstances, can confine them to these subjects—but the political agents of those from whom they derive their maintenance. Mr. O'C—LL's own experience of the priesthood of his own religion will verify this statement, and his historical recollections will supply the additional fact, that the republicans in the days of the first Charles had their most powerful advocates in the pulpits from which they had ejected their rightful owners, on the plea indeed of religion, but in fact to enable them to have agents in the situation most attractive for enforcing their views; for a political design becomes a divine obligation, when a minister of the gospel enjoins the prosecution of it as a religious duty. Under these circumstances, the king has no means of combating and allaying the hostile spirit of these sappers of his throne. Therefore the adoption of such a system as you propose, is at once a renunciation of a monarchical form of government; for I cannot conceive the existence of a king on the British throne, without the established clergy—the Church of England. It was a wise sentence, though uttered by a foolish monarch, "No bishop, no king."

Mr. O'C—LL—You place the loyalty of the Protestant clergy on a foundation by no means complimentary, when you insinuate, that they would become the agents of a republican party, if their church ceased to be the national religion.

BISHOP—I discuss the question on the motives of human nature. I assert nothing of the influence of the supposed change, on any living minister of the church. They would all, ere long, be removed from their station by violence or death. Their successors would be the creatures of their congregations. I do not say that the members of these congregations would be republicans, but whatever political creed they might assume, their clergy would be the most influential agents in disseminating it. The party which could overthrow the Established Church, and substitute your republican system of religious instruction in its place, would retain that power, and

along with it, the negative increase of greater controul over the affairs of the kingdom, derived from the cessation of whatever resistance the existence of the church throws in the way of innovation. Therefore, when we contemplate the demolition of the church, we must calculate on the effects of the power by which the church could be destroyed; on the state of society as we find it; on the constitution as it is; on the monarchy as it is established; and on the aristocracy, which forms a distinct and separate ingredient in our system of legislation. In the proportion in which the church tends to preserve the present order of society, to uphold the constitution, to be a defence of monarchy, and to impede all republican assaults upon the aristocratic orders, would the power which would overthrow her establishment be destructive to the peace and stability of each and of all of these. This, however, would be only the immediate result of the evils of this power. The gathering mischiefs of its augmented force, must eventually produce one of two conclusions—either the total subversion of every institution and order that resisted the attainment of complete sovereignty, or the annihilation of this overwhelming power, by tyranny growing out of confusion and bloody anarchy. The instance of America is adduced in refutation of these observations. America is a republic. Therefore we can take only an abstract view of the benefits of your plan, nor am I called on even to reject them. You view these benefits as they appear to you to have been exhibited in that country. You ought to prove that they would be equally beneficial under a monarchy. But how will the case appear, if I use your own example to strengthen my position. For if the descendants of the original emigrants from England, when they had successfully resisted the mother country, entered upon the discussion of the civil and ecclesiastical form of government they would adopt, with as great a hatred to the Church of England as to monarchy, which I suppose you will not deny, I realize two important subsidiary facts in my favour. First, their present system of religious instruction was adopted after ours had been tried, and failing to nourish republican principles, and to promote republican institutions,

it was rejected. The inference is that the introduction of the American system in England, would tend to overthrow the monarchy and to establish a republic.

Secondly—The Americans were aware that our church government was the great impediment to the advance of republicanism in England, and that the seeds of democratic principles which their ancestors had planted there, could not produce their full harvest till the church was annihilated. Therefore the suggestion to adopt their ecclesiastical system, proceeds from a feeling analogous to that which influenced them in promoting it, and is accompanied with the latent, though not expressed desire, to imitate them in their civil government also. For these reasons, I repeat again and again, whenever the proposal is mentioned—America has no king. For here lies the whole argument. Monarchy in England, if the church be maintained. No monarchy in England, if the church be overthrown.

Mr. O'C—LL—I know the difficulty of combating opinions which have had the sanction of ages. But I have overcome them so often that no arguments however powerful, can ever induce me to abate my ardor in this cause. If the monarchy cannot exist without a church which the people cannot bear—

BISHOP—Let kings cease to rule!

Mr. O'C—LL—I would not have ended my sentence thus.

BISHOP—But your mode of proceeding, excuse me for saying at least, ends here. The people are exasperated against the church. Its overthrow, they are assured, is necessary to their happiness and the full measure of their liberty. But who can prove that monarchy will survive the destruction of the church? The doctrine of passive resistance, which is the rebellion of cowards, as passive obedience is the loyalty of slaves, is adopted to effect the ruin of the church. The alternative of this resistance is, if unchecked, anarchy or—

ARCHBISHOP—Pardon me, my lord, for interrupting you. Your lordship was engaged in tracing the results that might be expected to flow from the annihilation of the church. These results being contingent, cannot be traced farther than to probable events. The most, therefore, you can fairly be

called on to demonstrate is, that the advantages of the new system which is proposed instead of the Established Church, can never be realized; and this I thought you were going to establish, when you had, with such force and truth, explained the necessary increase of power which the people who raised the church would derive from her annihilation.

BISHOP—I thank your grace for the interruption. I shall return to the point from which I may have a little wandered. The power which could overthrow the church must be found in other religious societies which dissent from her doctrine and discipline. Small religious societies could not give a tone to the bulk of the nation against the Established Church, sufficient to cause her destruction. The religious society that could first excite this clamour, and then prosecute the opposition successfully, must therefore be powerful, not only as to numbers, which, of itself, contain the seeds of power, but by political influence adequate to the attraction of the legislature to the purpose designed. The power of this society, once the impression was made on the public mind, would be increased by the falling in of other societies having the same desire to annihilate the church. These, though not sufficient to produce any national impression against her, would considerably augment the great moving power in this revolution, not only for the attainment of immediate, but of ulterior and more expanded projects. The different Protestant societies of the nation never but once were able to accomplish this design; but then there was a combination of events to assist it, which now do not exist. An undefined prerogative—the uncertain tenure of liberty—the example of the United States of Holland exhibiting a successful effort in the establishment of a republic, and a galaxy of genius to promote the enterprise, to animate its advocates, and overawe its opponents, beyond any thing which our history, in any former or subsequent period, has exhibited. Without these adjunct causes, the demolition of the church could not be effected. The very nature of the Protestant dissenting societies is an impediment to consummate any great single design. Though their existence weakens the power of the

church, the jealousy and fear of each other, and hence the want of mutual co-operation prevents the union necessary for its overthrow. They do not combine, except for their individual objects; and the absence of this combination is the secret cause of their weakness for any master movement against the national religion. The case is precisely reversed, when the hostile power seeking the overthrow of the establishment, is the Roman Catholic Church. All her members act as one man; and the hypocrite Protestants who abet her cause, obey her injunctions like sycophants and slaves. They talk indeed of liberty, but their whole soul is under the thralldom of a power which they hate and fear. Every Protestant dissenter, in every city, town, and village, also contributes his aid to further the design, either by the absence of support to the church, or most generally by active zeal displayed against it. Now, on the supposition that the demolition of the church is effected, in what way is it certain we shall find the Roman Catholic Church employed in Ireland, and the Protestant dissenters in England. Can any instance be produced in ancient or modern history, and least of all in our own times, of a great popular movement having accomplished some stupendous design which had required combination, dexterity, numbers and talents to effect the successful issue, permitting the power by which it was obtained to subside, without an effort to employ it for ulterior, more extensive and profitable objects. The gathering together of this great power could exhibit no evidence of its might, till it beheld the ruins of the church; and each party which had contributed to augment its force, would calculate that their own designs could be accomplished by the application of the same power to secure them. If the objects of the different parties were divers, confusion would attend every struggle of ambition. If the objects were identical, what antagonist force could resist them? In both countries, the agency of this power would be called into requisition by popular leaders, and for popular objects. Past success would terrify the vacillating, and render the resistance of the resolute nugatory. Thus the authority of an ascendant and uncon-

trollable power would direct all the energies of the nation. But in order to direct them for personal objects, the people who supply the power, must be persuaded by their leaders that they also have personal objects to obtain by the further application of their exertions. Aware of the value of services capable of effecting the design of their leaders, these services will be withheld or exerted, according as the interests of their respective bodies will be promoted by the side of the question upon which they range their power. On which soever side the higher price is paid or promised to be paid for these services, the people and their leaders will be found on it. If the king and the aristocracy, in order to preserve some faint shadow of their dignity, or their riches, or their authority, should enter into compromise with the leaders of the popular movement each party will yield something to secure their different objects. Thus the demolition of the church immediately leads to a curtailment of monarchical power and of aristocratic influence. What the people gain, and they lose, it is not difficult to conjecture, when we remember what produced the destruction of the establishment. It was the power of the Roman Catholic Church and of the dissenting bodies. The agents in wielding their power, were their respective priesthoods. The object in removing the Church of England, was because she was a barrier to their exaltation, and are impediments to the propagation of republican doctrines. When the means of reaching the highest point of ambition are within their grasp, these means will be applied towards the erection of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, and the establishment of some motley compound from the olio of dissenterism in England.

Mr. O'C—LL—Surely, my lord, your own ingenious hypothesis removes the possibility of any such result. For, as the people must reap some advantage from the treaty, into which you describe their leaders and the defenders of the aristocracy to enter, I cannot conjecture what benefits would ensue to the Roman Catholics in Ireland, and to the dissenters in England, from the establishment of their churches: nor can I conceive what the leaders of the popular movement gain by apply-

ing the power which they could wield to the attainment of this project.

BISHOP—The very cause which moves both parties to overthrow our church, would operate upon them to establish theirs. The establishment of a church undoubtedly confers power on its members. The possession of this power is an impediment to the ambition of its opponents; and, therefore, to fortify the position of the church, or of the religious societies that contributed to overturn the establishment, their priesthoods and their congregations will seek to be possessed of the same means to resist encroachment upon their new acquirements, which had so long enabled the established religion to maintain its ground against the assaults of its enemies. Thus the popular leaders attain their objects by the accession of additional strength, and a more commanding situation, from which they may direct their forces for the attainment of future objects; and the people are rewarded, because their personal vanity, their hope of gain, the immediate possession of certain advantages, and, though last not least, the feelings of satisfaction arising from the prostrate condition of the church which has been supplanted, are all gratified and indulged.

Mr. O'C—LL—But your lordship's argument has been built upon the assumption that the popular leaders enter into compromise with the party to which they have been opposed. What would be the consequence if no compromise took place? Surely, the same result would not ensue. If the republican party, relying upon their own power, proceeded in the march of regeneration, we never would be obliged to witness again the horrors of an established church.

BISHOP—The result would be exactly the same. As an example is sometimes better than an argument, I would refer you to the Concordat ratified by Pope Pius VII. at Rome, in 1801, when Buonaparte consented, after the overthrow of the church and the reign of reason, to the creation of nine archbishoprics, forty-one bishoprics, and even to the erection of chapters, with all their reprobated appendages, in France. This was a concession to the power of the church, through the instrumentality of whose priesthood, if they had not been con-

ciliated, his power would have been endangered. And, therefore, as for political purposes, he caressed the army by the institution of the Legion of Honour; for political purposes also he caressed the priests by the legal establishment of their church. The same results would attend the exertions of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, and the Protestant dissenters in England, if they shall succeed in their assaults upon the established religion.

Mr. O'C—LL—This plausible defence of the Established Church, my lord, ends however here; and I am happy we have the acknowledgment from so high an authority, that it owes its legal existence to a political origin only.

BISHOP—It does not follow, because an effect is produced, that but one cause operated towards its production. The political value of an established church may be traced to human motives, and yet a concurrent and independent cause for its creation exist in motives higher than human.

Mr. O'C—LL—Does your lordship mean to assert that there is scriptural warranty for an established church? If so, I should like to hear my friend, Dr. Carlisle, discuss this matter with you.

BISHOP—I do. At some future time I shall have no objection to meet your friend on the subject; and I will undertake to prove, that in Scripture there is a stronger evidence, derived from inferential reasoning, in defence of an established church, than for any of the peculiar doctrines which distinguish the Roman from the Reformed Churches. Nay, more than this, that there is evidence as powerful in support of this position in Scripture, as can be found there in defence of a usage practised by yours, and every other Christian church and society—the observance of the first day of the week as the Sabbath. In this case the apostles had an opportunity of displaying their practice, which hallows the usage. In the other case, we must argue from analogy as to what would have been their practice, if they had an opportunity of exhibiting it, from the inferential authority of the Scriptures in favour of an established church.

Mr. O'C—LL—If I remember

correctly, your lordship will have an illustrious authority to oppose in defence of your position—I mean Dr. Paley.

BISHOP—I am aware of his doctrines on the subject; but I do not think him infallible.

ARCHBISHOP—I believe all the plausible objections against the Established Church have now been examined; and I confess, so far as my judgment can determine, successfully refuted. There are, however, some more trifling observations which I have frequently read, as having been used by Mr. O'C—ll. He has not now repeated them; but I should be happy to hear your lordship's commentary on the comparison that has been instituted between the clergy and the members of other professions, in vindication of the principle of no compulsory payment, and that every one should be allowed the privilege of employing his clergyman as he would his lawyer or his physician.

Mr. O'C—LL—I thank your grace for thus reminding me. I never could understand why a free citizen should be compelled to pay the minister of religion, whether he derived any advantage from his instruction or not, than a lawyer whom he did not employ or require.

BISHOP—I am aware that there is little use in answering this objection, for argument it is not, by the undisputed fact that tithe is a charge upon land, and would remain as a rent payable to the landlord or to the government, if the church were annihilated. We have the authority of Mr. O'C—ll himself for the statement, for he indignantly resisted the application of the tithe to the landlord, upon the ground that it belonged to the public, and should form a part of the revenue of the country. If it were made such, and applied, for instance, to the payment of the officers of the customs, or the officers of the army, Mr. O'C—ll might then allege with equal force, that the people do not require these officers—that it is hard they should pay the tenth of the value of their ground to persons which they have no desire to employ. If passive resistance be irrepressible in the case of tithe, applied to the clergy, or if opposition to its payment be justifiable, how are they less so, if it

be applied to any other purpose. But, the tithe rent of the lay impropriator is professedly not paid for any service performed, but as a charge upon the land. What constitutes the difference between the tithe thus paid, and that due to the clergy, except the hostility against them, as ministers of a rival

church. But we will come to the points suggested by the archbishop. First, then, as to Mr. O'C——ll's comparison of lawyers to clergymen. The merry friar in Chaucer may explain Mr. O'C——ll's easy disposition in the use of a clergyman's functions.

Full sweetly heard he confession,
And pleasant was his absolution,
He was an easy man to give penance.

A minister of religion is not required only for specific occasions of danger or distress. His assistance is at all seasons necessary, and hence the value of an established clergy, and a parochial ministry. But, even assuming Mr. O'C——ll's position, as one from which an analogy may be drawn respecting the clergy, we shall find it equally delusive as all the others we have examined. For every individual in the state, whether he employs a lawyer or not, contributes to the maintenance of the legal establishment of the country. From what sources are our courts of law erected, and our county and sessional court houses built? Who pay the salaries of our judges, of the assistant barristers, of the clerks of the crown and of the peace, and all the other officers of the law. Now surely the case is one of much greater hardship than the contributions of Roman Catholics to the clergy of the Established Church, that the agitator who is restrained from exciting popular tumult, the tithe incendiary who is imprisoned, and the miscreant Whitefoot, the dupe of both, who is transported or hanged, are all compelled to pay the judge, who silences the one, confines the other to a dungeon, or condemns the third to death upon the scaffold. Then as to the case of a physician, the law is equally imperative. By its injunctions, infirmaries, and fever hospitals, and lunatic asylums and dispensaries, are erected, and the cost of their building, as well as the salaries of their physicians and other officers, are all defrayed from taxes which the people pay. If the public, for whose use and benefit they are instituted, prefer an *old woman* or a *quack*, the law cannot prevent that, but it can compel them, and it does, to contribute to their support. But it is useless to answer such decep-

tious sophistries as these. As well might the people refuse to pay the taxes, because they preferred peace to war—or because they would not purchase wine or oil, or tea or coffee, and therefore did not want custom-house officers—or a tenant his rent, because his landlord was a minor, or a lunatic, or an absentee, and he derived no advantage from his residence—or even the subjects of the king, that they would not contribute to his privy purse, because he gives them nothing in return, and they never see his royal countenance. (*Mr. O'C——ll retires.*)

ARCHBISHOP—We have now examined all the popular arguments, which have ever met my observation, against the Church of England. I am happy that I have been directed by the bishop in this discussion. I feel myself highly indebted to his lordship for the light he has thrown upon the subject. Some of the points he has touched upon, had occurred to me before, while others were new to me; but all have been treated with great simplicity and distinctness. By exposing the futility of these popular complaints, we advance an important step in our defence of the church—we enable the people to view the establishment cleared from the rubbish which is designedly heaped upon her, to conceal the true foundation on which she stands. So far, therefore, we are justified in concluding that these objections furnish no principle upon which statesmen would wisely act in overturning the church; while their refutation suggests the necessity of extreme delicacy in adopting any measure which may endanger her stability. We have not touched upon her spiritual foundation, and the blessings she is calculated to confer upon the nation, nor indeed the political advantages which her union with the

state has secured, and is capable of perpetuating. The bishop has pledged himself to maintain one of these positions, and on that head, therefore, we shall now be silent. But, in closing this discussion, it may not be irrelevant to make a few observations, necessarily limited, on her capability of securing, in a political sense, the happiness and peace of this empire. I have not hitherto taken much part in this discussion, and, therefore, may be allowed to recapitulate, and to enlarge upon, what has already been advanced. It has been established that the objections against the church lie with equal force against any other mode that may be adopted to instruct the people in religious duties, and that the re-erection of some Established Church, after years of anarchy and bloodshed, is more than probable. Nay, if history and the current of human motives be any guides, it is certain. Religion must ever engage a large share of men's thoughts, and though sometimes it may be denied an entrance to the heart, its solicitations are so often repeated, that the bulk of mankind, in some way or other, are always inquiring upon the subject. Happiness, as well human as eternal, depends upon the accuracy of our judgments, and the sincerity of our feelings, in canvassing its momentous truths. For these reasons, the ministers of religion have ever been elevated into an importance that has not appertained to instructors on other subjects. The estimation attached to them, accompanies them beyond their peculiar province; and if they be devoted and zealous in their calling, their opinions, even on worldly matters, are hallowed with the sacredness of their heavenly councils; and thus weighed and received, are, in proportion, powerful in effecting good; or if they be ambitious, or intemperate, or discontented, are equally instrumental in producing evil. Hence arises the political wisdom of attaching the clergy to the state. In devising the best means of securing, through them, the affections of the largest proportion of the people, the magistrate is most wise who adopts the purest forms of divine worship. Temporary impediments, which human sagacity cannot controul, may detain his subjects from an adherence to the church he establishes, but its purity is

the safest security for returning attachment and constant homage. In the reasons which lead a king to form this union, we can discern the adulterous intercourse that may ensue between the factious subjects of a sovereign, and the clergy who are independent of him; and, therefore, his prudence consists in draining off from these, through the channel of an established ministry, the affections of his people, which, if poisoned by a corrupt clergy, may vitiate all the streams of his government. If religion be not thus protected, especially when a revolutionary spirit is abroad, she will become an instrument or an obstacle to one party in the state. Thus, being the means of ascendancy, she will be polluted, or, if an impediment to ascendancy, she will be overthrown. But the sovereign's adoption of religion does not necessarily secure him from the troubles which a factious clergy may entail upon his kingdom. The tendency of the doctrines he espouses must be loyalty to his throne, and contentment in the allotted condition of the clergy. He cannot, therefore, with safety to the independence of his sovereignty, adopt the Roman Catholic religion; for its essence and spirit are to render the state subservient to the hereditary monarchy, which has descended to the poor fisherman from the divine founder of his throne, whose vicegerent he proclaims himself to be on earth. On the other hand, he cannot patronise, as an advantageous system of religion for his subjects, and as a security for his royal power, the Independent platform—for an independent clergy will upset his throne. These are the natural consequences of the principles of each. The one, wily and wordly, being connected with the state, seeks not to subvert it, but to transform and metamorphose the entire range of interests, properties, and even the social condition itself, to its own use, and, being intolerant, to crush every attempt to limit this universal worldliness. The other, visionary, gapes after unattainable perfection, and being fanatical, and therefore uncalculating and presumptuous, throws down the entire edifice of the state, and leaves nothing but anarchy behind. But both these religious systems being tolerated in a free country, and the Church of England as by law established standing between them, pre-

vents the tyranny of the one from subjecting the state to its control, and limits the wild prospects of the other to spiritual speculations. While the learning and genius of her prelates and clergy, which the reformed churches of former and present times re-echo from every quarter of the globe, have compelled the infallible church to change her formularies and mitigate her creed, and have imprisoned the independent champions in their pulpits, who now but seldom dare to vindicate their faith, where refutation may be heard and applauded.

If, on the other hand, no established church shall be permitted to exist, still the imperishable properties of these two systems, derived from the presumed properties of each, will necessarily produce evil in the state, in a degree less extensively pernicious than if either was elevated to the dignity and authority of a national religion, but still sufficiently calamitous to induce the people to regret the removal of the check to intolerance and fanaticism which the Church of England had provided.

Of the natural tendency of Roman Catholic churchmen to aggregate power to themselves, unless restrained by the moral influence of a Protestant Establishment, a warning example may be seen in their numberless religious societies in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. These grew up around the church and court of Rome, like a harvest of choking weeds, in opposition to the will of the pope, who constituted the sovereign power. They amassed enormous wealth, which eventually begets a corresponding amount of power. And though the canons groan with the recapitulation of their enormities, their debauchery, and alienation of the rights of the secular clergy, still their luxurious crimes, and tyrannical exactions, and their attendant shades, indolence, ignorance and infidelity, increased until they dragged into the whirlpool of their ruin, the church itself which they had pretended to honour and defend. This power was attained in spite of the state, and neither ingenuity nor authority could separate from doctrines

which enslave the mind, their natural tendency to render their promoters the masters of the liberty and the fortunes of their spiritual bondsmen. There was not the shame of daily exposure to curb them, nor did the necessity exist of justifying to common sense and reason, the flagrant libels which their system and their vices proclaimed against the religion of the Redeemer. And it is this restraint, which here controls in some degree the enormities of popery, and makes the religion of Portugal, Spain, and Italy, more adulterated and pernicious than it externally presents itself in these countries. The force of this example is not weakened, because the Roman religion was established in the one case; and in Mr. O'C——ll's system, to which we are objecting, no form of religion is peculiarly patronised. Nay, on the contrary, our reasoning is strengthened by this difference, for the sovereign was armed with complete ability to restrain by law this licentiousness, and aggregative of power in the regular clergy. The canons prove, that he, to the utmost limit, exerted this authority, but without avail; while we cannot discover what plea could be advanced, to controul by legal restraint, a church or its ministers, who should possess the common right of independence on the state.

Again, as to the effect of independent churches on the peace of the nation, and the security of the throne, the spirit of their irresponsible authority, in religious matters, generates uniformity of design and action in their political objects: and this spirit, pervading their ministers and their congregations, necessarily erects, in case the Church of England is removed, a large and influential body into direct opposition to the control of a sovereign, and begets a desire, hallowed by the fond allurements of a wild religious fancy, to assimilate the government of the country to the system of independence which pervades their churches. These large assemblies of men, scattered throughout the nation, amalgamating with other societies having the same object,* though for a different purpose, must expose a naked

* This might have been more strongly stated, even on the admission of the Dissenters themselves. In the "*History of the Dissenters, from the Revolution*

and defenceless throne to assaults so violent, that no protection, short of theocratic controul, could possibly support and preserve it.

Now, America forms no exception to this reasoning—on the contrary, America strengthens it.—Her present ecclesiastical system was not that under which Christianity was first established in that country. At that period she was under a monarchical government, and her clergy, at first in Virginia, and subsequently throughout the whole continent, were paid as ours are, with this variation, that some only of the products of nature (but these the most profitable) as tobacco, were liable to a fixed rate of taxation. On the renunciation of British protection, and the adoption of a republic, her present system of optional religion was introduced. But why was it adopted? Because the one she renounced was a restraint upon the libertine wildness of her republican principles. The imitation, therefore, in England, of her ecclesiastical wisdom, so long as we retain our monarchy, would be only an inversion of her mode of proceeding, but with the intention of attaining the same object. She first renounced monarchy, and then an established clergy. Our modern revolutionary instructors would first discard our established clergy, as the most propitious means of introducing a republic. America created a system of religious instruction, analogous to her civil interests and political government. This harmony was perhaps necessary for the preservation of her republic:

and in proportion to the wisdom of her statesmen in completing this adaptation of politics to religion, ought the covenant between the church and the throne of England to be strengthened. For surely the analogy between the means of disseminating and protecting religion, and administering the government of this empire, is equally salutary. The ultimate object of intoxicated freedom is attained by the civil and religious structure erected in America. Every effort, therefore, to imitate her republican churches, is an approximation not dubious, nor written in illegible characters, to her republican commonwealth. Our ancestors have done no more in establishing the union of the state with the church, and our sovereign will act no less wisely in maintaining it, than the American people in consorting the means of religious instruction with their political associations. Their churches are the safeguard of their republic. Our church is the bulwark of our throne. In England, from the diversity of orders in society, there is a necessary and corresponding variety in our ministers. In America, the key-stone of her legislative and social system, is universal equality; and therefore her churches, like her people, acknowledge no distinctions of rank or creed.

The Church of England continues to discharge the same religious and political functions for which she was instituted at the reformation. And though subjected to the scourges of faction, the vengeance of opposing

in 1688, to the year 1808," by D. Bogue and J. Bennett, in speaking of the American War, the authors acknowledge "that they (the Dissenters) were attached to the Americans, by the *peculiar ties* of religious union. Many of the colonists, in almost every state, maintained the *same doctrines of faith, and the same system of government as themselves*. A constant intercourse was kept up between them—mutual assistance was given in whatever related to the advancement of the cause of religion, and they considered themselves *as members of the same body*." Chief Justice Marshall, in his "Life of Washington," with the *private papers of the General before him*, states that there was a secret committee in America, "who were empowered to correspond with their friends in Great Britain, Ireland, and other parts of the world." And among the hopes that animated Washington, in his various struggles, he enumerates "Irish claims, and English disturbances."

If the Church of England were removed, has the spirit of the Dissenters, which united them formerly with the enemies of the throne of England, subsided? What has taught them to cease to feel "that they are members of the same body" with the great republic? And have the Irish Roman Catholics no *claims* to urge? Are they satisfied with the position of their church? Is the desire of independence, as a nation, never indulged? Is the fond hope of the establishment of a republic in Ireland allayed?

sects, and the raddery and venom of infidelity, under the mask of liberality and toleration, she is now as competent as in the bloom of her golden and prosperous glory, faithfully and fully to fulfil her high destination. Her inherent and excellent construction to restrain, by the might of moral authority, and by the learning and ability of her clergy, which her endowments encourage, the ambition of the Church of Rome, is historically proclaimed by the fact, that her Italian subtlety and power have never been able, but once, to subvert the Protestant monarchy in these kingdoms; and then, for even reluctant bigotry confessed it, the restoration of liberty and of a Protestant prince to the throne, was almost the sole labour and magnanimous achievements of her chivalrous clergy.

The members of the Church of England have been the patrons and instruments of political equality and freedom to the two great enemies with which she has had to contend, while her influence and moral power have curbed their intolerance and religious bigotry. To liberty, it will be said the established clergy in their conduct towards Roman Catholic and Protestant dissenters, cannot lay claim, because they were zealous foes to the repeal of the test law, and of the relief bill. Even granting that the removal of these restrictions was wise, and the clergy therefore wrong in their opposition, let it be remembered that the legislature had enacted these laws to defend the church, and, therefore, respect for the principle in which those measures originated, and a veneration for the wisdom and attachment to her interests which their ancestors evinced in devising them, ought to be a sufficient qualification, if there were no other, for the opposition of the clergy to their removal. But who can deny that the lay members of the church

abolished these restrictions? And if the spirit of the church were one of bigotry, and not of genuine charity—of intolerance, and not of freedom, would the members of the senate, nursed in the bosom of the church, and fed by her councils, have been the sole agents in their abolition? On one of these occasions, no dissenter, Protestant or Roman Catholic voted; on the other, but one or two of the former class. Now reverse the picture, and suppose that the Established Church had been the tolerated and politically excluded religion, and that the dissenters, Protestant or Roman Catholic, had been the established one, does the history of our country, or of Europe, justify the supposition, not only that the clergy of either would not have imitated our reproached ministry, but that their lay members, from any spirit of liberty and detestation of sectarian monopoly imbibed from their respective creeds or systems of faith, would have laboured to extend the political privileges, of which they had the sole possession, to the excluded party.

Examine the history of the Roman Catholic Church since the days of the reformation to the present hour, and who can adduce one single fact in the annals of Europe wherever she was enthroned in power, in attestation of her liberality to the ministers or the members of the Protestant religion? Behold that church in Italy erecting the Inquisition, at the instigation of Cardinal Caraffa, in 1545, for the acknowledged purpose of suppressing the reformed doctrines. See that church in Spain, clinging, amid the light and literature of Europe, to the bloody engine of secret despotism, as if it had been the cup of life, or the cross of their dishonoured Master, until it was wrung from her grasp in the nineteenth century, even so late as in 1820.*

* In addition to the valuable information contained in the "Inquisition Unmasked, by Antonio Puigbachi," the public have been lately enlightened by the very important work of "The History of the Inquisition, by D. Juan Antonio Llorente." In the preface to the history, he states, p. xix, "When the Inquisition was thrown open, in 1820, by the orders of the Cortes of Madrid, twenty-one prisoners were found in it, not one of whom knew the name of the city in which he was; some had been confined three years, some a longer period, and not one knew perfectly the nature of the crime of which he was accused." Llorente was Secretary to the Inquisition, and therefore his details are most accurate and interesting.

Listen, at this hour, to her great pre-latic champion, in our own land, acknowledging in the face of British peers, that the persecution of the Protestant clergy in Ireland was the work of popish vengeance, because, faithful to their heavenly calling, they had disturbed the black and settled night of ignorance and anti-Christian tyranny, by the unwelcome sound of gospel truth. Nay, more than all, even in America, the frenzy of freedom cannot extinguish the tyranny and persecution which are engrained in the constitution of popery. For there—and blush, ye patrons of republican freedom, while we record the fact—the popish inquisition at this moment exists; there it has its solitary cells for torture; and there, as in priest-ridden Italy and Spain, so faithfully true is the boasted sameness of her creed and practice in every quarter of the globe, murder vainly essays to retard the righteous cause, which neither reason, nor learning, nor scriptural knowledge can impugn.

These assertions may sound so bold, that we must justify them by the hitherto uncontradicted testimony of their truth. The following extracts are taken from the 49th number of the "New York Protestant"—

"Vast numbers of Jesuits, without any apparent employment, are now prowling about the union. They are found in every district to the westward, in all kinds of disguises, and pretending to every occupation. They continually attend at all the land and post offices, court-houses, taverns, stores, and other places of resort, making the most minute inquiries; and the papists, themselves, after the departure of these travelling jesuit priests, and by their instigation, are constantly acting as spies and eaves-droppers, to ascertain all the affairs of individuals and the community, which details are transmitted to M. Cheverus, their agent in Europe."

"A young gentleman at St. ———, Missouri, not long ago renounced Popery and professed to be a Protestant. Shortly after, he was missed by his friends, and

has never been heard of since. It is the general opinion there, that he has been kidnapped, and is either now confined, or, most probably, has been murdered by the jesuits.

"Such unaccountable disappearances of persons, are frequent subjects of complaint and wonder in various parts of the western country. The most suspicious and alarming thing which I met in my long journey, is the construction, under the mass houses, convents, and seminaries, of secret cells, adapted to solitary confinement. THEY EXIST IN NEW YORK! as well as in other places. I have seen them; and these, no doubt, are the holes in the earth, where the men and women who are missing, have been first imprisoned, and then doomed to a cruel death."

These extracts are taken from the appendix of one of the few original and really learned publications of the present day—an essay by the Rev. W. Hale Hale, chaplain to the Bishop of London. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," has almost ceased to be admitted as a truth, by the general class of our writers. But this author stands upon the ancient ways so long occupied by the clergy of the Church of England.

On the other side, examine the history of Presbyterianism in Scotland—follow it to its religious and political ascendancy in England—then trace the march of independency in the senate and to the throne of Great Britain. Listen, on the one side, to the great champion of liberty, the mighty Milton, declaring that all men ought to enjoy electoral and constitutional privileges, except Roman Catholics.* Again, behold the Protector's chaplain, Dr. Owen,† accusing of blasphemy, and scourging with the whip, two Quakers, through the streets of Oxford, and these delinquents women too! and then who can declare there is reason to conclude that the spirit of the doctrines inculcated by their respective churches and pastors, their political champions and guides, if one of them had been the ascendant church—the Roman Catholic—the Presbyterian—

* Milton's Prose Works, vol. ii, p. 125, folio edition, in the essay of "True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration."

† See his life, by William Orme, prefixed to his works, p. 146. This judicious biographer carefully paraphrases the murder of Charles I. by the synonyme of "the Decapitation."

or the Independent—would have inspired their congregations to open the gates of freedom to their excluded brethren, and welcome them to the temple, where our lay members have placed them in undisputed equality, beside them in the senate and near the throne.

And what has produced, however unpropitiously it has operated, this love of freedom in our congregations? Whence has emanated the distrust in the soundness of a principle which, to preserve the church, had limited the charter of liberty? What elevated their minds to that universal benevolence, that, with outstretched arms,

they introduce their enemies into their own fold, and range them with the flock which they had ever endeavoured to diminish or destroy? We answer—the simple, single-eyed purity which pervades the doctrines and the liturgy of the Church of England—a liturgy in which no sectarian or party-coloured distinctions of divine truth tinge the mind with false notions of the benevolence of God—a liturgy so little characterised by the intoxication of bigotry, that even a pope had consented to sanction it, and so divinely pure, that even Knox and Calvin were constrained to praise it.

STANZAS.

I met her after years,
And I saw within her eyes
The vainly-struggling tears
Of blighted passion rise.

I looked at her in doubt,
For I knew that it was wrong
To let my heart break out
With what it lock'd so long.

I stood and gazed upon her—
On the darling of my youth—
And I *felt* my broken honour,
And her nobleness and truth—

Her features wore the token
That death was working there;
The thread of youth was broken—
Oh—she had been so fair!

That day is past—we parted—
We never met again.
The lost—the broken-hearted
I would forget—in vain.

She had not long to languish—
Oh, God—unless forgiven
My crime—her life of anguish—
I dare not think of heaven!

CAPTAIN BEY,

OR, THE TURKISH SACK-'EM-UP.

A proper new Song to the tune of "Eveleen's Bower."

In Sestos, by the side of Hellespontic tide,
 There lived an ancient gentleman, as I've heard say,
 He might be John or James, for I'm not exact in names,
 But the people called him usually *Captain Bey*.

Though bred to bloody work, and as cruel as a Turk,
 The Captain kept a harem of ladies gay;
 One's quite enough for me, but no less than thirty-three
 Was the number of the wives of gay old Captain Bey.

Now, each door was double barr'd, and a sentry mounted guard
 In front of every window, night and day;
 Yet, at length, I grieve to tell, his strong suspicion fell
 On the eldest of the mistresses of Captain Bey.

But whether 'twas because she'd infringed the marriage laws,
 Or because her raven ringlets were turning grey,
 I know not—save the fact, he resolved to have her *sack'd*
 And pitched into the river—cruel Captain Bey.

So he sewed her in a sack, and he took her on his back,
 And then to the battlements went up, well-away!
 For to cast her in alive, and to let her swim or dive,
 Was the very vile design of jealous Captain Bey.

Now behold you, as he went to fulfil this dire intent,
 The lady kick'd so stoutly, that a stitch gave way,
 And her right foot getting out, she began to feel about
 For the proper place of pummelling old Captain Bey.

"Ho, Selima, be nimble," cried he "and fetch a thimble,
 With a thread and packing-needle pretty stout, I say;
 For the hussey we must bind, or she'll ruin me behind;
 But I'll pop her in as surely as my name's Captain Bey!"

Now Selima herself was the second on the shelf,
 And viewed these strange proceedings with great dismay;
 "For," thought she, "if he get vex'd, 'tis I'll be bagg'd the next:
 But I'll play a trick worth two of that on Captain Bey."

So back 'gain she put the elder lady's foot,
 She sewed it in discreetly and without delay;
 But the sack itself she stitches to the waistband of his breeches,
 Saying, "Well the slut deserves it all, Captain Bey,"

And now the old boy thinking, to do the job like winking,
 Gets up upon the parapet above the quay;
 He gives the bag a heave, when—hookey! who'd believe?
 He tumbled in along with Mistress Captain Bey.

Three days it was and more, ere the bodies came ashore,
 Fast lock'd in one another's arms were they;
 For the luckless lady's hands had somehow burst their bands,
 But both the eyes were missing of poor Captain Bey.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Q. Horatii Flacci Satiræ et Epistolæ. Textum recognovit notisque cum aliorum tum suis instruxit, Johannes M'Caul, A. M. & Coll. S. S. Trin. apud Dublin. Dublini, apud Johannem Cumming, 1835.

A work such as the one before us has been very much wanted; for although little new matter could be advanced in elucidation of the great Roman satirist—the observations which were really useful were scattered through the writings of a vast number of commentators, each of whom had contrived to mix with a little that was good, a great deal that was useless, or worse. The editor of the Delphin edition was a man very little fitted for the task he had undertaken. Doering had, certainly, a great deal of ingenuity and acuteness; but, unfortunately he employed those in endeavouring to differ from all others, and consequently the generality of his interpretations are fanciful. Gessner passes over many very difficult passages without a line of comment;—and the other commentators on Horace were not likely to fall into the hands of the generality of readers. A work, then, that would judiciously compile selections of what was really useful in all, with the addition of such original observations as their omissions might call for, was a desideratum to the student—a work that would leave no difficulty, without, at least, an attempt at explanation, containing sufficient elementary information to be an assistance to the learner, and, at the same time, enough of the elegancies of classic literature to direct the researches of the more advanced student in his endeavours to obtain a more refined knowledge of the language, and more intimate acquaintance with the beauties of his author, and do all this without being swelled into a volume whose price would place it, in many instances, out of the reach of those for whom it was intended. Such a work, we are happy to say, Mr. M'Caul has produced; and we feel persuaded that it will make a very useful and no very expensive addition to the student's library.

Mr. M'Caul has very wisely written his annotations in English. Indeed, the practice of Latin comments upon Latin authors, for the benefit of English read-

ers, seems of late years to be exploded or confined to the pedant or the pretender. We heartily rejoice at the alteration—we wish the world joy at the departure of this last relic of literary barbarism—this silly remnant of scholastic pedantry—and we only wish that the author of the volume before us had not deemed it necessary to minister to ancient prejudices, by the formality of a Latin title page.—It certainly has a very learned and a very imposing appearance. Mr. Cumming's name bears Latinizing admirably well;—but Mr. M'Caul must not be vexed with us, if we say, that as the editor of English notes, his own name, style, and title, would have looked quite as well in the unassuming idiom of the “vulgar tongue.”

On the satires and epistles, Mr. M'Caul has left very little further to be said. In most instances, he has alluded to every interpretation which the ingenuity of man has been able to devise; and we were particularly pleased with the judgment he evinces in the selection of the best. He burdens his pages with no elaborate disquisitions upon trifles, no long and minute investigations of unimportant differences, no learned and very philological examinations of distinctions without differences, and by this means he has contrived to compress into six hundred duodecimo pages, (including the text of his author, along with some necessary appendages, such as a life of Horace, selected from his own writings, and told in his own words, &c.) as much valuable information and sound classical knowledge, as has seldom been presented in a single volume to the public. In expressing this opinion, we do not speak either partially or unadvisedly. As critics, we pique ourselves upon our integrity, and we perhaps flatter ourselves that our opinion is worth something. And after giving the work an honest, and an attentive consideration, we are bound to declare, that we regard it as one of the best commentaries we have seen. Full, without being diffuse—ingenious, without being fanciful—telling, in a word, almost every thing which it is requisite or useful for the reader to know—and telling little or nothing else.

We beg to be understood in these re-

marks, as alluding merely to the epistles and satires. The art of poetry (we still prefer the old name) requires a distinct and separate commentary, and this is the only part of the work where Mr. M'Caul has left any employment for succeeding hands. The deep philosophical spirit which breathes through this composition, requires for it a much longer exposition than Mr. M'C.'s space would admit. In fact, a good commentary upon Horace's Art of Poetry should be an essay upon criticism, upon language, and upon human nature; the original has never been equalled, and very probably it never will. In the familiar style of epistolary correspondence, the poet delivers precepts and maxims that have since continued the almost undisputed standard of correct writing, and collecting into a short compass the results of the thought and experience of a life; he has given us at once, a history of the origin, and an essay on the nature of poetic composition,—while every remark is fraught with a generality that renders it applicable to all the modifications of imaginative literature. Nor is it the least praise, that his observations preserve, after the lapse of centuries, the same piquancy and point which they originally possessed. Nay, the very satire that is interwoven with the didactic portion of the poem, is as pungent now as in the days of Augustus. The faults that he censured are still prevalent enough—the criticisms that he passes upon the Roman Theatre are equally applicable to the British Stage. His remarks, founded on a knowledge of human nature, the same in all ages and countries, are unaffected by all the revolutions in literature—all the changes in manners—nay, all the alterations in thought, that have taken place since he wrote. The march of modern intellect has not yet outstepped him. New species of imaginative literature have been invented, but all may be tried by this universal standard—the criticism that was intended for the drama or the epic, is applicable to the novel and the romance; and we are surprised to find the rules and canons of the first century still valid in the nineteenth—equally authoritative in Britain and in Rome. In fact, Horace's epistle to the Pisos, is to fiction, what Lucian's *συγγραμματα* is to history, and both these masterpieces of general criticism remain splendid, and, perhaps we might add, unrivalled specimens of acute and philosophical observation.

We do not make these remarks with a view to disparage Mr. M'Caul's annotations.

tions, but rather with the intention of explaining the qualification of our praise. The student will find in his comment upon the art of poetry, as much information as he may be able readily to procure elsewhere. All we wished to prove was, that there is still room for others to labour here with advantage. We have already stated our opinion that in other parts of the work Mr. M'Caul has almost closed the list against new competitors.—Not that we agree with him in every thing he has advanced; and had we time and space, we could point out some things that we consider inaccuracies, and in doing so, would, probably, fall into far greater ones ourselves. But such is the maliciousness inseparable from the very nature of a critic, that we cannot resist the temptation of noticing one or two. In the note on the 15th line of the 3d satire of the first book, we differ from Mr. M'Caul's exposition of *sestertius* and *sestertium*—the latter is merely a contraction for *sestertiorum*—see Facciolati's Lexicon on the word, and M'Kay's Cicero, Philip. 2d. sat. 16. note 6.

We cannot agree with the interpretation given to sat. 1. 6. 13. The ambiguity arises from the fact, that there were two Appii, both censors—one of whom first admitted freedmen to seats in the senate, and the other made his censorship remarkable for severity, particularly by removing all the libertini from the roll of senators. We understand the allusion to be to the latter of these, and suppose the whole passage as said in good earnest—see M'Caul on the place, see also Adam's Roman Antiquities.

There are a few more passages to which we had affixed our critical mark, but we can only call attention to one—it occurs in the 6th epistle of the first book, line 64.

—remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulysses
Cui potior patriâ fuit interdicta voluptas."

This all the commentators refer to the cups of Circe, with the exception of the Delphin editor, who gives the true interpretation. If Mr. M'Caul consults the tenth book of the *Odyssey*, he will find that Homer, at least, gives no authority for his statement; that "Ulysses had warned his companions of the danger of drinking Circe's potions." The fact was, the poor devils were entrapped unwarned and in the most perfect innocence. Would it not be much more naturally referred to their roasting and eating the oxen of the Sun, against which horrid impiety they had been warned both by Circe and Tyresias, on the express condition that if they permitted the sacred animals to

graze unmolested, they should reach home in safety, but if not, they should all be drowned. For this beautiful mythological fable, evidently intended to convey the moral which Horace deduces from it, see *Odyssey*, xi. 105. xii. 127, and from line 276 to end.

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We had anticipated a good deal from

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SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT.

CHAP. I.

BOYISH DAYS.

"Thus summer months bring wilding shoot,
From bud to bloom, from bloom to fruit;
And years draw on our mortal span,
From child to boy, from boy to man."

ROKEBY.

My dear * * *

You cannot have forgotten the merry fire-side evenings we spent together last autumn at —, when after passing a fatiguing day in swaying "o'er pool and stream" the ponderous salmon-rod, or in beating for game among the deep and difficult recesses of the forest, we found ourselves snugly seated at the lodge, beneath the cheering influence of a blazing faggot and brilliant argand. On these occasions, while my cherished *spora* was engaged at her needle-work, or perhaps in the kindly office of busking hooks for our sport of the morrow—little Edward frolicking gaily round the room, and the faithful Ida slumbering on the hearth—I have frequently, at your request, narrated passages from the scenes of my many-coloured life. These, you used to tell me, you listened to with pleasure; and you have often urged me to reduce them to writing, for the entertainment of yourself and the marvel-loving world. I fear, however, that the partiality of your friendship may have induced you to attach to the narrations the interest you felt in the narrator; and you must certainly have left entirely out of mind, that though

my hand is sufficiently familiar with the tiller, it is but little conversant with the pen.

"The voice of a friend, however, speaketh the words of persuasion," and I certainly did intend, on some uncertain and far distant day, to accede to your request; and having first gone forth, in accordance with the advice of the sage, and traced the boundary of my grave, and touched the stone that was to mark my head, and sworn by the sacred majesty of death, that my testimony should be true, unwarped by prejudice, unbiassed by favour, and unstained by malice, to tell in my own plain style the story of my somewhat eventful life. Circumstances however, I am ashamed to say how trivial, have induced me to anticipate this intention, and to commence my task at an earlier period, and without such solemn preparation. Shall I tell you that nothing less than three weeks continued rain, and the prospect of three weeks more, have tempted me at present to my writing-table! The face of nature is indeed sadly changed since you were here. The cheerful azure of the sunny skies has given place to the lowering of gloomy clouds, and the murmuring

of the autumn breeze to the howling of the winter tempest. From my window I can but dimly see the dark and misty landscape; the wind is moaning piteously in the caves, and sleety rain drifting with intermitting gusts against the casement. Our favourite fishing-stream, that used to flow so softly past my door, cascading over its shingly

bed, or stretching out its waters, a long refulgent mirror in the beams of the mid-day sun, is now dashing furiously on its course, and sweeping, brown and boisterous, over the friendly alders that used to shade its banks. Far beyond the boundary of its former bed, it hurls its angry crested waves,

————— e pare
Che guerra porti, e non tributo al mare.

The forest, too, is stripped of the lovely autumn-tinted foliage it bore; its most inaccessible cover is laid open to the fury of the tempest, and you may hear the disconsolate crow of the pheasant, and the querulous call of the partridge, as they fit to and fro, seeking in vain for shelter. For the present my "occupation is gone!" My angle and my fowling-piece, my salmon-rod and spear, hang idle in the hall, and I am thus compelled to follow the example of Montaigne, and seek refuge in my pen from the ennui that ever accompanies idleness. To record the thoughts, and scenes, and remembrances of days gone by, will help to beguile me of a few unoccupied hours; and if the perusal of the following pages shall afford you one moment's pleasure, I shall consider myself doubly rewarded.

It cannot be of any surpassing interest to you or the world to know, that I was born at —, on the — day of —, in the year —. Of my parents I shall only remark, that they are such—for they still live—as merited in every way the love and veneration of a son; and I may say with the venerable Archdeacon of Wilts, that had I the power of choosing a father and mother for myself, I would fix upon those whom Providence has allotted me. With my father I have always lived on terms of the warmest friendship, while on my part, our intimacy has been tempered by that feeling of respect which should ever be paramount in the breast of a son, when he looks upon the face of his parent. *Il est mon père et mon meilleur ami!* Eternal blessings crown the honoured head of the indulgent protector of my infancy, the valued friend of my maturer years!

Of the events of my childhood I cannot be supposed to have any very

distinct recollection. The mind, during those tender years, may be said to resemble a glassy lake, which retains for the moment a vivid picture of the objects reflected on it, but from whose surface the transient shadows are utterly obliterated by the first breeze that passes over the slumbering waters. Circumstances, indeed, there are, of so lasting a character, that they are never forgotten; and though the recollections of them often appear to us to be nothing more than the dreamy visions of fancy, still they retain to the last the vivid freshness of their colours, and recur from time to time, knit to the memory by a thousand trivial links of association.

When I contemplate my somewhat dark and weather-beaten complexion—which has seen the suns of many a clime, and felt the bitings of many a bitter blast—I can scarcely bring myself to believe that my childhood was nursed upon the lap of luxury; nay, that it was even sunned in the rays of royalty itself. Yet such is the fact. My father held a situation of some importance connected with the royal household, and as children, my brother and myself frequently resided within the ancient halls of Windsor. It was then that Britain was glorious beneath the benignant sway of the august George the Third; and knit to my earliest recollections is the venerable face of that beloved monarch, as he would often take me on his knee, and peering into my tiny features through his almost sightless eyes, pat me on the head, and call me "his little white boy." My brother, who was considerably older, and extremely manly for his age, he used to denominate, by way of distinction, "the black." Those who were much about Windsor at the time may perhaps recollect him, as a remarkably handsome child, who was considered one of the "lions" of the

promenade, and used often to take his station beside the band of the Coldstream Guards, and endeavour to accompany their martial strains upon his little cymbals. The white boy and the black! Alas, what mighty changes Old Time effects! The comforts of a quiet home, and fostering attentions of fond friends, have blanched the bronze from Frederick's cheek, while hardships and hot-climates have imparted not a little swarthiness to mine! *Mais n'importe.*

Of one whimsical circumstance which occurred at Windsor, I have still a vivid recollection.

At the time of which I speak, the Princess — was famous for her skill in dress, and she often appeared before my wondering eyes, attired in all the gorgeous splendour of the court, her head adorned by a most luxuriant wig, whose powder-laden tresses hung gracefully over her shoulders. This wig was the object of my particular affection, and I long watched for an opportunity of investing myself with its shady honours. Accordingly, one day when the princess was engaged elsewhere, I stole cautiously into her tiring-room, and closing the door behind me, commenced a search for the envied ornament. It was not long till I discovered the place of its repository, and lifting it carefully from the gilded box in which it lay, I arranged it in a most courtier-like fashion on my head, completing my costume by throwing a fine cloth-of-gold scarf across my shoulders. It so happened that while I was thus engaged, the venerable monarch, who was then in a very imbecile state, and used often to amuse himself with my childish prattle, sent one of the pages to fetch "his little white boy." But the white boy was no where to be found; all his usual haunts were carefully explored, but no traces of him could be discovered. At length, a group of searchers, at the head of whom was my mother, entered the tiring-room, and there I was, parading with all imaginable majesty, before a large pier-glass;—one hand retaining the folds of my scarf, the embroidered border of which swept gracefully on the ground, and the other raised to support the capacious wig, and prevent it from totally obscuring my tiny visage.

"For shame, Edward," said my mother, when she had somewhat recovered her surprise; "this is most disgraceful conduct; should it come to her majesty's ears, you shall certainly be severely punished."

"I don't care a straw for her majesty," I replied, lifting the wig a little higher on my brow as I spoke; "she never wore such a wig as this in her life;—she's a nasty snuffy old woman, and wears nothing but an ugly mob-cap." And darting another glance at the mirror, I strutted away, quite proud of my appearance.

The joke, however, did not end here. The insolent manner in which I had spoken of the queen was repeated, and I was ordered, in consequence, to be severely whipped; and perhaps it was the somewhat pitiless infliction of this punishment that served more than anything else to engrave the circumstance on my memory.

With the history of my school-boy career I shall not detain you. It is nothing more than the usual chronicle of plots, discoveries, floggings, orchard-robberies, desertions, captures, and so forth, which form in general the most striking features of a school-boy's life. Whenever there was mischief on hand, I was sure to be employed in it; and I would at any time have risked a severe flogging, extra tasks, and solitary confinement, for the pleasure of what we technically termed "a lark." Being naturally of a daring reckless disposition, I was for the most part elected the leader in deeds of danger; and I usually led the van of my trembling associates, when we were ordered for punishment, into the dreaded presence of the master. And truly it required considerable firmness of nerve to face without tremour that stern individual, when sentence of guilty had been recorded. Mercy he knew none; nay, on some occasions, even justice and he did not pull together in the same boat. I think I see him yet, with his scowling eye, dark brow, and livid complexion; his powerful limbs displayed to the best advantage by the never-failing long black silk stockings; his sinewy arm brandishing the pickled birch, which had just been removed from beneath the salted junk that formed our Thursday's dinner, standing over some unfortunate con-

graze unmolested, they should reach home in safety, but if not, they should all be drowned. For this beautiful mythological fable, evidently intended to convey the moral which Horace deduces from it, see *Odyssey*, xi. 105. xii. 127, and from line 276 to end.

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————— c pare
Che guerra porti, e non tributo al mare.

The forest, too, is stripped of the lovely autumn-tinted foliage it bore; its most inaccessible cover is laid open to the fury of the tempest, and you may hear the disconsolate crow of the pheasant, and the querulous call of the partridge, as they fit to and fro, seeking in vain for shelter. For the present my "occupation is gone!" My angle and my fowling-piece, my salmon-rod and spear, hang idle in the hall, and I am thus compelled to follow the example of Montaigne, and seek refuge in my pen from the ennui that ever accompanies idleness. To record the thoughts, and scenes, and remembrances of days gone by, will help to beguile me of a few unoccupied hours; and if the perusal of the following pages shall afford you one moment's pleasure, I shall consider myself doubly rewarded.

It cannot be of any surpassing interest to you or the world to know, that I was born at —, on the — day of —, in the year —. Of my parents I shall only remark, that they are such—for they still live—as merited in every way the love and veneration of a son; and I may say with the venerable Archdeacon of Wilts, that had I the power of choosing a father and mother for myself, I would fix upon those whom Providence has allotted me. With my father I have always lived on terms of the warmest friendship, while on my part, our intimacy has been tempered by that feeling of respect which should ever be paramount in the breast of a son, when he looks upon the face of his parent. *Il est mon père et mon meilleur ami!* Eternal blessings crown the honoured head of the indulgent protector of my infancy, the valued friend of my maturer years!

Of the events of my childhood I cannot be supposed to have any very

distinct recollection. The mind, during those tender years, may be said to resemble a glassy lake, which retains for the moment a vivid picture of the objects reflected on it, but from whose surface the transient shadows are utterly obliterated by the first breeze that passes over the slumbering waters. Circumstances, indeed, there are, of so lasting a character, that they are never forgotten; and though the recollections of them often appear to us to be nothing more than the dreamy visions of fancy, still they retain to the last the vivid freshness of their colours, and recur from time to time, knit to the memory by a thousand trivial links of association.

When I contemplate my somewhat dark and weather-beaten complexion—which has seen the suns of many a clime, and felt the bitings of many a bitter blast—I can scarcely bring myself to believe that my childhood was nursed upon the lap of luxury; nay, that it was even sunned in the rays of royalty itself. Yet such is the fact. My father held a situation of some importance connected with the royal household, and as children, my brother and myself frequently resided within the ancient halls of Windsor. It was then that Britain was glorious beneath the benignant sway of the august George the Third; and knit to my earliest recollections is the venerable face of that beloved monarch, as he would often take me on his knee, and peering into my tiny features through his almost sightless eyes, pat me on the head, and call me "his little white boy." My brother, who was considerably older, and extremely manly for his age, he used to denominate, by way of distinction, "the black." Those who were much about Windsor at the time may perhaps recollect him, as a remarkably handsome child, who was considered one of the "lions" of the

promenade, and used often to take his station beside the band of the Coldstream Guards, and endeavour to accompany their martial strains upon his little cymbals. The white boy and the black! Alas, what mighty changes Old Time effects! The comforts of a quiet home, and fostering attentions of fond friends, have blanched the bronze from Frederick's cheek, while hardships and hot-climates have imparted not a little swarthinness to mine! *Mais n'importe.*

Of one whimsical circumstance which occurred at Windsor, I have still a vivid recollection.

At the time of which I speak, the Princess — was famous for her skill in dress, and she often appeared before my wondering eyes, attired in all the gorgeous splendour of the court, her head adorned by a most luxuriant wig, whose powder-laden tresses hung gracefully over her shoulders. This wig was the object of my particular affection, and I long watched for an opportunity of investing myself with its shady honours. Accordingly, one day when the princess was engaged elsewhere, I stole cautiously into her tiring-room, and closing the door behind me, commenced a search for the envied ornament. It was not long till I discovered the place of its repository, and lifting it carefully from the gilded box in which it lay, I arranged it in a most courtier-like fashion on my head, completing my costume by throwing a fine cloth-of-gold scarf across my shoulders. It so happened that while I was thus engaged, the venerable monarch, who was then in a very imbecile state, and used often to amuse himself with my childish prattle, sent one of the pages to fetch "his little white boy." But the white boy was no where to be found; all his usual haunts were carefully explored, but no traces of him could be discovered. At length, a group of searchers, at the head of whom was my mother, entered the tiring-room, and there I was, parading with all imaginable majesty, before a large pier-glass; — one hand retaining the folds of my scarf, the embroidered border of which swept gracefully on the ground, and the other raised to support the capacious wig, and prevent it from totally obscuring my tiny visage.

"For shame, Edward," said my mother, when she had somewhat recovered her surprise; "this is most disgraceful conduct; should it come to her majesty's ears, you shall certainly be severely punished."

"I don't care a straw for her majesty," I replied, lifting the wig a little higher on my brow as I spoke; "she never wore such a wig as this in her life; — she's a nasty snuffy old woman, and wears nothing but an ugly mob-cap." And darting another glance at the mirror, I strutted away, quite proud of my appearance.

The joke, however, did not end here. The insolent manner in which I had spoken of the queen was repeated, and I was ordered, in consequence, to be severely whipped; and perhaps it was the somewhat pitiless infliction of this punishment that served more than anything else to engrave the circumstance on my memory.

With the history of my school-boy career I shall not detain you. It is nothing more than the usual chronicle of plots, discoveries, floggings, orchard-robberies, desertions, captures, and so forth, which form in general the most striking features of a school-boy's life. Whenever there was mischief on hand, I was sure to be employed in it; and I would at any time have risked a severe flogging, extra tasks, and solitary confinement, for the pleasure of what we technically termed "a lark." Being naturally of a daring reckless disposition, I was for the most part elected the leader in deeds of danger; and I usually led the van of my trembling associates, when we were ordered for punishment, into the dreaded presence of the master. And truly it required considerable firmness of nerve to face without tremour that stern individual, when sentence of guilty had been recorded. Mercy he knew none; nay, on some occasions, even justice and he did not pull together in the same boat. I think I see him yet, with his scowling eye, dark brow, and livid complexion; his powerful limbs displayed to the best advantage by the never-failing long black silk stockings; his sinewy arm brandishing the pickled birch, which had just been removed from beneath the salted junk that formed our Thursday's dinner, standing over some unfortunate com-

rade who was to precede me in punishment. With back and shoulders bared, lay the unlucky wight, extended transversely across two forms, between which stood the muscular flagellator; and you may conceive my feelings were any thing but enviable, as I witnessed blow after blow descend, and heard the appalling shrieks of my miserable comrade. Much have our arch-agitators harped upon the topic of slavery! I have witnessed the actual condition of the slave, both in our own and foreign colonies, but never did I see him, even in his most degraded state, subjected to more brutal treatment than is daily undergone at some of our seminaries of education, by the scions of the best blood in Britain!

With my studies I was never very much in arrear; and though I could boast of being flogged oftener and more severely than any boy at school, I hardly recollect an instance of my being so for negligence at my lessons. Accordingly, I made considerable progress in classic lore, and used to read Homer and Catullus *ad aperturam libri*;—no small boast, certainly, for a boy of twelve. Nay, such was my proficiency, that even the master himself, who bore me no good-will for the many teasing tricks I played him, was fain to give a tacit acknowledgment of it; and he invariably called upon me to “exhibit,” whenever a stranger came to examine the school. After conducting his visitor through the different benches, and displaying the best specimens of writing, accounting, and so forth, he would tell him that he could boast of being more successful in the classics than in any other branch he taught. “I believe I may say, Sir,” he would continue, “there is not one boy in my advanced class who will not, without preparation, translate any passage in Homer you choose to prescribe;” and then turning, as if by accident, to me—“Master Lascelles,” he would say, “will you stand up and translate the lines the gentleman has pointed out.” I ceased, however, to be the shew-boy shortly before leaving school, in rather a comical manner.

It chanced that one very tempting summer's morning, I took my fishing-rod, and stole away at grey dawn to enjoy a few hours at my favourite sport, thinking I could easily manage

to be back before any of the family were astir. When I reached the stream, I found it in the most “beautiful order.” A light westerly breeze curled the surface, and the rising sun, while it tipped the tops of the trees and high-browed banks on either side, left the dark waters beneath in a state of most propitious obscurity. Following old Isaak's rule, I fished my stream by inches; the trout rose eagerly at my fly, and afforded such excellent sport, that I quite forgot to “mark the lagging foot of time,” and when I returned home, I found my companions already entering the school-room. To be absent a whole morning without leave I knew was an unpardonable offence; and I felt my skin grow somewhat tight for me, when I saw the doctor enter, with a dark frown upon his brow, and the awful pickled birch in his hand. Since I had been caught, as it were, in the fact, and there was sufficient overt proof of my guilt, I was not allowed the benefit of an investigation, but ordered to strip on the instant. Two benches were drawn forward to the middle of the room; I was stretched with bared back across them, and the pitiless pedagogue dealt me fifty of his severest blows in rapid succession, then lifting me up by the arm, and giving me a shake that made me stagger, said he would “teach me to go a-fishing again of a morning.”

Scarcely had I donned my coat, and resumed my seat, when the servant entered in great haste, and announced that a strange gentleman had arrived to visit the school. Quick as thought the rod was hid, and the forms shoved back to their places; and, when the visitor entered, the angry frown upon the doctor's face was exchanged for such gracious smiles, that he looked, for all the world, like the benignant Father in Raphael's Holy Family. The usual routine of exhibition was gone through, and a due meed of praise adhibited, when coming up to me, and patting me, in the most kindly way, upon the head, “Edward, my dear,” he said, “will you translate a passage of the gentleman's choosing?” My back was smarting grievously at the moment, and I could feel the warm drops of blood trickling down between my skin and my shirt. I believe I may safely say that my disposition is

not naturally either dogged or vindictive, but I shuddered at the loathsome touch of the hypocritical tyrant, and inwardly vowed revenge. The passage selected was the well-known ode of Horace, commencing

"*Parcus deorum cultor, et infrequens
Insanientis dum sapientie
Consultus erro,*"

and I could perceive a triumphant smile on the doctor's face as it was named, for he knew that none could have been chosen which was more familiar to me. His surprise, therefore, may be imagined, when I commenced reading, in my most monotonous tone, blundering in the quantity at every word. It was in vain that he frowned, and bit his lip, and pinched my toes, and warned me, with a sharp "pay attention, Sir,"—on I stammered, with the most dogged incorrigibility. His dark eye flashed with anger—his shaggy brows began to corrugate—the book trembled in his hand—his whole frame shook with passion; and when I filled up the sum of my misconduct, by commencing to translate in the following classic language—"The park of the gods, not unfrequently cultivated"—he completely lost all command of himself—dashed the book from his hand—gave a stamp with his foot that made the wall shake, and, clenching his fist, gave me a blow that speedily laid me senseless on the floor. The result of the affair I never witnessed: for when sensation returned, I found myself in bed, in a state of burning fever.

Scarcely was I well recovered from the effects of this illness, when I was engaged in another frolic, which ended in my being finally removed from school.

It chanced that one of the boys was the son of a gentleman who resided within about four miles of the town, and was possessed of a handsome manor, well stocked with all sorts of game, and a garden filled with a great variety of fine fruit. To make a regular storm of the premises, and have a day's beating in the cover and reveling in the orchard, had long been projected; but we had never been able to accomplish our design, owing to the dread our comrade entertained of encountering his father when engaged in such an overt act of rebellion. At length the fortunate concurrence of a

whole holiday, and the absence of the gentleman in London, gave us an opportunity of carrying our plans into execution. Accordingly, we made our arrangements, and started, five in number—the heir-apparent of the devoted manor at our head. It was a beautiful morning, in beautiful June. The sun had been up about an hour, and the dew-covered herbs and trees glanced cheerfully in the golden light. Away we trudged, gay in spirits, and buoyant with the expectation of a grand day's sport; treading our way through plantations, topping fences, and scouring fields—for we scorned to plod, like every day mortals, along the parched and dusty highway. To our youthful spirits the scene was beyond description exhilarating. Every pass that was more inaccessible—every leap that was more difficult than another, we were sure to choose; dashing forward, to the infinite danger of our persons, and the detriment of our clothes, with the spirit-stirring cry of "follow the leader." To lend a hand to some unlucky comrade, as he slid down a precipice, or missing his leap, found himself immersed in the water he intended to clear, caused us frequent delays. From these mishaps, however, none of us were totally disabled; and a few scratches, cuts, and bruises formed the amount of our misfortunes; when at length, after a circuitous walk of three hours, we discovered the mansion-house of the demesne we intended to honour—its white minarets "bosomed high 'mid tufted trees," glancing merrily in the rays of the morning sun. To make our devoirs in the drawing-room did not, of course, form any part of our plans; so, following the directions of our guide, we pushed away in a sinuous direction for the dog-kennel. The names of several of the dogs, pronounced by the well-known voice of the young master, soon gave rise to such boisterous notes of recognition from within, that, trembling for our incognito, we rushed forward to open the gates, and set the growling captives free. Firm and fast, however, was every door and wicket locked. It was in vain that we attempted to shake them open—the more we shook, the more noisy grew the canine inmates; till at last the hubbub was loud enough to have shaken the very walls of the

keeper's house, and roused the Cerberus, "slept he never so soundly." There was not a moment to be lost; discovery, at this moment, would have been ruin. It chanced that some carpenters had been engaged the day before in preparing beams for roofing a small pheasantry, several of which were lying scattered about. In an instant one of the heaviest was swinging in our hands—a short run, a hearty push—open flew the main door—out rushed a motley group of pointers, spaniels, greyhounds, retrievers, cockers, and terriers, and a few minutes after found us all hidden deep in the recesses of the neighbouring cover. Guns we had none, nor did we for a moment feel the want of them. Sufficient was it for us that a set of fine dogs were scouring about before us, and obeying our word of command—it was a sight that inspired us with a proud consciousness of manhood. The difficulties, too, we had to encounter, in forcing our way through the tough tangled branches of prickly brambles, and the sharp thorns of dense furze, were not without their charms. The very circumstance of hearing ourselves call out, "Cock! Cock! Mark!" and so forth, as we had often heard our fathers do, was delightful. And then the pheasants and partridges that were flying about in all directions—greyhounds chasing hares, which they speedily lost in the thicket—retrievers plunging through the lake, in pursuit of young water-fowl—terriers grubbing at the entrances of rabbit holes—pointers and setters standing over hidden game—and the little cocker's bell, tinkling cheerily among the brushwood—all formed a scene that realised our most anxious expectations, and placed us, for a time, in an elysium of happiness.

As we anticipated, however, the noise which the dogs made, on our first arrival at the kennel, had roused the watchful keeper, and his astonishment may be conceived when he found the door broken open, and every individual of his charge gone. It was in vain that he inquired from the other servants; their astonishment was equal to his own, and no one could give him any information that might lead to the detection of the robbers. His only resource, therefore, was to follow the prints of the dogs' feet; which, as the dew was still on the grass, he could do

with considerable certainty; and when he had traced us to the forest, the broken boughs of the trees, and empty shells of eggs, served as an excellent guide for his farther progress. We were busily engaged, at the sedgy corner of the wood-embosomed lake, sending our spaniels and retrievers in search of young wild ducks, when, through a long alley or vista of the forest, we descried the portly figure of old Peter bearing down full upon us. This was a sad consummation, and there was nothing for it but swiftness of limb. Starting from the water, in which most of us were plunging middle-deep, we called off the dogs, and hid away, at the top of our speed, in the opposite direction. It was necessary, however, that we should surmount the high bank of the lake, in order to secure our retreat, and we were in this elevated position when the practised eye of Peter caught a glimpse of our party, dogs and all. Presently we heard the shrill note of the whistle. The dogs pricked up their ears at the well-known sound, looked back, and, recognizing the old man, darted off with the most impetuous alacrity to join him, utterly heedless of all the threats and entreaties we employed to detain them. Our practice of the "noble art of ventry," was thus put an end to for the day, but this was no reason why we should give up the other parts of our sport; and, accordingly, making a feint, so as to leave old Peter to conclude that we were clear off, we turned sharp round, and following a somewhat circuitous route, soon found ourselves in the vicinity of the hen-roosts. Here we commenced a system of regular pillage, and it was not long before we had secured every egg and chicken that we could conveniently lay our hands on. Loaden with booty, a council was now held as to the propriety of beating a retreat; but how was it possible to pass the outside of the garden wall, with the chimney-tops of the vinery staring us full in the face, and the branches of some lofty fruit trees waving temptingly in the sunshine? A few steps up a pruning ladder, a light vault, and we stood within the precincts of the garden. All was hushed as death; not an individual gardener within hail. Softly and stealthily we crept into the hot-house, and bagged a quantity of unripe

grapes and hard peaches. A circuit of the gooseberry and currant bushes completed our tour, and we were fortunate enough to make our exit by an open door, undiscovered and laden with an infinite variety of spoil.

With spirits by no means so exuberant, and corporeal vigour somewhat subdued, we now found ourselves on our way back to school. Our pleasure was past, certain punishment to come. Faint and wearily we trudged along the very highway we had so scornfully despised in the morning, and arriving at our destination, were not a little dismayed to find the gates locked and the porter gone. To climb the wall was therefore our only resource; and what was a twelve-foot wall with good niches to *men* who had already braved so many dangers! I being reckoned the best scaler, mounted first; and having assisted the rest to reach the top, we all easily dropped from thence into the yard beneath. Our descent, however, was not managed so cautiously but that it alarmed the vigilant watch-dog, who, accordingly as in duty bound, commenced a deep-mouthed incessant baying. It was in vain that we attempted to pacify him; the more we coaxed, the louder he barked, till at length the uproar became so tremendous that the porter hurried from his booth, with a lighted torch in his hand, to ascertain the cause of the alarm. To have won over the good-natured old Richard would have been no very difficult task; but our wits were brought fairly *au comble*, when we descried the tall figure of the Doctor issue from the house and hurry to the scene of action. There we stood, at once guilty and condemned; our hard-earned booty lying at our feet, and our dew-covered habiliments glancing in the red glare of the blazing torch. The brows of the pedagogue gathered black and stormy; and there was a vindictive smile upon his lips that boded heavy retribution. "So! I've caught you, have I, you robber rascals! Off! Off to your rooms, you shall hear more of this to-morrow!"

Early in the morning, accordingly, we were ordered up for punishment, and underwent, as usual, a round of most severe flagellation. In addition to the pains of the birch, I, as ring-leader, was sentenced to one week's solitary confinement in my room, and

received at the same time the pleasant intelligence that my father should certainly be informed of every thing that had passed.

It was on the third day of my captivity, as I was sitting at my table, puzzling myself in the preparation of the tasks that were allotted me, and brooding over my evil destiny that brought me into so many scrapes, when I was startled by the unwonted sound of wheels, and running to the window, I caught a glimpse of my father's carriage as it drove up to the door. Here then was a consummation to all my miseries. I was pretty certain that the vindictive pedagogue would report nothing but the worst edition of the story, and if so, what had I not to expect from the displeasure of my offended parent. The pain of the birch I could endure, but at the bare idea of seeing my father angry, I trembled; for mild and indulgent though he was in general, he was a man "that in his wrath was terrible." It was the first time in my life that I had ever felt afraid to meet him, and there was something indescribably painful in the feeling. At length I heard his step upon the stair—it entered the corridor—the door of my room opened—and in he stepped, with his usual upright form and measured martial stride. Whenever he entered, my eye caught his; but there was no frown upon his brow, his lips smiled as sweetly as ever, and there was a look of even more than usual kindness in his countenance. That look it was impossible to resist; I sprang from my seat and rushed into his arms. With all the warmth of a father he returned my embrace, and patting me affectionately on the head, "Well, Ned," he said, "I have a sad account of you from your master. But never be afraid, my boy; I don't believe a word of it. I always thought him an ill-tempered sour rascal, and I blame myself for leaving you so long in his clutches. But never mind; its all over now, and I have news that I think will make up to you for all that has happened;" and drawing a paper from his pocket, he put it in my hand. It was a midshipman's appointment in the royal navy; a situation for which I had long been soliciting him to apply, much against his own inclination and the wishes of the rest of the family; and I now thanked him warmly

for having thus unexpectedly acceded to my wishes ; protesting that it was the only profession to which I was warmly inclined, and that he had made me the happiest person in the world.

"Well, well," he replied, "we will speak of that another time. At present proceed to pack up your things with all possible dispatch, for you shall go home with me to-day!"

You may believe I was not tardy in complying with this request. Books, clothes, fishing tackle and cricket bats, and an endless assortment of other varieties, were huddled together into my trunk with the greatest celerity, and in a few minutes we were ready for starting.

"Well, Sir," said the master, as we were taking leave, "I congratulate you on having got him appointed to the navy ; it is the only thing that can ever do him good ; I only fear it is come too late."

"Much obliged to you, Sir," replied my father, sharply, "for giving the boy so fair a character. Of course we are bound to ascribe all his good qualities to the praiseworthy exertions of his preceptor. Come, Ned, my lad, jump up ; good morning to you, Sir !" and the next minute we were snugly seated in the carriage, rolling along to the old and much loved manor-house.

The time I had to spend with my family was limited ; as my father intimated that it would be necessary for me in the beginning of the week following, to start for Chatham, where the ship to which I was appointed was fitting out. Eagerly were the few days

I had to remain employed by my mother and sisters in attempting to persuade me to renounce the idea of going to sea. Every argument that affection or ingenuity could suggest was used. The horrors of the tempest were painted in the most vivid colours, with all its accompaniments of thunder, and lightning, and rent rigging, and shivered masts, and the labouring ship tossed to and fro among waves far higher than the Malbourn Mountains. I was told of the oppressive usage practised by the captain and officers on the poor midshipmen ; how they were oftentimes confined like eagles on the pinnacle of the mast, and kept there for weeks together without food ; how they were obliged, during the cold bleak night, to walk alone up and down the pitch-dark deck ; how, if they chanced to fall asleep on their posts, they were tied by the neck, and flogged for a whole blessed hour without stopping ; how they got nothing to eat but great round lumps of unboiled salt beef, and how they had to sleep in a bag not much bigger than a Carlisle peck. But it was all in vain. The appointment had been procured at my own urgent request, and nothing on earth could now tempt me to relinquish it.

At length the day of my departure arrived ; and steeling my heart as well as possible, in order that no tear should be seen, or sigh heard, which might be construed into repentance, I went through the parting scene with a tolerably unconcerned demeanour, and started in company with my father for Chatham.

CHAP. II.

MY FIRST CRUISE.

"The breezes freshen, and with friendly gales
Kind Phæbus fills the wide-distended sails :
Cleft by the rapid prow, the waves divide,
And in hoarse murmurs break on either side."

TICKEL.

Our first care on arriving at Chatham was to wait on the port-admiral, who was a very old friend of my father. We were most kindly received.

"So *your'e* appointed to the *Hesperus*, my lad," (he said to me)—the happy *Hesperus*. Well, I wish you joy. To say you sail under Captain Morley, is

to boast of having one of the finest fellows in the service for your commander. I hope," he continued, turning to my father, "you have no engagement for this evening; I expect Morley to dinner, and shall be very happy if you and your son can join the party." My father expressed his readiness to do so; and after a little farther conversation, we took our leave.

To a raw boy not ten days from school, the idea of dining with a man of the port-admiral's consequence was not a little formidable; however, I made no complaints, but slipping on my silk stockings, drove down with my father at the time appointed. On our arrival, we were ushered into a large and elegantly furnished room, but much to my relief, found none of the company assembled. Soon after we had seated ourselves, the port-admiral entered, dressed in full uniform; his wife, a most beautiful woman, leaning on his arm. It is not to be supposed that Dr. Birch's* flagellatory system of education was altogether the best calculated for producing Chesterfields—so after shaking hands with the ad-

miral, and being presented to his lady, I made very little scruple of turning round and proceeding to examine a splendid engraving of the battle of La Hogue which was hanging on the wall. One after another the company arrived; and each time the door opened I felt a sort of nervous trepidation lest the dreaded captain should be ushered in. At length I did hear the servant announce, in a loud articulate tone, "Captain Morley!" Rivetted on the door-way, as he entered, were my anxious eyes, and certainly they encountered no very appalling spectre. He was a man apparently between thirty-five and forty years of age, rather above than under the middle size, with a remarkably intelligent expression of countenance, a dark sparkling eye, fine auburn hair, and a complexion bronzed, more perhaps by hard service than by nature. Round his lips and eyes there played a peculiarly pleasing smile, which I afterwards found was habitual; evidently not one of those smiles by which the poet tells the cheek may be tinged

Though the cold heart to ruin run darkly the while;

but such a smile as beams in its loveliness in the face only of the kind and benevolent. His figure was powerful and gracefully formed; and his well-turned athletic limbs were displayed to advantage by the long white-silk stockings which constituted, at that time, an essential part of the full-dress naval costume. Altogether there was something about his appearance extremely prepossessing. He was one of those enviable men whom a person can't help liking at first sight.

As soon as he had paid his devoirs to the principal persons in the room, I was led up to him in a most formal manner by the worthy admiral, and introduced as one of his midshipmen. Awkwardness and *mauvaise honte* caused me at first to feel not a little nervous before him; but the gentle kindness of his manner, and the affability of his address soon restored my confidence, and made me feel quite at ease in his presence. The evening was spent in a course of most agree-

able conversation, during which I performed the part of a delighted listener; and my father and I returned to our hotel, charmed in every respect with the gallant commander.

Next day was spent in making the necessary arrangements; and on the succeeding morning I shook hands with my father, and went on board. At first, everything went on tolerably well; I found my brother middies on the whole very agreeable, and as a mark of kindness to the "young bear," I was invited to dine in the gun-room with the officers. Towards evening, however, it was evident that some plot was hatching; for when I came up from the gun-room I observed a great deal of whispering, winking, and nodding going on among the "youngsters," all of which I was satisfied, from the significant glances I encountered, referred to me. I, however, took no notice of anything, but began to chat away, quite unconcernedly, upon indifferent topics, and soon overheard one

* Not Dr. Birch of Rugby.

of them say something to another, in which the words "his hammock" were distinctly audible. Upon this hint I acted; and having walked the deck till all the rest were "turned in," I slipped gently to my berth, removed the bed-clothes, and carrying them to a snug corner of the deck, lay very contentedly down to sleep. I had not been long in this situation when I heard one of the midshipmen leave his bed, and presently, by the light of the moon, I descried him gliding stealthily in his night-shirt towards my empty hammock, with a large clasp-knife open in his hand. Of his design I could not form the most remote idea, but the circumstances were certainly sufficient to give rise to strange surmises. Cautiously, and on tip-toe, he crept along till he reached the hammock, then stretching upwards his armed hand, he suddenly severed the cords by which it was suspended, and down upon the deck it came with a heavy fall. This accomplished, he closed the knife and returned to bed, laughing and chuckling all the way as he passed along. When all was again quiet, I got up, knotted my lanyards, and hanging up my prostrate hammock, got into it, and soon fell fast asleep. In the morning all the middies flocked round, and asked me jeeringly how I had spent the night.

"Extremely well on deck," I replied, "until you performed the ceremony of cutting down my hammock—and very snugly in my hammock, when I had once more got it securely hung."

This trick procured for me the soubriquet appellation of "Wide-awake," by contraction "Widoe," which adhered to me afterwards in every ship in which I served.

While we continued hulked at Chatham, time went on dully enough; and what rendered matters worse, the captain not being come on board, we were left under the command of the first lieutenant;—without exception one of the most disagreeable fellows that ever trode a quarter-deck. No man could have been found more thoroughly calculated to create disgust at the profession than Mr. Settler. He was a tall, stout, heavy-made man, with a hard-featured plebeian face, long lank sandy hair, yellow freckled complexion, thin red whiskers, and sleepy grey eyes. In the general expression of his countenance there was something extremely forbidding. It seemed to indicate a most unpropitious mixture of low cunning, bad temper, ill-breeding, and overbearing arrogance;—just such a countenance, in short, as that to which Martial applied the celebrated line,

"Rem magnam præstas, Zoile, si bonus es."*

Although utterly disqualified, both by nature and education, for moving in the sphere of a gentleman, he was constantly endeavouring to act the great man, and to impress others with a magnificent idea of his importance. Thus, though it was pretty generally known on board that he was the son of no more dignified a personage than a common country horse-dealer, he was never done talking about the splendid pack of fox-hounds his father kept in Shropshire, and the exquisite equestrianism of his aunt Diana—a sempstress, I believe in Shrewsbury, who had frequently, he said, in a close-run field, taken the lead of Lord——himself. Towards his inferiors he was tyrannical and overbearing, towards his superiors

dogged and sullen. He was at once detested and despised by all.

The mission on which he despatched me, the second evening after my arrival on board, will serve to illustrate his character.

I happened to be on duty during the second dog-watch,† and had just been relieved, when I met Mr. Settler coming up from the captain's cabin.

"Mr. Lascelles, Sir," he said, "you will immediately take the second gig with four men, and proceed to the quay main-stairs. When there, see that you don't quit your post for an instant, but lie close in at the landing-place, until the arrival of a friend of mine, whom you are to bring on board. You will recognise the individual by

* "With every symptom of a knave complete,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish cheat."

† The second dog-watch continues from six to eight in the evening.

the pass-word 'stand clear.' Dispatch, Sir, and on your peril shew your lubberly face here without having accomplished your errand."

It was a wet gusty night, and the misty twilight had given place to total darkness, when we pulled up to the quay. A dim, solitary lamp, which twinkled at the top of the landing-place, threw a narrow stream of glistening light down the wet steps, scarcely tipping with its tiny beams the ledge of the boat and more prominent parts of our figures. A few watermen still plied their craft up and down the river, and served somewhat to relieve the monotony of the scene, by the frequent and warm altercations that ensued as they jostled against each other in the dark. On the quay not an individual was stirring. The rain descended in torrents, and was driven bitterly against us by intermitted gusts of eddying wind; we wrapped our pea-jackets closely round us, drew our hats over our brows, and folding our arms on our breasts, sat in dogged resignation, still and motionless. Twice since our arrival had the bell of the dockyard clock warned us of the lapse of another hour, and still no appearance of our charge. To think of leaving the place without him was in vain; I knew too well what I had to expect from Mr. Settler, if I dared so far to disobey his orders. To continue in waiting was our only alternative, even though it should be till morning.

Towards half-past eleven o'clock, the rain ceased; we shook the water from our clothes, and continued sitting in "patient expectation" for another tedious half-hour, but still no tidings of our tarrying passenger. At length, amid the universal stillness, we thought we could discern the sound of an approaching foot-step. Nearer and nearer it came, and presently we were hailed by a somewhat rough but not strong voice;—"boat ahoy!"

"Hilloa!" I replied; and immediately, to our utter surprise, a middle-aged female, arrayed in a dress of rusty silk, and carrying a ponderous umbrella in her hand, descended the stairs.

"Pull closer to the steps, you young spalpeen, will you, and take me on board."

"We have no directions to take you on board;—pray, who are you, madam?"

"What the devil's that to you!" she replied. "Stand clear, you Lilliput, or I'll drive you into the water, I will;" and, with a light spring, she suddenly threw herself into the boat, and the next moment was snugly seated alongside myself in the stern sheets. "Now pull away, my boys; we'll have a glass of grog together when we meet on shore. Stand clear's the word! Stretch out, you lubbers!" The men lay to their oars, and in a few minutes we delivered our fair cargo in charge to the enamoured and amiable lieutenant.

Mr. Settler, however, was the only exception—in our other officers we were extremely fortunate. The second lieutenant, Mr. Strangway, who has, I believe, been designated elsewhere, "the straight-forward fellow," was a gentleman by birth and in feeling; a gallant officer; generous and gentle in his disposition; brave almost to recklessness; famed for his great activity in emergencies, and his daring in danger. At the time of which I speak, he was a man about twenty-nine years of age, with a dark complexion, fine features, an extremely pleasant expression of countenance, slight, but very athletic figure, and taper aristocratic hands. His favourite amusement, when in a lounging humour, was sitting in the gun-room, or his own cabin, with an old fiddle in his hand, which, though often reduced to the desperation of one string, he still caused to discourse most eloquent music. With the officers and men, at sea and on shore, Strangway was an universal favourite. Our third lieutenant, Mr. Wetherall, a big stout man, about forty-five years of age, had nothing very remarkable about him, except that he was good-natured, cheerful, obliging, and unassuming. As a midshipman he had been taken prisoner in France, and confined for several years in a French dungeon—a captivity of which he was very fond of narrating the history. He was a good steady officer, and always at his post. Our marine officer, Mr. Granger, was a remarkably spruce, gentlemanly little fellow, about twenty-six years of age, very nice in his dress, and somewhat effeminate in his habits; constantly complaining of the discomforts of the ship, the state of the weather, and so forth. He was, however, an extremely good-hearted friendly fellow, and not devoid of talent in his peculiar way

Strangway usually denominated him "his jolly little sea-troop." The master, Mr. Black, was a strong-built, round little man, about forty-two; an excellent sailor, but apt to get a little testy if any one presumed to differ from him on points of nautical tactics. His usual mode of closing an argument in which he was worsted, was by striking his fist on the table, and calling out—"Steward, bring me a glass of grog; d—n this!" He was possessed of a great deal more general information than usually fell to the lot of officers of his rank; but, notwithstanding, had by no means divested himself of the many petty prejudices which are said to characterise the profession. He could not, for example, endure to hear any one whistle on board, and the maltreatment of a cat would drive him furious. The whistlers he generally endeavoured to silence by the significant question—"Hav'n't we enough of wind already, think ye, Sir?" In the person of the jolly little Mr. Sands, we possessed the very prince of pursers. He was a short man, of an extremely stout square make, with a bald shining head, large black whiskers, round pleasant countenance, and merry sparkling black eyes. Unlike the generality of men in his station, he was extremely well-bred and gentlemanly in his demeanour, liberal in his sentiments, and refined in his tastes; and, as a consequence of all these good qualities, a particular favourite of every one on board, and a great intimate of the captain. On his face there was, invariably, a pleased good-humoured smile; and you might hear him, in all weathers, trollying forth some favourite song as he sat in the cabin, making up his books. The fiercer the blast blew, the louder rose the mellow pipe of the jolly Sands. The boatswain, Mr. Parsons, was a fine bluff-looking seaman, who was fond of asserting the dignities of his office, and used to call the fore-castle his quarter-deck. "Get you to *your* quarter-deck," he would sometimes say, good-naturedly, to a lounging middy—"Get you to *your* quarter-deck; I'm on *mine*!" He was, with all this, however, an excellent sailor, and extremely civil and obliging. As for our midship-

men, they were, for the most part, very fine fellows; though there are, of course, exceptions to every general rule. On the whole, we were certainly extremely fortunate; and such was the harmony and good-fellowship which throughout prevailed among our officers, that the ship was universally known in the service by the name of "THE HAPPY HESPERUS."

In the course of about a week after my arrival on board, our fitting out being completed, we left the Medway, and proceeded to Portsmouth. While here, the crew received two months pay in advance, and, in consequence of this, it became necessary to use every possible precaution to prevent desertion. A few days after our arrival at Portsmouth, we again weighed, and sailed for Cowes. On the morning we left Spithead, I was ordered to take the jolly-boat, with four men, to bring some holystones* from Southsea beach. Before starting on this mission, I had strict injunctions given me to see that none of my crew deserted while on shore; and truly when I contrasted my own puny figure with the muscular frames of the great stalwart fellows I had to control, the post seemed one of not a little peril. However, I put a bold face on the matter, and, seating myself at the helm, we left the ship, and soon arrived at our destination. The taking in of the stones was pretty heavy work, and kept us all fagging severely for a couple of hours; two men and myself on shore gathering the masses from the beach, and two stowing them away in the boat. At length, when the cargo was completed, I jumped on board, ordering the two men who had been gathering, to push off the boat and follow me.

"Indeed, master," said one of them, "we'll push off the boat for you, and welcome; but, as to following you, the devil a foot of ours 'll ever touch the main-deck of the Hesperus again."

"Then, if that be the case, Jack," rejoined one of the fellows in the boat, "it's never Jem and myself that are going back alone. Is it Jem?"

"I be d—d if it be," said Jem sullenly, and very coolly began to resume

* A sort of soft porous stone, used in scrubbing the decks, over which sand and water are first sprinkled.

his jacket, which he had thrown aside for convenience in working.

I found there was not a moment to be lost. Starting from the place I had taken at the tiller, I rushed forward, drew my dirk, and placing one foot firmly on the gunwale of the boat, lifted my weapon in the air, and declared I would stab the first man who attempted to leave me. The two who were on the beach, taking alarm, I suppose, at the sight of the bare weapon, gave the boat a sudden push. Like a duck she slid into the water, and in an instant was out of soundings. The wind was from the shore, the tide favourable, and, setting all sail, we speedily made the ship, which was by this time dropping down to Cowes.

On my arrival on board, I was severely taken to task for allowing the two men to escape; and I believe it was for some time seriously under consideration whether or not I should be forthwith dismissed the service for such an offence. That I was not, was looked upon as an act of great leniency exercised towards me, on account of my youth and inexperience. For my own part, I never could understand how, under such circumstances as I have described, a boy of thirteen could possibly prevent four strong grown men from deserting, if they thought proper to do so; and yet there are few naval men who will not tell you that I *might* have prevented them, had I been sufficiently vigilant.

At Cowes, on the 27th July, 18—, we finally weighed, and left the white cliffs of Old England, for the dark waters of the Atlantic. With a pleasant breeze we dropped down the channel, and soon lost sight of land. The "world of waters was now our home," and at first, I must confess, I found it a very cheerless and solitary residence. Away we bore, sometimes in tempest, sometimes in calm; touching at the lovely shores of Teneriffe, and steering for the lone isle of St. Helena, where we were to receive instructions as to our ultimate destination. It was on a lovely autumn evening, in nine degrees south latitude, and three east longitude, that we were going steadily along, at the rate of six or seven knots—a moderate breeze upon

our larboard quarter. All around, the usual indications of continued fine weather were observable—the soft undulated surface of the water was slightly curled—the sky overhead was clear and cloudless—and the sinking rays of the evening sun diffused over the western horizon a broad flood of ruddy light. The sentinel had struck two bells of the second dog-watch*—groups of the men were assembled on the forecastle, to enjoy the genial serenity of the evening—Strangway and Sands paced the quarter-deck, side by side, and I leant listlessly over the bulwark, watching the ripple of the water, as it was reflected from the stately sides of the vessel. The burning heat of a tropic sun had induced an apathy, which caused all the "idlers" of the time to encourage an unusual degree of listless langour. The portly Mr. Parsons stood, with folded arms, leaning against a gun on the forecastle, and gazing on vacuity—even the tuneful voice of the jolly purser was mute; and, save the occasional creaking of the spars, the sighing of the breeze among the shrouds, and the slight murmur incidental to the usual routine of duty, there was nothing to interrupt the sleepy stillness.

It was customary for Captain Morley, especially on such evenings as the present, when the steadiness of the weather relieved him, in some degree, from the anxiety consequent on his situation, to assemble the midshipmen in his cabin, where he would kindly explain to them some difficulty in the ship's reckoning, or cause them to read aloud to him, by turns, such books of instruction or entertainment as he thought proper to put into their hands. Their diligence and good elocution were frequently rewarded on such occasions with supper and a glass of grog at his own table, or sometimes even with a hand at whist. To some rigid disciplinarians, perhaps, such a practice may appear highly derogatory to the dignity of a commander. But Captain Morley was one of those who conceived that good discipline was not incompatible with kindness, or even with considerate indulgence; and while the mildness of his deportment gained for him the devoted attachment both of his officers and men, the respect due to his situ-

* Seven o'clock, p. m.

ation was never for a moment forgotten; and his behests were invariably attended to with that emulous alacrity which is only observable when the sense of duty is mingled with a sentiment of esteem.

Accordingly I had not long continued to watch the rippling waters, when I was summoned below. I found the captain in the after-cabin, sitting in a careless attitude in the corner of the sofa. One hand held a book, and was resting on the ledge; the other, on which his head was listlessly reclined, was partly hidden among the dark tresses of his hair. The rich mellow rays of the setting sun streamed gorgeously through the stern windows, tipping with their ruby light the bullion of his epaulets, and throwing what painters term a broad light and shadow

over his face and figure. Two of my brother midshipmen, who had been summoned for the same purpose as myself, were just taking their seats as I entered.

After some general conversation, on subjects more immediately connected with the business of the ship, Captain Morley opened the book he held in his hand, and, presenting it to me, requested that I would read some passages from it aloud. It was a copy of "Coleridge's Poems," and I found it open at that beautiful creation, 'Christabel.' In the perusal of this book I knew the captain took great delight, and I commenced to read in my very best style of intonation. I had already got as far as the entrancing description of the mysterious lady, "in the touch of whose bosom there dwelt a spell," and had just given out the concluding lines—

"I guess 'twas frightful there to see,
A ladye richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!"

when Captain Morley suddenly started from his reclining posture, and leant forward, with an expression of extreme anxiety in his face, watching apparently the repetition of some sound that had alarmed him. I paused; and for a moment there was a death-like silence; but at length the extreme and anxious tension of his features gradually relaxed, he sunk back into his former attitude, and without remark on either side, I continued my reading. I had not, however, proceeded far, when I was again interrupted by his springing suddenly to his feet. For one instant he remained stationary, in an attitude of extreme attention—his hand a little raised, as if to command silence—his brows knit, his eyes fixed, and his lips slightly separated; then snuffing the air, with eager impatience he rushed out of the cabin.

I knew Captain Morley to be a man of the very firmest nerve, and greatest promptitude in cases of emergency. Never taken unawares—always prepared for whatever might happen, he was wont to behold the approach of tempest or battle, how unexpected soever, with the same calm serenity of countenance with which he paced the quarter-deck in sunshine and safety. His conduct on the present occasion, therefore, struck me as the more remarkable. There was a wild expres-

sion about his face, and a hurried trepidation in his movements, which I had never before witnessed—a mixture of alarm and anxiety for which I was totally at a loss to account.

I did not, however, remain long to consider the probable causes of his sudden disappearance, but dashing down my book, followed him hastily out of the cabin.

On reaching the main-deck, the first thing that caught my bewildered sight was the captain's coat lying in the lee-scuppers; the very coat he had worn two minutes before in the cabin. I snatched it up, and stood for a moment lost in a maze of wild conjectures. What could have happened? The uniform coat in such a situation, notwithstanding Captain Morley's known punctiliousness in all matters of etiquette! was it possible that that raised look, and apparently causeless trepidation could have arisen from any mental —; the very thought of such an event was dreadful. I looked anxiously around in all directions, in search of some source of explanation; nor was I kept long in suspense. First I heard an indistinct murmur rising forward from the lower deck,—then an inarticulate sound,—and at last, spoken by twenty voices at once, the awful announcement—Fire!

At sea, and for the first time, who

that has heard that cry can ever forget it! It is still ringing like a death-knell in my ears; and though many summers have since passed over my head, the events of that night are still as fresh in my memory as if they were the occurrences of yesterday. Many leagues from the nearest point of land; our boats insufficient to carry one fifth of the crew, and at best totally unfit to live for a day in those seas, if the weather became at all unpropitious, we had nothing to look for but death in one or other of his most appalling forms! It was a fearful alternative!

My first impulse, I know not why, was to rush on deck. I found it almost entirely deserted. On the first alarm, men and officers had pressed eagerly forward to ascertain the extent of the evil; and, saving the man at the helm, and Mr. Sands, the purser, who was pacing up and down the quarter-deck with a look of determined resignation, not an individual was to be seen.

"For God's sake, Mr. Sands, where's the fire, Sir?"

"In the boatswain's store-room, Sir. Another hour, and there will not be a man left to tell the tale."

"The boatswain's store-room!" I repeated, as the thought flashed across my mind that nothing but a thin bulkhead divided this room from the powder magazine.* "The boatswain's store-room! Then no earthly exertion can save us!"

"Of course not, Sir," replied Sands; and pointing forward, he directed my attention to a thin column of white smoke that now began to issue from the fore-hatchway. Uncertain what to do, or which way to turn, I stood and gazed upon this harbinger of our destruction, as it rose slowly up behind the shelter of the booms, and then, caught by the breeze, was carried away in eddies, and dissipated on the face of the waters. The sound of the drum beating to quarters was the first thing that roused me, and in obedience to the summons, I hurried instantly to my station below.

The scene here soon became one of extreme activity. The firemen of the foremast guns handed in water from

the main-deck ports, while those of the after guns cleared the magazine and got the gunpowder on deck, where it was stowed abaft the mizen-mast, ready to be thrown overboard, in case the fire should obtain the mastery. At the fore-hatchway, where he commanded a full view of the main and a partial one of the lower deck, stood our gallant commander, without coat or hat, issuing orders and giving directions. Strangway took charge of the men beneath, and directed the play of the engines. The fire now raged with fury, and at every fresh discharge of water, sent up thick suffocating gusts of vapouring smoke. The stores in the room—ropes, canvass, tarpaulings, and so forth—being of a very combustible nature, gave additional impetus to the flames, and it became a matter of the utmost importance that as many of them as possible should be removed. With a rope fastened round his waist, and a hatchet in his hand, our gallant boatswain made repeated descents on this perilous mission, and was as often dragged out in a state of total exhaustion and insensibility. I shall never forget the scene that presented itself to me as I stepped forward to the top of the hatch to deliver an order from the captain. Within the burning store-room, his figure enveloped in dense smoke, but at the same time clearly relieved against the red glare of the flame, stood the gallant Parsons, breaking open the lockers with his hatchet, and tearing down stores of all kinds from the shelves. The heavy stroke of the axe, and the crashing of the breaking boards, mixed strangely with the crackling sound of the fire, and the hissing of the water. Vigorously, for a few minutes, did the noble little fellow wield his uplifted hatchet and tear asunder the boards of the lockers. Gradually, however, his stroke became feebler and more feeble, until at length, completely overcome by the scorching heat and suffocating smoke, he reeled, fell, and was dragged insensible on deck.

For two hours did we labour incessantly, but in vain. The fire was gaining so rapidly, that the stream of water from the engine very soon lost

* Being a young sailor at the time, I was not aware that the *Hesperus*, being a frigate of the class denominated *Jackass Frigates*, had no magazine forward.

almost entirely its effect. As a last resource, therefore, the lower deck was scuttled, and water was brought in buckets, and poured, through the openings, down upon the raging element. At first this appeared to produce a good effect, as the strength of the flame was evidently subdued; and, in the hope of extinguishing it entirely by one large volume of water, Strangway ordered the men to fill all the buckets, and pour their contents at the same moment through the deck. This was accordingly done; but, to the astonishment of every one, a fresh flash of fire, accompanied by a dense volume of smoke, followed the discharge. The men, for an instant, stood aghast—the empty buckets in their hands. Strangway seemed uncertain how he was next to proceed, and the captain bent over the hatchway above in considerable consternation. A slight murmur among the men succeeded this momentary pause. It seemed to refer to getting the boats in readiness; and the practised ear of the captain instantly caught its purport. He started, as if struck by lightning.

"Send the carpenter here!" he exclaimed, in a voice almost amounting to a scream, and immediately the carpenter was at his side.

"Go on deck, Sir—render every boat unfit for sea!—and now, men, we shall sink or swim together!"

A single round of hearty cheers followed this declaration; and in a minute all were again busily occupied.

Scarcely, however, had the axe been laid to the first boat on the booms, when Strangway called up the hatchway to announce that the fire was nearly extinguished. The last flash of flame and cloud of dense smoke had been the expiring struggle of the devouring element as the great volume of water fell on some vital part. By a little active exertion the firemen in a few minutes succeeded in getting it entirely under, and very soon nothing remained of the conflagration but the vapoury smoke which arose from the smouldering embers.

Such of the stores as were not consumed were now got up on deck, where they were spread out and examined, in case any latent spark might still be lurking among them. All, however, being reported safe, the retreat was beat, the starboard watch set, and

an universal silence speedily prevailed, which contrasted strangely with the previous bustle. I well remember, it was my middle watch; and shall I be ashamed to acknowledge that while I paced the deck during those four solitary midnight hours, I breathed forth more than one thanksgiving to the mighty ruler of all things, who had thus so mercifully interfered in our behalf!

Next morning, when I left my hammock and went on deck, I found everything in its usual order. The gunpowder and other stores had been removed below, the decks and hatchways were newly washed, and, saving that a strong smell of burning still lingered about the main and lower-decks, no one could have imagined that so shortly before, the ship was on the eve of perishing by fire. I stepped forward on to the gangway, and found Darby Mullins, the carpenter's mate, busy repairing the boat he had disabled the previous evening.

"Good mornin' to your honour," said he, touching the little bit of tarpaulin hat, as I passed; "I'm glad to see you well and alive after last night's work.—Troth, they would ha' found it indifferent sailing that trusted themselves to this gig, anyhow."

"Why, Darby, I suppose if you had had a few minutes longer you would have scuttled every boat upon the booms."

"Fait! and wid all my heart and soul, your honour. Och, it was like a rale gentleman in the captain, to tell us all to sink or swim thegider!—Japers! he's none of your big-wigs, who are afraid of being seen in honest folk's company!—But, who does your honour think 'll be sarved out for the doing of it—bad cess to him for that same?"

"I can't tell, Darby, it's no business of mine, nor yours either, I trust."

"Thrue for you, thrue for you, your honour; only I couldn't help axing about it, for Mister Parsons has been saying that the captain's been after making vestigashins, and we'll hear more about it yet."

"Darby Mullins," said I, "mind you your mallet and your chizzel, and leave the captain to take care of his own matters."

"Thrue for you again, your honour; so I'll just be after patching up this big hole myself was so handy at

"making;" and he again set to plying his hammer with redoubled assiduity.

Whatever investigations the captain had instituted, with regard to the individual with whom the fire had originated, the result was totally unknown except to the parties concerned. That due enquiry had been made, however, we all felt quite assured; for the crime was one of a very serious nature, and not likely to be overlooked by so strict a disciplinarian as Captain Morley. Nay, when the systematic arrangement of everything on board, and the correct information the captain usually had of whatever passed in the ship, was considered, it seemed extremely probable that the guilty person had been detected. It was not, therefore, matter of astonishment to myself or any one else, when at six bells in the forenoon, all hands were turned up for punishment. In the fore-part of the quarter-deck stood Captain Morley, dressed in full uniform, holding a folded paper in his hand, apparently the articles of war. Near him were the different officers, in cocked-hats and side-arms; and a little farther removed, the men. All was now anxiety as to the culprit; and there was a general murmur of regret and surprise, when Richard Elkins, the boatswain's yeoman, was called forward and committed to the custody of the master-at-arms. If there was one man on board the *Hesperus* a greater and more general favourite than another, it was Elkins. Civil and obliging to his superiors, kind and friendly to his equals, an excellent seaman, and always ready at the call of duty, he was respected and beloved both by officers and men. During the war he had been engaged in the hottest of the fray, and bore many honourable wounds in testimony of his gallantry. Repeatedly had he led the van of his comrades in boarding the enemy;—twice had he, by his prowess, and at great personal risk, saved the life of an officer; and on one occasion he swam to the admiral with despatches when the iron shower of balls and grape fell so thick that no boat could be trusted on the water.

The captain, having read before an uncovered audience, the clause in the articles of war which related to the

crime, folded up the paper, and with a tone of deep emotion addressed the unhappy man nearly in these words:

"Richard Elkins! through your carelessness yesterday the ship was nearly destroyed by fire; and your shipmates have only been saved from the most dreadful of deaths, by the merciful intercession of that Being before whose awful throne you had nearly hurried them. You have broken the articles of war, having, in direct opposition to orders, removed a lighted candle from the lanthorn in which it was placed for safety, and fastening it to a beam, left it burning in that situation when you went to supper.* In consequence of this act of disobedience and neglect on your part, the fire broke out in the boatswain's store-room. Is this the case, Sir, or is it not?"

"It is, Sir!"

"I therefore, consider it my duty to punish you, as an example to the rest of the crew; and much do I regret that one who is in every respect so deserving a man, should have incurred so severe a penalty.—Strip, Sir!"

Without a syllable in his own defence, or a single plea for mercy, he took off his coat and shirt, and his brawny wrists were tied to the gratings. One only appeal he made, but not in words; it was merely an expressive glance of his eye, by which he seemed to request the intercession of his officers and comrades. The benevolent commander marked that glance, and it was reflected back from his own countenance, as if he wished to second the appeal. But in vain; no one spoke, for all knew that the offence was too heinous to be forgiven.

The boatswain had taken off his coat, preparatory to giving the first dozen—the cat was ready in his hand—the stiff figure of the master-at-arms stood by, prepared to record the stripes, and the captain paced to and fro upon the deck, chucking into the air a small bunch of keys—his common practice when he was agitated. After making several turns of the quarter-deck, he at length stopped, and every one expected that he was about to give the signal to commence. For a moment he stood gazing on the culprit;

* Four o'clock, p. m.

it was an interval of the most anxious suspense, and all eyes were eagerly fixed upon him. At last, turning towards the boatswain, he raised his hand gently upwards, and gave the unexpected order—"Cast him off!"* In an instant the bonds fell from the poor fellow's arms, and he stood, unshackled and undisgraced, among his comrades.

"Elkins!" said the captain, "I cannot flog you; it is not twenty-four hours since God forgave us all; it is

meet that I should now forgive you. Pipe down, Mr. Parsons!"

Three rounds of such hearty cheers, as made the timbers of the *Old Hesperus* ring again, succeeded this short, but truly eloquent address; and I believe I was not the only one on board who envied our noble-minded commander the grateful applause of the seer within his own breast—an applause which, certainly, he must have that day experienced.

* Unbind him.

THE EVENING WIND.

I come, I come, from the isles of bloom,
Where the citron and olive breathe forth perfume;
Where the wood-birds sing on the leafy pines,
And the dew falls soft on the clust'ring vines;
Where the skies are bright as a Peri's dream,
And the silvery founts with lustre gleam.

O'er the billows I rush in my stormy pride,
And I waken to tumult the slumbering tide,
The tall ship speeds o'er the heaving foam;
And the mariner dreams of his island home,
Of his father's cot, and the beechen shade,
And the lonely glen where his childhood play'd.

I pass through the woods with a gentle sigh,
And the rustling leaves to my voice reply;
The violet droops in its fragrant cell,
And the myrtle flowers of my presence tell.
Hark! music peals from the joyous rills,
And the fir trees wave on the stormy hills.

Onward I sweep past the mouldering halls
Where the gleam of the sunshine dimly falls;
Where the vassals sat at the festal board,
And loud mirth rang as the wine was pour'd,
And the warrior bard with his wild harp told
The valiant deeds, and the songs of old.

O'er the pilgrim I breathe as he kneels once more
On the shining sands of his native shore;
The captive I pass in my chainless glee,
And his young heart bounds with a rapture free,
And a faint smile lights up his languid eye,
When he hears my voice as I wander by!

R. C. W.

THE SIXPENNY MANIFESTO.

The low priced periodicals of the past year, put forth by Mr. Knight of London, under the patronage of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, have been wound up by a supplementary vindication of ministerial policy, in the shape of a larger number of the Companion to the Newspaper, which purports to be a political retrospect of the year 1833. Those who concur in the prevalent opinion that lowness of price ensures proportionate circulation among the poorer classes, and that a penny broad sheet searches the frame of society more effectually than a shilling pamphlet, would be disposed to arraign the policy which makes this little publication a rather dearer purchase than most others of the cheap family to which it belongs. We consider this rule of descent of circulation in the inverse ratio of price, a fallacy; for we know from observation that the Penny Magazine and the Six-shilling Review exert their main influence on the same parties; and see nothing, in the increased price of the sixpenny supplement, to prevent it following its two-penny predecessors to the tables of men who would willingly expend almost any sum demanded for corroboration of their peculiar views, and encouragement in the prosecution of them.

When we say that we have observed the high and low priced vehicles of Whig opinion exercise their main influence together, we would not be understood to assert that wherever the Penny Magazine penetrates, there also may be found the Times and the Edinburgh Review; but we would express our conviction, that below the level of the latter's circulation, the former, with all its train of petty coadjutors, is of little or no effect. The dogma, that knowledge of any kind is directly conducive to the formation of what are termed liberal sentiments, in the lower orders, seems to be entertained as an undisputed axiom by a great portion of the most influential part of the community. Before proceeding farther, we

must endeavour to justify our dissent from this doctrine, and to show cause for the opinion we again express, namely, that the tone of liberal moderation sought to be imparted to the mass of the people, by the cheap publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, is neither caught nor sought for, below the already existing boundary of Whig sentiment, in the middle classes. One great drawback on the efficiency of the whole plan is, that the Penny Magazine, the intellectual pioneer which is to clear the way of the march, and establish an open basis for the main political operation of the economists, is pushed into its present advanced position by means which are dishonest, derived from sources which must soon become exhausted.

It is circulated by underselling the works it plagiarises; it derives its interest from the plagiarism of that only which is popularly agreeable in each. It is vain to expect the communication of useful knowledge to any extent by such a system. Respectable works are discouraged. The fountain-head of the supply is choked up by the dabblers in the stream. Besides, science is grave, contemplative, difficult of intimate access, offers no approach to her best stores but through a tedious and severe probation, and will not long supply materials of meretricious interest to those, who, although they plunder with impunity her legitimate votaries, can only turn the fruits of their rapacity to profitable account so far as they may chance to hit the fancy of their ignorant abettors.

But let us leave the dishonesty and instability of the Penny Magazine's resources to able hands already occupied with their exposure, and proceed, not to dispute the axiom that "knowledge is power," supposing knowledge to be imparted, but to join issue with the dogma that the "smattering of heterogeneous knowledge administered by the publications of Mr. Knight, is conducive to the formation of liberal sentiment among the lower orders."

Were we to examine the manifesto of the society, whose object is to create this sentiment, for a definition of it, we should say that liberal sentiment is approbation of ministerial measures, of the whole of ministerial measures, and of nothing but ministerial measures. It is liberal sentiment to wrest the representation of Old Sarum out of the hands of a Tory, and to consign that of Huddersfield into the hands of a Whig. It is liberal sentiment to sympathise with the assailed rioters on Manchester Green, and to denounce the same parties on Cold-bath Fields. It is liberal sentiment to cry "agitate, agitate, agitate," and with the same breath to proclaim martial law for agitation. It is liberal sentiment to cog, to shuffle, to prevaricate, to dupe and be duped, to bully and be bullied. It is the perfection of liberal sentiment to be a ministerial Whig. We shall not be required to exonerate the Penny Magazine from the imputation of clearing away the obstacles opposed to the development of such a plan of operations. We must seek another definition of liberal sentiment, not from the practice of Earl Grey's ministry, but from the theory of Earl Grey's principles. Liberal sentiment, then, is unshaken allegiance to the three estates, and investment of all ultimate authority, to the manifest nullifying of two of those estates, in the commons—preservation of the dignity of crown, mitre, and coronet, and prostration of crown, mitre, and coronet, to the *bonnet rouge*—maintenance of order, and invitation of anarchy—moderation in profession, and recklessness in practice. This also is contradiction, and the Penny Magazine would be little complimented by being excused from the charge of preparing the people's minds for the entertainment of such incongruous crotchets.

It is vain to seek a definition from the actions or professions of men who dare not demonstrate, either by word or deed, what they really seek to accomplish. But we all know what liberal sentiment ought to be, and this is enough. Men who are selfish, ignorant, and either stupidly satisfied with an unworthy condition, or madly covetous of a condition incompatible with what reason and experience pronounce a right state of things, should be disinterested, enlightened, contented with

that elevation which they are worthy to attain, and vigilant to preserve whatever order justice and expediency may ultimately sanction as established.

It is a startling leap from the end desired to the means proposed, from the liberal sentiment of a nation of philosophers to the Penny Magazine and the Companion to the Newspaper. Yet these little instruments are looked upon by a respectable portion of the public as no inconsiderable tools in the great work. It is hardly possible to divest the subject of an air of ludicrousness when it presents itself thus contrasted in its parts: but we would not take advantage of a casual open to ridicule, in that which we conceive to be a gravely injurious fallacy. That men can be prepared for imbibing liberal sentiment by confusion of ideas, dissipation of mind, and undue confidence in their competency to all things, is, we believe, at once admitted an absurdity. That those are the effects of mere instruction in the popular parts of the Cyclopaedia, we are far from assuming: for, although we believe that the power of a little learning, ill-digested, and irregularly administered, is very nearly, if not altogether, inefficient for good, still we think this better than the total inertia of ignorance, and say to the venders of cheap knowledge, get it and give it by all honest means, but do not do evil that this, which is hardly a positive good, may come of it. If you cannot come honestly by the baubles which you throw to the people, let the people either do without them, or come and seek the real treasures, in connexion with which only they cease to be baubles, by the legitimate path of unambitious study.

But to the point: that which makes the questionable good of a little learning a positive evil, which dissipates the reason, and inflates the pride of the penny scholar, is the allurements to purchase continually held out, in the understanding between master and pupil, that the multifarious lesson is qualification sufficient for the degree of political philosopher. The Penny Magazine evades the stamp duty by avoiding the discussion of all matters immediately touching church and state; but it omits no opportunity of assuring its readers that they are preparing themselves in the best way to deal fitly with those

institutions, by enlightenment on the subjects it professes to discuss. Every number is an insurance policy of legislative capacity, a pledge of future power. But the confidence begotten by this infallible dispensation overreaches the design of the very men who extend it to the public. The possessors of the penny policy want no man's help in forming their own notions of politics. Hence it is that the Penny Magazine outstrips so far its intended coadjutor the Companion to the Newspaper,—a halting politician, despised by the arrogant idolators of the Palladium. We shall not be required to prove that it must be the reverse of liberal sentiment which rejects the Companion; yet it is a fact, that the Companion is rejected by those who have now for a year back had the Magazine, and rejected, too, for the sake of such competitors as the Crisis and the Gauntlet. But even the Penny Magazine, with all its metreticulous and ill-acquired attractions, makes but a feeble inroad on the class who totally abjure the Companion. It may reach the work-table of the city milliner, or the suburban tailor's lapboard; but it falls far short of the slopped counter of the pot-house, or the dusty window sole of the grimed artizan's garret. There lie the Satirist, the Movement, the Poor Man's Guardian, Taylor's Atheistic Tracts; or—'s Proposals for an Agrarian Law. Impatient hatred of all existing institutions, savage longing for the advent of anarchy, glorying infidelity, that shows equal contempt upon the Deism of Paine and the Christianity of Paley—these are not the characteristics of liberal sentiment; yet these exist here in vigour undiminished by the vicinity of the Penny Magazine. That it and the other members of the cheap family exert an influence on the better classes, we admit; but it is an influence of mere corroboration, not of any directing or modifying efficacy. Even here the mis-called Companion is left behind by its intended associates. The range of the first floor is refused to an intruder of so uninviting an aspect; and the companionless Companion has to carry the whole economy of its definitions, postulates, and vindictory demonstrations, to the solitary study of the already formed but still anxious politician. He who can afford

to devote his time and attention to the statistical study of politics, can well afford to purchase the parliamentary documents from which political economists derive the only legitimate material of their science. To huxter for a two-penny plagiarism of these documents is hardly worthy of the students of that science which now governs the civilized world: but so it is; and the supposed most enlightened classes of the metropolis are not only parties to this piracy on the public purse, but willing abettors of the literary smuggling already alluded to in the case of the Penny Magazine.

But whatever sordidness or dishonesty may attach itself to the circumstances of its getting up and circulation, certain it is, that the Companion to the Newspaper is a Whig manifesto, read by Whig gentlemen, and expressing the opinions of a highly influential class of the community. Let it be remembered that, although circulating mainly among the better orders, this Manifesto is written with the object of being considered as the *vade mecum* of the whole thinking body of the people. From the importance of such a destination, we would be led to expect an able and luminous exposition of these principles, to establish which is the great design of the undertaking. The general doctrine of *juste milieu* occupies, of course, a prominent position. "There are persons," says the Manifesto, "simple enough to be persuaded that it (a *juste milieu*, or Whig government,) must necessarily be of this character, (a mere mixture of opposites, which contradict and neutralize each other,) occupying the position it does. But there is no reason why it should not be quite as definite and positive as either of the other two doctrines, and we believe that it is. It is possible to walk due north, and also to walk due east; but may not he likewise proceed in a direct path who walks towards the north-east? Is the diagonal of a parallelogram not as much a straight line as either the perpendicular or the base? Why, then, may not a *juste milieu* government hold as direct and independent a course as either what we should call in this country a high Tory or a low Radical government?" The position is altogether untenable. Its invalidity lies in the fact, that *juste milieu* is a misnomer, and that the whole argu-

ment is drawn, not from the practice of the government alluded to, but from the arbitrary distinction of the name they have affected. It is a mere juggle of terms, a play upon words, unknown in logic, save as the lowest characteristic of sophistry. "Yes," must be the answer to his question; but "Yes" must also have been its answer had it been proposed thus:—A man may sail due north; he may also sail due east: but may he not also beat up towards the north-east by holding his course alternately on opposite tacks, now profiting by a slant on the starboard, now by a side-wind on the larboard beam? And if he had asked again, Is not this the truer picture of the progress of a *juste milieu* government? "Yes," must again have been the answer of every man with eyes to distinguish between the straight line and the crooked.

We would ask our querist, in return, who stood beyond his own allied *juste milieu* on the right, when Paris was to be environed by ten overawing citadels, or eight millions of Irish subjects to be stripped of the accumulated liberties of seven centuries? Who stood beyond our allied *juste milieu* on the left, when

barricades were still to be removed from the Boulevards, or armies twice as great as that which fought at Waterloo to be disbanded from Birmingham? Nothing short of illustrations from the calculus will integrate such fluxionary anomalies: vulgar geometry is of no avail. The point of bisection is indifferently at either extremity of the divided line. The centre is to be sought in the circumference. The diagonal is alternately perpendicular and base—moderation is extreme on both sides, and principle an argument *ad absurdum*. By the same process of verbal juggling, Toryism might be called the *juste milieu* between monarchical despotism on the one hand, and democratic turbulence on the other. Radicalism might be called the *juste milieu* between Whig exclusivism and destructive anarchy; and if we had arrived at the extreme condition of anarchy itself, we doubt not that the Robespierres and Dantons of the day would denominate their rule the very *juste milieu*, the golden mean between the sordid aristocracy of old Radicalism and the horrors of some unimagined state

"Within the lowest deep, a lower deep
"Still threatening to devour us."

The next most important business of the Manifesto is to review and vindicate the measures of our own government for the past year. We naturally turn our chief attention to the exposition and defence of ministerial policy towards Ireland. We cannot help perceiving with regret, that a tone of impatient contempt is assumed throughout their notice (as, indeed, too generally throughout the liberal press's notices,) of our unhappy and perplexing condition. Ireland's name is totally and invariably omitted, and her crimes and disgrace recorded under the head of Great Britain. Belgium, Portugal, the South American Republics,—no horde too contemptible not to be inserted in their index—but no United Kingdom, no Ireland. This is worse than bad taste, it is the extreme of bad policy. Under this contempt of omission we stand alone; but where the infliction is direct, we have the consolation of suffering, if not in altogether congenial, at least in sufficiently numerous company. Do Tory gentlemen desire to maintain

the Established Church? they are loaded with obloquy. Do dissenting congregations desire to overturn it? they are covered with contempt. Do deeply mortgaged gentry seek to keep out of the Gazette, and to preserve corn law restrictions? they are denounced with frantic invective. Do starving weavers cry out for a cheap loaf and no corn law? immeasurable scorn is showered on their supplication—no sneer too freezing, no sarcasm too cutting for the devoted antagonists of the *latitudinaire milieu*. All is arbitrary partizanship or indiscriminating attack.

The Tory, while above their superior line of demarcation, is a stubborn, truculent, and hateful despot. Let him cross it, and, from the moment he sets foot within the tropics of equatorial wisdom, he is a manly, independent, patriotic, and discreet gentleman. Let him, however, make a single step across the inferior boundary, and he becomes a wretch, a traitor, a bankrupt, dishonest, contemptible destructive. What

renders this sudden loss of temper more remarkable is, that these great boundaries of the three political zones are so uncertain, that a man, apparently occupying the safest position, must be constantly on the look out, lest some unexpected transfer of a tropic should leave him suddenly beyond the pale. To-day Cancer clasps the Pole; to-morrow he contracts his claws—resigns more than a just share of heaven, and shrinks, perhaps, to Capricorn. The sphere we think a happier illustration than the quadrant.

But to return to the exposition of ministerial policy towards Ireland. No farther observations on the Coercion Bill are deemed necessary, than extracts from the speech of Earl Grey, to the effect that an organized society, called the Irish Volunteers, was in existence—that intimidation had been practised at elections—that juries could not be procured to try prisoners—and that nine thousand and two cases of offence against the laws, indicative of a disorganized state of society, had occurred in Ireland during the year 1832. How it became the associate of humble correspondents of Trades' Unions in England, to make the existence of a union, not more dangerous in Ireland, one of the pretexts of such application, we shall not stop to inquire; nor shall we dwell on the nice distinctions to be drawn between the demonstration of liberal sentiment in the shape of a volley of cabbage-stalks and brick-bats, flung by the enlightened electors of Westminster, in

Covent-garden, and the ruffian violence of rebels from Tyrrawly, brandishing Irish bludgeons in the streets of Mayo; neither shall we enlarge on the difficult position in which Mr. Stanley must have found himself, when an alarming redundancy of jurors succeeded that ominous deficiency in the supply here complained of; but we would beg to draw the attention of the reader to Earl Grey's statement of the amount of crime. That statement, compared with the list of crimes in Ireland for the year previous, (in which, be it remembered, the supposed inefficient special commissions took effect,) *exhibits a decrease of nearly three thousand cases.* We here do Earl Grey and his advocates more than justice, in correcting the sum of the list which he read to the house; for that list, as it stands in his speech, shows a decrease of more than *seven thousand* cases from the previous year's amount of crime. Our authority is the report in the House of Commons paper, No. 80, from which the calendars of crime in Ireland, for 1831 and 1832, are copied into the "Companion to the Newspaper" for last July. The calendar of crime for 1831, shows a sum total of 16,877 cases; that for 1832, a sum total of 14,001 cases.* It would appear, then, that Earl Grey was so ignorant of the ground of his demand, that he made a mistake of five thousand in a matter of fourteen thousand, and that the legislature of the United Kingdom was so ignorant of the real state of that part of the empire, on

* Another return (Official Tables I. 145, and II. 89,) states the amounts more nearly equal, but still exhibits a considerable decrease in 1832, not only from the amount of crime in the year preceding, but also from that in 1827 and 1826. The average annual amount of crime for the last ten years in Ireland would appear, from these returns, to have been between 15,000 and 16,000. That a government, with access to this information, should consider 9,000 a "frightful catalogue" in one year, is very extraordinary; but still more strange is the fact, that this utterly inadequate plea was tolerated by the legislature at large. The discrepancies in the official returns of Irish crime are very disgraceful. Robbery of arms, in 1832, is stated in one account at 82, in another at 117. Illegal meetings and riots amount in one to 628—riotous assemblies, in another to 1361. Appearing in arms, in one to 17, in another to 116. Attacks on houses, in one, to 314; in another, to 723; in a third, to 1675.† Such are the "statistics of crime," of which the economists are continually boasting. However, notwithstanding those disagreements in their items, all accounts concur in representing Ireland as much more peaceable in 1832 than in the year before, and make this conclusion inevitable—either a Coercion Bill should have been passed for 1831, or should not have been passed for 1832.

† Even on this highest amount there is a decrease of 619 from the preceding year.

which its members were required to pass sentence of degradation, that they were not sensible of the minister's error; nay, farther, that even if restored to its whole amount of fourteen thousand and one, the list of crime in Ireland for 1832, on which they grounded their reluctant sanction of Earl Grey's measure, would still have not only told in favour of a decrease of crime in Ireland, compared with the preceding year, but would have even gained by comparison with the criminal statistics of England herself, where nearly twenty-one thousand committals are recorded for the year in question. The decrease of crime in Ireland, from 1831, is chiefly conspicuous in illegal meetings—less by thirteen hundred and seventy cases, or more than four times their whole amount in 1832; administration of unlawful oaths, less by eight hundred and eleven cases, upwards of five times their whole amount in 1832; robbery of arms, less by five hundred and sixty-two cases, again upwards of five times the whole amount in 1832; demanding arms, less by one hundred and eleven cases, greatly more than four times their whole amount in 1832; and in the same way in cases of levelling, less by three times their reduced amount; appearing in arms, less by more than a half ditto; firing into dwellings, less by more than half ditto; and robberies, less by more than a fourth ditto.

Little wonder Earl Grey had no stomach for inquiry, either when he declined to issue commissions, on the ground of former inefficiency, or demanded new powers for an evil already considerably reduced without the knowledge even of those who had applied the remedy. A good deal of management is shown in the publication of the awkward document which furnishes these conclusions. The less amount of annual crime is drawn out through five new denominations, so that it presents a much more formidable array of items than its more heavy and compact companion. This excess of

criminal denominations in 1832, is carefully noted in the letter-press, but not a word is said of the decrease of cases under so many heads; for the writer, feeling that a long addition is an ungrateful task, leaves the reader to tot up for himself; merely remarking that "in neither list are the numbers summed." The bill, thus procured, is law, and we fervently hope it may do good. On itself, as a measure, we look with the same clearness as at first, but our eyes are daily opening to the ignorant and insolent incompetency of its framers.*

The Irish Church Bill is the next object of explanation and laudatory comment. If the measure of coercion be but a temporary good, this of church property modification is to be a lasting blessing, "directed to remove for ever some, at least, of the abuses and grievances which were alleged to lie at the root of the dissatisfaction and distress of that portion of the empire." By the abandonment of the 147th clause, this bill has left the Irish Church richer than it found her. While tithes are commuted at a liberal valuation, the claimant has a surer mark for their recovery; and by the abolition of the twenty-one years limit to the lease of bishops' lands, a new interest, available, as they hope, to the amount of from a million to a million and a half, comes within the grasp of her commissioners. As an offset, say the ministerialists, she loses her vestry cess, a vexatious revenue profitably abandoned; for the balance in her favour, by the interests so purchased, is soon to be heavy, in undisputed and hard money in her funds. Financially, then, the church is benefited by the bill, supposing it to be attended with its presumed success; but we augur no such benefit to the other parties concerned.

[Quere—Can the liberty of investment of capital in permanent improvements, raise the value of lands, already in the most flourishing agricultural condition, by six years purchase? If it can, we confess the new church bill will create new

* This must not be twisted to an argument in favour of Repeal. The Irish members betrayed as much ignorance as the English. Had the Irish mob not been the electors of our representatives, there might have been some more knowledge on the subject in the house. As it is, the ignorance of St. Stephen's would be confusion more confused in College-green. Let the Roman Catholics of Ireland erect a hundred pound suffrage, and then talk of Repeal.

wealth to the country: if not, the church will either not be compensated for the loss of the vestry cess, or the tenants will be cheated in the purchasing their perpetuities. That lands, in the immediate vicinity of great towns, such as a stripe of bishop's lands along Lower Baggot-street in Dublin, will be benefited to that amount, we grant; but the great mass of church property is valuable solely for its agricultural produce. All the buildings and fixtures necessary for profitable management of that produce, already exist on it. Mill-sites perhaps are not employed to their full value, but we know of no other natural advantage debarred from beneficial use.

If the people are willing, and can afford to pay six years purchase for the satisfaction of certainty beyond twenty-one years, we cannot object to their spending their money as they please, but, unless the productive value of the land in general be increased to the amount of a million or a million and a half, by the purchased immunity of capital, the country must lose the difference. The fund thus created, although still the nominal property of the church, is so suspiciously disposed of, and indeed so reluctantly abandoned, that it gives ominous evidence of the character of those who have been busied in arraying and making come-at-able the goods of their neighbours. In fact, the church would never have been meddled with, had the intended spoliators not expected to rummage out something handsome for themselves. They have not yet, however, lost hope of appropriating what they had to drop so disappointingly. It lies convenient, in every way, for a second lift, and we fear these ingenious cracksmen will not let it long be property of the church.]

By the operation of the commutatory clauses, the clergyman has a more solvent debtor, a surer mark for the recovery of his tithe; but the landlord has to occupy a position already obnoxious to the inveterate ill-will of the tenant. The odium attached to tithe will, we fear, follow its collection, no matter how disguised, and we apprehend the worse results from thus endeavouring to confound it with rent. While the Roman Catholic farmer sees the Protestant rector supported on the land, he will, never lose sight of the

means which maintain his pastor's rival in his old state and authority. He will trace the guinea of the composition down through the raised rent of the middleman, to his own corn-stook and potatoe-pit, as clearly as when he used to pay the impost in kind. Some one of the eleven guineas which he must now pay for every ten of his old engagement, is to go, no matter by how ingenious a circuit, to the pocket of the Protestant clergyman. Every piece of money will be grudged, where no one piece is specifically marked for the reluctant sacrifice. Rent will partake of the odium of tithe. The claim of the landlord will be met by the sullen resistance offered to the ecclesiastical character, henceforth inseparable from his mixed demand. We apprehend the worst consequences from this confusion. We must believe it to have been the intention of the legislature to throw the whole burthen of the church on the landed proprietor, that they might thus press her only friends into the projected crusade against her: for, with the experience of Irish affairs for the last ten years before our eyes, we never can think them serious in the declaration of their belief that the tenant will be blinded by this clumsy deception, and pay increased rent without suspicion of the purpose of its increase. Some good, however, is to be drawn from every evil. The critical position in which this art has placed the great Irish proprietors, with regard both to their immediate and remote tenantry, may make it advisable for them to exert themselves in counteracting the odium thus gratuitously conferred, by endeavouring to win the good-will of the people, by residence among them.

In the same way, whatever open Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill may have given to the march of revolution, and as we fear, of ultimate dismemberment and bloodshed, they have in this at least been beneficial, that instead of a canvass by proxy, personal and familiar intercourse is growing daily more the interest of the landlord who aspires to represent his town or county in parliament. To return to the Irish Church Reform Bill. It pits the landlord against the clergyman, and the tenant against both. It insidiously tampers with the vested interests of a large body of

industrious farmers. It gives a high and not unreasonable triumph to the Church of Rome, by dealing with her rival as with a rotten corporation, while she defies the temporal power of the world to unsettle the least jot of her discipline. It gives a similar triumph to dissenters over all the empire, who already cite with eager application this interference with one branch as a good example against the other. It weakens the only equally organised opponent of the Papacy in Ireland—Rector no longer withstands, man to man, the efforts of Parish Priest, nor Bishop the apostolic authority of the Doctor of Romish Divinity. The battle must henceforth be left to whatever remnant of the old host of Protestantism may be spared by men notoriously careless of the issue of the contest, and to the irregular operations of another body, already divided against itself, and fast yielding before the high disciplined organization of their triumphant rival.

Such is our view of the Irish Church Reform Bill. Let us now observe that taken in the Manifesto. "By the abolition of the vestry cess, and the commutation of the tithes into a land-tax, it (the church) is relieved from being dependant for any part of its support upon payments extracted from the people, but exists, like any other corporation, upon its own funds and rents. It no longer takes anything out of the pockets of any man in Ireland, whether poor or rich. It may possibly be still subject to objection, as being a useless institution, or as being kept up at too great an expense for the good it does; but it cannot now be rationally said to be in any especial sense, an Irish grievance. Its existence does not cost the people of Ireland anything." Were the work from which we extract this paragraph a thing of no higher pretention than other sixpenny pamphlets, we would not be much surprised at the self-satisfied pertness of its falsehood; but when we find in a production, one of

the acknowledged manifestoes of a great national party of nobles, gentlemen, and traders, absurdity so flagrant, so undisguised, so impudently and flippantly dogmatic, we are astonished and shocked. If the Church of Ireland cost the people of Ireland nothing now, it must have cost them less than nothing before the passing of the bill, for it costs them more now than it then did,* by the difference of value between a million and a half in hand, and an uncertain and vexatious annuity of forty or fifty thousand a-year. If it cost nothing, we cannot conceive how it is still liable to the objection of "being supported at too great an expense for the good it does." If it be not "dependant for any part of its support upon payments extracted from the people," neither landlord nor tenant has any claim to the name of Irishmen; for, says the Manifesto, "proceeding on the principle of this very important and salutary change, the present act provided for the repayment of the advance to be now made to the clergy, by extending the liability of the landlords back to the year 1831, inclusive, and making them the parties from whom the five instalments were (are) to be demanded. Of course they have in turn their remedy against the occupiers of the soil," thus subjecting both parties to the simultaneous exaction of church revenue, and degradation from any rank among the people of Ireland. We were about to speculate on the possibility of the mere labourers of the land, and the attachés at the castle as being meant by the sovereign appellation, but on looking back on the Manifesto we find that this cannot be, for the "Irish church takes nothing out of the pockets of any man in Ireland, whether poor or rich." This narrows the investigation considerably, and we begin to doubt of the existence of such a class as the people of Ireland at all. Did the author hold, as we have been in the habit of believing, that the Irish church took nothing from the people but what was legally and fairly her own,

* We allude to the estimated value of the six years purchase to be paid for church perpetuities; and as the Manifesto grounds nothing on the increased value of the land by capital's free investment, but speculates altogether on this revenue rising out of the fact that they can get at the farmer better than before, we must consider it to intend that the church is to have a merely larger share of the already existing wealth of the country, than she had before.

we might escape the difficulty; but he, perplexing economist, vehemently maintains that the Irish church is a corporation, and that all corporate property belongs to the people at large, so that we have nothing left but to choose our horn of his dilemma—either the Irish people have no share in the public property of the united kingdom, or the Irish people do not exist at all. Liar and idiot as he is, we almost believe him. If we were fit to be called a people, the nobility and gentry of England dare not tolerate this poor wretch's foot-ball play with our name and interests, under the sanction of their patronage. The base coinage of Wood was not more insolently imposed on us than the spurious dogmas of these hired utterers. We do not seek to conceal that we are seriously indignant, not with the writer, but with those whose instruction and guidance have regulated the tone he was to assume, and the sophism he was to employ. We tell these Whig lords and gentlemen that the tone must be altered, or that they must prepare themselves to hear ungracious sentiments in return. We tell them, that although their fraudulent prostitution of our franchise has thrown the chief representation of Ireland into the hands of men whose vulgarity and impotence may serve them for a scorned, though useful, foil in the chapel of St. Stephen's, that there are gentlemen in the mansion houses of Ireland, scholars in the courts of her colleges, knights and dignitaries in the stalls of her cathedrals, and orators and penmen wherever genius has found a voice in either island, who can, if goaded by a course of such taunting insult, make themselves be heard and feared too, in another place. We can sympathise with men who, seeing the evils of society, and believing themselves able to alleviate or counteract them by certain changes, venture on their course of reform with moderation and consistency: but when we see men professing to be actuated by these benevolent intentions, and bound by declarations innumerable to pursue their accomplishment with humility and candour, prosecuting views every day different, by means every day more violent and dishonest—plundering and reviling, without mercy, all who do not agree with them in opinion—joining Romish infallibility to latitudinarian licentious-

ness—urging principles the most opposite, in the same breath, and exercising alternately the smiling dissimulation of swindlers, and the unmasked rapacity of highwaymen, we can extend no sympathy to their difficulties, no pity to their disgrace or danger.

This country was prosperous before their influence began; we understood our situation, and our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects knew that we were sincere in our belief of national ruin attending concession to their claims. Though they were determined to defeat us, they knew, and we may say in some measure respected, the motives of our opposition. The Whig came and offered all they asked. By his help they have gained the privilege of being a despised minority, whose character of illiterate and unreasonable worthlessness is made an argument against us both; but, for the fulfilment of the other stipulations—for freedom from the burthen of tithe, and entrance on the estates of the Protestant church, they have a stricter tithe than ever, and the only portion of the church lands from which they were deriving a certain interest, debarred that profitable occupation. They are enraged and indignant. We do not wonder at it. They would be either more or less than men if they were not. They may accuse us of tyranny and oppression while in power, but they must acquit us from any charge of duplicity or treacherous connivance. We never purchased their help in time of need, by promises dishonoured when the help had been effectual. We never encouraged them to break the law, and when the law had been broken to our satisfaction, turned approvers and arrested our own accomplices. There is some good in every evil. The Roman Catholics of Ireland have learned, that Protestant ascendancy is not much more hateful after all than Whig economy. That a man may be an Orangeman, and neither a flatterer nor a betrayer; that a Protestant gentleman may hate the Pope, and yet be a more honest Irishman than the most abject truckler to the priest, and most scornful vituperator of the people.

But to return to the Companion to the Newspaper, which, after this lucid explanation of the two great acts of coercion and church reform for Ireland, concludes its notice of that portion of

the United Kingdom with auspicious auguries of the success of the new Grand and Petty Juries' Bills; and having justified the abolition of colonial slavery, the new act for the government of India, and the new charter to the Bank, and severely castigated the agitation for repeal of the house and window taxes, the Baker's verdict, and the cool proposal of Mr. Faithfull, proceeds, after a clinical episode on the influenza, to justify the *latitudinaire milieu* all over the world.

The extraordinary principles exhibited in the Manifesto's comment on the conduct of the French government, in interfering with Bergeron and Benoit, who were charged with shooting at the King, or being concerned in the shot said to have been fired at him, induce us to extract a portion for comparison with the sentiments expressed with regard to the affair in Coldbath Fields:—"The Paris juries have evidently adopted the principle that attacks upon a government, merely by words or writing, are no proper subjects of punishment, however decided or violent; and perhaps they are in the right. If they are in the wrong, they would be much more likely to be set right by the publications (or words) alleged to be dangerous being allowed to work a little of the mischief with which they are supposed to be fraught, and thus to prove by the evidence of facts that it was not safe to tolerate them." It would have been much better, then, for our government to have allowed the words of the speakers in Coldbath Fields, "to have worked a little of the mischief with which they are supposed to be fraught," and not to have interrupted the speaker, "when he had not spoken more than three or four sentences," in the truly illiberal manner they did: and when the coroner's jury "had evidently adopted the principle that attacks upon a government merely by words or writing were no proper subjects of punishment, however decided or violent," and had applied this principle to justify the orator defending himself from violence, while engaged in such an attack, it would have been much better for government not to have "persevered in this contest with its opponents, on the floors of the courts of law," but to have allowed the verdict of "justifiable homicide" to remain unquashed, and

the Baker's jury to remain unnoticed by those who sneer so bitterly at the "crown's quest law" of the "patriots." But, however strange it may appear, we are, in this application of the principles put forward by the Manifesto in the case of the Frenchmen, totally at variance with the conclusions to which the same work comes in this case. Contempt the most aristocratic is the portion of the public and the Bakers, applause and sympathy unbounded the share of the police and the solicitor-general.

But although French principles will not apply to the words spoken in Coldbath Fields and their consequences, they are well adapted to the cases of Taylor the Atheist, and the emissaries of the Saint Simonian Society of Paris. The one not only advocates a pure republican government on earth, but, we for a moment shrink from the unimaginable blasphemy, a pure republican equality of all in heaven, and this to many hundred hard-working and hard-thinking auditors, once a week or oftener, in Theobald's Road. The others address much more respectable and numerous audiences, and inculcate uninterrupted the community of goods, rights, and women, to the sounds of lascivious music, each Sabbath, in Charlotte street. No police with their batons burst in on the abominable mysteries, block up all passages of escape, and beat to mummies the congregated wretches, trampling women under foot, and striking the faces of young girls with their clenched fists—no quiet tradesmen quake behind their counters with apprehension of being held up to infamy for giving their conscientious verdict on the body of a stabbed assailant—no court of king's bench prepared to nullify the dangerous precedent—no, no, let Taylor, in the hearing of three hundred admiring mechanics, declare himself the equal of his Creator, let the other wretches preach prostitution to five hundred females hitherto honest—government must not here oppose itself to the propagation of liberal sentiment. Why multiply contradictions and misrepresentations from this unreasonable and unmanly partizan? Why contrast the sneer at "the production of a daughter by the Duchess of Berri," with the sympathetic description of the Queen Regent of Spain, "a princess, herself

a young woman, with her infant daughter in her arms," a sight which must "move our commiseration," and determine us, at one glance, on upsetting the Spanish Salic law? Why dwell on Don Pedro's right to the crown of Portugal becoming questionable as his baffled troops faint before the heights of Santarem, or on the insulting tone of patronage extended to the "brave Belgians," and the apologetic deprecation of Russian displeasure? He who asserts that a million and a half is less than nothing, and describes the *juste milieu* as having but one extreme, (p. 215) needs no further exposure.

One word at parting to the Whigs. This supplement to the Companion is acknowledged to be their Manifesto for the past year. Its tone must disgust all readers, except those of their own party, nay, many gentlemen even of their own party must recoil in loathing from the shallow flippancy of its insolence. Its mis-statements and errors of argument must expose it to the contempt of all clear headed men, and as its employers, they cannot fail to receive a portion of the disgrace incurred by their organ. We entreat them, since

they are in authority, and since whatever awaits us for good or for evil is likely to be brought about for some time through their instrumentality, not to alienate farther the respect, and consequently the good will and assistance, of the rest of the nation, by persevering in the employment of means so miserably inadequate to their reputable defence. If they can vindicate their past conduct, and show good cause for the course they contemplate, let them return to the old manly Apology in a respectable shape, and done by a scholar and a gentleman. Let them circulate it gratis if they must have their measures canvassed by men who cannot spend a shilling in satisfying themselves of their own politics. Let them begin their session with something worthy their pretension, and we will treat it with the consideration due the Manifesto of the rulers of the United Kingdom; but as for their creature whom we have been handling, we would again entreat them to put a stop to his insolence and absurdity, which have already brought them into odium, and which, if persevered in, may, perhaps, bring them into danger.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Although a sparkling smile may play
 Around my lips to-night,
 'Tis *only* a *reflected* ray
 From hearts more free and light.
 Bright as an Iris—and as brief
 Joy's sun a moment glows!
 Whilst dark and deep the tide of grief
 Thro' morn and midnight flows!

Beneath the silver moon's bright beam
 Asphalte's wave *seems* clear!
 Thus—o'er my brow a smile may gleam
 When *all* within is drear!
 And if upon my cheek to-night
 A flush of joy may bloom,
 'Tis but the dying taper's light
 That glimmers o'er a tomb!

THE RETROSPECT OF THE REFORMED.

Sed revocare gradum—
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

'Tis vain—experience tells how vain—when pleasure has been wooed,
And reason shews at last how false a phantom was pursued,
To think that though we loathe the bowl which youth had raised to drain,
The healthful cup of innocence can be enjoyed again.

We may arise and shake us from the goblin-dream of guilt,
And smile upon the sights we've seen—the feelings we have felt,
But in the clear, unclouded day the spectres re-appear,
And draw across the palsied sense their shadowy robe of fear.

The swelling ocean still may rear his awful crest, and play,
And light along the mountain-side the dancing sunbeam stray,—
Full in the smile of nature—once our happiness—we sigh,
And turn in spirit dark away, oppress with things gone by.

'Tis true our heart is touched—reformed ;—the wanton is cast forth,
And closed are our repentant ears to all unhallowed mirth,
The boon-companions thrust aside, and friends embraced again—
But where is youth's untutored warmth ?—alas ! 'tis sought in vain.

We may have loved—and then forgot, and plunged amidst the crowd,
And wassailed high to drown the cry that called to us aloud,
And then have struggled, glutted, from the honey of excess,
And fain would love again—'tis vain—Love claims the *first* caress.

We now perhaps can *act* the part 'twas nature once to do,
And vow with all the vehemence of practice to be true,
But, oh ! 'tis not the love that Angels look upon, and bless—
It wants the anguish in defeat—the heaven in success !

The heart no more will dye the cheek in colours of its truth,
And rigid sits the smile upon the playful lips of youth,
And we are changed—we question why—we question how—alas !
We're answered in the voice of time—the shadows as they pass !

Oh no, we cast our crimes away, indignant of the chain,
And, galled with bondage, madly strive to grasp the past again—
Both—both are gone.—The most vouchsafed to him whose trial's o'er,
Is, not to suffer—to enjoy he dare not look for more !

ADVENA.

MAÎTRE CORNELIUS.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROBBERY OF THE DUKE OF BAVARIA'S JEWELS.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning of the day which succeeded that on which the events recorded in the last chapter took place, that Louis XI. as he was coming out of his chapel at Plessis lez Tours, after having heard mass, found his goldsmith, Master Cornelius, waiting in the way for him.

"Well met, gossip," said the king, hastily adjusting his hat upon his head.

"Sire," cried the Fleming, "I would willingly give a thousand golden crowns to obtain one moment's audience of your majesty. I have at last discovered the villain who stole the chain of rubies and all the jewels of —"

"Let us see that," interrupted the king, as he went away into the court of the Plessis, followed by his goldsmith, Coyctier his physician, Oliver le Daine, and the captain of his Scotch guard.

"Come, tell us the whole affair. What! shall we have another hanging match after your fashion—Hollo, Tristan."

The provost marshal, who just then happened to be walking to and fro in the court, approached with slow steps and an air of importance, like a dog waddling along in full consciousness of his own fidelity.

The group stopped under a tree, and the king having thrown himself upon a seat, the courtiers ranged themselves around him in a circle, while Cornelius, without loss of time, commenced his story.

"Sire," cried he, "a pretended Fleming so craftily insinuated himself into my family —"

"Pasque Dieu! he must be the devil himself," said the king, shaking his head.

"Oh, doubtless, Sire," replied the other, "but I am not quite certain that he would not have taken even your sacred majesty in his toils. How

would it be possible for me to entertain any distrust of a poor wretch, who came to me with a recommendation from Oosterlinck, a man who had placed a hundred thousand livres in my hands; nay, I'd lay my life rather, that the signature of the Jew, which the fellow shewed me, was a counterfeit. However, Sire, be that as it may, this very morning I discovered that I have been plundered of those jewels which your majesty admired so much—ah! they were so precious. They have been all—all stolen from me, Sire. Holy Virgin! to steal the jewels of the Duke of Bavaria! The sacrilegious rascals respect nothing. They will, of a certainty, steal your majesty's kingdom, if you don't keep a sharp look out. Well, I ascended, without loss of time, into the chamber where I had left my apprentice the night before, who, of a surety, is a master hand at robbery. This time, at all events, we shall not fail in sufficient proofs. The rascal unscrewed the lock of the door; but when he returned back to his room, as the moon was not shining, he could not find all the screws to replace them, and, accordingly, when I entered the apartment I had the good fortune to find one of them under my foot. *He* was fast asleep—the villain, he had good reason to be fatigued. My good lords, only conceive, the fellow entered into my cabinet through the chimney. To-morrow, nay, with God's blessing, this very evening, I will have *that* securely grated—one always learns something even from robbers. I found a ladder of silk about his person; and his clothes—which were all soiled and sooty—plainly indicate the course he took upon the roof and down the chimney. His plan was, without doubt, to remain in my house until he had drained it of every sou, the daring rascal! Well, well, where has he hidden my jewels, though that's

the point. The country folks, as luck would have it, espied him returning to my dwelling along the roofs of the houses, so that doubtless he had his accomplices waiting for him on the causeway which your majesty constructed. Ah, Sire! Sire! are you not yourself an accomplice of those robbers; they come in boats, and, quick as thought, they huddle away everything they can lay hands on, without leaving a trace behind them. Well, I have the chief of the gang in my hands, heaven be praised for it! and an audacious scoundrel he is, I trow; a spark, God wot, that the finest dame in France might be proud to call son. Ah, by my halidome, but he will make a pretty apple for the gallows tree, good master Tristan; a limb or so strained on the rack, and we shall come at the whole matter: under your favour, my liege, this affair concerns the glory of your reign. There should be no robbers in the realms of so mighty a monarch!"

The king had long since ceased to listen to the eloquence of the miser. He had insensibly fallen into one of those fits of gloomy meditation which, during the last years of his life, had become so frequent in their recurrence. The most profound silence, therefore, pervaded the company when the old Fleming concluded his narration.

"This affair falls within thy province, gossip," said the king to Tristan, after a long pause, "get thee away and investigate it."

Having thus said, the king rose from his seat, and stepped a few paces forward, while his courtiers, falling respectfully back, left their prince to his solitary contemplations.

At length perceiving Cornelius, who was now mounted on his mule, and preparing to depart in company with the provost-marshal, he suddenly cried out—

"And the thousand crowns, gossip."

"Ah, Sire," returned the miser, "you are too mighty a prince. Your highness's justice is beyond all price."

Louis XI. could not avoid smiling, while the courtiers had like to burst with envy at the frankness of speech and privileged familiarity of the old goldsmith, who speedily disappeared down the avenue of mulberry trees which was planted between Tours and the Plessis.

Meantime, exhausted by fatigue, the

young cavalier lay stretched on his truckle-bed, under the influence of the most profound sleep. On his return from his expedition of gallantry, the youth no longer felt within himself that courage and romantic ardour which had impelled him to plunge into the perilous pleasures of the evening, and which were so necessary in strengthening his resolution to meet the dangers and difficulties with which his enterprise was encompassed. On the contrary, now that those dangers were, some of them escaped, and the others distant and doubtful, he was inclined to look upon them as greatly exaggerated, if not altogether imaginary. Accordingly he most injudiciously postponed to the next morning the precaution of cleansing the stains from his clothes, and removing the vestiges of his happy adventure. This was indeed a great indiscretion, but one towards which every circumstance unfortunately conspired.

In short, it so happened that, being deprived of the light of the moon, who had taken it into her head to set while he was *lêlé-a-lêlé* with his mistress, when the young man sought in vain to find all the screws of the accursed lock, he at length lost all patience, and with the carelessness of a man who was either satiated with pleasure or exhausted from want of rest, he resigned himself to the protection of his own good genius, who had so propitiously preserved him up to that moment.

However, before he totally surrendered, he entered into some sort of arrangement with himself, by virtue of which he was bound to rise with the first rays of the sun; but the events of the day, and the agitating scenes of the night, did not suffer him to keep his word. It is the nature of happiness to be forgetful; and so it was, that even Cornelius himself did not seem such an object of terror to the mind of the young cavalier at the moment when he flung himself to rest on his hard pallet, from which so many wretched men had risen only to be conducted to the torture. It was this very forgetfulness that was his ruin.

Whilst the goldsmith of the king was returning from the Plessis lez Tours, accompanied by the provost-marshal, and his formidable band of archers, the pretended Goulenoire was vigilantly watched by his old sister;

who sat on the steps of the winding stair-case, knitting stockings for Cornelius, and heedless of the chill air around her. The young chevalier still continued to enjoy the recollections of that happy night, ignorant that misfortune was approaching him at full speed. He dreamed—and his dreams, like all those of sanguine youth, were depicted in colours so vivid that he knew not where the illusion commenced, where the reality ended.

He fancied himself sitting on a cushion at the feet of the Countess, while he listened to the sad story of her persecutions, the recital of the tyrannous oppression with which the Count had treated her ever since she had become his wife. Melting in sympathy at the misfortunes of his mistress, the best beloved daughter of Louis XI., he promised her that he would go on the following morning to disclose all to that much dreaded parent, whose inclinations they arranged according to their own ardent desires—revoking the marriage, and imprisoning the husband, even at the very moment when they might both become the victims to his sword at the slightest noise that might rouse him from his slumber. But in the visions of the dreamer, the light of the lamp, the flashings of their eyes, the colours of the stuffs and tapestries, were more glowing—a more exquisite perfume exhaled from the air of night, there was more of love in the very atmosphere, more of fire around them, than in the real and waking scene. But it is not to be understood, that even at such a time, when it was likely that the vision would pursue to their accomplishment the fondest wishes of which the waking thoughts might despair, the slumbering lover even for an instant dreamed of trespassing beyond that impassable line which the chivalry at least, if not the morality of the times interposed between passion and principle, and which effectually forbad the indulgence of the one at the sacrifice of the other.

In strict accordance with the code of jurisprudence which in this gallant age was established in the court of love, Marie de Saint Vallier acceded to the youth those various trifling favours which his privileged situation of a lover entitled him to demand. She suffered him without hesitation to imprint many

a passionate kiss upon her feet, and her hands, while in return, she scrupled not to avow her own affection for him, and accepted the cares—the anxious solitudes—the very existence, of which her lover made a most liberal tender. She granted to his prayers the high privilege of laying down his life for her—she abandoned herself to the influence of an intoxication which the reserve of the times, confined within no very strict limits, though severe and oftentimes cruel, suffered her to indulge in. However, she continued inexorable to his entreaties, and considered the accomplishment of their wishes to be effected only by her deliverance from the power of her tyrannical lord.

At the epoch of which I am at present writing, it was necessary, in order to procure the dissolution of a marriage, to make a journey to Rome, to have some of the cardinals in your interest, and to appear before the sovereign pontiff, supported by the favour of the king. Marie was desirous to compass this desirable object, and thus to obtain the unrestrained dominion of her own hand and heart, that she might bestow them both on her lover.

Almost all women possessed at that period sufficient power to establish their empire over the heart of man on such lasting foundations as to make a passion the history of a whole life—the exciting principle of the most exalted determinations. However, in such high estimation were the fair sex held in France, that they were there considered as so many sovereigns—they exercised their own gentle tyrannies—their lovers seemed rather to be their property, than they to bestow themselves upon their lovers—their love was often the cause of much bloodshed—and in order to obtain the honor of ranking amongst their favoured admirers, it often became necessary to encounter innumerable dangers. But far more clement than those proud dames, and deeply affected by the devotion of her beloved, the Marie of his slumbers opposed but indifferently the zealous affection of the gallant cavalier. Which was the true Mary? Did the false apprentice behold in his dreams the true woman, and had he seen in the Hotel de Poitiers a lady masked and defended by the panoply of virtue? The question is a very difficult one to decide; accordingly, it is better to leave it undetermined.

However, to bring this disquisition to a conclusion, just at the moment when perhaps the visionary Marie was about to present him at once with her hand and heart, the lover felt himself suddenly seized by an iron grasp, and the voice of the provost-marshal, that was anything but gentle, aroused him from his slumbers.

"Come, good Christian—my man of midnight masses—you friend that must go groping for grace in the dark, forsooth; come, turn out of your truckle, I say."

The luckless Philip beheld the gloomy face of Tristan bending over him, and recognised his bitter sardonic smile. Then he descried upon the steps of the staircase, Cornelius himself, his sister, and behind them the guards of the provost-marshal.

At this appalling sight, and the expression of those fiendish visages, which exhibited either unextinguishable malevolence or the gloomy curiosity of men who were well accustomed to executions, Philip Goulenoire sat bolt upright in his bed and rubbed his eyes.

"Mort Dieu!" cried he, snatching his poniard from beneath the bolster of his bed, "now's the time for a game of daggers."

"Ho, ho," replied Tristan: "this is a gentlemah we have to do with. I have a shrewd notion that I have the honor to address Georges d'Estouteville, nephew of the chief captain of the archers."

When he thus heard his real name pronounced by Tristan, the young Estouteville thought less of himself than of the dangers to which his unfortunate mistress would be exposed if he should be discovered, and in order to remove all suspicion of his rank, he cried out.

"Vantre Mahon! Comrades, to the rescue!"

After this horrible outcry, which proceeded from a man who was in good earnest at his wits end, the young noble made a surprising spring, and poniard in hand, he leaped out on the stair case. But the myrmidons of the provost marshal were right well

accustomed to those rencontres, so that when Georges d'Estouteville was on the stairs, they seized on him with the most edifying dexterity, without being the least dismayed at the vigorous stroke of his dagger with which he saluted one of their party, but which fortunately glanced from off the corslet of the soldier; then they disarmed him in a twinkling, bound his hands, and cast him again upon his bed, motionless and dispirited, before the provost-marshal.

Without uttering a word, Tristan examined the hands of the prisoner, and then stroking his beard with wonderful gravity, as he pointed them out to Cornelius, he remarked—

"These are as little the hands of a robber as they are of an apprentice. Trust me this is a gentleman and a knight."

"Knight Gramercy! Knight of the road,* let it be then," cried the usurer, with the most melancholy mirth imaginable; "for, my good Tristan, noble or serf whichever he be, he has ruined me to a certainty, scoundrel that he is! I would, even now, gladly see his feet and hands warmed and squeezed in those pretty little bolks of yours. He is, beyond all question, the arch fiend of that legion of devils, visible or invisible, who are become acquainted with all my secrets, open my locks, plunder me of my wealth, and tear my very heart-strings from me. They are as rich as Jews, gossip! Ah! this time we shall, to a certainty, come upon their treasures; for this fellow has the mine of the King of Egypt. As for me, I am only desirous to recover my beloved rubies and the sums of money that are mine beyond all dispute, while our worthy monarch shall get more crowns than he will well know what to do with."

"Oh! our hiding holes are better secured than yours," said Georges, smiling.

"Ah, the vile robber! He avows it," cried the miser.

All this while, the provost-marshal was engaged in examining with great attention the garments of Georges d'Estouteville and the lock of the door.

"Was it you that took out all these screws?"

* The play upon the words in the original cannot be preserved in translation. "C'est un gentilhomme," remarks Tristan. "Dites un *Jean pille homme*," returns the miser.

Georges looked at him, but made no reply.

"Oh be it so, Sir Spark; keep your mind to yourself, if it be your humour; however, you shall shortly confess yourself to Saint Chevalet,"* replied Tristan.

"Do you hear what is said to you?" cried Cornelius.

"Lead him away," said the provost.

Georges d'Estouteville now demanded permission to put on his clothes, and upon a signal from the chief, his attendants arrayed the prisoner with all the dexterous celerity of a nursemaid who is desirous of taking advantage of the first moment when it is quiet to dress out her little brat.

By this time an immense crowd thronged the Rue du Mûrier. The murmurings of the people were growing louder and louder, and seemed to be the forerunners of a commotion. Since the break of day the news of the robbery had been extending itself throughout the town, and in every direction the apprentice, who, as the report went, was both young and handsome, had enlisted the sympathies of all hearts in his favour, and revived in all its strength the deep rooted hatred to Cornelius. Indeed to such a pitch had these feelings proceeded, that there was not a single decent mother's son, or a young damsel who had a pair of pattens to wear or a pretty face to sport, that did not exhibit the utmost anxiety to get a sight of the intended victim.

When Georges d'Estouteville issued forth from the *Malmaison*, led along by one of the soldiers of the provost marshal—who, while he mounted on horseback, kept twisted round his arm a strong strap of leather with which he held the prisoner, whose hands were also securely bound by it—a terrific roar of acclamation burst from the mob, and whether for the purpose of gaining another sight of Philip Gouleuoire or of effecting his deliverance, the last who arrived thrust forward the first upon the guard of cavalry who were drawn up before the *Malmaison*.

At this moment Cornelius, with the assistance of his sister, closed the door of his dwelling, and pushed to the iron window-shutters with a nimbleness and

rapidity which the panic terror of his heart could alone have conferred on him. As for Tristan, who was not much in the habit of paying any deference to the world in those days, he perceived that the populace had not yet gained the upper hand, and accordingly gave himself wonderfully little concern at this tumult.

"Charge them, charge them," said he to his guards.

At the voice of their captain, the archers dashed their horses towards the entrance of the street. When they saw one or two of the most inquisitive folks overturned under the feet of the horses, and some more of them violently squeezed up against the walls, where they were almost suffocated, the multitude who had flocked together chose the wiser course of quietly returning each to his own home.

"Make way there for the king's justice," cried Tristan. "What business have you here? Do you want half an hour's hanging for yourselves, eh? Come get you to your homes, good people; your roast meat is burning. Hollo! good-wife, there's a hole in your husband's hose—hie away home to your needle."

Though such expressions as these proclaimed that the provost-marshal was in high good humour, yet did they cause the multitude to hurry away with the greater expedition, as if he had hurled a deadly pestilence after them.

Just when the first movement of the crowd had taken place, Georges d'Estouteville was struck with a sudden stupour as he beheld, at one of the windows of the hotel de Poitiers, his own fondly loved Marie smiling unconcernedly with the Count de Saint Vallier. She was, then, mocking at him—at him, the wretched, devoted lover, who was passing by to die on the scaffold for her sake! but perhaps she was only entertaining herself with the perplexity of those whose bonnets had been knocked off by the arms of the archers.

That man must have seen three and twenty summers pass over his head, must be rich in the cheating illusions of passion; he must have been rash

* The Rack.

enough to put his trust in the heart of woman, must have loved her with all the energies of his soul; he must have risked his life with joy on the faith of her kiss, and, to sum up all, he must have seen himself dragged to execution for her sake, before he can comprehend the mingled emotions of rage, of hatred, and of desperation, that tore asunder the heart of Georges d'Estouteville when he beheld his mistress with a smile upon her face, and marked the cold and unconcerned expression of her eyes as they met his own. She was evidently a considerable time seated at the window, for her arms were supported upon a cushion; she seemed perfectly at her ease, and the old man appeared quite contented beside her. He, too, was grinning—the accursed hunchback!

Despite of himself, some bitter tears gushed from the eyes of the unfortunate youth. When Marie de Saint Vallier observed him weeping, she threw herself back hastily from the window; then the tears of Georges suddenly ceased to flow, for he descried the black and red plumes of the page who was in his interest. The Count however was not aware of the approach of this disreputable of Mercuries, who stole along upon tiptoe.

As soon as the page had whispered a few words into the ear of his mistress, Marie again leaned forward into the window, and contriving to elude the ever vigilant eyes of her tyrant, she bent upon Georges a glance in which was beaming all the ingenuity of a woman who is deceiving her Argus—all the fire of passion—all the joy of hope.

“My soul is keeping watch over thee.”

Had she spoken these words, they could not have given expression to so many feelings as that single glance, fraught with a thousand tender thoughts, exhibited, and from which shone forth the terrors, the pleasures, the dangers of their respective situations.

It was before this a transition from heaven to martyrdom, and now from martyrdom to heaven again. Accordingly the young noble, with a swelling heart and a light step, marched forward to the place of punishment, feeling that the agonies of the torture were more than compensated by the

delicious transport of love. As Tristan was just on the point of turning out of the Rue du Mûrier, his troops drew up at sight of an officer of the Scottish bodyguard who rode up to them at full speed.

“How now,” said Tristan, “what is all this haste about?”

“Nothing that concerns you, Sir Provost,” replied the officer disdainfully. “The king has despatched me to seek the Count and Countess de Saint Vallier and bid them to dinner.”

Scarcely had the provost-marshal reached the causeway leading to the Plessis ere the Count and his lady, both mounted, the latter on a snow white mule, the former upon his favourite steed, and attended by the two pages, joined the archers for the purpose of entering Plessis-lez-Tours in company with them.

The party proceeded at a very slow pace, Georges d'Estouteville being on foot between two of the guards, one of whom constantly held him by the strap of leather. Tristan, the Count de Saint Vallier and his wife, naturally taking the lead, while the criminal followed in the rear. The young page, who managed so as to be thrown amongst the archers, asked them many questions, and occasionally addressed himself to the prisoner, so that he dexterously availed himself of an opportunity to say to him in a low voice,

“I clambered over the garden wall, and am coming to convey to the Plessis a letter which my mistress has written to the king. She was near dying when she learned the robbery of which you are accused. Keep up your courage, she is going to speak in your behalf.”

Thus it was that love had conferred on the Countess its own strength and adroitness, and when she smiled at her lover, her deportment and her smiles were the consequence of that heroic fortitude of which women afford such illustrious proofs in all the great emergencies of their lives.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary fancy which the author of *Quentin Durward* has taken to place the royal residence of Plessis-lez-Tours upon an eminence, we must be contented to leave it where it happened to be at the time of which we are speaking, namely, in low ground, protected on two sides by the Cher and the Loire,

as also by the Canal of Sainte Anne, so called by Louis XI. in honour of his favourite daughter Madame de Beaujean. By connecting those two rivers between the town of Tours and the Plessis, this canal formed at the same time a most formidable barrier around the royal castle, and a most valuable passage for the purposes of commerce. Upon the side of Bréhémont, an extensive and fertile plain, the park was defended by a fosse, the vestiges of which that remain to the present day give us a most imposing idea of its enormous length and deepness. At this epoch, when the destructive power of artillery was yet in its infancy, the position of the Plessis, chosen by Louis XI. for his place of retreat, might be considered as utterly impregnable.

The castle itself, built with brick and stone, had nothing remarkable in its appearance, but it was surrounded by the shades of the most beautiful and majestic foliage, and from its windows might be descried, between the avenues cut through the park, (or *Pleritium*, as it was called in the latinity of the middle ages,) the most enchanting views perhaps in the world. To finish the picture, no rival mansion reared itself in the neighbourhood of this solitary castle, which was situated exactly in the centre of a small plain, especially reserved for the king, and enclosed securely on all sides by a girdle of water.

If we can place any reliance upon traditions, Louis XI. occupied the western wing of the castle; and from his own chamber he could trace the course of the Loire as it swept by; and beyond the opposite bank of that river, the smiling valley which was bathed by the waters of the Choisille, and a portion of the hills of Saint Cyr, while through the windows that looked into the court he could command a view of the entrance to the fortress itself, and the causeway by which he had connected this his favourite residence with the town of Tours.

The distrustful character of this monarch affords sufficient foundation for those conjectures. If, however, Louis XI. had displayed in the construction of his castle the costliness and magnificence of architecture which at a later period Francis I. lavishly employed at Chambord, the residence

of the Kings of France would have been established for ever in Touraine. A sight of this most admirable situation, and of its most magnificent and imposing scenery, will be quite sufficient to impress every person with the conviction of its superiority over the sites of all the other royal mansions.

Louis XI. having at that time reached the fifty-seventh year of his age, had scarcely three more left him to live, and he began already to be sensible of the approaches of death, from the strokes of that fearful malady by which he was afflicted. Having disencumbered himself of all his numerous enemies; being upon the point of augmenting the dominions of France by the acquisition of all the rich possessions of the Dukes of Burgundy, by the means of a marriage between the Dauphin and Margaret, the heiress of that realm, and which was conducted by the skill of Desquerdes, the commander-in-chief of his troops in Flanders; having established his authority far and near, and devising the most felicitous improvements, he beheld the world and time itself glide away from before his eyes, and had nothing left him now except the miseries of old age. As he had been deceived, even by his own creatures, experience had served only to encrease the distrust that was natural to his disposition; and the desire of life had degenerated in him into the absorbing selfishness of a prince who felt himself wrapt up in the very existence of his people, and wished to prolong his life that he might accomplish his mighty designs.

All those salutary changes which the wisdom of statesmen and the genius of revolution have introduced, as it is said, into the monarchy, were undoubtedly conceived by Louis XI. The impartial distribution of imposts, the equality of all subjects in the eye of the law, (indeed at that period the prince was himself the law,) were the object of his adventurous designs. Upon the eve of All-Saints' Day he had given a commission to the wisest and most experienced goldsmiths in the kingdom to establish throughout France a unity of measures and weights, as he had already established a unity of power. Thus his boundless spirit hovered like an eagle over his dominions; and Louis XI. at that period joined to all the vigilant precautions of a monarch those eccen-

trictities of character which are natural to men of enlarged and exalted conceptions.

At no epoch of his life was this great personage more striking or more admirable. He united in himself an assemblage of contradictions before unheard of—untiring energy in a feeble body; a soul that was incredulous of the transactions of this world, yet lending itself willingly to the belief in religious mummeries; a man contending against two powers more mighty than his own, the present and the future—the future, in which he trembled to undergo the torments of punishment, and which induced him to make so many sacrifices to the church; the present, or his own existence, for the preservation of which he became the actual slave of his physician, Coyctier. This king, who crushed every person, was in turn himself crushed by remorse, it is probable and still more so by disease, in the midst of all that poetic effect which attaches itself to the character of suspicious monarchs in whom great power is concentrated. It was the gigantic and always sublime contention of a man in the highest development of his energies struggling against nature. Louis XI. having returned from a short walk, sat down in a great chair covered with tapestry and placed in the chimney corner of his chamber, while he waited for the hour appointed for dinner, a repast which in those days took place between eleven and twelve o'clock.

Oliver le Daine and the physician, Coyctier, gazed at each other without uttering a word, and remained standing in the recess of a window, fearing to disturb the slumbers of their royal master.

The only noise which they heard was caused by the two chamberlains in waiting, as they walked up and down in the ante-room: these were the Sire de Montresor and Bridoré, and Jean Dufou, Sire de Montbazou, two lords of Tours, who were watching the captain of the Scottish guards asleep in his arm chair, according to his usual custom.

The king appeared weighed down with drowsiness; his head was bent down upon his breast; his hat, pulled over his brows, almost entirely concealed his eyes; and seated in his high chair, which was surmounted by a royal crown, he seemed huddled together like a man who is surprised by

sleep in the midst of some important meditations.

At this moment Tristan and his party passed over the *Pont Sainte Anne*, which was thrown over the canal about two hundred yards from the entrance to the Plessis.

"What's that?" said the king.

The two courtiers questioned each other, by their looks, in great surprise.

"He is dreaming," said Coyctier, in a suppressed voice.

"*Pasque Dieu!*" replied Louis, "do you take me for an idiot? Some people are passing over the bridge. It is true; I am close to the chimney, and can therefore catch any sound more ready than you. This is a natural effect, which by the way I think might be turned to some good account."

"What a wonderful man!" said le Daine.

Louis rose up from his chair, and crossed the room to one of the windows from which he could have a view of the town: then perceiving the provost-marshal, said,

"Ah! I see how it is; here comes my gossip, with his babe the robber; and look, too, if he have not in his company my sweet Marie de Saint Vallier. Mortdieu, I had forgotten all about this business. Oliver," continued the king, addressing his barber, "away with thee, and tell Dufou to serve us up some flagons of that choice *vin de Bourgueil*; and take care that our cook fail not to give us a dish of lampreys; they are two things for which my favourite hath an especial liking. May I not eat of the lampreys?" added he, after a pause, looking at Coyctier with an expression of anxiety and discomposure.

In reply to this query, the physician gravely applied himself to examine the countenance of his royal patient.

These two individuals at that moment formed in themselves a study well worthy of the painter.

The romance writers and historians have handed down, with a sacred inviolability, the surtout of brown camelot and upper hose of the same stuff which Louis XI. usually wore; nor are his hat, adorned all round with little leaden images, and his collar of the order of St. Michael, matters of less celebrity; but neither writer nor painter has ever yet represented the visage of that fearful monarch during the latter days of

his life—that visage racked by disease, emaciated, yellow and brown, whose every feature conspired in expressing bitter craftiness and cold-blooded irony. The countenance displayed the brow of a great man—a brow furrowed deeply with wrinkles, and fraught with noble and lofty thoughts, yet in his cheeks and upon his lips dwelt an indescribable expression of vulgarity and common-place. Looking only at certain details of his countenance, you would probably have pronounced it to belong to some old vintner worn out by debauchery, or an avaricious merchant; yet over these undefinable resemblances, and the decrepitude of a languishing old man, the king—the man of power and of energy—were conspicuously triumphant. His eyes, of an unclouded yellow hue, appeared to have lost all their fire, but sparks of courage and wrath still lurked within them, and upon the smallest excitement they could shoot forth flashes that seemed to kindle all around him into flames.

The physician was a corpulent citizen, arrayed in a suit of black clothes, with a florid face, indicative of decision and avarice, and wearing an air of great importance.

To complete the picture, these two personages had as a frame a chamber wainscotted with walnut-wood, and hung around with a suit of Flemish tapestry, while the ceiling, which was constructed with carved joists, was even then blackened by the smoke. The furniture and the couch being all covered over with arabesque work wrought in tin, would at the present day probably appear more valuable than in reality they were at the period of which we speak, when the fine arts had begun to display so many masterly productions.

"The lampreys will do you no good," at length replied the *physician*.*

"What then shall I eat?" demanded the king with great humility.

"A bit of duck and a little salt," returned the physician: "if you eat anything else, there is so much bile stirred up in you, that I would not answer where your soul may be upon All-Souls' Day."

"To-day!" cried the king, stricken with sudden terror.

"Even so, please your highness," returned Coyctier; "content yourself, for such is my determination; so try and give yourself no further annoyance about the matter, but endeavour to keep up your spirits."

"Alas!" said the king, "my daughter used formerly accomplish this difficult task."

As he spoke, Imbert de Bastarnay, the Sire de Montrésor and de Bridoré, knocked gently at the door of the royal apartment, and, as soon as the king had granted him permission, he entered for the purpose of announcing the Count and Countess de Saint Vallier. Louis made a sign, and Marie immediately entered, followed by her old spouse, who had permitted her to pass in before him.

"A fair morning to you, my children," said the king.

"Sire," replied the lady in a low voice, as she embraced her father, "I would gladly speak with you in private."

Louis seemed not as if he understood what she said to him. He turned round towards the door and called out in a hollow voice:

"Hollo, Dufou!"

Dufou, the lord of Montbazon as well as the grand cup-bearer of France, came forward in great haste.

"Go see the maitre d'hôtel, and say I shall have a duck for my dinner; then call upon Madame de Beaujeau and inform her I wish to dine alone to-day."

"Do you know, madam," continued the king, feigning to be annoyed, "that you are very neglectful of me. Here now, it is well nigh three years since last I saw you. Well, well, go to, ma mignionne," added he, as he sat down and stretched out his arm to her. "Mon Dieu! but you have grown very thin of late."

"And why do you permit her to be so?" demanded Louis sharply of the Count de Poitiers.

The self-condemned Count cast a look so craven upon his wife, that she could not avoid pitying him.

* This appellation had been a short time previously substituted instead of that of *Maitre Myrrh*; at present it is only retained in England by persons having taken the degree of Doctor, but was then generally applied to all medical practitioners.

"It is all happiness, Sire," replied the Count.

"Ah, ha! I fear you love each other too fondly," said the king, who still held his daughter standing between his knees. "Come, I see that I was not far out when I called thee *Marie pleine de grâce*. Coyctier, leave us."

"What would you with me?" said Louis, turning to his daughter, as soon as the physician had left the apartment, "since you sent me your——"

In this imminent danger Marie had the hardihood to place her hand upon the mouth of the king, as she answered him—

"I always thought that you possessed discretion and penetration."

"Saint Vallier," said the king, smiling, "I fancy that Bridorè wishes to entertain you with something."

The Count departed, but he did so with a shrug of his shoulder which was well understood by his wife, who seeing into all the thoughts of her husband, felt convinced that she would have to counteract some wicked schemes of his ere long.

"Tell me, my child, what do you think of me? eh!—Am I not very much altered?"

"Nay, would you have me tell you the real truth, or do you wish me to deceive you."

"No," said he in a deep and earnest tone, "I have indeed need to know what state I am in."

"In that case, then," returned the Countess, "your face looks very badly to-day;—but that my candour may not prejudice the success of my suit"—

"What is it?" asked the king, knitting his brows and rubbing his hand across his forehead.

"Ah! Sire," said she, "the young man whom you caused to be arrested in the house of your goldsmith Cornelius, and who is at this very moment in the hands of your provost-marshal, is innocent of the robbery of the Duke of Bavaria's jewels."

"And pray where did you learn that?" retorted the king.

Marie hung down her head and blushed.

"I need not inquire if there be love concealed beneath that blush," said Louis, as he raised with gentleness the head of his daughter and patted her chin.

"Can you not then grant me a boon without violating my secret thoughts?"

"Where would be the pleasure of doing so," cried the king, looking on the whole affair as a subject for amusement.

"Alas, would you desire that your trifling pleasure should be purchased by my pangs?"

"Ah! rogue—have you no confidence in your father?"

"Well then, Sire, have this gentleman set at liberty."

"What! so he is a gentleman!" cried the king, "then he is not an apprentice?"

"Of a very certainty he is innocent," answered the Countess.

"I cannot see any such thing," said the king coldly. "I am the highest judge in my own realms, and it is my duty to punish malefactors."

"Nay, nay, do not make so grave a face about the matter; do grant me the life of this young man."

"Would not that be to sully your fair fame?"

"Sire," replied the Countess, "I am discreet and virtuous—you do but jest with me."

"Well, well," said Louis, "as I can comprehend nothing of the business, we had better leave it to Tristan to throw some light upon it."

Marie de Sassenage grew pale as death, then making a violent effort, she exclaimed—

"Sire, I assure you that you will hereafter repent this act. The pretended culprit was never guilty of a theft. If you do but grant me his pardon, I will reveal everything to you, though you should visit me with your displeasure."

"Ho! ho! this is turning out a serious affair," said Louis, as he laid aside his hat; "come, speak, my daughter."

"Well, then," replied the Countess, placing her lips close to the ear of her father, "this gentleman was in my company during the whole night."

"Pasque Dieu! he must be a wondrous clever fellow to pay you a visit and rob Cornelius all at the same time."

"Sire," returned she with spirit, "your own blood runs through my veins, and it is not in my nature to love a vagabond. The gentleman I speak of is nephew to the captain general of your majesty's archers."

"Come, now," said the king, "you are wonderfully tedious in the confes-

sional!—No sooner had Louis spoken these words than casting from him his daughter, who trembled with affright, he ran hastily to the door of the apartment, yet he moved on tip-toe, and in such a manner as not to make any noise. For a moment the rays of light from a window in the outward room shining underneath the door, enabled him to see the shadow of the feet of some inquisitive person, as it was projected into the chamber through the space which intervened between the door and floor. The king suddenly opened the door, which was secured with iron-work, and surprised the Count de Saint Vallier in the act of hearkening to their conversation.

"Pasque Dieu!" exclaimed Louis, "this is temerity well worthy of the axe."

"Sire," returned Saint Vallier fiercely, "I would prefer the stroke of the axe for my head, to the ornaments of marriage for my brow."

"You can have your choice," said Louis, "none of your sort is exempt from both these misfortunes. Begone, Sir, into the other apartment."

"Ho there, Conyngham!" continued the king, addressing the captain of the guards, "what! were you sleeping? Where is Monsieur de Bridoré? Do you leave me thus to be intruded upon? Pasque Dieu! the meanest citizen of Tours is better cared for than I am in these matters."

Having vented his rage by thus storming, Louis returned into the apartment; however, he took the precaution of drawing the tapestry across the door-way, which formed inside as it were a second door, designed less for the purpose of keeping out the gusts of wind than to stifle the sound of the king's voice.

"And so my child," resumed he, taking the same pleasure in bantering her that a cat does in tormenting a mouse that she has within her clutches, "Georges d'Estouteville was your guest yesternight."

"Oh, no! Sire."

"What! no: then by Saint Carpion he deserves to die the death. The coxcomb did not think my daughter handsome enough for him, belike."

"Can you imagine nothing else?" returned the Countess. "I assure you he kissed my hands and feet with a passionate ardour that would have

won the heart of the most severe and virtuous of my sex. In truth he loves me with a sincere and honorable attachment."

"Pshaw!" said the king, "do you take me for *Saint Louis*, that you think I would give credit to such idle stories? A young spark with such a figure as Georges has, to put his life in jeopardy for the pleasure of kissing your shoes or gloves! Come, come, you may keep that tale for others."

"Nay, Sire, still it is the truth. I assure you, however, he came for another reason also——"

No sooner had Marie spoken these words than she perceived that she put her husband's life in danger, for instantly Louis demanded with eagerness,

"And what was that, pray?"

The whole adventure afforded infinite entertainment to the king, but certainly he did not expect the extraordinary communications which his daughter finally entrusted to him, after she had stipulated for the pardon of her husband.

"Ha!" exclaimed the king, his eyes flashing with anger. "Ha! Monsieur de Saint Vallier, you dared then to shed the blood royal."

At this moment the bell of the Plessis tolled for the dinner of the king. Louis XI., his brows knit, and leaning on the arm of his daughter, made his appearance upon the threshold of the door, and found all his attendants under arms to receive him.

Casting a dubious look upon the Count de Saint Vallier, he seemed to be weighing the sentence which he was about to pronounce on him. The breathless silence which reigned around was at length broken by the tramp of Tristan as he ascended the grand staircase. He entered the apartment and advanced to the king.

"Please your highness, that little matter is fathomed," said the provost-marshal.

"What! is all over?" asked the king.

"Our man is now in the hands of the church," said the other. "He made an end by confessing the robbery after a few minutes of the torture."

A deep sigh burst from the Countess; she grew pale with affright, and unable to articulate a word, she looked at the king.

The glance did not escape the vigi-

lance of Saint Vallier, who muttered in a low voice :

"I am betrayed—this robber is an acquaintance of my wife."

"Silence," cried the king, "there is one here who desires to fatigue me."

"Away with all speed and stay the execution," continued the king, addressing the provost-marshal, "you shall be answerable to me for the person of the prisoner with your own gossip. This matter must be more carefully looked into, and I reserve the investigation of it for myself. Meantime, set the culprit at liberty, conditionally ; I shall know how to find him again ; and hark ye, inform Cornelius that I will pay him a visit to-night, that I may make myself acquainted with the whole proceeding."

"Monsieur de Saint Vallier," continued Louis, eyeing the Count with a stern and penetrating look, "I have been hearing somewhat of you. All the blood in your body would not compensate for one drop of mine. You

understand me, Sir. By our Lady of Clery ! I tell you, you have been guilty of high treason. What ! think you that I bestowed so gentle a being upon you, to make her thus miserable. Begone instantly to your home, and make your preparations for a long journey."

The king stopped short at these words ; with an habitual cruelty he then added—

"You shall set out this night to conduct a negotiation between me and their highnesses of Venice. Set your mind at rest ; I shall take back your wife to-night to my castle of Plessis ; she will assuredly be safe there. For the future I shall watch over her better than I have done since her marriage."

When she heard these words, Marie pressed in silence the arm of her father, as if to thank him for his clemency and good temper.

As for Louis himself, he was laughing in his sleeve all the time

CHAP. IV.

THE UNDISCOVERED TREASURE.

No monarch ever loved to interfere in the concerns of his subjects better than did Louis XI., and he blended with pleasure the majesty of the sovereign with the scenes of a citizen's life.

This propensity of his has been severely censured by some historians, yet what was it after all but a passion for the *incognito*, one of the greatest pleasures which princes enjoy—a sort of momentary abdication of their rank, which enables them to taste for a short time the realities of common-place life, during an existence which is insipid and wearisome merely from the want of something to chafe and disturb it. Beyond all doubt, Louis was passionately fond of playing the *incognito* openly, and accordingly in these sort of rencontres he was a most good-natured man, and took great pains to please the commoners, with whom he allied himself in opposition to the feudal lords of that period. For a long time no opportunity had fallen

in his way of ingratiating himself with the people, and of taking a part in the domestic concerns of a man who was entangled in any law-suit or domestic trouble, and on this account it was that he entered so warmly into the misfortunes of Master Cornelius, and the secret sorrows of the Countess de Saint Vallier.

During dinner, Louis asked his daughter several times,

"Well, but, who then could have robbed my gossip ? Here are robberies committed to more than the extent of twelve hundred thousand crowns within the last eight years. Yea, twelve hundred thousand crowns, my lords," continued he, looking round upon the gentlemen who were in attendance on him. "By our Lady ! with such a sum of money one might purchase a goodly stock of absolutions in the court of Rome ! Pasque Dieu ! I should have been able with it to bank in the Loire, aye, or better still, conquer Piedmont, an excellent fortification

for our kingdom this same, and ready made to our hand."

As soon as dinner was dispatched, Louis took with him his daughter, his physician, and the provost-marshal, and followed by an escort of gens-d'armes, proceeded to the Hotel de Poitiers; there he found, according to his expectations, the Sire de Saint Vallier still lingering, who waited for his wife, perhaps with the intention of ridding himself of her for ever.

"My Lord Count," said the king, "I had recommended you to depart with more speed; however, bid your wife farewell at once, and make your way to the frontier—you shall have a guard of honor. As for your instructions and credentials, they shall be at Venice before you."

Louis then gave his orders to the Count; not forgetting at the same time to add some secret instructions to a lieutenant of his Scottish guard to take the complement of soldiers under his command, and accompany the ambassador all the way to Venice.

The Count de Saint Vallier departed with great expedition, after having bestowed on his wife a chilling kiss, which he wished from his soul might have deprived her of existence. When the Countess returned to her own habitation, Louis XI. went to the Malmaison, being in a wonderful hurry to develop the sorrowful farce which was enacted in the house of his gossip, the usurer; at the same time flattering himself that in his capacity of king he would have sufficient penetration to discover the secrets of the robbers.

Cornelius beheld, not without considerable apprehension, the train of his royal master.

"Are all these people, Sire," said he to the king, in a suppressed voice, "to be in attendance on your majesty?"

Louis could not conceal a smile, when he saw the consternation of the miser and his sister.

"By no means, gossip," he replied, "set your heart at ease on the matter. They shall all sup at home, and we shall be alone to make our inquisition. I am such an admirable justiciary, that I wager ten thousand crowns I find out the criminal."

"Let us find him, Sire," said the other, "and not mind the wager."

On the instant they proceeded into the apartment where the merchant had

deposited his treasures. When there, Louis having made Cornelius shew him, first of all, the coffer in which he had placed the jewels of the Elector of Bavaria, then the chimney through which the robber must of necessity have descended, found little difficulty in convincing the Fleming of the fallacy of his conjectures; inasmuch as there was not any soot in the hearth where, to say the truth, a fire was very rarely lighted, no trace of any persons having passed through the flue, and more than all, the chimney opened out on a part of the roof that was almost inaccessible.

In short, after two hours of scrutiny, quite characteristic of that sagacity which distinguished the suspicious disposition of Louis XI., he was convinced beyond all doubt that no person had effected an entrance into the treasury of his gossip. Not the slightest marks of violence were discoverable either on the inside of the locks or on the iron coffers in which the gold and silver were kept, and the precious pledges deposited by wealthy debtors.

"If the thief opened this box," said the king, "why has he taken nothing but the Duke of Bavaria's jewels? For what reason did he shew such respect to this collar of pearls? Pasque Dieu! he was a strange rascal."

The wretched usurer grew pale when he heard these remarks. The king and he gazed silently at each other for a moment.

"Under your favour, Sire, for what purpose then is this robber come here, whom you seem to have taken under your protection, and who has been roving about during the night?" demanded Cornelius.

"If you cannot discover that yourself, gossip," returned Louis, "I condemn you to everlasting ignorance on the subject. It is one of my secrets."

"Then the devil himself is in my house," said the miser, in an agony of sorrow.

Under other circumstances, the king would most probably have laughed at this exclamation of his goldsmith; at present, however, he became thoughtful, and scanned the face of Master Cornelius with one of those searching glances which men of talent and power possess in so eminent a degree, so that the Fleming was quite terrified at it, dreading that he had given offence to his formidable sovereign.

"Angel or devil, I shall catch hold of the malefactors," said the king hastily. "If you be robbed this night, I shall know on the morrow by whom. Bring up hither that old she ape whom you call your sister."

Cornelius well nigh hesitated to leave the king all alone in the apartment where his treasures were deposited; nevertheless, he went away, overcome by the powerful effect of the bitter smile which played upon the withered lips of Louis XI. However, despite of his confidence in the king, he returned speedily, followed by the old woman.

"Have you got any flour?" demanded Louis.

"Oh, certainly," replied the old woman, "we have laid in our provisions for the winter."

"Very well," said the king, "bring it here to us."

"What do you want to do with our flour?" cried she, in consternation, not being in any wise awed by the royal majesty, like all persons under the influence of some violent passion.

"You old blockhead," cried Cornelius, "will you just punctually obey the commands of our gracious master. Is the king to want flour in my house?"

"Buy fine flour for yourselves, then," said she, grumbling along the stairs. "Alas! my flour: what a whim he has taken, to desire prying into my flour."

At length, however, she re-entered with one of those linen bags which were made use of from time immemorial in Touraine, either for carrying to market, or bearing back from it, nuts, fruit, and corn, and the frugal old woman having half-opened the bag, exhibited the contents, in fear and trembling, to the king.

"It is worth six sous the septérée," said she.

"What of that?" replied Louis, "turn it out upon the floor: above all, spread it in such a manner as to make an even layer, just like a fall of snow."

The old woman could not for the life of her make out what the king would be at. She was more thunder-struck at this proposal of his than if the world had fallen to pieces before her eyes.

"Is it my flour, Sire—upon the ground—nay—"

Master Cornelius now began to have an inkling, though it, was but a very

vague one, of the intentions of the king, and accordingly he seized hold of the bag and emptied it gently on the floor. The old woman started involuntarily, yet she stretched out her hand to catch the bag, and when her brother restored it to her she took herself away, heaving a deep sigh.

Cornelius took a feather and commenced from one side of the chamber to spread the flour, and arranged it like a covering of snow, going backward step by step, followed by the king, who appeared to be highly entertained with the operation. When they arrived at the door, he asked his companion—

"Are there two keys for the lock, gossip?"

"No, Sire."

The king surveyed the construction of the door. It was held together by large plates and bars of iron; the different pieces of this defence were connected with a secret lock, of which Cornelius himself had the key.

When Louis had carefully examined everything, he called in Tristan and desired him to post a few of the gens-d'armes for the night, with the greatest possible secrecy, either upon the mulberry trees on the causeway, or on the gutters of the neighbouring houses, and to re-assemble all his retinue in order to return to the Plessis, so as to make it appear that he would not stay to sup with Master Cornelius; then he recommended the miser above all things to close his windows with the greatest exactness, so that no ray of light might escape through them, and to prepare for them a hasty repast, in order to avoid giving room for the presumption that Louis was to be his guest.

In reality the king departed with great ceremony along the causeway, and returned secretly for the third time through the gate of the rampart, into the house of his gossip, the usurer. Every thing was so well arranged that the neighbours, the people of the town and of the court, all conceived that the king had returned to the Plessis through caprice, and that he would come again the next day to sup with his goldsmith. Cornelius's old sister too gave confirmation to this supposition by purchasing some fresh sauce, at the shop of a celebrated maker of that article, who lived near the *quarroi aux herbes*, called after-

wards the *carroir de Beaune*, by reason of the magnificent fountain of white marble which the unfortunate Semblançay (Jacques de Beaune) had brought over from Italy to adorn the capital of his country.

About eight o'clock in the evening, just when the king was taking his supper, in company with his physician, Cornelius, and the captain of the Scotch guards, uttering a thousand joyous sallies, and forgetting that he was the sick and half dead Louis XI., the deepest silence pervaded the outside of the mansion; so that a passenger or even a robber, however quick of ear, could have taken the Malmaison for nothing else than an uninhabited house.

"I hope," said the king, smiling, "my gossip shall be robbed to-night, that my curiosity may be satisfied. Look you now, gentlemen, that none of you leave his chamber to-morrow without my orders, under pain of some severe punishment."

Upon this, each person went away to sleep without further delay.

Next morning Louis was the first person to leave his apartment, and he directed his steps towards the treasury of Cornelius, but he was in no small degree astonished when he perceived marks of large feet imprinted upon the stairs and corridors of the house. Having inspected these valuable tracks with the utmost care, he proceeded towards the door of the room containing the money, and he found it locked, and without any marks of violence upon it. Then he examined the direction the feet had taken, but as they were gradually more and more feebly impressed, and ended at last in ceasing to leave the slightest vestige, he found it totally impossible to discover through what passage the robber had made his escape.

"Ah! gossip," cried the king to Cornelius, "you have been well and cleverly robbed."

At these words the old Fleming rushed out under the influence of unconcealed alarm.

Louis led him to view the feet marked on the floor, and as they examined them over and over again, the king, chancing to cast his eyes on the slippers of the miser, instantly recognised the mark of the sole, so many copies of which had been stamped along the stones.

He said not a word, and checked his laughter as he thought of the many innocent persons who had been hanged.

The miser proceeded with great haste to his treasury, and when there, the king having commanded him to make with his foot a new impression beside those that were already there, convinced him at once that the robber was no other than himself.

"The collar of pearls is wanting," cried Cornelius. "There is some sorcery at the bottom of all this, since I never left my chamber during the night."

"We will go and find out that forthwith," said the king, whom the good faith of his goldsmith rendered still more thoughtful.

Immediately he caused the *gens-d'armes* who had been on watch to be brought into the apartment, and demanded of them—

"Well, what did you see during the night?"

"Oh! Sir, we beheld a spectacle of perfect witchcraft," said the lieutenant. "Monsieur, your majesty's goldsmith, descended along the walls like a cat, and so nimbly withal, that we thought it was a shadow."

"Me!" exclaimed Cornelius, who had no sooner said this word than he remained standing bolt upright and speechless, as if he had lost the use of all his members.

"Begone now, the rest of you," said the king, addressing his archers, "and inform Messieurs Conyngham, Coyctier, and Bridoré, and also the provost-marshal, that they may leave their beds and come in hither."

"You have incurred the penalty of death," said Louis coolly to the Fleming, who, happily for himself, did not understand one word of what was spoken; "at least you have ten of them on your conscience to answer for—yes, *you* I say."

Here the king could not for the life of him conceal an inaudible laugh, and paused for a moment to compose himself.

"Come, cheer up," said he, as he observed the unwonted paleness that diffused itself over the face of the old miser, "you are a far better subject to bleed than to slay; and provided you pay some good heavy fine to the credit of my exchequer, you shall extricate yourself from the clutches of my gossip

Tristan. Moreover, too, if you do not build at least one chapel in honour of the Virgin, you are in a very fair way of having some hot and heavy affairs upon your hands during all eternity."

"Twelve hundred and thirty thousand crowns, and eighty-seven thousand crowns, make—thirteen hundred and seventeen thousand crowns," returned Cornelius mechanically, quite absorbed in his calculations. "Thirteen hundred and seventeen thousand crowns gone for ever!"

"He must have hidden them in some safe corner," said Louis, who began to find the sum quite handsome enough even for a king's consideration. "Ah! this is the magnet, without doubt, which drew him here daily.—He smelt out his treasure."

Coyctier now entered, and seeing the attitude of Cornelius, he watched the old man very knowingly all the time the king was recounting to him the adventure.

"Sire," replied the physician, "there is nothing at all supernatural in this affair. The usurer is endowed with the faculty of walking in his sleep by night. This is the third instance which I have met with of this singular malady, and if you desire to afford yourself the pleasure of witnessing the effects of it upon him, your majesty can see this old man walking with the greatest safety upon the edge of the roof, on the first night that the fit seizes him. I have remarked, in the two men whom I have already observed, some very curious connections between the affections of their nightly existence, and their affairs, or their occupations by day."

"Ah, Master Coyctier, you are wondrous wise."

"Am I not your physician?" retorted the other pertly.

At this reply Louis involuntarily raised his hat smartly off his head, an act which had become habitual with him to do when ever a happy thought crossed his mind.

"On those occasions," continued Coyctier, "people transact the usual affairs of the day in their sleep, and doubtless, as this man here takes no small delight in hoarding up treasures, he has with great facility delivered himself up to the influence of his more favourite passion; accordingly he must

have had those fits at night, as often as he has entertained fears for his treasures during the day."

"Pasque Dieu! what a treasure," cried the king.

"Where is it?" demanded Cornelius eagerly, who, by a singular privilege of our nature, understood the discourse of the physician and the king, though standing the whole time almost paralysed from his thoughts and his misfortunes.

"Ha ha!" replied Coyctier with a huge and diabolical horse laugh—"sleep walkers, when they awake, have no remembrance of their acts and gambols during the night."

"Leave us," said the king.

When Louis was alone with the miser, he regarded him with a cold sarcastic sneer.

"Mynheer Hoogworst," said he, turning round towards the Fleming, "all the hidden treasures in France belong to the king."

"Doubtless, Sire," returned the miser, "every thing is yours, and you are the absolute lord of our lives and our fortunes, but up to this present time you have always had the clemency to take only as much as you really wanted."

"Hark ye, gossip," interrupted the king. "If I assist you in recovering this same treasure, you may very safely, and without any fear, go shares with me."

"No, Sire, I should not wish to divide. I prefer to offer it to you entire—that is, after my death. But what is your highness's expedient?"

"Just simply to watch you myself, while you are taking your nightly rambles. Any other than myself would not be safe to trust?"

"Ah, Sire," replied Cornelius, casting himself at the feet of Louis, "you are the only man in your kingdom to whom I would willingly entrust such a task, and I shall know well how to prove my gratitude for the goodness which you show to your poor servant, by employing myself, with all the zeal in my power, to effect the marriage of the heiress of Burgundy with Monseigneur the Dauphin. Is not that a rich treasure not only of crowns but of domains, which shall make your royal crown completely round?"

"Hey day! my Flemish friend, you are trying to deceive me," said the

king, knitting his brows in a frown, "or else you have but ill served me."

"How, Sire, can you doubt my devotion? you, who are the only man in the world whom I love."

"All mere talk this," replied the king, staring the Fleming in the face. "You should not have waited for this occasion to make yourself useful to me. But you want to sell your protection to me. Pasque Dieu! to me, Louis the eleventh. Is it you then that are the master, and I the slave, ha! ha!"

"Ah, Sire," replied the old usurer, "I wished to surprise you agreeably by the news of some communications which I have conducted with the authorities of Ghent, and I only waited for the confirmation of them by the apprentice of Oosterlinck. But what is become of him?"

"Enough," said the king. "You have yet been guilty of another fault. I by no means desire that people should meddle with my concerns whether I will or not and—But enough; I will think upon all this."

Master Cornelius recovered all the agility of youth to scamper off to the parlour, where his old sister was sitting.

"Ah, Jeanne, my dearest soul! we have *here* in the house a bank where I have placed the thirteen hundred thousand crowns. Sure it is I, it is I that am the robber."

Jeanne Hoogworst sprung up off her stool, and stood upright on her feet, as if the seat from which she had risen was of red hot iron.

The shock was so violent for an old woman who had been for many years past in the habit of starving the flesh off her bones with voluntarily inflicted fasts, that she trembled through all her limbs, and felt an excruciating pain in her back. By degrees she grew pale and paler, and her face, in which it was almost impossible to distinguish the alterations that took place amidst such a multitude of wrinkles, began to be greatly agitated during the time that her brother was explaining to her the malady under which he laboured, and the strange predicament in which they were both placed.

"We are going—that is Louis XI. and myself," said he, finishing his recital—"we are going to gull each other with lies, like two crafty merchants. You understand me, child, that if he

should follow me he would alone possess the secret of my treasure. There is no body in the world except the king who can spy out my nightly walkings. I am not at all satisfied that the conscience of Louis, near as he is to death, could resist the temptation of thirteen hundred and seventeen thousand crowns, so that we must prevent him stealing our precious birds out of the nest, convey all our treasures to Ghent, and—yourself alone—"

Cornelius stopped suddenly short, while he seemed by his air to be weighing the heart of that sovereign who had already meditated the crime of parricide in his twenty second year; and when the goldsmith had thus, in thought, passed judgment upon Louis XI., he raised up his head with a quick motion, like a man who is anxious to escape from some dangerous object. As he made this movement, his sister, either too weak or too much excited for such a crisis, fell down stiff and motionless—she was dead.

Cornelius caught the old woman, he shook her violently, while he exclaimed,

"You have no business to die; by and by you will have time enough for it—Oh it is all over with her, the poor old she-ape; she never had the sense to do anything at the right time."

The miser closed her eyes and laid her down upon the floor; but then his mind reverted to all the nobler and worthier sentiments of his nature, which lay buried in the depths of his soul, and half forgetting his undiscovered treasure,

"Alas, my poor old companion," cried he, in the most piteous accent, "have I then indeed lost you—you, who knew all my ways so well. Oh, you were a real treasure to me, and there it lies: with you depart my peace of mind and my affections. Ah! if you had but known what an advantage your living even two days longer would have been to me, you would not have died, were it only to please me—my poor dear! Hey! Jeanne, thirteen hundred and seventeen thousand crowns! Ah! if that does not wake you—no—she's dead indeed!"

Upon this the old man sat down, nor uttered one word more; but two large tears gushed from his eyes and rolled down his lank and hollowed cheeks, then suffering many a deep drawn aspiration to break from him,

he shut the door and returned up stairs to the king.

Louis was struck at the grief displayed in the moistened features of his old friend.

"What's the matter now, gossip?" demanded he.

"Alas! Sire, misfortunes never come single. My sister is dead. She is gone before me down *there*," said the miser, pointing to the floor with a terrifying gesture.

"Ah! well, say no more about it," said Louis, who could not endure to hear any person talking of death.

"I make you my heir, Sire. I care no longer for anything. Here are my keys—hang me if it be your pleasure—take every thing—ransack the house—it is full of gold—I give it all to you."

"Come, come, gossip," replied Louis, half melted at the sight of this unwonted paroxysm, "we shall find the treasure some fine night or other, and the sight of so much wealth will give you heart again to live. I will come to see you again some time this week."

"Whenever it is your pleasure, Sire."

As the old man made this reply, Louis, who had advanced some few steps towards the door of the apartment, turned round hastily, and the two men stood looking at each other in silence, with an expression which neither the pencil nor language could possibly represent.

"Farewell, gossip," said Louis at length, in a hurried voice, and settling his hat upon his head.

"May God and the Virgin have your majesty in their holy keeping," replied the usurer in an humble and subdued tone, as he reconducted the king to the door.

After the friendship which had existed for such a length of time, these two individuals felt that a barrier was now thrown up between them by distrust and avarice, although they had all along been aware of each other's sentiments on those subjects; but they both understood each other so well, each had been so familiar with the other's feelings, that the king could not fail to divine, from the tone with which Cornelius pronounced the imprudent, "*Whenever it is your pleasure, Sire*," the repugnance which the goldsmith would feel at a visit from

him in future, as did Cornelius also recognise a declaration of war in the words "*Farewell, gossip*," which Louis addressed to him.

Thus did Louis XI. and the miser separate, each greatly embarrassed as to the manner in which he should for the future conduct himself towards the other.

The monarch was in full possession of the secret of the Fleming, but on the other hand, the latter had it in his power, by means of his extensive connections, to insure the obtaining of the most desirable acquisition which any King of France had ever effected, namely, that of the dominions belonging to the house of Burgundy, and which excited at that period the envy of all the sovereigns of Europe. The disposal of the hand of the celebrated Margaret of Burgundy depended upon the people of Ghent and Flanders, who were always about her person. The gold and influence of Cornelius could be of powerful assistance in the negotiations entered upon by Desquerdes, the general to whom Louis had entrusted the command of the army encamped upon the frontier of Belgium.

Thus then were these two old foxes like duellists whose powers chance had placed in exact equipoise to each other. Accordingly, whether it was that the health of Louis had become more feeble, or that Cornelius had contributed to bring Margaret into France, who did in reality arrive at Amboise in the month of July of the year 1438, to marry the Dauphin, to whom she was affianced in the castle of the Plessis, certain it is that the king did not levy the fine upon the goldsmith, no proceedings were instituted, and both one and the other continued in the half measures of an armed and suspicious friendship.

Happily for the usurer, a report was rapidly circulated throughout Tours, that his sister was the perpetrator of the robberies, and that she had been secretly put to death by Tristan. Otherwise, if the true history of the matter had come to light, there is no doubt that the whole town would have risen in a mass to tear down the Malmaison before the king could possibly have been able to defend it.

But if all the presumptions which

history affords us, relative to the state of inaction in which Louis XI. remained, have had any foundation, the case was far different with Master Cornelius Hoogworst. The usurer passed the first few days which succeeded that fatal morning, in continual occupation. Like carnivorous animals who are shut up in a cage, he went back and forward smelling for his gold in every corner of the mansion, every crevice of which he scrutinized, and held consultation with the walls, demanding a restoration of his treasure from the trees in the garden, from the foundations and the roofs of the turrets, from earth and from heaven. Frequently would he remain for whole hours standing motionless, casting his eyes on every thing around him all the time—now plunging them into empty space, now invoking the powers of frenzy, now the spells of sorcery, he sought to catch a sight of his riches through space and every obstacle. He was continually buried in one overwhelming thought, devoured by a desire which consumed his very vitals; but his heart was still more fearfully gnawed by the never dying anguish of the war which he waged with himself, since his passion for gold was turned against itself, a species of suicide ever uncomplete, which combined at once all the tortures of life with those of death. Never was vice more effectually its own punishment than in this case; for the miser who shuts himself up unwillingly in the subterranean dungeon where his wealth is hidden, has yet left to him, like Sardanapalus, the gratification of dying in the midst of his hoards; but Cornelius, at the same time the robber and the robbed, though knowing the secret neither of the one or the other, possessed, yet did not possess, his own treasures; a torture altogether new, altogether extraordinary, yet unceasingly terrific.

At other times, becoming almost forgetful of every thing, he would leave open the small gratings of the door, and then the passers-by could descry the poor old man, now nearly wasted to a skeleton, planted on his legs in the midst of his wild uncultivated garden, standing there perfectly motionless, and bending on those who examined him a fixed unchanging gaze,

the insupportable glare of which chilled their hearts with terror.

If by any chance he went into the streets of Tours, you would certainly have pronounced him to be a stranger; he neither seemed to know where he was, nor if the sun was shining, or the moon. Often would he inquire his way of the people who passed him, supposing himself to be in Ghent, and he appeared always to be in quest of his lost riches.

That idea which, of all human ideas, is the most enduring, the most inseparably connected with matter; that idea by which man is represented to himself; as it were, in a fictitious existence, exterior to himself—in a word, *consciousness*—this demon of the mind, plunged every instant his sharp fangs into the heart of the miserable Cornelius. Then, in the midst of this punishment, fear reared herself up with all the sensations which follow in her train. In short, two men possessed his secret, that secret which he knew not himself. Louis XI. and Coyc tier could at any time employ men to watch his wanderings during sleep, and thus discover the unknown abyss in which he had cast his riches, in the midst of the blood of so many innocent persons; for, in addition to his fears, remorse was ever awake within him.

That he might not suffer himself, as long as he had life, to be plundered of his unknown treasure, he took, during the first days that followed his misfortune, the most rigorous precautions against sleep. Besides, his commercial connections enabled him to procure anti-narcotics of the most powerful nature. His vigils must indeed have been most frightful; he was alone, struggling with darkness, silence, remorse, fear—with all those feelings which man has best personified.

In fine, this man, powerful as he was—this heart schooled and hardened by a life of politics and commerce—this character, though little noticed in the records of history, yet great and extraordinary, must of necessity have sunk beneath the horrors of that punishment which he had created for himself. Overpowered by some reflections more torturing than all those against which he had till then borne up, he cut his throat with a razor.

The death of Cornelius took place much about the same time with that of Louis XL, so that the Malmaison was entirely pillaged by the populace. Some old folks of Touraine have pretended that a gentleman of the name of Bohier found the treasures of the miser, and that he made use of them to commence the buildings of Chenonceaux, of which he had purchased the seignory—a most astonishing castle, which, despite of the wealth of many kings, the taste of Diana of Poitiers, and that of her rival, Catherine of Medicis, for architecture, remains up to the present time uncompleted.

Happily for Marie de Sessanage, the Sieur de Saint Vallier died, as the report goes, in his embassy; but his house did not become extinct. The Countess had, after the departure of her husband, a son, whose destiny is famous in the history of France, in the reign of Francis the First. His life was preserved by his daughter, the illegitimate great grand child of Louis the Eleventh, the celebrated Diana of Poitiers, who became the favourite mistress of Henry the Second; so that passion, indulged at the expense of principle, appeared to be hereditary in that noble family.

“CHANSON À BOIRE.”

Here's to those round our bosoms entwining,
 The sun-light of life's clouded sky,
 Woman's smile, and the light ever shining
 That flashes from Beauty's bright eye.
 That glance, like yon bright ray, which beaming
 Illumines our goblet to-night,
 Shines down o'er life's tide darkly streaming,
 And soon it runs sparkling in light.

Here's to those round our bosoms entwining,
 Woman's smile, woman's eye brightly shining,
 Long may love's rosy fetters confining
 Be wound round our hearts as to-night.

Here's to those we see smiling around us
 To-night o'er our deep-flowing bowl,
 To whom Friendship has sacredly bound us—
 Here's to each dear loved friend of our soul.
 Yes, the friends that still fondly will cheer us,
 Like moon beams when sinks the sun's ray,
 When the dark night of sorrow draws near us,
 And the sunshine of Love fades away.

Here's to those we see smiling around us,
 To whom Friendship has sacredly bound us.
 When the dark night of sorrow has found us,
 May we still find relief in its ray.

Here's to those in climes distant delaying—
 Bright gems from our crown rent away,
 May their spirits still round us be straying,
 Till they cheer us again with their ray—
 Not in sadness but hope o'er the number
 Of the fond and the true that have died,
 Breathe one sigh—may they wake from their slumber
 To find us once more by their side.

Here's joy to the bright eyes that cheer us,
 And a pledge to the friends that are near us,
 Fond remembrance for those who can't hear us,
 And a sigh o'er the true that have died.

THE BORES OF MY ACQUAINTANCE.—No. II.

“ Sous quel astre, mon dieu ! faut-il que je sois né,
Pour être de Fâcheux toujours assassiné.”

Molière.

It is generally held to be an unerring proof of regard, for an individual to say that his absence is distressing or insupportable : there is, however, a gentleman of my acquaintance, with respect to whom I can make that declaration most sincerely, and yet, at the same time, I am so far from having a regard for him, that I would rather hear of his death than of a legacy of a thousand pounds. This, Sir, is my Bore Epistolary. I could sustain a penny-post correspondence pretty well, but a series of letters from Vienna or Petersburg to a man whose income is scarcely one hundred pounds a-year !—Out of this meagre revenue I pay no less than twenty pounds annually into his Majesty's Post-office, and that for bundles of trash which even the

New Monthly Magazine would repudiate from its pages. My correspondent is of as migratory a turn as a swallow ; and in the course of a single week, I commonly receive dispatches with the post-marks of three or four different nations. There is before me at this moment a letter from Berne, consisting of three sheets of fools-cap, crossed perpendicularly with red ink, and recrossed diagonally with blue, to communicate to “his old and dear friend” the novel information that Switzerland is a mountainous country, *very unlike Holland* ; that there is really such a place as the castle of Chillon ; and that he (my kind correspondent to wit) has actually heard *with his own ears*—would to heaven the pillory had its rights !—

———“ Jura answer from her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud.”

With this citation I was indulged no fewer than five times in the same number of successive letters ; and I am sure I do not at all exaggerate when I say that, with the Hospice of Mont St. Bernard, and its execrable monks and dogs, this scrap of Byron has cost me more than would have enabled me to have heard and seen all these wonders in person. D——n the dogs of St. Bernard ! What are they to me, or I to them ? What is it to me that they save a few travellers every winter from perishing in the snow ? Is that a reason that I, *who do not travel*, must dine on rashers and eggs (a dish I abhor) four or five times a week ? I shall leave you to conceive how I quaked when he announced his intention to visit Italy, and from thence prosecute his travels into Greece ! I began to consider how I should look in a suit of frize. The first part of the threat was executed to the letter. He *did* visit Italy ; and you could have

traced his progress in the gradually deteriorated appearance I made in the streets. I had a packet from Genoa, acquainting me that that city is a seaport ; an epistle—“*verbosa and grandis*”—from Pisa, with a history of the falling tower, which I cursed in the bitterness of my heart for not having fallen upon the narrator's head ; a third from Mantua, to let me into the secret that Virgil, “*the poet*,” was born there ; a fourth from Parma, all about cheese ; and a fifth, sixth, and seventh, from the imperial city itself, stuffed with stanzas of Childe Harold, and larded with entire odes of Horace. The death of his brother obliged him to return in haste to England, or I have no doubt but that the Bay of Naples would have completed my ruin. Indeed the Coliseum alone brought me very near the verge of beggary. This, however, is but a specimen of his peregrinations. He makes an excursion generally every summer ; and

I am well off if he confines himself to the shores of the United Kingdom. A despatch from the Hebrides is a trifle to one from the Ionian Isles. But even when he is quartered with his family at home, he seldom intermits his epistolary attentions for three days together. If his grandmother catches cold, although I never so much as saw the old lady in my life, I am put in possession of all the stages of her indisposition—how many times Dan rode for the doctor—and how alarmed aunt Kitty was, lest the venerable patient should have a relapse. The cat kittens not at Lettergander, nor is a calf or a pig bought at a fair, but the news costs me eleven-pence : and not unfrequently, when the event has been more than ordinarily stimulative to his letter-writing propensities—as when the mouse, last Christmas, leaped out of the tea-chest, and threw the aforesaid aunt Kitty into hysterics—I am called upon for twice that sum ; for upon such an occasion he scorns the vulgar limits of a single sheet of paper, and often extends the despatch to the whole compass of two. Then—confound the varlet !—I am always his “ dear friend,” and often “ very dear ;” and he knows I will be “ delighted to learn,” or he anticipates my “ eagerness to be informed,” or he “ cannot refrain from gratifying my curiosity,” or he “ can readily conceive the pleasure he is about to give me”—and then, as sure as day follows night, comes the recovery of a lap-dog, or Grimalkin’s accouchement, or the success of a new method of cramming turkeys. A hundred thousand curses on the inventor of letters ! A post-bag is to me a Pandora’s box, and every post-man a messenger of evil. I have not had a night’s sleep since the newspapers mentioned a project which is on foot to establish a steam-boat between London and Alexandria. If this be realized, I am undone. He will, unquestionably, pay a visit to the Pyramids, and his first letter will send me to grind oyster-shells at Moira House. The prospect is frightful. My best plan would be to embark along with him : but I protest the fellow would write to me, though we lodged in the same caravanserai.

Make it a rule of life—lay it down as a principle—to shun the acquaintance of entomologists. “ *Haud in-*

pertus loquor.” I am acquainted with an entomologist—a man of caterpillars, fleas, and earwigs—one whose heart is set upon midges, and to whom a cricket is the noblest animal in creation. What disgusts every body else, constitutes this individual’s supreme happiness—all that crawls, creeps, buzzes, or stings, throws him into raptures. His sympathies are with reptiles. Of all the kingdoms of the earth, he cares for the insect kingdom alone. Of the dynasty of the gnats he knows the whole annals : the chronicles of a wasp’s nest are far better known to him than the history of England : he viewed the progress of the Reform Bill with the most complete indifference, but not the slightest mutation in the social polity of a bee-hive ever happens without his privacy. Was there to be an ant-hill revolution, he would be a very great man ; he would inform the world that such a pismire played the part of Lord John Russell ; that such another enacted Bab Macanuley ; and he would distinguish, at a single glance, the Radical ants from the Conservatives. In short, of all the creations of the sixth day, the only one he admires is that of the creeping things. Birds, beasts, fishes, men, and I believe I might add women, possess for this gentleman no interest or attraction whatsoever. He is all for the vermin. Had he lived in Egypt during the plague of lice and frogs, he would have thought it Elysium. He is a fellow who would turn from Cleopatra to her asp ; and prefer a mosquito or a grasshopper to all the beauties, brunette and blonde, that ever bewitched mankind. He would give the two eyes of Venus for the tail of a glow-worm, and all the roses of Paphos for a canker in one of the buds. For neither of his parents doth he care a groat ; but to atone for such impiety, he shews more than filial respect for every father-long-legs he meets in a morning’s walk. The only character of antiquity about whom he ever manifested the least concern is Curius Dentatus ; and would you guess the reason ? solely because Horace celebrates that personage for his “ *incomitis capillis.*” “ Curius, Sir,” he once observed to me, in a conversation on the ancient classics, “ Curius must have been a *valuable* man : his head was a sort of entomological cabinet.

It was upon the same occasion, I think, he told me that he considered the "*Culex*" as Virgil's master-piece; and that he had never read a single line of Ovid, except the metamorphosis of *Arachne*. "Well, but," says some gentle reader, "what is all this to you? Because an individual happens to have a fancy for wasps, is that a reason that you should be waspish; because he has a passion for flies, need you, therefore, fly into a passion? Let him enjoy his vermin in peace. If he prefers a harem of beetles or butterflies to one of beauties, be his reptile propensities their own punishment; why should you vex yourself about it? What is it to you, if a gentleman has a turn for tadpoles, or chuses to run mad after moths and midges? I cannot see why one should be set down a Bore, because he chances to fall in love with a lizard, or wants strength to resist the seductions of a snail." Not set him down a Bore! I wish you had the experience of a single night in his house. You would know whether an entomologist is a bore or not. His beds are about as well adapted for repose as the bed of Procrustes. I can vouch at least for one of them, which I have unhappily tenanted three or four times within the last twelvemonth. It goes by the name of "my bed." Morpheus, perhaps, might sleep in it, or a watchman: I find it impracticable. In fact, the "*genius loci*" is activity, not rest. I do not suppose all the opium in Turkey—or all the debates of last session—or the poetry of all the *Annals*, could make me close my eyelids for one moment on such a couch. As a scene of animation, there never was anything like it, except, perhaps, the Carnival of Venice. A carnival it is, indeed, in every sense of the word. Had I the benevolence of a Howard, the thought that I am making millions of creatures happy might be some mitigation of my sufferings; but as it is, language cannot describe the misery in which I await the morning. At first I used to execrate the chamber-baid, but the truth soon came out. Imagine my astonishment on making the discovery that the agonies I had undergone were merely part of a series of experiments in entomology—that I had, in fact, been unconsciously advancing the interests of science, while

the rest of the world was steeped in idle and inglorious slumber. "Did you observe anything *peculiar*," he asked me one day at breakfast, "in the bed you slept in last night?"

"Peculiar!—slept!"—I exclaimed—"I never was so horribly bitten in all my life—I never slept a wink." The miscreant's eye beamed with unusual satisfaction. "Probably not," he replied; "the bite is unique; it is a new variety of the flea species; I imported it from Sicily; and, *from what you say*, I have no doubt but that I shall succeed in naturalizing it in these countries: it bites with twice the *spirit* of the common flea, and you may have observed it is nearly twice as large."

Now, Sir, I respect the legitimate pursuit of science as much as any man breathing; but I submit that this method of pursuing science is not legitimate or commonly decent; and if the man who ransacks the globe for vermin, colonizes his mattresses with the most atrocious specimens that the warmest climates produce, and pastures them on the carcases of his friends and acquaintance, if that man be not a Bore—and a Bore of the first magnitude—I must only say with the Moor—"chaos is come again."

The next on the list is one whom, for want of an epithet more appropriate, I shall call my Bore Fashionable. In truth, he is any thing but fashionable, for he talks of fashions and of people of fashion without ceasing. He might pass for a gentleman, but that the word genteel occurs in every sentence he utters. He possesses good-nature; but had he ten times as much of it, he would be a nuisance. His accent is a hybrid, between the brogue of a Dublin dandy and the intonations of an exquisite of Finsbury-square. In what precise quarter of the Irish capital he drew his first breath, I am uninformed; I pry into the secrets of no man's nativity; but it was probably in some such "*bourgeois*" district as Mary's Abbey; for he makes it a principle to know nobody who dwelleth not from College Green eastward into Merrion-square, and from Nassau-street southward to the Coburg Gardens. He is not quite clear but that he should cut an old school-follow who resides in

York-street. As to the realms north of Liffey, he escheweth them altogether. Once in his life, he ingenuously owns, he dined in Cavendish-row : but speak to him of Eccles-street or Blackball-street, and he expresses amazement at your geographical erudition, talks of Captain Clapperton, and declares that he is not familiar with the localities of central Africa. He knoweth Barrack-street, because he is invariably intimate with some Lieutenant-Colonel : name Usher's Island, and it is a thousand to one that he will look inquisitive, and ask you whether it was not discovered by Christopher Columbus or Commodore Byron. Take this person's own word for it, and he and my Lord Lofty are a modern edition of Damon and Pythias : trust your own eyes, and you will incline to think the Theban brothers (except, indeed, that the antipathy is all upon one side,) a more exact type of the relation subsisting between the parties. The truth is, Lord Lofty does not like to be called "my dear fellow" by *every body*. He hates my Bore Fashionable most devoutly ; and yet, were his Lordship in power, there is nobody living he would promote so willingly—to a place in Sierra Leone, or an office in St. Helena. He would afford him an early opportunity of learning that Usher's Island is not the "*Ultima Thule*," or Eccles-street so very near the Antipodes as he affects to suppose. Were he appointed Lord High Chancellor of Otaheite, I should sing a Psalm : it would be my salvation. I cannot afford ebony canes with ivory handles ; I cannot endure to be questioned every day of my life whether I have not read "*The Exclusives* ;" and I am determined *not* to import my clothes from New Bond-street ; complaisant as I am, my mind is made up on that point. Good Heaven ! Sir, is this a land of liberty or not ? Do we live in the times of the Inquisition or the Star-Chamber ? What right has any man to insist upon my reading "*The Exclusives*," or to make my life miserable because I chuse to employ an Irish tailor to build my coat ? None whatever : I will do the Whigs the justice to say, that even *the Reform Bill* admits of *no such construction*. I am still at liberty to have my coat, aye, and my waist-coat, too, made in Dublin : it is

the law and the constitution, and I will exercise my right, or *die*. "*Die* !" did I say ? A hundred thousand deaths were better than to live the slave of a popinjay of this description. Had I as many lives as a cat, I would yield them all, by slow tortures, to escape the narrative of his trip to *Pawris*—it is always *Pawris* with this fine gentleman—and his accidental meeting on the Italian *Bullyvards*, or at the *Tobleries*, with Lieutenant-Colonel Kettle-drum, of the Hundredth Royal Dragoon Guards, who called him "dear Dick," and asked him to dinner at Meurice's, and introduced him to Brigadier-General Sir Gregory Grimshaw, who was "really a perfect gentleman," and declared, "upon his honour," that "*Pawris* was the only residence in Europe for a man of fashion." I protest, Sir, no thief on a treadmill suffers as I do from the daily infliction of this and other like anecdotes ; but the worst is yet to be told :—I was *assured* the other day that I am falling so rapidly into the pronunciation of this vulgar-genteel coxcomb, that it is difficult to distinguish our voices one from the other ! This is *gratifying*, you will acknowledge. That it is *quite true* I have not the shadow of a doubt. I shall very soon, in all probability, say *Pawris* and *Bullyvards* ; remind every body in company of the regions of Cockaigne ; and perhaps exclaim, "upon my honour," and boast of the acquaintance of Lieutenant-Colonels. It is impossible to say to what horrid lengths I may be carried, if Lord Lofty has not soon some foreign situation at his disposal. There are two things, however, which, as I have already declared, no force shall compel me to do. I am a free citizen, and I will neither employ a London tailor, nor will I read "*The Exclusives*." I stand on the common law right of a British subject. I care not who submits to such unconstitutional interference, I shall not. In the words of an eminent living orator, "I will resist it to the last moment of my existence, and with the last drop of my blood ; and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, *I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar, and swear them to eternal hostility against the invader of their father's freedom.*"

My next specimen is an odd one—quite a “*lusus nature*.”

“I will tell you now

What never yet was heard in tale or song ;”—
—of a fellow who bores me to the death, not by his loquacity, after the usual fashion of his race, but by exactly the inverse process—to wit, by holding his tongue. The gentleman now on the “*tapis*” is just the opposite of the Bore Garrulous : he is my Bore Silentiary at your service. We were fellow-travellers some time since—so my evil genius contrived it—in a stage-coach from Dublin to Derry. I was in elevated spirits, and disposed as much as ever I was in my life to hold intercourse with my species. It is an established rule that *somebody* must always *begin* a conversation ; so I popped a question at my companion, upon what subject I now forget. No reply ; none whatever, either in assent or dissent. There was a slight nutation of the head on its axis, and a still slighter movement of the upper lip, but whether to be understood affirmatively or negatively, it was impossible to decide. I tried a second topic—one of “the favourite topics of the day,” as the newspapers phrase it—the oracle gave no response. I tried a third—it was a dead failure. Repulsed three times with so much discourtesy, I ought perhaps to have retired from the field, and left my morose friend to his meditations. No ; I had the social spirit too strong upon me to give up so easily ; I rested on my arms for about half an hour, and then returned to the charge with a volley of foreign and domestic politics. He received my fire as cool and unshaken as a regiment of Highlanders drawn up in a hollow square. I then loaded with literature, and gave him a round of magazines, reviews, travels, pamphlets, and new novels. He was firm as the Macedonian phalanx—not a syllable escaped his lips ; not even Captain Ross and the discovery of the true place of the magnetic pole moved him. I withdrew again, and held a council of war. A thought struck me—religion might break his lines, though politics and literature had no more effect upon him than pop-guns : accordingly I brought up a park of artillery and gave him a cannonade of controversy that might have demolished

the Vatican. I might as well have been cannonading the rock of Gibraltar ; he was impregnable as solid adamant. “Perhaps he was asleep ?” No, Sir, he was not asleep ; nor disposed to sleep : I had often heard him say that he never slept in a stage-coach.

Well, what was to be done ? Was I to yield or persist ? I nobly resolved on the latter course. Recollecting that we had had an excellent ham at breakfast, I made some lively remarks gastronomic upon its merits, and concluded by asking my companion his opinion. A nutation of the head was again perceptible ; and I fondly hoped that I had at length succeeded in exorcising the demon of taciturnity ; but the hope was vain—the demon maintained his hold with the obstinacy of General Chassé ; and Pythagoras was too strong for Dr. Kitchiner. In fact, I was in the ridiculous situation in which it is said that Lord Byron once found himself, labouring to extract conversation out of a muzzled bear. Vanquished and crest-fallen, I drew down my hat over my face till the brim was a tangent to my nose, shrunk into the inmost folds of my camelot cloak, and did what a man of spirit would have done long before—became as mute as my fellow-traveller himself. Silence was indeed my only alternative, as I am not given to soliloquy ; and there was no third inside passenger to communicate with ; not so much as a poodle. The journey you may suppose was dull : everything in fact, physical as well as moral, contributed to make it wretched. I was bored at all points : sleep was a bore, for it refused to come to my assistance ; and the elements were bores too, for it rained incessantly, and the wind blew from the north-east. As to the coachmen and guards, they were bores of course, for they are bores by virtue of their callings, and bores at all times and under every meridian. Time, however, is the great physician. We drew near Derry. The brim of my hat had been some time raised, and I was philosophically engaged in counting the cats at the cottage doors and windows along the road-side. I had just got to cat the seventy-first, (which by the bye was a kitten,) when my eye accidentally falling on the physiognomy of my dumb friend, I observed a sudden gleam of intelligence—the first time.

his countenance had exhibited that phenomenon during the entire journey—playing over his features; and in a moment, “swift as the thunder-bolt pursues the flash,” the silver chord was loosed, his lips opened, and he exclaimed with an impetuosity that seemed quite ungovernable—“Death and confusion, man! look at the crow!”—I *did* look at the crow;—so solemnly adjured, it was impossible to refuse to look at it. It was a black crow, a feathered crow, a crow with two legs, such a crow as one may see every day in the year, in every corn-field in every parish in Ireland, a crow that you would not give the tithe of a farthing to see, no, nor a whole rookery of the like. Had it been a white crow, or a three-legged crow, or a musical crow, or a crow “with spectacles and band,” like Parson Rooke in the old nursery rhyme, or any sort of crow upon earth but the crow it was, a common, cawing, black, vulgar, insignificant, uninteresting, rascally-looking crow as ever I laid my eyes on, there would have been nothing in it; I should have attributed my comrade’s interest to his skill in natural history, and have blamed myself for not having, amongst the many topics I started to solicit his attention, touched upon ornithology. Yet it was a marvellous crow after all, for it wrought a miracle. From Dublin to Derry, until that crow flew across the road, my fellow-traveller never uttered so much as a monosyllable: from Dublin to Derry, the only proof he gave that he belonged to the race of “*μυστεριον αυθεντικον*” was—“Death and confusion, man! look at the crow!” Had I that crow in my possession, I should make it a present to the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Clermont.

My Bore Facetious—it is a misnomer, like the Bore Fashionable, but it cannot be helped—I shall introduce to the reader by the name of Geoffry Goosecap. This is a fellow who rejoices in puns, and whose glory is a conundrum. His conversation is a string of despicable jokes, which he cracketh incessantly, as a monkey at the zoological garden doth filberts. He lieth in wait for me in my speech, as a spider watches a fly; springs upon any unlucky word in a sentence that is

capable of being tortured into two meanings; thereupon committeth a pun. When he hath no little jest of his own, he relates the little jests of others, and when he has neither, he is chop-fallen, and as dismal as a modern comedy. Observe him in society:—some grave topic of literature or politics is haply under discussion—Geoffry Goosecap takes no part; he weigheth not the arguments; he pondereth not the meaning of aught that is observed upon either side; he careth no whit how the point is settled. Is Geoffry inattentive to the conversation?—far from it!—he heareth and marketh every word and syllable:—he is silent only till his time cometh. At length it is arrived; the occasion is unwittingly given; his eye twinkles; his visage exhibits the signs of mental travail; you think the conception must needs be brilliant, you expect to see Pallas issue in panoply from the head of Jove, when lo!—it is the mountain delivered of the mouse—Geoffry bringeth forth a—pun. I must own, though it grieves me, that I am frequently his accomplice in crime. It is a common scheme with him to make me accompany him on a round of visits, having previously settled that I shall propose a certain question, or make some remark or other, in reply to which he is to disburthen himself of some miserable bon-mot, which he has on the anvil probably for a fortnight. Very often the witticism is at my own expence. He obliged me once to assert in a large company that I was a member of the Antiquarian Society, (than which no assertion could have been further from truth,) in order to give him an opportunity of saying—“Then, Sir, you cannot deny that you are an A. S. S.” But I had my revenge upon him soon after, and in the most innocent manner imaginable. We had both been invited to dinner at a certain house, where it was Geoffry’s most ardent ambition to pass for a wit of the first water. My instructions were these:—I was to mention that I had met that morning a gentleman of my acquaintance who had a few days previously lost his wife, and that, to my surprise, instead of a suit of the deepest mourning, the widower was drest in a green coat and yellow waistcoat. Upon this Geoffry

was to observe that the gentleman was of course in what Shakspeare calls "a green and yellow melancholy." Well, the day came—

"The great, th' important day,
Big with the fate of Geoffry and his pun"—

—I told my story; but it so happened that I made a slight alteration, and turned the green coat into a blue one;—his impetuosity to dazzle the company was too violent to allow him to notice the mistake: out came the quotation; and we had the old joke of the leg of mutton and the "lapsus linguae" over again. It was the first time in his life that Geoffry Goosecap ever set the table in a roar. Perhaps you have now a sufficiently accurate idea of this "impertinent." Just imagine a fellow who would stop Mr. Serjeant Pennefather, on his way to court, to ask him "why a miller wears a white hat?" Does he hear that my Lord Decies has given a guinea to some public charity, he is in ecstasy, for it enables him to observe that he should have thought his lordship would have given *ten times* that sum. Does an eminent divine preach, Geoffry says the sermon no attention whatever; but he whispers in your ear when it is concluded, and hopes you will allow that it is a *finished* composition. Geoffry is a bit of a classical scholar, and the following anecdote, (for the truth of which I am ready to vouch on the honor of a contributor to the Dublin University Magazine,) will shew to what purposes he applies his erudition. He has a daughter named Sarah, and a maid-servant cycled Rose, and he takes care, when he invites anybody to his house, that the young lady shall be out of the way; he then calls the maid, and bids her go in search of her mistress; the girl has

learned her part to admiration, and runs up and down calling Miss Sarah, Miss Sarah, at the top of her lungs: this appears to displease Geoffry—he desires her to desist—says it is no matter—he does not want his daughter in any great hurry:—then he turns to his visitor, and adds, with a smile of the smoothest complacency

"Mitte sectari Rosa quo locorum
Sarah moratur."

But of Geoffry Goosecap there has been now enough; I think his title to the appellation Bore has been fully established:—find a flaw in it if you can.

[Here endeth the second chapter of more than human miseries. Whether the public shall ever drop the tear of sympathy on a third, lieth not with the writer to determine. Ere another moon shall replenish her horns, he may be beyond the reach of his tormentors. This very night he may be bassooned to death; or escaping the bassoon, he may perish by an epic poem; or escaping the poet, fall by the politician or the punster; or avoiding the two latter perils, how knoweth he but the postman, with his fatal knock, may bring dispatches from the interior of New Holland; or amber supplant ebony in walking-canes; or some new and mightier branch of the flea family reinforce the warlike variety which has already drank too deep of the stream of his existence. Alas! how knoweth he in what horrid shape he may meet the grisly king, or how soon the dire rencontre may take place. Should his span be more protracted than from the multitude and fierceness of his foes he dareth to hope, his pen, the sole solace of his woes, shall not be inactive; the residue of the sorrows of Roderick Rueful shall be given to the world.]

GRANA WEAL'S GARLAND.

I.

LAMENTATION OF FIGHTING FITZGERALD'S GHOST.

Taken down from the mouth of the Apparition, which may be seen any morning before sunrise on the Fifteen Acres.

I.

Roger darling, who's for fighting?
 I'm his man, Sir—here's my card.
 None to answer my inviting?
 Rather strange, and very hard.
 Can't a man get some diversion,
 Some indulgence, any how?
 Sink your rascally Coercion!—
 Any money for a row!

II.

Men, I think, are all turned Quakers,
 Swaddlers, tailors, and what not—
 Here I'm on the Fifteen Acres!
 Who's to shoot me or be shot?
 None to answer, none to meet me?
 Can I be in Ireland now!
 Monstrous shabby way to treat me—
 Any money for a row!

III.

Ten pounds for a Papist's visage!
 D—n O'Connell and the Pope!
 Oh, boys, if you stand such usage,
 Every man deserves a rope.—
 Maurice! Tom! O'Gorman Mahon!
 Can you tamely this allow?
 Won't you box or clapperclaw one?—
 Any money for a row!

IV.

Since I get such cold denial,
 From these dirty dogs of Dan's,
 Here goes for another trial—
 Ten pounds for an Orangeman's
 Heretic face, and curse King William!—
 Both, by Jove, are under cow:
My cys, how these Whigs must mill 'em!—
 Any money for a row!

II.

MY NOSE IS AT YOUR SERVICE.

A new Song to the tune of "Betty Baker," to be sung by all pitiful castiffs.

I.

Since God ordains the powers that be,
And Whigs are heaven-directed ;
Let black be white, as they decree,
Their will shall be respected.
I hate a man who'll frown and fume
'Gainst orders still protervous ;
So get your thumb in order, Brougham,
My nose is at your service.

II.

My nose is neither large nor small,
The *juste milieu* of noses ;
'Tis what a liberal Whig would call
A moderate proboscis :
And I'm myself a moderate man,
Exceeding old and nervous ;
So get your thumb in order, Dan,
My nose is at your service.*

III.

I tell my wife my state concerns
With conjugal discretion ;
Jack Priest of course each item learns
Next morning at confession :
And Jack's the boy whose palm to oil
's well known to be impervious ;
So get your thumb in order, Doyle,
My nose is at your service.

IV.

Lieutenant Randolph pulled the nose
Of General Jackson gaily ;
His conch required no second dose,
But mine asks tweaking daily.
So now, good Lord, from Tory thrall
In church and state, preserve us ;
Rogues get your thumbs in order, all,
My nose is at your service.

* ————— he, as it appears,
To Daniel sent for leave that he might cut off both his ears :
Said Daniel most politely, as you may well suppose,
" My ears are at your service Sir, but first I'll pull your nose."
(*Irish Song.*)

III.

THE FINE OLD IRISH GENTLEMAN.

I.

I'll sing you a song by an old good fellow plann'd,
 About an ancient gentleman who had a grant of land,
 Which his fathers got in former times, I'm given to understand,
 By keeping the Pope and Pretender from getting the upper hand,
 Like a fine old Irish Protestant, one of the olden time.

II.

This honest good old soul had carved above his door
Céad míle fáilte in Irish, for all comers rich and poor :
 There he kept it up with usquebagh and claret wine good store,
 As Bumper Squire Jones of Moneyglass and his father had done before,
 Like a fine old jovial Irishman, one of the olden time.

III.

He never bothered his company about the Russ or Turk,
 Nor the march of intellect neither, once his screw was in the cork,
 For this stout old cock had got a way of doing his country's work
 With another guess sort of implement than either spoon or fork,
 Like a fine old Irish Volunteer, one of the olden time.

IV.

When stubble land and busy flail brought round the quarter day,
 And his tenants came in order due their easy rent to pay ;
 You'd see him with his poorest cotter's wife, leading off the dance so gay,
 All the boys and girls of the country-side being welcome as the flowers of May,
 Like a fine old Irish Resident, one of the olden time.

V.

Then on Sunday at the parish church, with neither sigh nor groan,
 But grateful looks of love and joy more dear at heaven's throne,
 Blessing the God who had made him so happy in sweet Tyrone—
 For the more he had seen of foreign lands, the more he liked his own,
 Like a fine old Irish Gentleman, one of the olden time.

VI.

And now I'll change my subject, though I'll stick to my old tune,
 And sing you another verse or two about a scornful loon
 Who cares for us poor Irish about as much as the man in the moon,
 And whose highest ambition seems to be to imitate a baboon,
 Like a fine young French *Juste-milieu* man, one of our modern time.

VII.

to school at Eton or Westminster straight he goes,
 r that to Cambridge, where he enters at Brazennose,
 father's money on gooseberry wine for white champaign bestows,
 a dog Jew twenty per cent on all the cash he owes,
 ine young dainty Home-scorner, one of our modern time.

VIII.

w prepared by *post obits* to start on the grand tour,
 ise and pair with outriders, off rattles our young milor',
 es a thousand Napoleons, the first week, at *Rouge et noire* ;
 ny of his friends but ask him what he plays such dog's tricks for,
 ine young spendthrift Absentee, one of our modern time,]

IX.

l him very gravely he mistakes the *juste milieu*,
 Ireland's vastly better of all the cash he drew
 ry street, Saint James's, and the Rue de Richelieu,
 If prove it by a long quotation from the Edinboro' Review ;
 ine young Whig Economist, one of our modern time.

X.

en his agent tells him that the country's nearly lost,
 it of estated gentry, to take a forward post,
 the blackguard leaders of the anti-union host,
 ite him a note of condolence, or petition against tithe at most,
 ne young pert No-party-man, one of our modern time.

XI.

le from his wrung tenants the last slow drop will come,
 have means to spend his time in measuring Saint Peter's dome,
 dying how the ancients used to bake mince pies at Rome,
 m't care though the devil make mince pies of all at home,
 ne young Irish Gentleman, one of our modern time.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SIR CHARLES LEWIS METZLER VON GIESECKE,

LATE PROFESSOR OF MINERALOGY TO THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

PART II.

Amongst the various minerals brought to Europe and placed in the Dublin Society's Museum by its Professor, that which has since been named *Gieseckite* naturally excited the curiosity of amateurs. The first publication of this new species is to be found in James Sowerby's splendid illustrations of "Exotic Mineralogy," (1817,) which contains an excellent plate of this mineral, Vol. II. p. 101, classed under the head of "*Silex Gieseckei*;" to which is annexed the following just tribute to the merits of the discoverer:—"The persevering researches of Sir Charles Giesecke, in Greenland, have been productive of several new and many rare minerals; some of which a less intelligent mineralogist would have passed over. The fortune of war had for some time deprived him of the honour due to his discoveries, but now his merit is every where fully admitted. By way of perpetuating his name in the list of persons who have made themselves conspicuous in science, it is desirable to name some mineral after him; and we would propose the substance before us, as it appears to be quite new, and was brought by him from Allukiarasiarsuk, in North Greenland. It occurs crystallized in hexahedral prisms, imbedded in a claystone porphyry, accompanied by a few crystals of red feldspar. The crystals are usually solitary, though two or three are sometimes attached together: two of their sides are constantly wider than the remaining four; the angles measure 120° . They break easily, with an uneven shining surface and blunt edges, without showing any tendency to a foliated structure: the lustre is dull, rather waxy, and they are possessed of some transparency: the colour is olive green, varying in intensity to almost black: the hardness is between fluor and calcareous spar. When heated, this substance hardens,

loses its colour, and with some difficulty may be fused into an opaque enamel. The spec. grav. taken from a crystal of an indeterminate colour was found to be 2.787. The mineral nearest to *Gieseckite* is *Pinite*; but that is infusible, opaque, has a foliated fracture and higher specific gravity." * * * "The one figured, is placed in the cabinet of the Countess of Aylesford; it is illustrative of all the characters, except the size of the crystals, which is sometimes much greater."

Stromeyer subsequently analyzed this mineral, and found it to consist of

Silex	. 46.27
Alumine	. 33.82
Magnesia	. 1.2
Potash	. 1.6
Oxide of Iron	3.35
Water	. 4.38

But to return from the Greenlandic museum to our professor. All the specimens above-mentioned, and many other valuable and striking illustrations of the natural and artificial productions of Greenland, were exhibited at his first course of lectures, delivered in July, August, and September of 1816. The entire afforded a pleasing and unprecedented novelty, which awakened the liveliest interest in the minds of his auditors.

A second collection made in Greenland, between the 60th and 66th degrees of latitude, anxiously expected by Sir Charles, arrived at this period at Copenhagen. In fact, the interest occasioned by the first set of rarities presented to the public eye, encouraged our traveller to commission his Greenland friends to forward him fresh supplies every second year by Whalers, *via* Hull; opportunities by which, from time to time, many valuable specimens of arctic minerals were added to the Society's collection.

The lectures on the Natural History of Greenland were recommenced in

1830, but being interrupted by the interference of a course of lectures on another subject, which had been accidentally announced for the same days and hours, the Greenland course was laid aside, and not afterwards resumed.

On the termination of the lectures on Greenland, our Professor was directed to enter on a course of Economical Mineralogy, which he began in December 1816, and which was, like that on the Natural History of Greenland, thrown open to the public.

In May 1817, the committee of mineralogy presented a report to the Society, which was the means of facilitating another journey of the Professor to the Continent. They observe—"that on inspecting and comparing the systematic part of the Leskean collection with the most recent systems of mineralogy in general, and with the printed syllabus of your Professor in particular, it is found deficient in a great number of species of minerals discovered subsequently to the period of the formation of that collection (1792.) That with a view to the advancement of your mineralogical school, and the more perfect diffusion of pure mineralogy, in the first instance it is highly necessary to complete the systematic part of the collection, so as to include specimens of all known species of simple minerals, and thus to exhibit to the practical student an epitome of the advanced state of the science.

"Your committee therefore recommend that a sum not exceeding £300, be allocated for such purpose, and that your Professor of Mineralogy have full power, and be requested to adopt the most efficacious means of supplying the deficient species of simple minerals, which, according to the list and index handed to us by your Professor, amount to 129 species and sub-species."

This recommendation was promptly complied with, and leave of absence given to Sir Charles, to enable him to proceed on his proposed tour, and purchase the specimens required.

Previous to his departure, a splendid donation of minerals was presented,

through him, to the Society, by Lord Whitworth, (then Lord Lieutenant,) who took the opportunity of repaying his elevation to the honorary office of President, by supplying some deficiencies in its museum from his own. This present was a collection of 154 truly beautiful polished stones from Siberia, uniformly cut and shaped in pairs, into knife handles, consisting of calcedonies, rock crystals, agates, jaspers, horn stones, woodstones, serpentines, and a great variety of porphyries.

This series of specimens was one of many presents, distinguished for their elegance and value, received by his Excellency, while Envoy at the Court of St. Petersburg, from her Majesty Catherine II.

As Sir Charles was preparing to take leave for his mineralogical tour, the Society resolved to confer on him a distinguished mark of its approbation for his zealous exertions in his department, that should in some degree balance the substantial obligations under which it undoubtedly lay to its generous Professor. Accordingly, on the 22d May, it was unanimously resolved to present him with a valuable gold medal, and Mossop was commissioned to sink a characteristic die for the occasion. This talented artist executed a medal, bearing on the obverse an *alto rilievo* head of Sir Charles, in the unadorned antique style, surrounded by the legend, "C. L. GIESECKE, EQR. AVRAT. MIN. PROF. S. HON. S. D. A. HIB. R. S." &c. The reverse presented the shore of Greenland in the foreground, traversed by a huge white bear, emerging from a group of basaltic pillars. A whale is seen spouting on the surface of the adjacent ocean, and a magnificent iceberg, with all its shattered pinnacles, floats in the far horizon, and fills up the scene. This medal bears the date MDCCCXVII. and the legend "HYEMES VII. SUB. ARCTO. TOLERAVIT. INGENTI. NATURÆ. PERCULSUS. AMORE : " which may be thus translated—"Inspired with an ardent love of Nature, he braved the rigours of seven polar winters."* On the 12th June, at a

* From an article in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, vii. 133, (Feb. 1818) we learn that whilst in Greenland, Sir Charles was, at times, exposed to the temperature of —39° Fahr. at which Mercury freezes. The greatest heat which he experienced there was about 86° Fahr.

meeting of the Society, at which their vice president, Viscount Frankfort De Montmorency, presided, he addressed Sir Charles Giesecke from the chair as follows:—"Sir, I am directed by the Society to present you their unanimous approbation of the scientific and satisfactory arrangement you have introduced and established in their museum, and the amiable and attentive disposition you have manifested on all occasions to the members and visitors, in your obliging explanations on the subjects in the museum; in testimony whereof, I do now present you with their gold medal, voted to you by the Dublin Society, together with my personal acknowledgments."

To this address Sir Charles replied with the briefness that characterizes good taste and modest merit—"My Lord, I will endeavour to deserve it."

In addition to this gratifying testimony of public approbation, Sir Charles had the unexpected pleasure of enjoying a private tribute paid to his scientific eminence by one of his earliest patrons—Sir George Mackenzie—the presentation of the portrait before mentioned, to the Society, accompanied by the following flattering letter:

"Edinburgh, May 26th, 1817.

"Sir—Having observed in the newspapers that the Dublin Society have been so well pleased with the services of Sir Charles Giesecke as to have presented him with a medal, I have presumed to send and to offer to the acceptance of the Society, a portrait of him painted by our artist—Raeburn. On being introduced to him on his arrival at Leith from Greenland, our acquaintance began, during which I have had every reason to admire Sir Charles; and it was owing to my having taken Mr. Allan to see him at Leith, that he is now your Professor. That I might have a memorial of a person I so much esteemed, I requested him to sit for his picture. As he now holds a public situation of importance, in discharging the duties of which he has gained the applause of the Society, I think that I shall pay him a greater compliment by putting his portrait in the possession of a public body in whose service he has acquired a name, than if it was to remain hidden in the apartment of a private individual. At the same time, I hope that the Society will not be displeased to possess so good a picture of a man to whom they have expressed themselves indebted.

If an English edition of his account of Greenland shall appear, I should be glad to see an engraving, made from the picture, next the title page.

"You will probably receive the picture about the same time with this letter.

"I have the honour to be Sir, &c.

"G. S. Mackenzie.

"To the Sec. of the Dublin Society."

This admirable portrait now hangs in the room containing the Professor's Greenlandic collection, in the Society's museum. Another portrait was afterwards taken in Dublin by Williams, an Irish artist, lately deceased. This represents the Professor decorated with his orders and holding a specimen of the celebrated *Gieseckite* in his hand. It hangs in the Society's Leskean Cabinet. Along with these may here be mentioned two busts, also in the museum. One, only half as large as life, was executed by the famous Danish sculptor, Thorswalden, during the Professor's previous visit to the Continent, and the other (a full sized one) by the present Mr. Smith, the tasteful and talented master of the Society's school of sculpture and modelling. It may be also remarked that there likewise exists a very *unique* cameo head, a striking likeness, executed in ivory by Ewing, from a plaster mask, (taken several years since for the artist's study) by Mr. Richard Glennon, in whose possession the cameo now is.

Sir Charles Giesecke set out for the Continent at the latter end of July, 1817, but was detained for some time in London, on a commission with which he was entrusted by the Society, the examination of a duplicate collection of minerals offered for public sale by the Geological Society, amongst which were some of the specimens desirable to be obtained for the Dublin Society. This business, to which Sir Charles devoted day after day, prolonged the period of his departure for Copenhagen, where his South Greenland collection had long lain, at great expense and risk, till very rough weather had set in. His passage was marked with most tempestuous weather, and his subsequent sojourn there attended by all the rigours of a northern winter, which acting on a delicate frame already shaken by the severities of a Greenland climate for a series of

years, occasioned a very serious attack of a pulmonary nature, familiarly termed by Sir Charles "the arctic cough," and for some time there were considerable apprehensions entertained for his life. With returning spring, however, he happily found himself sufficiently renovated to pursue his journey and its objects, amongst which, not the least interesting was a visit to his native Augaburgh, which he then beheld after a lapse of sixteen years. After a short stay amongst the scenes and friends of his youth, he proceeded on his tour to Vienna, first disposing of his interest in all the property that remained to him, as he wisely felt that the country which had best appreciated his past labours and adopted him as her own, would henceforth afford the most grateful field of exertion for his peculiar tastes and pursuits. On his arrival at Vienna he had the honour of delivering a course of lectures on the subject of his discoveries in the natural history of Greenland, which was attended by the Emperor Francis I., by the Empress, by Maria Louisa and her celebrated son the Duke of Reichstadt, with several other distinguished residents at the court. The young Duke wished to hear Sir Charles lecture in French, and the latter was very desirous to gratify him, but Austrian policy forbade it. Sir Charles deposited in the Emperor's museum a fine collection of Greenland rarities, including an entire skeleton of a young whale of the species *Balæna Boops*, and of several other large animals, too cumbersome for the museum of the Dublin Society, together with an assortment of minerals and preserved birds, beasts, &c. In return, the Emperor presented him with a gold snuff-box, set with brilliants, valued at that period at £500,* and publicly

expressed his admiration of the manner in which Sir Charles had fulfilled the arduous task confided to him in 1806. The title of Borgrath, or Counsellor of Mines, was also conferred on him by Frederic William III. of Prussia. He spent the winter of 1818 in Vienna, still in delicate health, but not suffering so severely as he did in the preceding. He did not neglect to avail himself of the present opportunity of procuring some choice specimens from the Vienna Cabinets, for the Dublin Society, and on his departure in February, 1819, he proceeded through the German States and Italy, to Leghorn, inspecting various mines and collections of minerals, from which he selected and purchased whatever he could find of rare and desirable. In his progress, honours were heaped on him by learned bodies. He was elected a Member of the Royal Society of Copenhagen, the Royal Academy of Petersburg, the Royal Polytechnic Societies of Munich and Prague, the Wernerian Society, &c.

From Leghorn he sailed direct for London, where he safely arrived with 42 cases of minerals, and thence returned to Dublin, about the middle of December, 1819. Another cargo of minerals were shipped by way of Copenhagen and Leith, and through the good offices of Mr. Thomas Allan, the banker, forwarded unsearched and free of duty, under the seals of office.

This scientific tour was also productive of the acquisition of some valuable correspondences to our Professor, and several illustrious foreign members to the Society,† viz. their Serene Highnesses the Princes Nicholas and Paul Esterhazy, (the Austrian Ambassador) Prince Victor Metternich, Count Joseph Esterhazy, Baron de Florette, Baron Vivant Denon, &c. When

* This snuff box was the subject of especial admiration to George IV., on his visit to Dublin, in the summer of 1821, when Sir Charles had the honour of being introduced to his Majesty by Lord Meath, in the midst of his Greenlandic Cabinet. During his brief stay in the Society's museum, his Majesty was struck with a curious specimen of Chalcedony which he took from its shelf, and with the zeal of an amateur entered into a disquisition on the manner of its formation by infiltration and deposition of its various layers through a small aperture which he discovered communicating with the interior, and which had also apparently afforded an entrance for the petrificative materials of all the preceding layers.

† Entitled "The Royal Dublin Society" on the visit of George IV., who, on his arrival in 1821, took it under his patronage.

leaving Ireland on this continental journey, Sir Charles fully intended publishing his Greenland travels and discoveries, and even had his manuscript work ready for the press in Vienna; but notwithstanding, he did not publish it either then or afterwards. One disheartening circumstance, which perhaps more than any other had conduced to the postponement and neglect of this literary labour, was the very extensive and unjustifiable plagiarism committed on the original materials of our traveller by Mr. Bernard O'Reilly. This gentleman sedulously attended the course delivered by Sir Charles on the natural history of Greenland, and took notes of all the discoveries enumerated by the lecturer in that region, which he afterwards modestly published to the world as his own, in the shape of a "Journal of Travels and Discoveries in Greenland."

The fraud was, however, soon detected, for Mr. O'Reilly had also appropriated to himself the honour of some astronomical discoveries made at distant intervals, and which could not exactly have been accomplished in the transitory call that the whaler, in which Mr. O'Reilly saw the shores of Greenland, made for fresh water. This gross plagiarism of the astronomical portion of the work was immediately exposed by the injured author; and soon after, the unblushing theft from the lectures of Sir Charles Giesecke were also proclaimed to the public in so unceremonious a way through the public journals and reviews, that the sale of Mr. O'Reilly's work did not exceed a few copies. This gentleman did not long survive his unsuccessful attempt at original authorship.

With the choicest specimens at his command, our Professor now commenced the delivery of an annual course of lectures on economical mineralogy and metallurgy, free to the public, which arrangement continued for ten years, and afforded all imbued with taste and leisure sufficient to appreciate and pursue this delightful branch of natural history, an opportunity of enjoying in detail, the sight of a cabinet of the finest specimens that could be selected for the instruction of students and amateurs. During this time, the well earned reputation

of the lecturer continued to spread through Europe, and two years after his return to Dublin, (April, 1821) he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and the Society of Natural History at Frankfort on the Maine. However, his love of travel and enterprise was not yet fully gratified. He had for some time entertained an earnest desire to develop the yet imperfectly known mineralogy of the Shetland Islands, and in May 1824, received the Society's cordial assent to extend his personal researches to this unexplored corner of the British Empire; but he was diverted from this expedition by his desire to accompany his excellent friend, the Honourable George Knox, in a tour to the Giant's Causeway, which he had long been anxious to examine with the attention it deserved.

His researches in the mines of Saxony and the Hartz, had added materially to the value of the already splendid foreign collection of our museum, but it was felt both by the Professor and the Society, that much yet remained to be effected in the home department. It was therefore resolved that Sir Charles should be empowered to travel through the kingdom for the purpose of forming an Irish museum, in which the specimens should be classified into districts, explanatory of the geological and mineral wealth of our hitherto much neglected country. This work had been very imperfectly begun, several years before, by a Mr. Donald Stewart, who had been employed by the Society to travel and collect specimens, illustrative of the mineralogy of the various counties in Ireland. Donald Stewart was, at the time he commenced his mineral pilgrimage, an old man of a very antiquated school of mineralogy, and contrived to satisfy his conscience by picking up a few obvious specimens at random in each county, according to the geographical boundaries on the map, (although the town-lands and parishes seemed quite immaterial)—needlessly loading the shelves with duplicate specimens, while the greater part of their *recherché* mineral treasures were left untouched *in situ*. As this "old Irish museum" stood, it presented a picture of the mineralogy of the kingdom which must have struck a stranger as being

very remarkable for the uniformity and simplicity of its details. This picture, however, being notoriously underrated, it was resolved to throw aside Donald Stewart's catalogue, in which many a mineral was enrolled as a "curious specimen;" and Sir Charles was commissioned by the Society to travel through the country and gather materials for a faithful and really useful one.

Sir Charles, laying aside then his intended tour to Shetland, seriously turned his thoughts to researches in the field of Irish mineralogy. His first journey was made in the summer of 1824, to the Giant's Causeway, (as above mentioned,) in company with the late Honourable George Knox, whose chemical and mineralogical acquirements were of the highest character and admirably adapted to add new zest to the congenial researches of our Professor. On this interesting coast he collected fifty-two specimens of the minerals that occur in its Basaltic formation, among which are some rare varieties of zeolite. All of these are to be found described in a paper in the first volume of the Dublin Philosophical Journal—a work of which Sir Charles was then co-editor with Dr. Lardner, Mr. Donovan, Dr. Jacob, and others. The same paper also contains the result of the Professor's researches in the Mourne Mountains, county Down, on his return from the Giant's Causeway in the same autumn. From this district he brought a collection of twenty specimens, amongst which was the recently discovered precious beryll, hitherto only found of equal size and beauty at Adontahelo in Siberia, and before its discovery so near home, was esteemed as one of the rare and highly valued gems.* In his report to the Society, the Professor says, "The granite of the Mourne Mountains bears a striking resemblance to the crystalline granite of some of the coarse-grained Siberian granites; that is to say, its quartz, its felspar, and its mica, are more or less perfectly crystallized. Besides these three constituent parts, there occur in

it some additional minerals, also crystallized and distributed in the same manner that characterises the granitic formation of Siberia. These are,

1. *Beryll*, or *Aquamarine*, of a sea-green colour, passing on one side into a perfect sky blue; on the other, into a pale wine-yellow colour. The first variety is called beryll, the second aquamarine, in jewellery. They are mostly transparent, and on that account perfectly fit for jewellery. The regular form of this substance is a perfect six-sided prism, sometimes of equilateral, sometimes of unequilateral planes, sometimes truncated on their extremities, presenting three small rhomboidal planes or facettes. This variety, which occurs rarely, is called *Emeraude rhombifere* by Hauy. Another very remarkable variety is a perfect six-sided prism, on which the terminating angles are tinged, as it were, with triangular spots of a milk-white colour.

2. *Topaz* is also found in this granite; its colour passes from a pale wine-yellow into glass-white. It occurs only crystallized, partly in rhomboidal prisms, partly in six-sided prisms of unequilateral planes, acuminate with four planes, under different modifications.

3. *Tourmaline* of a raven black colour, crystallized in six-sided prisms.

4. *Cleavelandite* of a pearl-white colour, crystallized in small rectangular four-sided prisms.

5. and 6. *Rock Crystal* and *Felspar* of well defined forms.

These were presented to the Society in April, 1825, as a foundation for the New Irish Museum, when our Professor received the thanks of the Society, accompanied by a request that he would extend his researches the ensuing summer to the mineralogy of Connaught. Accordingly, in August, 1825, he proceeded on a tour of inspection through the counties Galway and Mayo, commencing at the valuable district of marble and serpentine, passing through Cong, Killery Bay, Croagh Patrick, the Reeks, &c. and

* A very fine and valuable collection of the berylls, topazes, tourmaline, &c. of these mountains, made at the same time by the Right Honourable George Knox, was purchased at the auction of his property (held at his house on his decease,) for Trinity College, in the museum of which they may now be seen.

thence to Achill Island. Here he obtained a number of specimens of the beautiful variety of the amethystine quartz, known in the west of Ireland by the name Achill stone; and after a nine weeks tour, during the latter period of which he endured much fatigue and bad weather, he returned to Dublin with 105 interesting specimens of the geology and mineralogy of the districts which he explored. The notes of his tour, and the descriptive catalogue of the specimens, will be found in the Proceedings of the Society for March, 1826. (vol. 52.) The following extract will exhibit some of the natural wealth of Connemara in a fairer point of view than has generally been displayed to the public at this side of the Island.

"The day after my arrival in Galway, I went on an excursion to Connemara. The black limestone is visible everywhere along the road to Oughterard, a small town five miles from Galway, which is visited very much during the summer-season by the gentry from Galway and its neighbourhood, on account of its salubrious spa. Leaving Oughterard, the junction of the granite with the limestone is visible. In the evening I arrived at Ballinahinch, the residence of Thomas Martin, Esq. who received me with his usual kindness, and on the following day accompanied me to what is called the green marble quarry, but which is rather a quarry of precious serpentine, belonging to his estate. It is situated in a valley extending from the north to the west peak of Letterry—as far as the middle of "the Twelve Pins," a series of very pointed primitive mountains. I found, on following up the river or rather torrent, traces of this serpentine, at a distance of a mile from the quarry. The river, which takes a serpentine direction, has disclosed to the eye extensive strata of the most beautiful granular marble of a pearl-white colour, mixed with rose-red, yellowish-red, blood-red, and bluish-grey, alternating with green stone. The serpentine quarry, where Mr. Martin keeps from 150 to 170 labourers employed in blasting, cutting, and sawing the immense blocks, is of extraordinary extent, and seems to be inexhaustible. The serpentine, similar to the *serpentino antico* of Italy, is mixed with steatite, fine granular limestone and stripes of asbestos, and occurs in blocks, sometimes of the length of twelve or thirteen feet, and three or

four tons in weight. It is impossible to describe the immense varieties of delineations, shades, and colours of this beautiful stone, which attract the eye of the beholder. The serpent-like veins of some, excite particular admiration; others are coloured in spiral forms; others are dotted and spotted with different shades of green, grey, and yellow. Solid masses of an enormous size may be raised. Mr. Martin has already quarried out an immense quantity, part of which is cut in slabs for tables, and which are ready for sale. He has also made a road from the quarry to the port, a distance of six miles, but it would require a rail-road for large blocks.—Higher up, towards the north of the Twelve Pins, there occurs a purer kind of serpentine, which contains but very little of the grey and white granular limestone, which rather seem to form small beds in the serpentine. I found along the river, large blocks of granite with nine sided prisms of pitch-black tourmaline, imbedded similar to that of Killiney. The granite of this country is very durable, and abounds in felspar of a flesh-red and reddish-brown colours: beds of felspar also occur in it. Another quarry of serpentine, formerly worked by Mr. D'Arcy of Clifden, is now in the possession of the Hibernian Mining Company. Another day I went by a boat to the black marble quarry, four miles from Galway, which is worked by Mr. Ireland, and to another at Merlin Park, the property of Mr. Blake; the latter is of the most beautiful jet black colour, and very transparent;—the former is rather of a slaty structure, and on that account easier worked."

In June of the same year, (1826,) Sir Charles Giesecke carefully examined the county Donegal, going through its five baronies systematically, (including Tory Island, which name, he conjectures from the Danish castellated ruins still to be seen there, is of Scandinavian origin, and signified *Tor-Ey*, or *Thor-Ey*, the Thunderer's Island,) collecting a choice assortment of 31 shells and 175 minerals for the Society's museum. The most important among these are the marbles of Muckish, Fintown, Duncannagh, Marble-hill, and Dunloughy. Of the latter the Professor writes in his report, (published in the Transactions of the Society, 14th Dec. 1826. Vol. LXIII.: "At the western foot of Arriggle mountain, close to Lough Dunloughy,

there is an extensive bed of fine granular limestone of a milk-white and pearl-grey colour, and in very fine grains. It was worked by Mr. Walker about twelve years ago, and I found there blocks of various dimensions, which had been quarried, some about six feet long and three feet thick. I consider this white marble as the best in Ireland, and it might be used with great advantage if a road were constructed from Kildrum to this place. The present access to the spot is exceedingly bad, and can only be reached on horseback. The neighbourhood of the Lough might greatly facilitate the transport of the blocks." * * * In another part of his report he again reverts to this marble. "Its bed is very extensive: I traced its presence to a distance of half a mile in the square. It is fine granular, and may be employed in the finest works of common sculpture; and I have no doubt that there may also be raised fine blocks fit for statuary. Its texture and whiteness resembles more the Parian than the Carrara marble. It is very well known that perfect blocks of the Carrara marble are procured with great difficulty; and I firmly believe that the marble of Durloughy is free from mica, quartz, grains, and other substances interfering with the chisel, which so frequently disappoint the artist who works upon the marble from Carrara. The marble of Muckish is likewise of a very good quality, rather shining, and would do exceedingly well for ornamental sculpture. The occurrence of such mineral substances as are found only in a few countries, is particularly interesting to the mineralogist. Such are the bacillar or columnar idocrase, the malacolithe, the epidote, and the essonite, which occur in a bed in the Rosses, the hyacinth-red garnet, found in hornblende slate, covering the white marble of Durloughy, and different other substances which I have mentioned in the descriptive catalogue of the minerals." The most interesting of these are the flesh-red magnesian limestone of Achla mountain; plumbago, in detached and rolled pieces, from the shore at Ards; fine white quartz sand occurring on the side of Muckish mountain, at a height of about 500 feet from its base. Quan-

ties of this sand are exported to Dumbarton glass-works, and considered an excellent material, containing only a very slight trace of oxide of iron;—and amongst the shells, *Turbo littoreus* very large.

In this tour our Professor received much kind assistance from John Boyd, Esq. then Honorary Secretary to the R. D. S., and Alexander Stuart, Esq., the owner of the splendid mansion of Ards, who, with unwearied industry and singular good taste, had persevered in the cultivation of that once barren promontory till he had converted it into one of most improved demesnes in the county. The youngest son of Mr. Stuart (John) has prepared, with his own hands, a very fine and complete collection of Irish birds, arranged in glass-cases in the most tasteful style, amounting to 69 land birds and 52 water birds. From him Sir Charles obtained a present of seven specimens of birds for the Society's museum; and on a subsequent visit to Ards, (in Dec. 1827,) thirteen others, which made up the Society's collection to forty-one land and twenty-nine water birds. The Society were afterwards still further indebted to the same liberal naturalist for nine additional species.

In the autumn of 1829, Sir Charles entered on a mineralogical survey of the counties of Londonderry and Tyrone, also revisiting Down, and returned with forty specimens, illustrative of the formation of the first-mentioned county, to the Society's Irish cabinet, accompanied by a descriptive catalogue and an instructive comparative view of the geological structure of the other adjoining counties, both which were published in the sixty-seventh volume of the Society's Transactions.

In the winter of 1831, the Professor made a short excursion to the county Wicklow, and visited the lead mines of Glendalough, Glenmalur, and Ashford, from which he obtained for the Irish cabinet, (now assuming an important character), 110 new specimens, described in a catalogue published in the Appendix to the 68th Vol. of the Transactions. No. 95 in this list is a singular specimen. It is mentioned as "a new substance, of a dark brownish black colour, crystallized in rhomboidal

prisms, probably *Titan-Rutil*, found in the Glenmalur river, near the mines.*

The liberal arrangement of gratuitous admission to the lectures on Mineralogy, (as well as to those on Chemistry, Mechanical Philosophy, Botany, Geology, and Mining,) was continued till the year 1829, when the doors of the Society's theatre were again closed, in compliance with the advice, or rather command, of the parliamentary commissioners, that the educational department of the Society should be thrown for its support on the exertions of its professors; in other words, on the remuneration which their lectures would enable them to draw from the public purse, and which, it was conceived, the facilities possessed by them in the command of apparatus, specimens, &c., ought to enable them to accomplish.

The hopes of the parliamentary commissioners have not, however, been fulfilled. It was found, on trial, that the public would not pay for admission to the lectures to which they had long listened gratuitously, and the doors of the Society's lecture rooms were therefore again thrown open as before. Various causes contributed to this result. A report made by the select committee of the Society, October 12, 1831, declares its conviction "that the actual failure of the lectures to produce the sum required, did *not* proceed from any incompetency on the part of the Society's Professors, or from any want of taste for

science, or of a desire for instruction on the part of the public: but was chiefly owing to two influential causes—first, the serious dissatisfaction of the public at the withdrawing of gratuitous admission to the lectures, to which they had been so long accustomed, and which they erroneously considered the act of the Society and not of parliament—and, secondly, the reduced circumstances of Dublin, which before the Union had been, for a great portion of the year, the residence of the nobility and principal gentry of the kingdom, the resort of many families and persons of distinction, and persons from the distant provinces on account of pleasure or business, during the sitting of parliament; and the seat of the civil, military, and fiscal offices of government; of which several advantages this city has been since, in a great degree, deprived."

In addition to these causes of failure, a few others, perhaps equally influential, may be stated, viz—first, that unfortunately the Society's Professors had no collegiate privilege to give their pupils certificates of attendance on their several lectures that would (like those of Trinity College, the Royal College of Surgeons, &c.) be recognised throughout the kingdom as available for the advancement of the students in their professions, and as indicative of *so much time professionally spent*:—secondly, that aware of this impediment to the formation of professional and remunerative

* The formation of a complete Cabinet of Irish Rocks and Soils, with authentic geographical and geological references, seems at last to be in a fair way of accomplishment, through the zealous perseverance of Colonel Colby, and the officers of the Trigonometrical Survey. A considerable number of specimens have been accumulated at Mountjoy Barrack, in the Phoenix Park, during the progress of their operations in the counties of Derry, Antrim, Tyrone, and Down, the surveys of which are already complete; as well as in those of Sligo, Fermanagh, Monaghan, Cavan, Armagh, Leitrim, and Donegal, where the field works are in active advancement. As the geological branch of this interesting service is now deservedly appreciated, and adequately provided for by government, it may be expected to proceed during the ensuing summer, with all the impetus that 70 or 80 intelligent officers, engaged in various operations throughout the country, can impart. We understand that the classification of their geological labours, for the purposes of general utility, and as an official record of the mineral wealth of Ireland, has been very judiciously committed to the scientific zeal of Captain Portlocke. The public may therefore justly expect, ere long, to possess a national museum of all the superficial rocks and soils of Ireland worthy of note, with accurate references to their localities;—a most valuable appendix to the splendid maps in progress under the same authorities, and one of the best practical illustrations of our advancement in true civilization.

classes, the Society had for a length of time liberally encouraged its professors in the delivery of popular courses of lectures, which, though entertaining and useful to all, and particularly to juvenile auditors, were at the same time necessarily devoid of that technicality which renders private lectures so professionally valuable:—thirdly, that the system of lectures (adopted by the Society in pursuance of the order of parliament,) did not embrace the details of subsequent examinations of pupils; a plan found so efficacious in private schools, as well as in the colleges of London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and in the Belfast Academical Institution:—fourthly, that the failure of the Mechanics' Institution of this city, though conducted by mechanics themselves, showed that where theoretic knowledge was to be purchased, the operative classes would not, or could not, become the buyers. On this topic the select committee above referred to do not hesitate to give their opinion, "that if the diffusion of useful knowledge amongst artisans, mechanics, and persons in an humble walk of life, who have hitherto formed a considerable portion of the attendants on those lectures, is to depend on their ability to pay for its attainment, it is to be apprehended that under the peculiar circumstances of Dublin, those classes will long remain ignorant and uninstructed."

About the close of the year 1832, the Society seemed to feel that the long and arduous exertions of Sir Charles in the field of science, deserved a better reward in his declining years than the reduction of salary (from £300 Irish to £150 British,) which had taken place under the economical restrictions and lessened grant of the Imperial Parliament. He was therefore endowed with an additional £150 per annum, as conservator of the museum, which office he had fulfilled gratuitously from the year 1816, when his Greenlandic donation imparted to it an importance it had never before possessed, and connected his name and labours so indissolubly with the Society's museum, that the association continued, most naturally, throughout the donor's life.

Sir Charles was not, however, long destined to enjoy this addition, or rather restoration to his income. His health had been for some time visibly declin-

ing, and he felt no longer able to pursue his wonted labours of research on rock and plain. Since his last excursion, he had spent the greater part of his time in the company of a few select friends, amongst whom he seemed to feel an instinctive anxiety

"To husband out life's taper to the close,"

though probably not at all aware how very feebly his vital spark flickered on—awaiting but the first strong breath or hurried motion to extinguish it.

He had never exchanged the freedom of bachelorship for the bonds of wedlock, and now in his declining years was destitute of all the tender care of wife or daughter, which might in return have inspired a sentiment to cherish life and health for their sakes if not for his own. He had, in short, nobody at home to watchfully remind him of the necessity of following the advice of his physician. The consequence was that his health and strength became gradually undermined, and his incipient malady insensibly gained a superiority that soon proved itself irresistible. The constitutional disease which had long held possession of Sir Charles, was the result of his exposure to the severities of seven winters in Greenland, added to which, in the last year of his life, was a suffusion of water on the chest—a tendency not fully ascertained till an unexpected attack terminated the struggle, and rendered that knowledge of no further avail.

On the 5th March, 1833, he met a party of friends at dinner, at the house of Mr. Mulvany, Rutland-square, west. He arrived at six o'clock, conversed with seeming ease till seven, when they sat down to dinner, during the course of which he appeared in his ordinary health. After the cloth had been removed, and the wine was circulating, (at about half-past eight,) Sir Charles was observed to look ill, and presently to lean back in his chair and faint away. Surgeon Hughes was instantly called in, who applied the lancet to the arm of the senseless patient, but in vain; Sir Charles Giesecke had breathed his last without struggle or pain. His remains lie buried in the church-yard of St. George, near which he had resided, in a house purchased soon after his arrival in this city.

Soon after his decease, letters of

administration were taken out by his intimate friend, Robert Hutton, Esq., at the request of his surviving brother and sister in Bavaria, to whom the proceeds are to be remitted, on the disposal of his property in minerals, books, articles of *vertu*, &c. which have been placed in the experienced hands of Mr. Sharpe, of Anglesea-street, to sell by public auction.

TO THE MEMORY OF HAROUN AL RASCHID.

"Towards the close of the thirteenth day we perceived in the distance the minarets and cupolas of a mighty city glittering in the evening ray. Yahooob Ben Din-nerdi, who was riding in advance, pointed his lance in the direction, and, turning to us, cried out, *that is Bagdat*. With one accord we disencumbered the weary camels of the skins of water which they had borne during the protracted march, and filling a spacious jar with musk sherbet, drank, with thirsty throats, to the memory of the Caliph, Haroun Al Raschid!"

Travels of Mendez Pinto.

Though the days that we live in are barren
Of fun and of jollity, yet
Will we quaff to thy memory, Haroun!
A vasefull of perfumed sherbet.
While we gaze on the scene of thy rambles,
We fain in thy footsteps would tread,
But the spirit that breathed through thy gambols,
And flashed in thy merriment's fled.

Here are no strange events to remind thee
Of those thou wert wont to abide,
With the goodnatured Mesrou behind thee,
The faithful Vizier at thy side;
When the blunt Abon Hasson forbade thee,
With dreams to embitter his rest,
When the trick which he afterwards played thee
Was deemed but the meed of thy jest—

When the tears of the gentle-eyed lady
Washed out all the vows thou had'st made,
When the justice, withheld by the Cadi,
Was dealt by thy scymitar's blade;
When the Calendars, one eyed and shaven,
Enriched with the stories they told,
The collection which thou had'st engraven
By Muphtis in letters of gold.

Though the mosque, where the Caliphs lie sleeping,
Now holds the last chief of thy line,
Though the Imaum no longer stands heaping
The incense, that blazed at thy shrine;
Though the days that we live in are barren
Of joy and of happiness, yet
Will we quaff to thy memory, Haroun!
A vasefull of perfumed sherbet.

G. C.

FRAGMENTS OF MY TOUR.—No. III.

LIEGE.—O ye shades of Quintin and the fair Isabelle, how would ye be horrified if ye rose from your graves and viewed the transformations which have taken place since your glorious times. The roar of furnaces—the clatter of hammers—and the ring of anvils now are heard, where once the Hallelujahs rose.* Sooty, fire-dried artisans now parade the streets; peaceful indeed, but looking as like the brutal followers of the Boar of Ardennes as any Christian may. But the variety of manufacturing smells, the hissing of steam, and the tall chimneys disgorging black clouds, would puzzle the antiquated shades, and send them to their peaceful graves full of wonder at the noisy inventions of the nineteenth century.

We clambered up a long hill at the opposite side of the river, and rolled on in peace until we reached the Prussian frontier, a little hamlet called Henri Chapelle, where we stopped to get our passports. We had entered Belgium with Dutch passports, and had brought them to Brussels, where the authorities sent them on to this frontier, giving us Belgic papers in their place; all this arose from a jealousy lest we should cross the frontier into Holland. When we arrived at this station, we sent off a messenger for the precious documents, and we waited and waited until the patience of every body was nearly exhausted. The conducteur raved and swore in all jargons, and the soldiers of the guard laughed at him—the passengers were wild with hunger, and the whole party were out of temper, except ourselves and the horses. At last, a *gosssoon* came along at a trot. We remounted the diligence, and journeyed on without further stop, until we met with an INCIDENT.

We were chatting with an old Prussian soldier, and laughing at and

with him, when our confabulation was disturbed, as well as ourselves, by a heavy roll, and a sickening lurch. We stood still—all was silent for a moment—and then a burst of voices in half a dozen different tongues—men, women, and children shouted for help, in as many various keys as there were passengers on board. One of our party popped his head through the window, and told us that we had best get out as fast as possible; but the only door opened from the outside, and there was no window above it, as in our carriages, the former being at the end, the latter at the sides. Our Prussian friend had possession of one of these, bellowing to some one to let us out—another, an English gentleman, had his head out of the other, shouting in French, mixed with his mother tongue: “Fermes—pooh, confound it—ouvrez la porte—let me out.” “Sacre r-r-r,” sung out the Prussian, and then a duet volley of oaths, until the cries reached the ears of some one on the road, who let us out; and in truth in good time, for we were very near an upset on a desperately steep hill, and surrounded by a dark, banditti-covering wood. The pole was shivered to pieces, and one of the wheelers lay as if dead, and the whole living cargo, disgorged from the various holes and corners, now stood on the sandy road. The national characters were speedily developed, each shewing their capabilities in sudden emergencies, and their various degrees of presence of mind. There were the representatives of five nations that day in the diligence—English, Belgians, French, Prussians, and German students. The former quickly found each other out, and set to work to splice the pole; which being voted impracticable, they doomed a young ash to the *knife*—for alas, we had no axe. The Belgians, amongst whom was the conducteur,

* To explain this we must let our readers know, that a cannon foundry has been placed on the site of the Bishop's palace and an adjacent convent.

were paralyzed, and incapable of the smallest exertion—the French were just like magpies round a fallen nest; they ran to the driver, and hopped, and shrugged, and chattered, and then ran to us, and chattered, shrugged, and hopped, then spun round to the Prussians, who stood, pipe in mouth, as at an every day occurrence, and waiting 'till the conducteur should come to his senses. The Germans most phlegmatically swore *Ter Tuffel*, and strode off to the city. We soon found that our endeavours were vain, so walked after our fellow passengers.

At Aix more amusement awaited us—as we strolled up the street we found a fellow countryman, looking for an hotel. *L'Aigle Noir* had been recommended to him, so when he got into the city he looked about for the sign, which having found, he walked in, and proceeded to take his ease—as Britons are wont to do at an house of public entertainment. He soon found himself uncomfortable, for the people seemed ready to die of laughing at him; still it appeared to be an hotel, a great one too, for all the coaches were unloading in the yard. Feeling insulted by the mirth of the attendants, he walked out, intending to look for another hotel: presently he found another house with the same sign, which much confounded him; he could not speak a word of the barbarous jargon of the place, nor was his French of the purest. Our appearance, therefore, was most opportune—he led us to the first hotel, as he called it, which, on examination, we found to be the Post-office and Custom-house, with the diligences unloading in the yard, in order that the baggage might be searched. But the sign, he persisted, proved it to be an hotel, and he was not a little dumfounded, when he discovered that the "Aigle" was the royal symbol, and placed over the government offices, as the lion and the unicorn were at home: in fine, we put up at the Hotel de Rhine, which is simply mentioned in our log as "to be doubly cursed, for bad accommodation, infamous fare, and exorbitant charges."

COLOGNE—famous for St. Ursula and her maidens, the three kings, and its scents both good and bad. Faugh! such another unsavoury town does not exist on the face of the earth. One would

think that Jean Marie Farina extracted all the sweets from earth, air, and water, to form the celebrated *eau*, for all and each of these elements are totally devoid of anything which at home would be reckoned pleasing. The air is various—fish fresh from the sea—only a few hundred miles—now and then something like a tan-yard—here redolent of heaps of manure, there an apothecary's shop—the water fermenting in the kennels was green, the earth either dusty, or saturated with the water, and all rising, steaming, fermenting, and poisoning, under a glare of sun of about 90° degrees of Fahrenheit. We much doubt whether the 30,000 bottles of scents manufactured here annually, would be able to subdue the stench for a single hour. We set up our staff at the grand Rhineberg—capital quarters, where we luxuriated after a hot drive, on sofas at open windows, looking over the broad bosom of this superb river—singing,

The Rhine—the Rhine—
Our blessings on the Rhine
Whose rich and fruitful banks produce
This cheering wine—

and suiting the action to the word by quaffing off goblets of Johannisberg and seltzer-water, mantling and creaming like champagne, by the addition of sugar. You may talk of beefsteaks and brown stout for a starving man, but mention it not in the same year with Rhenish and sugar on a hot day—drink it not by bottles—leave such stinty measure for the fiery wines of the south; swallow all the tribes of these wines, from Leifroumilch and Peisporter, to Johannisberg and Hochheimer, by the gallon, swill the waters by oceans, 'at each gulp the flavour increasing, until you finish the last bottle and *creutz*, in the firm belief that nectar was but Rhine wine and sugar, and Hebe and Ganyমেদে the celestial prototypes of a steam-boat steward and his wife.

We took an observation of the tower of the cathedral, and proceeded to examine this exquisite specimen of architecture. The only drawback from complete satisfaction is, that it is utterly unfinished; a pretty good hindrance you may say, to *complete* satisfaction. But still there is enough finished to

afford the beholder a strong sensation of pleasure. Having picked up the verger, we proceeded to see the *Lions*, i. e. a peep at the tomb of the Three Kings; their skulls staring at us through the gilt bars, in the horrid mockery of a regal circlet of jewels; or, as an alliterative friend of ours has it—

“————— The skulls
Gaping with ghastly grin—the glittering gems
Glancing and glowing in their gaudy girth.”

Any one who is foolish or pious enough to pay a few *Thalers* may be admitted to the interior of the strong room, which contains the tomb, and there edify himself with the view of precious metals, blazing in the radiance of lamps, and set about with all sorts of coloured glass, which the verger would fain have us to believe are “veritable”—‘*Credat Judæus.*’ The sacristy has some excellent carvings in ivory, from the best paintings of the Dutch school, and a grand stock of relics, feathers of St. Peter’s cock, in juxta position with the parings of St. Albert’s toe nails, a few inches of the rod of Moses, some of the stones which completed the defeat of the Amorites in the time of Joshua, with others, to believe in which would be blasphemy, but which are, in their titles and connexions, too holy to be lightly written. I have remarked that Popery, in continental Roman Catholic countries, seems to be more theoretical than with us. In this priest-ridden land, Popery, the moral enslavement of the people, extends to the utter subversion of social order—to the contempt of all laws, divine as well as human—in a word, to the well known *practice* of that creed. While on the continent, the present purposes of that church are gained by the continued darkness, and the superstitions and bigotry of the people, the theory and grammar of that system which may at any time be advanced to the practical state under which we now live.

Off at six next morning, per “*Princess Marianne*,” for Coblenz, with eyes and ears agape to swallow the picturesque! “*The Seven Mountains.*” The cabin re-echoes with the sound,

“The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o’er the wide and winding Rhine.”

Paper rustles, knives glance, and a whole broadside of sketchers are ready

to set down the “*Drachenfels*” with as much eagerness as if nobody had ever seen it before! But steam boats wait for no man, and before the “slow uns” have half done, the whole scene vanishes from their sight; then comes as heavy and dull a sail as ever hunter after the beautiful was cursed with; and with a semi-groan, semi-growl, the whole set of peoples betake themselves to dinner.

The Scenery.—But wherefore do I presume to write aught concerning these things. The “*Childe*” was fain to pass this track, with the notice of a few stanzas, and shall I, a mere scribbler in *Maga*, a retailer of stale chat, a go-cart in the travelling line—shall I presume to write these things? Forbid it Leigh Hunt—forbid it Alfred Tennyson—yea, forbid it Alfred Tennyson and Lady Morgan.

Yet, without touching on this forbidden ground, I may record some few facts; and first, of that

“Small and simple Pyramid”

erected near Coblenz to the memory of Marceau, with whose bones rests also the kindred dust of Hoche. If any of our readers ever travel this way by land, they would do well to pay a visit to this tomb as well as to that erected to Hoche, near Andernach, if it were only to contrast the simplicity of the inscription on the latter—“*THE ARMY OF THE MEUSE AND SOMBRE TO ITS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, HOCHE*”—with the long and laboured panegyric on Marceau, at Coblenz. After many hours sail, tedious enough, lo, Ehrenbreistein (a long word to write in one breath,) breaks upon the view. This long word signifies “the broad stone of honour;” and, in sooth, it was an honour to the monarch who possessed it. During the last war it was reckoned one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, and fell, after a tremendous siege, by famine. The French dismantled and blew up the works; but they have since been renewed and greatly improved.

It was at the peace of Leoben that this monument of human skill fell into the hands of the invaders—

“When peace destroyed what war could never
blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer’s rain,
On which the iron shower for years had poured
in vain.”

The height of this fortress is 487 feet, to the very top of which we went up. A commandant's order is necessary, which the commissionaire of the hotel will obtain, and any soldier will willingly serve as guide. We were fortunate enough to get a fine looking non-commissioned Prussian officer, who paraded us up stairs and down stairs, and if not "to my lady's chamber," at least to the sleeping-rooms of the men. These chambers hold about twenty beds, which by day are piled on each other in pairs, and by night are spread over the room: at the end is generally an embrasure for cannon, and commanding the country. The whole was like a part of the gun deck of a ship, as if it boarded off by bulkheads between each gun. The present garrison is small, only 1000 men, exclusive of various gangs of convicts who work on the fortifications. Some officers are also confined here, chiefly for duelling. We passed many who were sentenced to imprisonment for various periods, up to ten years. This seems an excellent plan, and in our opinion is better far than cashiering or turning such fellows loose on society. It is a virtual deprivation of profession. The criminal is a warning to each successive garrison how they follow his steps, just as a crow hung in a tree will excite qualms in the breast of some hungry brother or—or any other savoury simile; but the best is, that the pugnacious hero is by this confinement effectually debarred from hurting himself or any one else by his fiery valour. The officers in question seemed to be deprived of rank, for they passed the very privates without receiving that military acknowledgment of authority which is in every garrison rendered to whom it is due. As we returned down the hill, the guide lifted a trap door, which he said communicated with the commandant's house, hundreds of feet below, through which this officer could at any time enter the port without warning or disturbing the guards. There is also a steep slide, like a patent slip, which runs from the top of the fortress to the river side, up which the heaviest guns could with ease be hoisted.

We returned to our hotel—the Three Swiss—after a brilliant sunset, such as Claude has given to us from

his magic pencil, but of which realities we are, alas, ignorant of in this beer-producing, foggy land. Although it was late, yet the evening was so warm that we kept our windows open, listening to the merry voices below us. Presently the bugle for evening parade sounded in the fortress immediately opposite: the sound came from the commandant's house. Another bugle at the top of the castle caught up the tone, and far beyond, the fort of Wellington re-echoed the sweet music. For a moment all was still, and then the four out posts repeated the signal, each fainter than the last, until the blast died away imperceptibly over the gentle waters of Father Rhine. We rushed to the window, almost doubting our senses, but all seemed hushed for the night; and we were turning away when the fairy call was repeated, rising and falling with the breath of the wind; now fully pealing on the ear, now stretching the hearing to the utmost to catch the sound, which seemed to melt away as a vision of the night. Oh, it was most beautiful; and then the sober twilight, the lights springing into lustre as the hour advanced, the merry laugh of the peasant, the forms half seen in the dusk—all combined to distil a most pleasing sensation over our souls. In this happy state was I almost wishing that I could live in this land for ever, when a friend sang in my ear, "come, come, it's too cold, shut the window, here's metal more attractive"—and forthwith he withdrew the long cork from No 7. The report sounding in my ears effectually dissipated my dream, and a stone bottle of *wasser* made me again in peace and charity with the wretch who had disturbed me.

There is little worth recording in our log until we reached Frankfurt, where we put up at an hotel, which, for comfort, or even luxury, may challenge the world. This Hotel de Russié was the palace of a noble family; and, like too many such in our own city, has become a refuge for the weary, provided they have the wherewithal. We came to this thrice renowned city on purpose to see the statue of Ariadne, by Dannaker, which, in spite of being called "ignorant," I shall take the liberty to call BEAUTIFUL. Hang the scientific blockheads

who will not let people admire in ignorance, but must be for ever putting in their oar, and like a marine in a punt, upsetting all the good people who may be unfortunate enough to be with them. Is there no such thing as sorrow in the world, that these lubbers are so ready to destroy pleasure? Here am I who fell in love with this creature at first sight, adored her in five minutes, and have dreamed of her ever since, placed in the predicament of being an ignoramus because I love this statue, and all by a fellow who writes in a tour that "she is odious and awkward."* Awkward quotha—would you have Ariadne, seated on a leopard, to sit like King Charles at Charing-cross or Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort! Perhaps a side saddle and crupper would be advisable, or a Stultz habit to cover the turn of her limbs. Pshaw! she sits as much at her ease as can be—as a mistress of Bacchus ought to do—as this critical tourist can never do—and as any woman "in her situation" would do. There she sits, looking over the head of her bearer, right in the face of Mr. R., until the sumpth feels awkward in his situation, as he would in the presence of any beautiful woman, and then he turns on his heel and walks off to inform a misguided people that this figure is *awkward*. Talk of Taglioni being ungraceful—Pasta common-place—Schroeder unmusical; but dare not to say that this heavenly creature is *awkward*.

Pooh, we are fairly out of breath, and will therefore go back to our table d'hôte at one o'clock—where we have met some strange people and picked up, as in our wont some odds and ends of information. We had a gentleman who was on his way to Constantinople. To drink coffee or sherbet? No. As a mercantile man? No; but as reporter for the Morning Herald! He had an enormous salary, besides travelling expenses, and he was a well informed man, speaking several languages, and accustomed to think on public affairs. Yet this huge expense was gone into merely that this paper should be able to furnish an original scrap of news for the breakfast table of those who trouble them-

selves concerning such matters. In the court yard we met a strange machine, worthy of being immortalised by the pencil of Cruikshank. This was the travelling chariot of a Russian wood-merchant, from Novogorod to Spa. This affair was wholly unlike anything that was ever seen in these islands since the days of the basket-weaving Druids, or indeed any where out of Russia, on this earth. Imagine a huge clothes basket, bound by ropes to upright posts, with a leather calash head, the basket filled with bedding, and the whole mounted on four wheels; the spokes ignorant of axe or knife; the tires joined each in twenty several places, and drawn by the united efforts of four horses abreast. If this precious affair should happen to traverse a country more than ordinarily heavy, the drivers attached additional horses to the outside of those already in use, but as these supernumeraries were by their position out flanking the carriage, it was evident that they could not be harnessed to the splinter bar—to remedy this, there was an iron frame, like a small crane, attached to the sides of the carriage, which when not in use, could be folded parallel to the machine, or parallel to the line of motion; but when it was required to use additional horses, the crane was drawn out at right angles to the former position, and stretching out beyond the splinter bars, afforded a place to which the traces of these fresh horses might be attached.

After dinner we strolled into the Jew's quarter of the city, to look after black eyes and such other delectable orientalisms. But, ye gods, at every turn, instead a gazelle-eyed damsel, some fresh configuration of beard met our view at every turn, grinning at the Nazarenes, who polluted the atmosphere of this den of petty retailers, to give them a good name; in vain did we send glances into every little court where a light ankle might twinkle; in vain did we attempt to penetrate the palpable obscure of the alleys and dark places; scarce a female at all was to be seen: now and then a veil fitting before us, tempted an acceleration of speed, but when we had passed the chase and pulled up to

* Vide Russell's Tour. We quote from memory, and may be wrong.

luxuriate in sunny smiles, lo ye, some ancient dame, rivalling the high priest in hirsuteness of upper lip, wrinkles her faded brow, and whisks off at a tangent, through fear of consequences. Finding amusement rather scarce, we went home and drank soda water until it was time to go to the opera. The performance, on the night in question, was "*Le Philtre*," by Auber. We had heard much concerning this, but were grievously disappointed—the whole of the music was made up of *mannerisms*, and very Auberish—the house was full of English; amongst others, the lively author of "*Fragments of Voyages and Travels*," who, with his lady, was on his way to Italy. At eight o'clock the opera was finished, and in five minutes all were gone. We took our way to a public garden, where the men were admiring, drinking, and gambling, and the women being admired, drinking, and flirting. At nine there was a rush to the city gates, but we took our time and found ourselves shut out. After walking half round the city, we got in by paying a few pence to the poor, a very fair fine on *late* hours. How much further on this tour we may have gone, it is needless now to say. We might—but will not write on the Glaciers, the Alps—the scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations of the Cantons; nay, we shall abstain from the "*Miserere*" which was sung at Rome; we shall not describe the last eruption of Etna; silent shall we be of the white-walled buildings of Malta, and not open our mouths about the Grand Turk. "About ship" was the word; and will ye nill ye, my most gentle public, ye must just come back with us, or throw the Mag. into the fire.

We re-crossed the long hill of Hockheimer, famous for wine. It was on this hill that the Austrian army, in full pursuit of the French, came in view of the Rhine rolling at their feet. The thousands halted—the angry feelings of the moment were quelled—the eager soldier turned his eye from the distant dust which marked the track of the foe, and gazed delighted on their Rhine. A shout arose—"The Rhine!"—thousands fell on their knees to bless the day that had beheld their country free from the spoiler's step—the hard grim face which had beheld unmoved

the fall of friends, was softened—and many a hand was brushed across the dewy eye; and then the memory of wrongs came tenfold on their hearts, and vengeance spurred them on after their discomfited enemies.

Let no man, reading of the Rhenish vineyards, picture to himself vines trailing in graceful festoons, laden with grapes, purple with wine. No graceful sweeping branches are here, but short, stunted, low, pruned plants, clinging to white staves, and set as accurately over the fields as pink spots on a Manchester cotton, have taken the place of the climbing vine which Claude had loved to paint or Virgil to sing. These Rhenish vineyards are hideous; the plants kept down by constant cutting, are not half so interesting as a plot of gooseberry bushes, and but for the wine they afford, would be absolutely unpardonable. The whole of this hill of Hockheim is thickly studded with plants; in fact, for some miles the road runs through a succession of vineyards.

Down the Rhine we splashed at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, and in one day travelled over the same quantity of ground or water, to get up which it had taken us two hard days work. We started from Mayence in the morning, and arrived early in the evening at Cologne. Next day off in a damp-skiffort, or steam boat, for Nimagen, where we arrived to supper and bed. The whole of this day's sail was perfectly odious; all flats, and the banks sandy or covered with weedy ledges. This town of Nimagen is a Dutch frontier, and of course our passports were subjected to a strict revision. We had gotten ours from the Dutch Consul in London, paying half a guinea; we then had this vised by the Belgic Consul, who stamped it with a lion as large as a crown piece; it so happened that this lion of Belgium was the first thing that the Dutch officer looked at—his eyes flashed fire, and his hands clutched as if he had an unhappy Belgian in his grasp. We were certain that we should be stopped, but told him that we had procured it in London: this at once changed the whole affair, and we passed on. The two next who passed through this ordeal were Americans, who were travelling for improvement, and they

quiet lads, had put themselves in their passports as "students." It so happened that at this time there were disturbances at many of the universities, and some of the sons of these grown-up schools known to be travelling about, inculcating dangerous doctrines. The

officers, never making any distinction of persons, arrested the Americans; at least stopped their progress, they could lay their case before the minister at the Hague. When we were going off the next morning, we were standing on the quay, look-dolorous enough, and quite sufficiently foolish. [Mem. Never put yourself down as a "student."] We steamed to Rotterdam, through a hideous country, remarkable for nothing but the way in which the shipping is crowded to move; so completely is the coast dissected and transected by canals and branches of the river, that the ships sail in the fields a furlong or more. The effect is most marvellous; in every direction are tall and waving pennons, but all the masts look out of a field, as if they were of ready rigged masts—the very masts between the fields were navigable for boats.

The first view of Rotterdam is pleasant and would appear well any where, but after the dreary flat through which we had travelled for two days, the city afforded a delightful relief; in fact we had almost died of ennui during these long sails, were it not that we were so alarmingly fortunate in our fellow travellers. I do not mean that they were conversible, for we could hardly understand their speech; but nevertheless they helped us through the day and few ever have less tedium going the same track. These useful travellers were the members of the Duke of Darmstadt's band, on their way to London, where they were

engaged at Vauxhall. Taking care that these men should have plenty of wine, we had only to ask for music and they gave it—and such strains! After the heat of the day they would collect on the quarter deck of the boat, and play, while there was light to see a note. The effect of music when played on water is proverbial; but the bugle at Killarney or bagpipe at Katrine must sink into utter insignificance before the tones of this band. When we arrived at Rotterdam we found that the steam boat could not come up on account of the embargo, but lay about twenty miles down the river at the Brille. The next morning a train of carriages was in attendance—a procession was made, and away we rolled, the road for the most part being a causeway, raised many feet above the surrounding country. After crossing some ferries, and changing our vehicles once or twice, we were fairly put on board the Mountaineer for London. The weather was delightful, not an air of wind stirring, and the ocean as calm as an infant's sleep. Away we paddled, our German musicians in amazement when we got out of sight of land; and then, to divert their attention, the passengers subscribed as much money as would give them brandy enough to make them merry. Whether it was too strong for their heads, accustomed only to light wine or beer, so it was that they speedily became most joyous, and sat upon deck in the light of a glorious moon, singing their country's songs to their guitars, now whistling a variation or telling an anecdote with as much vivacity as a sober Frenchman. We heard next morning that they had sat up almost all night.

The Thames! We shot up like a meteor, traversing the track of millions of ships, skimmed by tier upon tier of vessels, and landed once more in ENGLAND.

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

I.

The chamber's gloom grows more profound—
A hush comes o'er each household sound,
And stifled sigh, and whisper low,
And silent fitting to and fro,
Speak to all hearts of mortal clay
Fast wearing unto dust away.

II.

'Peace to this house'—how sadly dear
Enters that voice of blessing here!
That voice, to share whose glad employ
Of prayer and praise, in quiet joy
Oft walk'd the sufferer forth, when high
The Sabbath bells chimed through the sky.

III.

There breathes a sound of murmur'd prayer—
The faint response scarce stirs the air,
Meek as the heaven towards which they steal,
As 'round the dying couch all kneel;
His household's parting prayer with one
Wending to God his way, alone.

IV.

Spread forth a sacred feast appears—
Yet blame not though 'tis shar'd in tears;
(For was there heard no sorrowing sound
That night when first such cup went round?)
Nor strange the thought that there hath birth—
'This is with *him* our last on earth.'

V.

But woe most for that hour too near,
When slow comes forth the muffled bier—
When loud is heard, 'mid crowding din
A voice of mourning far within—
As graveward moves Man's stronger kind,
The wail of woman left behind!

VI.

Be past all this, and ask we why
 (And well such question claims a sigh.)
 From all such forms in this our day
 Why falls our England's love away,
 The forms that graced her church's prime,
 The rituals of her elder time?

VII.

The noblest with which man could bring
 His praise before th' Almighty King ;
 The sweetest when his lips would move
 In blessing all a Father's love ;
 The humblest when the soul would pray
 For chastening wrath to pass away.

VIII.

All beauteous service! who, as while
 He gazed up through some Minister's aisle,
 Where day, to crimson glory turn'd,
 Strained through the tinted oriel, burn'd
 Thy solemn chaunt yet idly heard,
 His heart, his heart of hearts, unstirr'd.

IX.

Or better, where the church tower green
 Look'd meckly o'er some hamlet scene ;
 Where in the breeze the rose amain
 Bent forth to kiss each ivied pane ;
 Who 'mid the rustic choir hath stood,
 Yet felt not to be there was good?

X.

Oh! pray that soon, all wandering o'er,
 We ask for our old paths once more—
 The paths in which our fathers walk'd,
 And with our giant spirits talk'd,
 Deeming with *such* they scarce could err,
 With Ridley and with Latimer.

A LETTER FROM CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, ON THE STUDY OF IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

[Although we have not yet seen our learned correspondent, we do not hesitate to give his letter insertion. The public will readily conceive that we are not a little anxious for a personal interview with Mr. O'Brien.]—EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Sir,—Myself a member of the most illustrious of those families which settled in Ireland at the early period of the Milesian invasion, you may suppose that I am not a little interested in all matters relative to the antiquities of the country in which we are now naturalized; and to say the truth, I carry this feeling so far, that I am by this time known in the neighbourhood of some of the most remarkable of her ruins, as a person who wanders round them with an air at times searching and inquisitive, and occasionally rapt, meditative, and melancholy, as though I awaited some supernatural revelation amongst the time-bleached arches, calculated to act upon my spirits like the descent of the angel into the Pool of Bethesda, and assuage the fever of anxiety which so flushes my cheek and lights my eye. Convinced as I have long been of the sanctity and classicism of Irish ground, I should not, however, have intruded the thoughts that have been stirring in solitude within me, upon you or the public, had I not chanced the other day to cast my eye upon a recent publication entitled, "*Keightley's Tales and popular Fictions*," wherein I happened upon a passage which aimed a death-blow at our national history, and went the length of asserting that the Irish, before the introduction of Christianity, were (to use the author's own words) "nothing but rude ferocious barbarians, (and Christianity does not seem to have made them much better.) They were ignorant of arts and

letters, utterly unacquainted with any country but their own and the neighbouring Britain, with no vessel beyond the *curragh* or wicker boat, covered with raw hides;" and he adds that "the history of Ireland, by Jeffrey Keating, is not one whit more true than that of Britain by his namesake of Monmouth. The triennial convocation at Tara, the chivalry of the Red Branch, all the pomp and splendour of Emania, are nothing but the fictions of monks and senachies, to console a proud and ignorant people under oppression, and rouse them to resistance, but copied from nothing that ever really existed in Ireland.*"

What? Sir,—is it not enough that we are *now* sunk in the most pitiable degradation, but we must have even *past* glory envied us? May we not console ourselves in the land of our captivity by retiring and kneeling at least with our faces towards Jerusalem? We must not allow insult to be added to cruelty, and would convince those who would make our very blood ignoble, that they seek in vain to bend facts to their nefarious purpose, and that the ashes of our forefathers sleep, and will continue to sleep, in as glorious a bed as if priest and prince vied with each other in hymning anthems above them, and proclaiming in the face of assembled nations the wonders of the ages they lived in.

I am hurried away from my subject, Mr. Editor, and would be brief. But it is too much, when we see before

our eyes the irresistible proofs of an antiquity "before which that of every other nation is but as of yesterday,"* to have our archives, as I may say, coolly filched from us by book-making ignoramuses, and overturned like so much rubbish—probably without even an examination—into the bottomless gulph of fable and romance. The truth is, Sir, I am writing a book—my object in this letter being to communicate to you the circumstance—in which I design to prove to the satisfaction of every true Irishman, every candid and impartial Englishman and Scotchman, and, in fact, to the world at large, that this country—now so abject and degraded as scarcely to be named among the nations—was favoured by the great author of nature before almost all other lands, and has been so strangely blessed and distinguished through a course of ages, and so strikingly instrumental in affording a tone to the language and manners of mankind, as well as in giving rise to its various tribes and races, that we should not walk over a mile of bog or bottom grass without being inclined (those of us, degraded creatures that we are) who are so fortunate as to possess such an article of clothing) to take the shoes from off our feet, from the conviction that we are treading a *terra sancta*.

In bringing forward my arguments in support of this position, I do not mean, Mr. Editor, to rely on my own conjecture or my own personal research. Far from it. I shall be guided throughout the investigation by wiser heads than my own, nor shall I once attempt to make use of a trick or sophism to gain the ear of my readers, a method which is too prevalent at the present day, and which I, for my part, utterly eschew.

Of this book I now send you a sort of epitome, by way of a feeler of the public pulse on the subject. And in the outset I may observe, that it will probably be said by those wisacres who, while they profess to be guided by the Baconian system of philosophizing, adopt themselves a line of reasoning the reverse of what that great man has recommended, that in such a line of study I am deviating from the course

which is now emphatically described as having *useful knowledge* for its objects and may perhaps be compared to one who walks forward on his journey, staring behind him, and of consequence knocking his head against every post he meets with, or, as they may be pleased to express it, looking one way, and rowing another. Were I to treat such *self-dubbed* philosophers as they deserve, I should pass them by in contemptuous silence; but for your satisfaction, Mr. Editor, and for the benefit of those candid persons who may not hitherto have considered the matter at all, I anticipate the objection in order to answer it.—I then say, that it is utterly impossible for a man to be a useful member of *any* society, without having first examined into the principles of that society, its origin, confirmation, and objects, as well as its bearings and relations, and studied well its annals, whether registered or traditional, whether they appear from actual facts, or necessary conclusion from them. When he has thus sifted all to the bottom, and not till then, he can hope to be able to do his duty in that state of life whereunto it hath pleased God to call him, and to shine before the world in the light he has borrowed from research. What divine could expect to be useful, for instance, without an acquaintance with the Gnostics and Demiurge? or where is that lawyer who could hope to understand his brief, without a familiarity with the laws of Alfred and Athelstan? These I put forward merely to elucidate my argument, as admitted on all hands. What then shall we say as to the qualifications requisite for a member of the great society of life?—But, Sir, I am told that we cannot bring antiquarian research to bear upon our ordinary business and concerns, much less upon any thing connected with the obligations of morality and religion. What? Are we then to be expected to look into the future of our own lives without a glance upon the past state of those of our illustrious ancestors in their only chronicles, their works at home, and the traces they have left abroad? How is experience to be improved? Believe me, Sir, we

* Camden, cited by O'Halloran.

cannot make the successful spring that is to land us upon the bank of wisdom, without first drawing back and taking a run from among the tombs of our forefathers. But it may be rejoined, why loitre in the old grave-yard longer than is necessary to fetch breath for the race? A foolish question, which is not worth answering. You, Sir, and a discerning public, must have seen by this time that antiquarian research is the only means of attaining true wisdom, and that an Irishman cannot be an honour to his country without first being convinced that his country is an honour to him. If the poorest of our now degraded bogtrotters were but to know what blood is flowing in his veins, and what ground he is treading upon, he would turn up his nose at the site of the pyramids, and brush by the "Bourbon and Nassau" with all the "condescension and pity" generated by conscious superiority of birth. Let me tell you a story. The Prince of Saxe Hilburghausen, boasting in the presence of a large company that his ancestors were dukes in the days of Charlemagne, General O'Donel, who happened to be present, coolly answered,—"*Mon prince, vous etez bien heureux d'avoir été né en Allemagne—si vous étiez chez moi, a peine auriez vous le droit de bourgeois!*"*

I have spoken of authors; I bring them forward as supplying me with *facts*; I draw my conclusions from those facts in the same fair, open, and unreserved manner that I should expect from any true inquirer into a difficult and interesting subject. If these happen to be different from those of the learned men I quote, I leave premises and conclusion before the public; let it determine whether I have, in any instance, failed in my logical accuracy.

My object, then, Mr. Editor, in my forthcoming work, is to establish on the most incontrovertible evidence, that Ireland, Hibernia, Ierne, or, as it was originally named, *Inis na Bhfiódhbhuidne*, is the most ancient post-diluvial nation in the world; that it is the *cunabula*, as it were, of most of the tribes on the face of the earth; and that it is destined, at no distant period, to take the place it formerly

occupied—that of pre-eminence over them all.

But before I begin, perhaps it is proper that I should give some account of myself and my intentions, with the course of circumstances that have placed me in the present exalted station I fill, that, viz., of champion of a maligned country, the destined regenerator of exanimate Ireland.—My family I need scarce speak of. A branch of the house of Thomond, though a younger one, I have but to show my shield to be recognized and respected. My father was an industrious tailor in the city of Cork; but every moment in which I, his only son and apprentice, could disengage my legs from the crucial indignities of the board, was passed in the neighbourhood of the town, in wandering along the pathways and through the fields, and more especially by the skirts of an old wall that was partially covered with ivy and sloped down to a stream. My father chid me more than once for my inattention to the trade which he had for many years successfully pursued; and I confess that my conscience smote me, as I detected myself one Saturday night cutting an armhole in the hinder part of my neighbour Tim. Flimsy's best holiday trowsers, while I was, in imagination, acting first aid-de-camp to Con of the Hundred Battles. Poor Timothy! he never forgave me.—A lucky accident soon after decided my fate. As I was stumbling in the dusk of the evening along the most ruinous part of the wall I spoke of, just where it formed a junction with a cross building of more modern erection, in the corner, my foot struck against something that stood abruptly from the ground. I stooped down, and discovered a vessel of rude and apparently antique workmanship, partially shewing itself from amidst the rubbish. I lost no time in disengaging it from the clay; and having roughly cleansed it within and without, I whipped the relic under the skirt of my coat, without examining it farther, and flew home to my garret, scarcely daring to think of what that might have been which had now revealed itself to my admiring eyes. When

* O'Halloran's Preliminary Discourse, 19.

bolted into my room, I produced the "treasure trove" from under my coat with reverence. No Senachie ever opened the psalter of Cashel with greater veneration than I brought my piece of antiquity from beneath my skirt, and laid it on my table. The first difficulty I felt was, which end it should stand on. It was composed of a smooth shining substance, of what nature I could not tell, but of such an appearance as led me to conjecture that it might have served as a drinking cup, probably for one of the famous knights of old, who required such ample draughts as it was calculated to contain, (about a gallon,) to nerve them for those feats of prowess which have so signalized their country and hallowed their memory. I was inclined to commit an act of impiety, and *kneel* to the sacred relic, as though it spoke divinely of the past, so much was I moved by the sight of it, as it stood a bowl, with its ample swell half way from the bottom, and its brim turned over wide on all sides. I reversed it, to view it beneath, when another idea instantly struck me. A crown! a crown! by all the saints of Erin, a crown royal! I had but that very day been reading O'Connor's* description of the provincial coronet discovered about the close of the seventeenth century, and the similarity was evident. Why might not the relic have been at once useful and ornamental? to have answered for crown and goblet, as occasion served? the *poculo-corona* of some glorious, jovial, happy island king?—It was a crown, however, no doubt, and as such I had turned it up-side-down as I first laid it on the table.—I put it on my head. Oh, what were my feelings at that interesting moment! The lion of antiquity was roused within me, and I vowed myself to the past for ever.—But if it were in reality a crown, no doubt it must have some unevenness upon it, to mark the setting of the royal jewels. Imagine my exultation when I found two roughnesses, one placed near the brim on the outside, and the other directly

above it, about the middle of the swell, plainly indicating the situation of some attached ornament or decoration, and ascertaining also, beyond a doubt, the position of its front.

The next morning I was at the corner of the old wall, where I had made my discovery, in eager search for the jewels which had been inserted in the marks; but, alas! my trouble was in vain; nothing but some broken bottles and a blue dish rewarded my labours. I returned to my crown, and from that day the needle was relinquished, and my course of life decided upon.—True, I have been sorely pinched since that period for the necessities of life; and many a time have I been forced to feast myself with no more substantial a repast than a look at my crown, and sup nought but the nectar of delicious meditation from its brim; but—as if there were some really supernatural virtue in it—I have felt refreshed, and reconciled myself cheerfully to my privations.—My father was obliged to take another apprentice, and died shortly after, and I am now eagerly pursuing that glorious study which was thus, as I may say, miraculously pointed out to me. I shew my treasure to but few, and have even occasionally to stand the ridicule of fools, who make use of unseemly epithets when speaking of me and my crown. I mean to make you, Sir, the vehicle of my strictures upon this wondrous piece of antiquity, and probably in a month or two I may send you a paper exclusively devoted to its description, with drawings accompanying it, taken in every position, so as to give nearly as perfect an idea of it to those who have not seen it, as to those who have.—A very few months after my discovery, I made my will, wherein I named two eminent antiquaries in this city my executors, in order that they may have the crown—the whole of my valuable property—safely removed, and lodged with the learned society to which I have bequeathed it.

I think you must know my appearance, though I am but seldom seen,

* Preface to Keating's History, p. 5.

except in the neighbourhood of some piece of antiquity. It is now more than a year since I took up my abode in Dublin, and I feel particularly anxious for a personal acquaintance with you, as I think your periodical may be made of essential use to the nation, by your devoting it to a class of information such as I propose to afford you. If you have no objection, therefore, I would have you leave a note with your publishers, mentioning a day on which we may dine together tête-a-tête, and discuss the matter and a glass of wine at our leisure. My present lodging being but small and ill-ventilated, it were, perhaps, only a proper attention to our own comfort to dine at your house. You shall see the crown, I promise you. My appearance is not easily mistaken—I am spare and sallow—somewhat threadbare, I am sorry to say, but respectable in appearance. I am about the middle age and size, I have been told that my eye is expressive, and I carry a large cotton umbrella in all weathers. I thus describe myself, in order that your publishers (in case you send me an invitation to dinner through them) may not be led into error by some *souffrant* Cornelius O'Brien.—But I have delayed too long about myself, and hasten to my subject.

We know from the united testimony of writers of all nations, as well as from an examination of the surface of the earth itself, that a *diluvium*, or flood, must have taken place somewhere about the period ascribed to the Mosaic deluge, and that great changes were wrought in all parts of the world by the action of its flowing and retreating waters. What Ireland was before that catastrophe took place, the reverent and religious inquirer will scarcely presume to conjecture; but at the end of this paper I may throw out hints of some ideas which have occurred to me in meditating on the subject, and which do not seem to militate against our belief in the inspired history of those early ages. Suffice it for my present purpose to remind you, that until the confusion of tongues there was but

one language upon the earth, and that language has been supposed to have been the Hebrew. One of our most ingenious historians,* however, has controverted this last position—but in doing so he has fallen into a grievous error; for in denying to the Jews the preservation of an original language, he has broadly asserted that this great Root was no where to be met with after the confusion at Babel. His proofs of this are singularly unsatisfactory; and on examining them more at large, (as I have done in my forthcoming quarto,) they appear of no weight whatever upon his side, however they may preponderate against him. The fact is, this well-meaning, but timid historian feared to look the great truth in the face, and with the modesty peculiar to his countrymen, was unwilling to hazard the enunciation of what must have been quite apparent to him upon the face of the authorities he examined, viz.—that in *his own land* alone was to be found the true Radix, the pure, original, *ante-babel* tongue of primitive man. I shall not here enter into my physiological reasons for coming to this conclusion,—a view of the subject which I am surprised should have escaped the *medical* historian. I shall reserve for my quarto a chapter upon the singular adaptation of the Irish alphabet and combinations to the *physical organs of speech*, and merely state the position, as established beyond question, by the branching of all known languages from this great *tap root*, as it may be called with more propriety perhaps than *trunk*, seeing it does not leave the obscurity of antiquity until it is discovered divided into many ramifications. Dr. Rowland has shewn the similarity of language between us and the Hebrews, but has unfortunately taken up that erroneous view which has misled subsequent writers. Were it necessary, I could follow the Greek, Chaldee, Chinese, Japanese, and other ancient languages, up to Irish primitives; and I have long lists of compared words ready for arrangement, but for my present purpose a few will suffice.

* O'Halloran's Prelim. Dis. 88. See O'Sullivan Beare's Hist. Cath. 35.

The Chinese for rest, or ease, is	<i>ohu</i> ;	the Irish primitive, <i>sua</i> .
for law, -----	<i>lie</i>	<i>dligh</i> .
for chaos, -----	<i>tun</i>	<i>torm</i> .
for morning, -----	<i>chao</i>	<i>moch</i> .
for house, -----	<i>vo</i>	<i>both</i> .
The Japanese for needle, -----	<i>fari</i>	<i>bori</i> .*

I think I have by this time said enough, Mr. Editor, to give you some grounds for supposing what I conceive to be unanswerably proved in my intended publication, viz.—that the *language of nature*, supposed by some to have remained the heir-loom of the seed of Abraham, and by others to have returned to heaven from whence it was communicated, hath survived names and nations, and even now speaks from the mouth of the peasant of Erin to the neglected echoes of Killybeg and Connemara in accents yet redolent of the grandeur of antiquity.

I next proceed (in my larger work,) according to my plan, to treat of the *names* of persons and places, and their affinity to the Irish whence they are derived; and to this subject I have devoted two chapters. A few remarkable instances of similarity will suffice for the present sketch. *Inachus*, the name of a person who was, as you are aware, the reputed son of Oceanus, and the founder of the city of Argos, is evidently a compound of *innis* or *inch*, an island, and *knock*, a hill. *Inchknock*—*Innock*—*Inach*—*Inachus*: and the name beautifully included his country and career,—his *island-birth*, (for he was, as my large work will prove, a west of Ireland man,) and the *eminence* to which fortune raised him. The name, if given him in his childhood, was prophetic, and might have been the invention of a Druid—*draithe*—*a diviner*, who thus typified his future history.—A word concerning Druids. One hundred and twenty-three quarto pages of my book are devoted to their order. As many thousand would not

do justice to the subject. *Agur*, we all know, is the Greek for an oak. Hence, say the vulgar, *druid*, the *oak-priest*. *Draithe*, says the enlightened Hibernian,† means a soothsayer in our language, (the *Radical* tongue, as I shall call it after Mr. O'Halloran;) these *draithes*, or diviners, worshipped beneath an oak; hence our Greek colony named the sacred tree *deus*, though they lost their gratitude for the gift so far as in after times to claim the derivative for a primitive. True it is, that Cicero and Diodorus Siculus speak also of an order called *Saronides*, a word said to be derived from *saronus*, an old Greek name for an oak; but they are of no great authority on such subjects, as Mr. O'Halloran hath learnedly proved in his answer to Mr. M'Pherson: and besides; even admitting them to be so, we can as readily explain the latter as the former, never forgetting that what is called old in the Greek or Roman philological annals, as I have before observed, is but of yesterday's date when brought into comparison with our awful primitives.

One other name I shall produce, principally because a learned but prejudiced fellow-countryman hath been much deceived in the etymology he has given to it—I mean that of the celebrated hero, Achilles. Dr. Swift (who wanted not ingenuity in many of his derivations,) has, in the too eager pursuit of his theory of the antiquity of the English tongue, asserted that the word is compounded from the three monosyllables, *a kill ease*,—as though the warrior vexed himself con-

* All taken, without selection, from Vallancey's Collectanea, Vol. III. 150, 160. With equal clearness Goldsmith proves that the antient kings of China and Egypt were of the same race. This discriminating author says, "The Emperor Ki is certainly the same as King Atoes; for if we only change *K* into *A*, and *i* into *toes*, we shall have the name Atoes; and with equal ease *Menes* may be proved to be the same with Emperor Yu; therefore the Chinese are a colony from Egypt. Cit. of the World—Letter 89.

† O'Hall. Prelim. Dis. 16.

tinually, and destroyed his own comfort. The formation is puerile, and unworthy of the distinguished etymologist.—But when we come to look into the life of the hero, we cannot be at a loss for a moment longer. The towering, soaring spirit of the destroyer of Troy must surely, whether in anticipation or retrospect, have suggested something more dignified.—And here let me remind you of the tendency which truth ever has to appear in a shape, not distorted, unnatural, or ridiculous, but severe, sublime, and noble. If centuries had been searching for a name for the idol of heroism, where could they have borrowed one with more propriety than from the bird of Jove himself, the lofty, the heaven-seeking eagle? Homer, who has celebrated the son of Peleus, lived, let us remember, some hundreds of years after his hero. The name was not improbably a posthumous appellation. *Achil* is the Irish for eagle. We have Achil-head to this day, which some historians, with the same perversion that I have already taken notice of and exposed, have conjectured to be named from the chief, instead of the chief from it; or rather, instead of their being namesakes, both called after the bird that haunted the rocks of the one, and transfused his spirit into the breast of the other.—The history of Achilles I have pursued at large in my treatise, with the progress of his education under *Chiron*, (or *Kieran*.) who probably named him—and have touched upon Homer's lamentable deficiency in geographical accuracy, with the causes of it.

I come, in the next division of my subject, to consider the architectural and other remains of this country of early civilization and improvement. This chapter I approach (in my great work) with reverent dread. As my imagination conjures up the amazing structures of pagan times, the lordly halls, the astonishing works of art which were destined to radiate in their glory through the dazzled nations of the earth, like the light and heat of the sunbeam, I feel too deeply my own

inability to do justice to the stupendous subject before me. "The round towers of other days" come in glorious groups to my view, and the saints and sages of remote antiquity look from their summits, and seem to wave their hoary beards in warning to me. Tara, the great primeval Alhambra of Erin, lifts its thousand pinnacles from the now barren hill, and pours forth its pride and chivalry once more over the plain. The deep and shady groves usher from their alleys the sweeping procession of Druids, who point with withered finger to their altars, and demand late justice at my hands.—O desecrated shrine of antiquity! I prostrate myself before thy grass-grown steps, and vow to vindicate thy sanctity to posterity, or perish in the attempt. And here the log-house* recently discovered in the county of Donegal obtrudes itself upon my notice. Need I do more than repel with scorn the recent date given to it by our upstart neighbours? No; that structure was raised and overwhelmed in an age which is scarcely "dreamt of in this philosophy,"—a period, I mean, immediately subsequent to the Mosaic deluge, to which (as I mean to prove in my forthcoming work,) its architecture incontestably refers it. I wish I had a greater number of pagan remains in this island, to prove the great perfection to which buildings were carried in those times, and to afford evidence on the face of them of our having furnished Egypt, Greece, and Rome with their classic orders. But unfortunately the age of barbarism and bogs has done its work effectually, and I must be content, like the baffled Eloise, to "take all I can, and dream the rest." I cannot, however, even in this sketch, overlook the evident originals of Egyptian architecture observable in the pillars of the temple (or mausoleum) of New Grange, near Drogheda. There, nature has afforded to the massive blocks that line the temple internally, that sublime form which art was fain to imitate on the plains of the Nile. The stone, par-

* A particular account of this interesting edifice either has been, or is soon to be published. I refer you therefore to the printed account, in preference to detaining you now with a more particular description.

tially sunk into the earth, suggested the broad base, and the tapering form towards the top no doubt was the origin of the approaching lines of the pillars of the Egyptian temples and tombs, if not of the form of the Pyramids. The remains in the Valley of Tombs in upper Egypt, indeed, present a striking similarity to our Granges, both in their internal and external construction. Without, they are heaped with rubbish, and differ little from the hills that surround them; while within, the massive pillars, the straight galleries, the conical receptacles, are evidently taken from those in this country. The superior antiquity of ours, however, evinced as it is by the severer style of their construction, has at the same time effaced those characters with which their walls were no doubt covered, and thus deprived us of the only clue to their history which we could have expected to meet with.

But when we come to compare our *Towers* with the Pyramids, how do the latter dwindle into insignificance? There indeed the work of man is retrograde. What grandeur and elegance are combined in those astonishing remnants of antiquity! What magnificence and symmetry! Can the most sceptical doubt for a moment that the people who could conceive such structures were the favoured of the earth, the masters of civilization and the arts? The imagination may indulge itself in conceiving the lost Tara surrounded with a circle of these edifices, forming a vast circumvallation—an architectural Stonehenge about the Temple-palace, and pointing out to the awe-struck pilgrim on the distant mountain, the shrine of literature and chivalry. We are lost in the vastness of such contemplations, and can only exclaim, as we turn to the present—“*fuius!*”—In my quarto I have devoted some pages to the consideration of an ingenious suggestion, made by a friend of mine, with respect to the origin and use of these towers, a subject which has been often attempted, and seldom, till lately, handled with skill. He supposes them then to have been constructed before the Mosaic deluge, with a view to that catastrophe, and at the advice of the Druids, and that each of them served as a sort of *stationary ark* for the preservation

of a single individual, who made use of the apertures, at various heights upon the building, to have access to a *little skiff*, as the waters rose and retired. This supposition singularly reconciles some points of early Irish history. That some individuals were saved in this country at that time is hinted at in all our chronicles, nor can we give credence to the psalters, &c. without admitting it; and the circumstance of our almost invariably finding traces of religious buildings in their neighbourhood to this day, seems to argue some traditional sanctity connected with their early use. In answer to those who may object to this the low situation of some of these towers, I say that the face of the earth was so much changed by the *diluvium*, and has been so changing since, that we cannot deduce an argument from the relative elevations of its present surface. I do not, however, put forward this view with any other motive than to stimulate inquiry.

The specimens of our ancient implements are not without their interest. I have been arranging those which I have had an opportunity of seeing, according to their dates, and shall present accurate engravings of them to the public, shewing, among other things, the superiority of the *stone* hatchet over the *iron* or *steel* one, with some suggestions as to the re-adoption of the former, and advice with respect to the material best fitted for its construction; the whole illustrated with diagrams, shewing how accurately the mechanical wedge of the greatest power was preserved in the form of these instruments. The stone arrow-heads, too, are treated of in the same place.—It is, of course, needless to prove that iron was known to the users of stone tools, when it is once shewn that the stone is preferable.

But there is one piece of antiquity which is found in every part of Ireland, and for the costliness of its material and the singularity of its construction is without a parallel, which has puzzled the most strenuous antiquarians. I mean the pair of hollow cups, usually connected by a thick curved handle, and, I believe, universally formed out of the purest gold. Were anything wanting to shew the riches of our ancestors, the number of these discovered

all over Ireland would be sufficient for the purpose, while the elegance of their construction would be equally convincing proof of their advancement in all the arts of polished life.—I have my own conjectures on this interesting subject. We know that to this day the peasantry occasionally *dream* of treasure lying buried under old walls, and among ruins, and we are, alas! but too painfully aware that the result of the consequent search is seldom satisfactory. Now we are informed by our friend Keating,* that before the time of our Saviour, charms, magic, &c. were in full force, and indeed we have to own that thus alone many of the wonders of our most authentic chronicles can be accounted for. The Druids especially were masters of this emanation of divine power, and were not slow to exercise it on proper occasions. We hear of the gift remaining to later times in the hands of the bards, who may be said to have been Christianised Druids. A dignitary of the church (where, I cannot immediately remember,) tells a story of a man belonging to this order, who sung in the presence of an Irish chieftain, that at a place which he described, a warrior of gigantic stature was buried, having on his back and breast, plates of pure gold; and adds, that on search being made at the spot described, after some time two thin pieces of the precious metal were actually discovered, though the wearer had disappeared.—And here I would make a passing remark on the degeneracy of our modern bards, who are a needy, uninspired race, and would, in all probability, instead of going to some rich patron's hall, and singing of wealth to be had for the trouble of digging, have run hurry-scurry to the place where the precious plates were deposited, and without scruple have scraped the gigantic chieftain from his costly resting place, and appropriated the spoil to their own use.—Considering, then, the miraculous power of the priests and bards as proved, I have (in my treatise) adduced arguments to shew, that the *double cups* which I have mentioned were a species of charm, which were blessed by the

priest, and placed *over the eyes* of the needy and distressed man, before his retiring to rest, who straightway *dreamt* of a sufficiently large quantity of gold to supply his present necessities, and never failed to find the sterling ore where the vision had pointed it out, that is, provided he was unable to procure it by other means, and was of unblemished character.

The value of the metal proves that the instrument must have been *church property*, and the shape of the cups seems expressly adapted for covering the balls of both eyes; this being indeed so apparent, that some of our antiquaries were for making them lachrymatories, for want of a better use to turn them to. Thus also we account both for the great wealth universally attributed to the old Hibernians, and our lack of it at present. We have now, alas! no charm left, of sufficient potency to give reality to visions, for our priesthood is degenerate, and our dreamers are prodigate, and old walls are dug till they are undermined, and young labourers sweat at them till they are unfit for the ill-paid ploughing of the next morning, without a solitary ounce of metal blessing their ineffectual exertions.

It yet remains for me, in following the division of my subject as adopted in my great work, to glance at the primitive *customs* of Erin, and run through a comparison of them with those of other ancient and widely-separated nations,—but as I am fearful of forestalling, I shall here advert to but one of them, and this in order that I may leave no ground completely untrodden, which may serve to prove my great position, viz., that we are the *incunabula gentium*, the great root of the family of man. We are informed on the most undoubted authority† that the ancient inhabitants of this country were in the habit of saluting strangers by *kissing the beard* of such as possessed that manly appendage. Now, *buss*, in the *radical Irish tongue*, is a mouth, or a kiss, and *pus* is the lip, or a kiss. But in the *Persic tongue*, as our learned author tells us, *buz* or *buz* is the mouth, or a kiss, and *fush* the beard; thus proving

* O'Connor's Keating, 43.

† Vallancey's Collectanea, vol. 3. p. 544.

with remarkable clearness, not only that the customs of both countries were alike, in kissing the beard indiscriminately with the lips, but also demonstrating that the nation of the Persians, situate many thousand miles off, in the middle of a vast continent, known as dwelling there, and having a language of its own for thousands of years back, must have been originally a colony of Irish! It is in discoveries of this kind that a man of General Vallancey's research and discrimination proves himself worthy of being the commentator upon Irish history. Here it is he shines, in reconciling the most seemingly incongruous circumstances, and making the oil and water of antiquity flow in one kindly amalgamating stream, each auxiliary to the other, to irresistible conclusion. "When beards became unfashionable," continues Vallancey, "the Irish nation naturally kissed the cheek or lips, a custom which has remained amongst us to this day." Here, then, we have the history of our present system of kissing deduced from early times; and it seems probable, that since we have preserved the radical *language* through the confusion of tongues at Babel, we likewise possess the *kiss of nature* unaltered from an extremely remote antiquity, and may even presume that there is no very striking difference between the *buss* of one of our O'Tooles or MacSweenys of the present day, and that of the patriarch Noah, or perhaps even of Adam himself. Whether this custom was instituted in the Garden of Eden, we have but few (if any) means of proving; but we may take it for granted that it was understood some reasonable time before the birth of Cain.—Thus we have at least one custom handed down by *oral* tradition, from the very beginning of the world; and yet, such is the force of habit, we go through the ceremony to-day with as much indifference as if it were an invention of our Saxon neighbours.—Were it necessary I should dwell longer on this subject, and show, as I mean to do in my quarto, how the *oculum*, or greeting of friends—the *bisium*, or salutation of respect—and the *suavium*, or kiss of lovers, all noticed by the author above-mentioned, were originally derived from the *buss*, or kiss, properly so called, of Adam

and his Irish descendants. I shall not follow the French academicians into the distinction they take as to the different parts of the person thus saluted, and the origin of the various customs they notice, but consider that I have already said enough to warrant us in coming to the conclusion that our customs, as well as our architectural remains and our language, separately attest our antiquity, and that the three combined contain such a mass of evidence as no sober and impartial mind can for a moment resist.

And now that I have run through this hasty and imperfect sketch, which is but a shadow of the substance that is to come in my quarto—before I give you my ideas on the subject to which I alluded in the beginning of my letter, I would mention one or two facts as illustrative of my main position. If the same latitude indeed were to be allowed to Irishmen, when examining into the wonders of their wonderful country, as is every day vouchsafed to the pert and superficial historian of less interesting but more powerful states, such a harvest of ideas might spring up, as, like the "Thoughts" of Herschel, would infallibly bewilder the strongest intellect. We know* that Ireland was acquainted with the use of the telescope centuries before Galileo had made his far-famed invention, and the needle was of course familiar to its inhabitants. Thus enlightened, and having ample material in their forests for the construction of commodious vessels, it is but reasonable to conclude that the science of navigation was well understood, and successfully practised by the earliest of settlers after the flood. Indeed the fact of their having sailed some thousands of miles of difficult navigation, before they reached the shores of this Ogygia, is in itself sufficient proof of nautical skill having been originally introduced in a high state of advancement. Exercised then as this science was on the east, by the colonization of Britain, (including Caledonia,) and on all sides *but one*, by supplying the savages of Europe and the islands with civilization and a name, we naturally look to some fruits of the womb of knowledge, fecundated by enterprise on the *west*. It is strange, Mr. Editor, the resemblance of the spare limb, and

* O'Hall. Prelim. Disc. p. 80.

sharp shrewd countenance of our Connaught peasant, to those of the North American Indian! But I really cannot speak of this subject without long and deep consideration. Some curious things have occurred to me, and some apparent anomalies have been strangely accounted for. But of all dispositions, that least becoming to an antiquary, and least my wish to possess, is that of a speculatist, and I therefore curb my anxiety to speak until I come forward, as I hope soon to do, with an overwhelming weight of evidence at my back, sufficient to bear me through all opposition.

I would allude in this place to the conjecture of some well-meaning antiquarians of the present day, who suppose that it is in this country that we are to look for the lost tribes of the children of Israel. There is some plausibility in the supposition, considering the many miraculous circumstances interwoven with our history, all seeming to point at some continued special interference of Providence in our affairs; and yet I feel myself bound to dissent from them as long as I believe the explicit annals which have been, and ever shall be, my text books against conjecture and surmise of any kind. The fact is, the Milesian invasion took place several centuries before the dispersion of the Israelites, and we hear of no great irruption or colonization from that period until after the division of the island. Thus we are indebted to the Jews for nothing, and I cannot for a moment entertain this speculation, which I should otherwise examine more narrowly.

Another circumstance I would mention, more for the purpose of confounding those who presume to doubt the reasonableness of our claims to be the fatherland at least of England and Scotland, than because you or your impartial readers require such supererogatory evidence,—and surely he who can presume to resist such proof, must be content to be despised by all the learned and candid men in the universe—and it is this, that the name *Albion*, so long ignorantly supposed to have been suggested by the *white cliffs* of our neighbouring island, is in reality compounded of two *Magogian-Scythian* or *Pelasgian* words, as General Vallancey calls them, or as I have chosen to

call them, *radical Irish*; viz. *Eile ban*, another Ireland! Thus we have the pompous argument of Mr. M'Pherson at once confuted, and that in the most conclusive way; for it cannot be otherwise than apparent that the *original* "Ireland" must have been the parent country, and "*another* Ireland," or new Ireland, its offspring and namesake—just as New England, Nova Scotia, &c., are named from those particular places whence they were originally colonised.

Attempts to throw a doubt upon the credibility of our ancient history indeed, I have observed have invariably terminated in the strengthening of the arguments on our side: for our writers have such a list of authorities at their back, and such a knack of making use of them, that they are never at a loss for forces when they are attacked, usually repelling the charge with bloodshed.

Indeed General Vallancey has treated this subject so ingeniously in the second volume of his *Collectanea*, that it were arrogating too much to myself, besides doing an injustice to him, not to draw from him fully on this head.—The common objections to the authenticity of ancient Irish records may be summed up as these: the apparent looseness of the mode of their having been drawn up—the large intermixture of all owed fable to be found in them—the lateness of their date, when compared with the events recorded, (all appearing to have been written in Christian times,) and the style of the compositions themselves, being thrown for the most part into doggerel verse, and partaking of all the licence allowable, or at least allowed, to such composition. Hear our author on this head. After denying to the *dans* or poems of Keating an earlier date than the times subsequent to the introduction of Christianity, and proving his denial, he goes on to say, "the Irish Christians, when they began to compose verses, after the manner of the *deibhi* or *dan direch*, which of all others, existing in either our, or any other language I am acquainted with, was the most compendious, and for this reason, the most proper for writing history, laid themselves out for recording the facts of remote antiquity, as well as chronology, &c. in such kind of verses. And thus the Christians had, in an abridged manner, laid before

them the lives and memorable actions of the princes, the year of their reign, &c., and hence Keating, or any other writer, may very securely cite the same poet for attesting facts belonging to the Assyrian, Median, Persian, or Roman empires; the principal revolutions of all which states have been often faithfully recorded by these Irish poets, and many are to be met with in the parchment MSS. still existing. The truth is, it was much easier to cite a verse of four lines, each line consisting only of eight syllables, wherein three or four facts may be recorded, than to have the trouble of citing an old passage in prose, such as it was before Christianity—which, on account of its obscurity and uncouth dress, must become disagreeable to the modern reader, who sought for elegancy of style, plain reading, and pleasure in his language; and hence, as it would be highly contradictory to all good reason for a man to conclude, that a fact or revolution, happening in any of the aforesaid great empires, had for its only authority a Christian poet, because such a fact or revolution was really described by him: so in like manner, it is repugnant to good sense, that a Christian poet should be assigned as the only author for facts which happened in heathenish times, because these facts are recorded in his verses. The reason he records in his poetry the facts relating to those empires of the world, is because he read the history of them, and understood the language wherein the facts were contained; and by a like reason doth he record in verse the facts regarding his own country, because he is well acquainted with the history of it, and understands his native language to perfection.

In my humble opinion the verses of such poets deserve the greatest credit, since they lay before us the most absurd relations and ridiculous tenets of our Pagan ancestors, as well as the most certain and well-connected points of their doctrine and history. This could not proceed from a want of discernment and good sense in them, since they show, by other writings, they were well acquainted with foreign

history, poetry, and oratory, and consequently, had as good a right as we have, to distinguish between palpable error and truth, or plausibility; and since they relate these palpable errors and fabulous story, it appears their true motive for so doing was to hand down these accounts just as they found them in our Pagan history, with sincerity and candour.*"

Can I add anything to this, Mr. Editor? A more triumphant refutation of objection never surely was undertaken. It is the very acme of reasoning. If we consider, too, that the oldest and most venerable writers of our Greek descendants—Hesiod and Homer—adopted the same mode of transmitting facts to posterity, (not to mention many books contained in the Old Testament,) and that we owe to song our belief in the very existence of an Agamemnon and a Hector, as well as a Job, I need not trouble you with heaping proof on proof further, but consider myself as having for ever cleared the mist away that hung in wreaths of prejudice over the fair and fertile fields of ancient Erin. Mr. M'Pherson, too—a man whose name I would scarcely bring forward under other circumstances—has, in a remarkable manner, given evidence of his opinion respecting the credence to be given to ancient poetry and bardic songs, by actually *trumping up* a collection of them in support of the adverse claims of our neighbours to antiquity and celebrity. Surely this from an enemy is much, serving as it does to prove that those who are most given to make light of the weapons which we bring forward for ourselves, are fain themselves to make use of apparently similar arms in defence of falsehood—similar, till our *true steel* is compared with their *brass*.

But enough of this—a subject which will form a few interesting chapters in my quarto—and let me pass on to give you a sketch of my ideas respecting some tales which have been hitherto deemed extravagant and incredible, but which have more in them than meets the eye of a superficial observer. It is proved to satisfaction by the author of the "Preliminary Discourse

on 'Irish History,*" that the land of the *Hyperborean nation, iger yves*, mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, after He-cateus, as a sort of terrestrial Paradise where the inhabitants employed themselves solely in playing on the harp and singing hymns to Apollo, can be no other than Ireland, and that the meaning of the term *iger yves*, which gave rise to the "*glacialis Ierne*" of Claudian and Julius Adrianus, is quite mistaken, and that it signifies, in reality, "*beyond the influence of the northern blasts*," instead of "*extremely north*." Donatus, Bishop of Fesulæ, says,

'*Melle fluit pulchris et lacteis Scotia campis*,"

which means that Ireland is a land flowing with milk and honey: and herein the venerable Bede follows him. Now couple this paradisiac view of the island as it was in remote times, with the fable to which Keating has refused credence, that I mean of the remnant which was saved in this country at the time of the flood; and we begin to look for some reason for the special favour evidently shewn to it from the earliest period. Is it too much, Mr. Editor, after all this, to say that the Garden of Eden *might* have been situate in this green isle of the west? But you will think me extravagant. Sir, I do not consider myself to be extravagant; but I have the courage to look truth in the face—aye, and will do so, though every Saxon in the land should wag his head at me in derision. Why should we not be the degenerate tenants of the desecrated garden? We know that east and west are relative terms, and that four rivers are not now to be found any where in the positions described in sacred writ. The world is then open to us, and wherefore should we not follow probabilities to their source? We find all our authors allowing that this country was blessed above others; that it was the *sacred isle, par excellence*, and that a traditionary respect marked it as the Celtic Heaven.†—But I must bear in mind that I am but sketching. One word concerning the shamrock. I confess I cannot help viewing it with a sort of veneration,—and I could almost weep every

Patrick's Day as I see the unconscious peasant going recklessly along, having his hat adorned with a sprig of that plant which has caused all the miseries of mankind! In short, I think I recognize in that weed the miserable, dwindled remnant of the *Tree of Knowledge*;—and the holiness given to it by our patron saint, together with the mysterious triplicity of its growth, seem to bear me out in my conjecture. Difficult as it is at this distance of time, and with such scanty material, to speculate on antediluvian subjects with any degree of certainty—still I fancy I shall make it appear in my forthcoming work, that there are grounds for entertaining this view;—and is it not a magnificent one? My great object in all my labours is to throw the Irish mind upon thinking on the future destiny of the island, adumbrated as it is in all her histories, and fondly figured forth by all her historians. In this light she is to be again the centre of intellect—the brain, as it were, of the whole world. As to her political eminence, that will probably follow as a consequence; but science, literature, (*radical-Irish* literature, I mean,) poetry and religion, are to centre here, as sure as there is a syllable of truth in our chronicles.

When I meet you at dinner, I mean to enter more fully upon this topic, in order that you may be able the more readily to silence those literary sceptics who may think proper to roar at me through those harsh speaking-trumpets, the periodicals, and who perhaps may succeed in moidering me, sensitive as I am, with my delicate temperament and weak nerves. I am solaced with the reflection, that were I Ollamh Fodla himself, I should not escape calumny. In these days it may be almost said to *prove* the worth of its object. No. A genuine antiquary should not yield to clamour. Nothing of the present day should affect him one way or the other. The glasses that he should use should have too long a focus to show anything distinctly that is not set centuries away from them; and his interest in all things should be in the inverse ratio of their proximity to

* P. 70.

† O'Hall. Prelim. Disc. 362.

the æra into which he is thrown by Providence. Thus he is characteristically a philosopher; *nil admirari* is almost accomplished in him, for the little he can lay hold of in the sphere his research is only exception enough to prove the rule. What happiness for the man who can thus laugh at the tempests and storms that rage around him, and mark from his eminence—to use the language of one of your contributors—

“ — bursts of passion strike to death,
And shatter humbler minds beneath !”

Such an one is a credit to his country—an ornament as well as a benefactor to his species; and if that country does not recognise his worth—if the whole community of man does not sooner or later appreciate him as he deserves, he has at least the reflection that a more inestimable and a more exalted character than he, suffered yet more severely from the hands of that people whose benefactor he was, in his life and by his death. I confess to you, Mr. Editor, that I experience more satisfaction in thus writing to you, with my crown before me on the table, and my heart glowing with benevolence and philanthropy, anticipating in my mind the future reinstatement of my cherished country to its place among—or rather, *above* the nations, than if I were possessed of one of the proudest of those domains which I see from my window, held by the tenure of Saxon usurpation.

But I digress, and would avoid *self* as much as possible in my communications with you. A few idle objections to my positions I have not answered. Such are the changes so often rung by the moderns, upon the absence of all corroborative evidence of the truth of early Irish history. Men say, where are the palaces—the sculptures—the imperishable memorials of those arts which supplied Egypt and Greece? *I ask them to shew me Babylon, and I will shew them Tara. Etiam perire ruina.* Such profound antiquity as ours will not come up to light at the wand of every sippant argumentator or superficial caviller, but proudly conceals itself in the recesses of time, till worked forth by the sweat of many an experienced miner. The analogy be-

tween geology and history is nearly as striking as that between revealed religion and nature. We are, Sir, as I may say, the *primitive granite formation* of the earth, and we are proved to be such by the *absence* of all organic remains. Transition and secondary nations may boast their architectural *Sauri* and *Theria*, but we are the bed whereon inquiry must sleep, baffled and confounded from the fruitless search for what, if found, would but drag us from the rayless and undisturbed depths of our antiquity, into the influence of a malign and blasting light. Not a relic—not a solitary inscription proves us modern. We defy research, and challenge the world to expose us.—And yet, after all, what are we at this day? A miserable, half-starved province, scarcely recognized within the pale of civilization, and subsisting on the extorted generosity of our subduers. Can we be otherwise, while we are in captivity to Babylon? History tells us—no. Experience tell us—no. Our own impotently struggling breasts re-echo—no! You, Sir, of course are an Orangeman—as such you *may* agree with me. If you are an antiquary, you *must* do so. Here it is that the advantage of the study is so strikingly apparent. I defy the man of feeling and sensibility to turn to the glories that have been in other times resting, like the bases of the rainbow, on his country's fields, and stretching up to heaven in the sight of the world, without feeling a thrill of anguish as he acknowledges the sad reverse presented to him to-day, in the contemptibility of her political situation, the uncultivated rudeness of her now boggy plains, and the punch-drinking and unpoetical barbarism of her *aristocracy*, who are satisfied that Tara should remain a desert, provided that Donnybrook be thronged. Let each and all of our old royal families bethink them of their blood, and holding up their pedigrees in their left hand, and their swords in their right, rush forth from the dens where they have been chained, and unrolling the scrolls down to the flood, clamour in the face of heaven for justice and vengeance! Such an array of crowns and genealogies could not be resisted. The fire of exalted birth would burn from their eye, and consume low-born opposition. The horn-book and the shuttle, so long

forced into the unwilling hands of kings, would be hurled in the faces of those who presumed to dictate to the great ones of the sacred isle. Away, detested foreign improvement! Away, if-possible-more-detested foreign literature! and welcome again harp and song, and glorious war to the Irish heart that beats for ye all! With tradition for our pedigree, and the psalter of Cashel for our history, we stand as on a rock, and laugh to scorn the century-founded usurpation of the stranger! We have been immersed for a time in the pit of degradation, but, thank heaven, we are rising, and will shake him off at last like the empty scum from our shoulders. Pah! my very soul sickens at the thought of the little books on education, and six-penny *useful* tracts, and penny magazines, thrown, like cates, before the deep ravening of our hunger. We would swallow whole centuries at a mouthful, and stand unsophisticated and free, in the age

"When Malachi wore the collar of gold
Which he won from the proud invader!"

They—our goalers—tell us that we must learn to be wise and good before we can be happy, and I fear we many of us believe it, for I have lately seen with concern, some marks of distaste for antiquarian study among the (now) lower classes. Would that any exertion or energies on my part had power to revive the languid energies of my country! You feel with me, as I am persuaded all the real genuine Protestants do. None but a Whig could show indifference on such a subject: but I am convinced that even that party will be unable to resist my quarto. I expect to produce such a host of authorities, backing such a host

of arguments, that the flood-tide will sweep down Whig, Tory, Radical, and all along with it, until the most sceptical of them come at last to lend additional weight to the great cause of Hibernian Regeneration.

I have long wished that the popular subjects for novels were drawn from sources calculated to throw the public mind into this channel. The adventures of Partholan, or the lady Ceasar and her fifty female companions, with the vile treatment they received from "their three men," might be so handled as to be of essential service to my views. The "Useful Knowledge Society" might thus show some grounds for the adoption of its pompous title.—But I must leave a fuller developement of my plan, as I said before, to a personal interview, and the sooner this takes place the better. I expect through you to have the assistance of one or two persons of acknowledged merit, who have applied themselves to subjects similar to those I mean to treat of, with an energy little inferior to my own, and who may be of essential service to me.

I am disengaged for every evening during this week, and shall be happy to hear from you as soon as possible, lest anything should occur to prevent an interview. You will, I know, excuse me for having written the latter part of this letter upon the back of my grocer's (receipted*) bill, as I arrived at my last sheet of letter paper unawares, and feared to delay so long as to enable me to purchase an additional supply.

I have the honour to be,
Mr. Editor,
Your faithful and obedient servant,
CORNELIUS O'BRIEN.

* (?)—Ed.

THE FAIRY THORN.

"Get up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning wheel;
For your father's on the hill, and your mother is asleep:
Come up above the crags, and we'll dance a highland reel
Around the fairy thorn on the steep."

At Anna Grace's door 'twas thus the maidens cried,
Three merry maidens fair in kirtles of the green;
And Anna laid the rock and the weary wheel aside,
The fairest of the four, I ween.

They're glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare;
The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
And the crags in the ghostly air:

And linking hand and hand, and singing as they go,
The maids along the hill-side have ta'en their fearless way,
Till they come to where the rowan trees in lonely beauty grow
Beside the Fairy Hawthorn grey.

The Hawthorn stands between the ashes tall and slim,
Like matron with her twin grand-daughters at her knee;
The rowan berries cluster o'er her low head grey and dim
In ruddy kisses sweet to see.

The merry maidens four have ranged them in a row,
Between each lovely couple a stately rowan stem,
And away in mazes wavy, like skimming birds they go,
Oh, never carolled bird like them!

But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze
That drinks away their voices in echoless repose,
And dreamily the evening has stilled the haunted braes,
And dreamier the gloaming grows.

And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from the sky
When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open shaw,
Are hushed the maiden's voices, as cowering down they lie
In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above, and the grassy ground beneath,
 And from the mountain-ashes and the old Whitethorn between,
 A power of faint enchantment doth through their beings breathe,
 And they sink down together on the green.

They sink together silent, and, stealing side to side,
 They fling their lovely arms o'er their drooping necks so fair,
 Then vainly strive again their naked arms to hide,
 For their shrinking necks again are bare.

Thus clasped and prostrate all, with their heads together bowed,
 Soft o'er their bosom's beating—the only human sound—
 They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
 Like a river in the air, gliding round.

Nor scream can any raise, nor prayer can any say,
 But wild, wild, the terror of the speechless three—
 For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,
 By whom they dare not look to see.

They feel their tresses twine with her parting locks of gold,
 And the curls elastic falling, as her head withdraws ;
 They feel her sliding arms from their tranced arms unfold,
 But they dare not look to see the cause :

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies
 Through all that night of anguish and perilous amaze ;
 And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering eyes
 Or their limbs from the cold ground raise,

Till out of Night the Earth has rolled her dewy side,
 With every haunted mountain and streamy vale below ;
 When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow morning tide,
 The maidens' trance dissolveth so.

Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they may,
 And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious friends in vain—
 They pined away and died within the year and day,
 And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again.

S. F.

THE LADY'S CHAPEL, ST. SAVIOUR'S, AND THE CHURCHES OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Who is Antichrist? The Pope? The Church of Rome? Mahomet? Buonaparte? They have all had their partizans amongst the various expounders of the unfulfilled prophecies;—and many plausible things have been said to justify a designation which must confer upon whoever is entitled to bear it, an infamous immortality. But a new candidate has appeared, whose claims can no longer be overlooked, and whose efforts, had they been seconded, would have scarcely been less effective for the overthrow of the Christian religion, than those of any enemy of the cross who had before been signalized by the fanaticism of infidelity.

And yet we believe the London Bridge Committee, who recommended the destruction of the Lady's Chapel of St. Saviour's, and the committee who have recently had it in contemplation to take down no less than eighteen of the most venerable churches which adorn the city of London, were not actuated by any implacable hatred of the Christian name;—they were only insensible to the beauty of these ancient structures as works of art, and regardless of the associations with which they are connected. Happily their counsels have not prevailed. More than ten righteous men were found to protest against their unhallowed designs; and the city of London has, for the present at least been spared the calamity and the disgrace of adopting, as improvements, projects which would have stamped upon it a character of sacrilege and degradation.

There are few of our readers who can require to be informed that the Lady's Chapel forms an integral part of the venerable cathedral of St. Saviour's, in the Borough, which is not only ornamental as a structure combining much of the grace of Grecian, with much of the sombre grandeur of the Gothic style of building, but also peculiarly

interesting and valuable, as furnishing perhaps the only perfect specimen existing of the pointed architecture of the thirteenth century. "I will venture to stake my reputation as an architect," said Mr. Cottingham, the restorer of the Cathedral of Rochester, and of Magdalen College, Oxford, at a public meeting to which the meditated destruction of the Lady's Chapel gave rise, "that there is not in this kingdom a more pure and elegant design of early pointed architecture than the chapel you are this day called upon to preserve from demolition. It is not only admirable as regards its details, but, in its sectional construction, presents to the most untutored eye those securities against expansions which exhibit the pure principles of Gothic architecture in a bold connecting line, where defence succeeds defence, from the highest arch of the tower to the lowest point of the chapel wall. This line once broken, the whole fabric is endangered. It is to such buildings as these we are indebted for the best principles of construction;—principles which the ancients never arrived at, and the moderns too often neglect. The greater number of such noble structures are already destroyed, and if the remaining few are not preserved, with what will their place be supplied?" This gentleman, than whom there exists no more competent judge, describes the edifice as, in its own peculiar style, perfectly unrivalled. "We have," he says, "a trio of peditments in many instances, but no instance of four, as in this case. It consists of twelve early-english groined arches, supported by six clustered pillars, with half pillars against the walls. The walls are perforated by numerous windows of varied proportions, all exquisitely beautiful, and many of them unique in example, and which, when duly restored, will diffuse a light through the chapel which will exhibit an elegance of effect not at present

easily conceived." Feeling as he did, it would not have been easy for the lover of the arts to restrain the indignation which he felt at the attempt which was made to destroy one of the architectural glories of his country; and he accordingly, in no measured terms, denounced those by whom it was patronized, as Goths and Vandals. These epithets provoked the ire of some of his opponents, who would fain demolish the church without incurring any suspicion of a sympathy with barbarism. They were well replied to by Mr. Sydney Taylor, our townsman and fellow-collegian, of whom we felt justly proud, as the representative, on such an occasion, of all that was enlightened or ennobling in the Dublin University. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am not an inhabitant of the Borough of Southwark, but I stand here as a British subject, having an interest in the national relics of Britain. I consider such structures the great works of our mighty ancestors, to be the national property of England; and I consider every Englishman to have an interest in their preservation. A gentleman in this room has chosen to take offence because the word Vandal was used. I repeat explicitly, that the men who are capable—(I do not allude to the deluded instruments of their destructive views)—but the men who are themselves the authors of the attempt to demolish that edifice which is, next to St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, the great work of sacred architecture in the metropolis—that such men deserve to be designated by worse than the name of Vandal. I would give them the name *Christian Vandals*; and I consider that that implies a stronger opprobrium, and carries with it a greater stigma than belongs to the barbarous and Pagan destroyers of the celebrated works of antiquity. This chapel is not only interesting as a work of art, but also as an historical monument. It is part and parcel of the history of one of the greatest monarchies that ever existed. Is that not a theme that will warm the hearts of Englishmen? Are they dead to the recollections of those days, which should always serve as a beacon light to the virtues of modern times? Is there a man here who would not consider it an honour

to be a native of the land which gave Byron birth? He places one of his characters in the neighbourhood of the Coliseum of Rome; he talks of the influence it had upon his mind, until, he says,

"The place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old—
The dead yet accepted sovereigns that still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

The Lady's Chapel constituted the spiritual court in which many of the early reformers were, we will not say tried, but subjected to that brutal mockery of justice and humanity by which the hell-born zeal of Popery was distinguished during the reign of the remorseless Mary. To this we have the following fine allusion:—"Some expressions have been used about the relics of bigotry. Were *they* bigots, or were they not, who stood forward to attest their belief in the truths of religion, by the greatest testimony man can yield, when they devoted their lives to the cause of truth? We admire the sufferings and the consistency of martyrs of the early Church of Rome, under the persecution of Pagan rulers; and is not the feeling increased when we look upon the martyrs of modern days, and the sufferers for the cause of truth in our own country? It was in this spiritual court that such were tried in the reign of Queen Mary; that was the porch through which they entered the valley of the shadow of death, to a joyful immortality. These are things to rebuke the cold selfishness of men of the present day, who talk of pounds, shillings and pence, and never stand up for a principle. Wealth is perishable; but the virtues of men which gave dignity to the mind, shall flourish and be remembered, when all the splendour that mere money yields shall have passed away for ever."

Well, and what was the result of all this? The result was, that many who came to scoff, remained to pray. The dilapidators were either converted or confounded; and the Lady's Chapel has not only escaped, for the time, the destructive ravages of civic economy and improvement, but has risen from its state of ruin and decay with renewed and, we will now hope, never-dying beauty. A subscription was

immediately opened for its restoration, and a fund raised which enabled those lovers of the arts who interposed to avert the destruction that was meditated to carry their designs into complete effect.

The Lady's Chapel is now acknowledged to be one of the most ornamental structures in the city of London. Seen by moonlight, it is peculiarly fine. It looks more like a creation of magic than of human art. But even in broad day, to a stranger passing London-bridge, the effect is very striking. It rises serenely "above the thronged abodes of busy men, profane and ever prone to fill their minds exclusively with transitory things," and sheds upon the surrounding neighbourhood an influence that is a-kin to consecration. What had else been marked by nought but the bustling, active, enterprising spirit of trade, becomes tinged with a religious character; and the veriest votary of Mammon, he who is most exclusively engrossed by the concerns of the present hour, cannot come within sight of its solemn beauty without almost putting his shoes from off his feet, and feeling that the place whereon he treads is holy ground. Money changers once profaned the temple; and we have never looked upon this majestic Christian structure, standing as it does in the mart of the money changers, without feeling as if it had made reprisals, by compelling the most eager of the gain-loving tribe to entertain a transitory consciousness "that there is another and a better world."

We have alluded to the case of the Lady's Chapel, because it is our belief that to the interest then excited in its behalf, the other churches of London, which were doomed by the wide-street committee, owe their recent preservation. So soon as their intentions became known, and it seemed not unlikely that their measure would be adopted, the inhabitants of those parishes whose churches were condemned took the alarm, and came to the resolution of petitioning, to be heard before the Lord Mayor and Common Council against it. The gentleman chosen to represent their feelings on this occasion was Mr. Sydney Taylor, whose efforts on behalf of the Lady's Chapel, no doubt, re-

commended him to their favourable notice. Nor had they any reason to repent of their choice. Perhaps there could not be found, in the whole range of the profession, an individual more capable of doing such a subject ample justice. He evidently took up his case "con amore," and pleaded against what he deemed a great impending calamity with the feeling of a man who felt convinced that by the meditated sacrifice the best interests of christianity would be compromised. He shewed, in the first place, that, so far as the particular church for which he was employed was concerned, the measure was unnecessary, as it neither obstructed any thoroughfare, nor stood in the way of any line of improvement. He contended, in the next place, that the parishioners had a right of property in their churches; and that having expended large sums of money upon their erection and repairs, nothing short of an expressed wish on their part would justify the civic authorities in taking them down, when they could not be fairly represented as nuisances. "But did the parishioners," he asked, "give this consent? Quite the contrary. He appeared before the court for the rector, the churchwardens, and the parishioners of these united parishes, to state that they had not, and that they never would agree to any plan which was to deprive them of their ancient, and he might say, domestic temple, and to send them for religious consolation, and instruction to some house of worship in a more distant place. Where their fathers worshipped, they wished to worship; where the ashes of their kindred reposed, they wished to repose." He then alluded to the natural feelings of respect and veneration with which, in all ages and in all nations, the remains of the dead were regarded; and said that he should be sorry, whenever the march of science deprived the human heart of sentiments which in both savage and civilized life connected our living sympathies with the mournful but religious recollections of the grave. "I would not," he added, "trust much to his regard for the living, who could invade, with rude or ruffian violence, the sacred precincts of mortality." This topic afforded him an opportunity of calling the attention of

the court to some recent acts of profanation, by which the hearts of the citizens were grievously revolted, when surviving friends and relatives were compelled to witness scenes which they could not behold without mingled sentiments of anguish, and horror, and indignation. Nor were they only private and domestic feelings which were thus outraged. The profaners spared not the ashes of those whose exploits constitute a part of our proudest historical recollections. Even your own Sir William Walworth," said the learned counsel, "was not suffered to repose in peace; that great Lord Mayor of London, whose memory (pointing to the picture of the death of Wat Tyler, on the wall of the council chamber,) you have there illustrated, when, at a moment of great peril to the monarchy, he smote rebellion in its pride, and rescued from the rage of rebel violence the insulted majesty of England." To us, not the least interesting part of the speech was the allusion which the learned gentleman made to the celebrated Bishop Pearson. The church for which he was employed was that of which Dr. Pearson had been, at a former period, the minister, and in which the lectures on the creed, which now constitute a standard work of divinity, which will endure as long as the language, and which is adopted as a text-book in all the Universities, were first delivered. They were dedicated to the parishioners of St. Clement, in a strain of truly pastoral affection; and the good Bishop congratulates himself that the publication of his work was coeval with the re-edifying of their church, and expresses a fervent hope that it might last as long. The learned counsel reverses the prayer, and earnestly supplicates the court before whom he pleads, that they may suffer the church to last as long as the lectures. The architectural beauty of the edifices in question next claimed his attention, and he expatiated, with glowing enthusiasm, upon the picturesque effect, and the character of grandeur which the numerous churches imparted to the otherwise unsightly and monotonous mass of buildings which commerce had crowded together for her useful purposes on the banks of the river Thames. "Those splendid structures," he observed, "which

adorn that noble river—London, Waterloo, and Blackfriar's Bridges—would be out of character with the scene, if the prospect of the city, as beheld from them, did not present that lengthened line of churches, with their lofty and magnificent towers and spires, which gave not only architectural splendour, but moral interest to this great emporium; this mart where commerce had raised her throne, and where, under the special protection of that providence in whose honour those shrines were raised, she received tribute of the opulence of all nations." He was thus naturally led to the concluding topic, which was finely chosen and very effective, namely, the peculiar blessings which London had so long enjoyed—exemption from the ravages of war, of civil fury, and of pestilence—by which other capitals, even within our own recollection, had been so severely visited. "It was but lately," he said, "that a new and grievous pestilence had passed through Europe. In a neighbouring capital it had mowed down the ranks of rich and poor, with the scythe of a promiscuous and sweeping desolation. The hearts of the people of London were then humbled. The churches were then not too large or too numerous for their anxious and crowded frequenters, when the shadow of the destroying angel seemed to be passing over this great city, and it was feared that its mission was to open wide the sepulchre of a sudden and unsparing mortality. There was a warning—but it was merciful—a blow—but it was slight. London had been wonderfully spared; and would the people of the first Christian city in the world, overturn in the hour of their deliverance, those altars to which they had fled for refuge in their peril, and which were inscribed with the name of their great deliverer." Having then struck a chord to which every Christian heart must beat in unison, he thus concludes:

"I implore you, in the name of civilization, of which Christianity is the great promoter, and whose banner the Church of England raised when she rescued the human mind from the slavery of the dark ages, and again, when her hierarchy blew the trumpet of the revolution, to which all sects and parties in the country owe whatever rights and liberties they now enjoy: I implore

you, in the name of the arts, of which these churches are the beautiful offspring—I implore you in the name of those instincts of our common nature which make us guard from profanation the remains of our friends and kindred in the sanctuary of the grave, not to sanction this project for the wanton, because unnecessary, destruction of churches, and disturbance of the peace of the tomb. Do not put it in the power of the future historian to say, that the representatives of the citizens of London, in the nineteenth century, in common council assembled, thought it a triumph of intellect to convert the temples of religion into the shrine of Mammon, and mistook destruction for improvement."

Such is but a very inadequate representation of the speech, which was listened to with deep attention by the court to whom it was addressed. It will, we trust, have the effect of taking the pick-axe out of the hands of the levellers, and preventing an act of national iniquity, which would almost seem to us calculated to provoke an extraordinary visitation of divine vengeance. There was no part of Mr. Taylor's address which seemed to produce a stronger impression on his auditors than his allusion to the cholera; although, when he had concluded, *one* individual was found, who ridiculed his introduction of such a topic, and seemed to think it a weakness unworthy of the citizens of London to be influenced by any such consideration. This gentleman had a son, rising to man's estate—a young man of great promise, who had carried off all the prizes at the London University, and who was, when his father was speaking a speech which might not unfitly characterise "Mezentius contemptor De-

orum," in perfect health. *In four days he was a corpse!* swept off by a sudden attack of scarlet fever, at present, we believe, epidemic in London. We mention this merely as a fact, which certainly made a strong impression upon us when it occurred; but respecting which, the reader must draw his own conclusions. We presume to judge no man. He alone to whom all hearts are open, and who sees the motive as well as the act, is qualified to pronounce upon human conduct. But, while we unfeignedly deplore a calamity which is well calculated to bring the grey hairs of an afflicted father with sorrow to the grave, that calamity does present itself to us in a light that is as exemplary in one respect as it is painful in another. We do hope, that if it were the duty of the learned counsel to appear again before the same court in any similar cause, and if he again made an allusion to the dispensations of divine providence, such as provoked the sneers of the honourable member, that gentleman would *not* again furnish an exception to the almost unanimous acknowledgment of his brethren, that "verily there is a God that judgeth the earth."

In conclusion we have only to observe, that it is cheering to behold the favour with which our church is regarded by the laity in England. It is cheering, not only because of the church, but because of the country.

Our firm opinion is, that the prosperity of the one, and the well-being of the other, are inseparably united; and that no more fatal symptom of national ruin could betray itself, than an indifference concerning the security of our ecclesiastical institutions. Can we, therefore, close this paper more appositely than in the words of the poet Wordsworth:

"Hail to the state of England! and conjoin
With this a salutation as devout,
Made to the spiritual fabric of her church;
Founded in truth; by blood of martyrdom
Cemented; by the hands of wisdom reared
In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp,
Decent and unreprieved. The voice that greets
The majesty of both, shall pray for both;
That, mutually protected and sustained,
They may endure as long as sea surrounds
This favoured land, or sunshine warms her soil.
—And, O, ye swelling hills and spacious plains!

Besprent from shore to shore with steeple-towers,
And spires, "whose silent finger points to heaven,"
Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
Of ancient Minster, lifted above the cloud
Of the dense air which town or city breeds,
To intercept the sun's glad beams,—may ne'er
That true succession fail of English hearts,
That can perceive, not less than heretofore
Our ancestors did feelingly perceive,
What in those holy structures ye possess
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
And human charity and social love.
—Thus never shall the indignities of time
Approach their reverend graces, unopposed ;
Nor shall the elements be free to hurt
Their fair proportions ; nor the blinder rage
Of bigot zeal, madly to overturn ;
And, if the desolating hand of war
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow—
Upon the thronged abodes of busy men
(Depraved, and even prone to fill their minds
Exclusively with transitory things)—
An air and mien of dignified pursuit ;
Of sweet civility—on rustic wilds.

SKETCH—A JUNE MORNING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF STANZAS TO BRENDA.

Morning in June! Slumb'rer awake! arise!
Nor suffer nature thus thy sloth to chide:
Sweet morn unveils her dewy-lidèd eyes,
That glance like startled fawns, from side to side;
Her cheek is carmined, like a bride's, with dyes
Such as the rose wears in her summer pride;
White wane the stars, as Envy, 'neath her ray,
And, like affrighted revellers, reel away.

Sudden as thought, soft winds their wings unfurl,
And gently raise each green tree's drooping bough;
Just as you'd move a fair girl's silken curl,
To trace the blue veins o'er her crystal brow;
Each leaf rains down a shower of liquid pearl,
Bathing the daisy's round pale face—and now,
Swift as an arrow, from its nest upsprings
The quivering lark, and shakes its humid wings.

Sweetly ascends awakening Nature's hymn;
The lark its Maker honours, out of sight,
From off a shining cloud's serrated rim
Giving quick utterance to its pure delight:
Thrush, blackbird, goldfinch, from the greenwood dim,
Together in the holy song unite;
The robin's little black eyes glance and glisten,
As, with his head bent down, he seems to listen.

But turn ye to the eastern heavens—and lo!
The golden-mantled sun stands gleaming there!
He looks on earth, recumbent spread below,
As on a couch, with form that would be bare
But for the silver veils the chaste dew's throw
Around its beauties, ravishingly fair:
Each feature, as he looks, with strong joy warms,
Till, see! he folds her in his yellow arms!

Hark ! through the air ascends triumphant sound,
 The voice of mountain streams upon their way—
 Swifter than wild deer to the plains they bound,
 And toss aloft light feathery flakes of spray :
 A moment since along their beds they wound,
 Wan as an icicle in wintry ray ;
 But now, behold, as by some power divine,
 The sun has changed their waters into wine !

How beautiful the varied scene appears !
 Slowly the cottage smoke-wreaths curl on high—
 Lightly the tall wheat shakes its rounding ears
 To every wind that gossips gaily by ;
 The barley ridge points up its sharpen'd spears—
 Fair is the blossom'd bean-field, sweet its sigh—
 Fowls flash, like sudden lights, athwart the lake,
 And bees, in wild-rose urns, their sweet thirst slake.

Shepherds their white flocks, innocently blithe,
 Lead where, thro' "pastures green," the clear rills flow—
 Follows the mower with his dangling scythe,
 To lay the scented meadow's long grass low ;
 The simple milk-maid sings, while pressing milk
 From the full udder of the patient cow :
 Then homeward bending, smiles to see her face
 In the smooth mirror of the waveless race !

Delightful is thy task, I cry, O morn !
 'Tis thine to wake the groves to golden song—
 Print golden footsteps on the rustling corn,
 And kiss the gay streams as they dance along !
 But while I mark thee Heaven and Earth adorn,
 With glories that to thee alone belong,
 Let me forget not Him, who from the womb
 Of chaos called thee forth, and bade thee bloom.

O ! would 'twere mine acceptably to praise
 That mighty Maker, that eternal King !
 O ! would 'twere mine, in not all worthless lays,
 His ceaseless mercies reverently to sing ;
 Him still to glorify who gilds those rays,
 Who weaves the strange wind's melancholy wing,
 And suffers me to glad mine upturn'd eyes
 With sweet perusal of the morning skies !

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN.

At the Examinations held at the end of Michaelmas term, the Primate's prizes for proficiency in the Hebrew language were awarded to the following gentlemen:

Middle Bachelors (Psalms): Ds. Clerke (John); Ds. Murphy (James); Ds. Trayer (Rich). *Candidate Bachelors* (Grammar): Garrett (Henry); Arnold (Robert); Robinson (Andrew).

The subjects for the Vice-Chancellor's prizes, to be awarded at Shrovetide commencement, 1834, are—For Graduates in Greek, Latin, or English Prose, "*The influence of Wars on Civilization.*" For Undergraduates in Greek, Latin, or English Verse, "*The late Arctic Expedition.*"

The following have been selected from the Fellows of Trinity College to constitute the Court of Examiners for Honours, according to the Regulations of July, 1833:—

For honours in Classics at the three term examinations—Rev. Jos. Henderson Singer, D.D.; Rev. Thomas Gannon, D.D.; Rev. John Blair Chapman, A.M.

For honours in Science at the term examinations, and for Moderatorships in Mathematics and Physics at the degree examination—Rev. John Lewis Moore, A.M.; Rev. Thomas Luby, A.M.; Rev. George Sidney Smith, A.M.

For Moderatorships in Logics and Ethics at the degree examination—Mountifort Longfield, LL.D.; Rev. Samuel John McClean, A.M.; Rev. James Henthorn Todd, A.M.

HILARY TERM EXAMINATIONS, 1834.

SENIOR SOPHISTERS.

Honours in Science, First Rank—Gore, Robert; Graves, Charles; Crawford, Charles Sharman; Beamish, Francis; Orr, Alexander Smith; Townsend, Richard; Morris, James. *Second Rank*—Grogan, William; Carson, Joseph; Mockler, William; Crampton, George; Finlay, Robert; Webb, Francis.

Honours in Classics, First Rank—Graves, Charles; Reeves, William; Fitzgerald, William; Hathornthwaite, Tho-

mas; Ringwood, Henry Taylor; Meara, William Henry. *Second Rank*—Lefroy, George; Carson, Joseph; Todd, Charles Haukes; Walshe, Thomas; Coghlan, John; Murray, John; Trevor, Edward; Lonergan, Daniel.

JUNIOR SOPHISTERS.

Honours in Science, First Rank—Ball, John; Le Marchand, William H.; Lee, William; Vickers, Henry; Glanville, James; Butler, William; M'Dowell, George. *Second Rank*—Leader, Henry; Murland, James W.; Willes, James; Hopkins, Robert Smyth; West, Augustus William; Keith, James; Johns, Bennett W.; Yeats, Thomas; Jacob, Wm. Henry; Geran, Richard.

Honours in Classics, First Rank—Ball, John; Fitzgerald, Gerald; Nash, George; Woodward, Thomas; Bentley, John; Drapes, Vernon. *Second Rank*—Holland, John; Adams, William; Bull, Joshua; Woodroffe, William; Shone, John Allen; Hopkins, Robert Smyth; Bruen, John; Falloon, William; Lee, William; Payne, Somers; Leslie, William; Gower, Stephen; Colman, John; Geran, Richard; Mullins, Robert; M'Cullagh, John.

SENIOR FRESHMEN.

Honours in Science, First Rank—French, Martin Joseph; Shaw, George Augustus; Trayer, James John; Sandes, Faulkner Chute; Conway, Michael George; Lynch, Matthew; Gabbett, William; Keogh, William; Flynn, John Harris; Green, James Sullivan. *Second Rank*—Kyle, John Torrens; Talbot, William; James, John; Digby, William; West, George W.; Maunsell, George Wood; Balfe, Nicholas; Meade, Adam Newman; Lynn, John M.; Higgins, Lewis; Ferguson, William; Biggs, Richard; Murphy, John Baldwin; Tuckey, Thomas; King, Robert.

Honours in Classics, First Rank—Johnston, Robt. St. George; Verschoyle, James; Deane, Joseph William; Higginbotham, Joseph Wilson; Wrightson, Thomas R.; Hallowell, John William; Higgins, Lewis; Ringwood, Frederick Howe. *Second Rank*—Welsh, Robert; Lynch, Walter W.; Kyle, John Torrens;

Walsh, John; Griffin, Henry; Wade, Benjamin; Connor, William Roderick; Sullivan, Philip J.; Hallam, Edward; Henn, Thomas Rice; Walker, John; Disney, James; Finney, Daniel; Walker, John R.; King, Robert; Ryan, Daniel; Eccleston, James.

JUNIOR FRESHMEN.

Honours in Science, First Rank—Kelly, Charles; Shaw, Charles; Connor, Henry; Warren, Robert; Roberts, Michael; Ellis, Conyngham; Sweeney, Jas.; Law, Hamilton; Lawson, James Anthony. *Second Rank*—Crofts, Freeman; Merrick, Samuel Henry; Lyle, Hugh Thomas; Ardagh, Richard Maunsell; Dease, Matthew; Sanders, Thomas; Hoops, Samuel Evans; Roberts, Wm.; Meredith, Edmond; Beere, Robert; Armstrong, Richard; Jellett, John; O'Callaghan, Andrew; Oulton, Abraham; McIntosh, John Theophilus.

Honours in Classics, First Rank—Torrens, Thomas Francis; Ardagh, Richard Maunsell; Miller, Wm.; Roberts, William; Wrightson, Richard; Perrin, John; Jellett, John; Lawson, James Anthony; Edwards, Henry; Murphy, Patrick. *Second Rank*—Hussey, Edward; Palliser, Christian; Knox, Wm.; Finnerty, John; Wandsworth, Edward Mayne; Ring, Cornelius Percy; Hodder, George Francis; McCarthy, Charles Fennell; Chaytor, William; Smith, Carew Howard; Humphreys, William; Stubbs, John Hamilton; Minnett, John Robert; Meredith, Edmond; Marchbanks, John; Wilson, Cadwallader; Littledale, John; O'Callaghan, Andrew; Holmes, James Garner; O'Connor, Wm.

THOMAS PRIOR,

Senior Lecturer.

N. B.—The names of the successful Candidates for honours are arranged, not in order of merit, but in the order of their standing on the College Books.

OXFORD.

December 7.—On Thursday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts—Rev. A. R. Mangin, St. Alban Hall; Rev. T. G. Penn, Ch. Ch.; Rev. R. Rawlins, Magdalen Hall.

In a Convocation holden on Thursday, the Rev. F. A. Faber, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen, was nominated one of the Masters of the Schools, in the room of the Rev. P. Hansell, M.A., Fellow of University, resigned.

By a Statute, which received the assent of the House of Convocation on Monday last, and which comes into operation in

Act Term, 1834, all Candidates for a Degree in Medicine are (besides producing certificates from some hospital of eminence, of a diligent attendance upon lectures and hospital practice) to undergo an examination before the Regius Professor of Medicine, and two other Examiners, who are to be Doctors in that faculty, and appointed by the Vice-Chancellor. For a superior Degree, a dissertation, written by the Candidate, upon some subject to be approved by the Regius Professor, is to be publicly delivered, and a copy given into the hands of the Professor, before admission to the Degree of Doctor in Medicine.

Bachelors in Medicine are also no longer to be compelled, as heretofore, to proceed through Arts, but they must be examined in like manner, with all who intend to proceed to their Bachelor's Degree, in that faculty, before (academically speaking) they can become Students in Medicine.

Ashmolean Society.—At a meeting of the Society, held Nov. 29th, the President in the chair, the names of the gentlemen proposed as the new Committee and Office-bearers for the ensuing year were submitted to the meeting and approved, viz.: *President*—The Warden of Wadham. *Treasurer*—Rev. R. Greswell. *Secretary*—Professor Powell. *Of the old Committee*—Dr. Daubeny, Mr. Kay, Mr. Strickland, Mr. Wilson, of Queen's, and Mr. Johnson. *New Members of the Committee*—Mr. Hill, Ch. Ch.; Mr. Walker, Wadham; Mr. Browne, St. John's; and Mr. Falconer, Exeter.

The following gentlemen were elected members:—J. R. Coope, B.A. Ch. Ch.; Rev. J. O. W. Harweis, M.A. Queen's. A paper was read on Sea Serpents, by J. S. Duncan, Esq. D.C.L.

A paper was read, containing an account of some experiments on the irritability of plants, by G. H. S. Johnson, Esq.

The President made some remarks on the same subject; also, on caverns, as connected with his former communication on the evolution of gas from certain springs. He concluded with a statement of the papers read before the Society during the past year.

The Society then adjourned over the Christmas vacation.

December 14.—CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.—On Wednesday last, W. Fletcher, B.A. of Trinity, was elected a Fellow of Brasenose.

The following is a list of those candidates who have obtained distinction in *Disciplinis Mathematicis et Physicis*:—

CLASS I.—W. W. Macheson,* Commoner of Queen's.

CLASS II.—J. R. Coope, Commoner of Ch. Ch.; J. Walker,† Scholar of Wadham.

CLASS III.—H. Comyn, Commoner of Exeter; H. S. Murray, Commoner of Ch. Ch.; T. F. R. Read, Scholar of University.

CLASS IV.—T. M. Richards, Commoner of Wadham.

The number of those who, having obtained their testimonium, were not deemed worthy of any honourable distinction, was 71.

On Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred :—

Bachelor in Divinity—Rev. J. Thompson, Fellow of Lincoln.

Masters of Arts—Rev. G. E. Gepp, Wadham; J. Williams, Jesus; H. C. Onslow, Demy of Magdalen; Rev. H. G. P. Cooke, Exeter; Rev. W. H. Newbolt, New College; Rev. W. E. Trenchard, Pembroke.

December 21.—On Saturday last, Mr. E. B. Smith, Commoner of St. John's College, was elected an Exhibitioner of Queen's College, on Mr. Michel's Foundation.

Tuesday being the last day of Michaelmas Term, the following degrees were conferred :—

Masters of Arts—P. A. Browne, Corpus, grand comp.; Rev. R. R. Hughes, Jesus; Rev. R. Haynes, Pembroke; Rev. H. Hughes, Trinity; C. O. Fletcher, Exeter.

December 28.—The following gentlemen were on Tuesday last admitted Students of Christ Church :—

W. C. F. Webber, R. Hickson, and W. G. Penny, elected from Westminster in May last; E. D. Tinling, E. K. Luscombe, J. Bode, C. W. Bagot, and J. Adams, Canons' Students.

Jan. 4, 1834.—On Saturday se'nnight, Mr. H. Holloway was admitted Fellow of New College.

On Saturday last, W. Borlace, B. A. Scholar on the Michel or New Foundation of Queen's College, was elected a Fellow on the same Foundation.

CAMBRIDGE.

November 29.—On the 16th inst. F. R. Begbie, Esq. B. A. of Pembroke college, was elected a Foundation Fellow of that society.

We understand that the late Rev. D. Pettward has bequeathed a splendid collection of books and works of art to Trinity college, in this university.

A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Monday evening, Professor Airy, one of the Vice-Presidents, being in the chair. Various presents were announced, among which was a collection of Vesuvian minerals, presented by the Rev. R. Willis. A beetle found in the centre of a block of mahogany, presented by Mr. Metcalfe, was commented on by Professor Henslow. A paper, by Mr. Lowe, of Madeira, was read, on a rare molluscous animal, termed *Umbrella*, illustrated by a drawing. Mr. Hopkins gave an account, illustrated by various maps and sections, of the geology of Derbyshire, which gave rise to several remarks on the part of other members.

December 6.—At the congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred :—

Doctor in Divinity—Rev. J. Greenwood, St. Peter's, Head Master of Christ's Hospital, and Rector of Colne Engaine, Essex.

Bachelor in Divinity—Rev. M. Seaman, Queen's (comp.)

Honorary Master of Arts—The Earl of Kerry, Trinity.

Masters of Arts—Rev. W. Cook, Trinity; A. Boyd, Trinity; D. H. Leighton, Trinity; J. Simpson, Corpus Christi; Rev. T. Phillips, Jesus (comp.)

Bachelors in Physic—C. J. Johnstone, Caius; W. W. Fisher, Downing.

At the same congregation the following grace passed the Senate :—To appoint Mr. Steel, of Trinity, an Examiner of the Classical Tripos for 1834.

December 13.—**CROSSE'S SCHOLARS.**—On Friday last, S. E. Walker, of Trinity College, was elected a Senior, E. H. Browne, Emmanuel, a Middle, and F. Myers, Fellow of Clare hall, a Junior Bachelor on the Foundation of Mr. Crosse.

Cambridge Philosophical Society.—A meeting was held on Monday evening, Dr. Clark, one of the Vice-Presidents, being in the chair. There was read a memoir by Professor Moseley, of King's College, London, "On the general conditions of the equilibrium of a system of variable form: and on the theory of equilibrium, settlement, and fall of the arch." Professor Farish made a statement concerning a splendid meteor, resembling a

* In the Third Class of Lit. Human.

† In the Second Class of Lit. Human.

falling star, observed by him on the 26th of September last, at a quarter before seven in the evening. [The Rev. Professor went, after the meeting, to a friend who lives about twenty miles from Cambridge, and who had seen the phenomenon, in hopes that he had observed its bearing, from the north, or rather from the magnetic north, which was very near the direction in which it appeared from Cambridge. But he found, as his friend had only transiently viewed it as he walked along the road, his observation of its place was hardly accurate enough to authorize any practical conclusion, from so small a base as twenty miles. If any other gentleman has observed the bearing of the star, it might solve an interesting problem hitherto very little understood. The star appeared at first nearly as large as the moon, but, before it got to the horizon, it was reduced to almost a thread. It continued in the same vertical, without altering its bearing at all, and was visible about two seconds.] Professor Sedgwick gave an account, illustrated by maps and sections, of the geological structure of Charnwood forest, in Leicestershire, and of the neighbourhood. He observed that the secondary strata in the neighbourhood of this group of primary rocks appear in a very regular and undisturbed position; the new red sandstone, lias, and oolites, succeeding each other in the usual order; that therefore the attempts recently made to obtain coal by sinking through the terrace of Billesdon Coplow, the outcrop of the inferior oolite, must necessarily end in disappointment and loss. He stated also that "the forest" consisted of masses of granite, syenite, porphyry, and grauwacke slate; of which the slate was clearly stratified; the stratification having reference to an anti-clinal line of elevation; the direction of this line being about north-west and south-east, and the slate-rocks dipping from it to the north-east and south-west. The disturbance produced along this line may be further traced, on the north-west of the forest, in the inclined position of several detached masses of mountain lime-stone, which stand like islands in the plain of the red marl: dipping, on the whole, towards the south-west, so as to pass under the coal measures of the Ashby de la Zouch field; and therefore to be considered as a prolongation of the south-west side of the Charnwood forest saddle. The granite occupies the skirts of the forest on the east, south, and west. This communication gave rise to observations from several other members.

PRIZE SUBJECTS.—The Vice-Chancellor has issued the following notice in the University:

I. His Royal Highness the Chancellor being pleased to give annually a third gold medal for the encouragement of English Poetry, to such resident Undergraduate as shall compose the best Ode, or the best Poem, in heroic verse; the Vice-Chancellor gives notice that the subject for the present year is—*The Second Triumvirate*.

N.B.—These exercises are to be sent in to the Vice-Chancellor on or before March 31, 1834; and are not to exceed 200 lines in length.

II. The Representatives in Parliament for the University being pleased to give annually—

(1) Two Prizes of Fifteen Guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin Prose Composition, to be open to all Bachelors of Arts, without distinction of years, who are not of sufficient standing to take the Degree of Master of Arts; and

(2) Two other Prizes of Fifteen Guineas each, to be open to all Undergraduates who shall have resided not less than seven terms at the time when the exercises are to be sent in;

The subjects for the present year are,

(1) For the Bachelors,

Quenam sint commoda expectanda a recenti apud Cantabrigiam clarorum virorum congressu?

(2) For the Undergraduates,
Quinam sint effectus libertatis in possessionibus Hispaniae transatlanticis?

N.B.—These exercises are to be sent in on or before April 30, 1834.

III. Sir William Browne having bequeathed three gold medals, value five guineas each, to such resident Undergraduates as shall compose—

(1) The best Greek Ode in imitation of Sappho;

(2) The best Latin Ode, in imitation of Horace;

(3) $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{The best Greek Epigram after} \\ \text{the model of the Anthologia, and} \\ \text{The best Latin Epigram after} \\ \text{the model of Martial;} \end{array} \right.$

The subjects for the present year are—

(1) For the Greek Ode,

Niger navigabilis.

(2) For the Latin Ode,

Australis expeditio Johannis Frederici Guilielmi Herschel, equitis aurati.

(3) For the Epigrams,

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

N.B.—These exercises are to be sent in on or before April 30, 1834. The Greek Ode is not to exceed twenty-five, and the Latin Ode thirty stanzas.

The Greek Ode may be accompanied by a literal Latin Prose Version.

IV. The Porson Prize is the interest of 400*l.* stock, to be annually employed in the purchase of one or more Greek books, to be given to such resident Undergraduate as shall make the best translation of a proposed passage in Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher, into Greek Verse.

The subject for the present year is—

Shakspeare, King Richard II., Act III., Scene 2, beginning—

K. Rich.—“*Lets talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs :*”

And ending—

“*How can you say to me—I am a king ?*”

N.B.—The metre to be *Tragicum Iambicum Trimeterum acatalecticum*. These exercises are to be accentuated, and accompanied by a literal Latin prose version, and are to be sent in or before April 30, 1834.

N.B.—All the above exercises are to be sent in to the Vice-Chancellor privately: each is to have some motto prefixed, and to be accompanied by a paper, sealed up, with the same motto on the outside; which paper is to enclose another, folded up, having the candidate's name and college written within. The papers containing the names of those candidates who may not succeed, will be destroyed unopened. Any candidate is at liberty to send in his exercise *printed* or *lithographed*. No prize will be given to any candidate who has not, at the time of sending in the exercise, resided one term at the least?

January 3, 1834.—The following is the subject for the Hulsean prize for the present year:—“How far the political circumstances of the Jewish nation were favourable to the introduction and diffusion of the Christian Religion.”

On Tuesday last, the Rev. G. Pearson, of St. John's College, and Rector of Cas-

tle Camps, in this county, was elected Christian Advocate, on the resignation of the Rev. J. A. Jeremie, Fellow of Trinity College.

January 17.—The following are the subjects of examination in the last week of the Lent Term, 1835:—

1. The Gospel of St. John.

2. Paley's Evidences of Christianity.

3. The Eleventh Book of Homer's *Odyssey*.

4. The Tenth Book of Quintilian.

A Craven Scholarship has been declared vacant, by the Rev. W. Aldwin Soames, of Trinity College, having accepted the vicarage of Greenwich.

KING'S COLLEGE.

The result of the examination at Christmas is announced by the exhibition of the following names as the successful competitors:—*Mathematics*—Wilson, Mathison, Peppercorne, Hare, Wood, Raster, Christie, W. G. Brett, W. B. Brett, Beresford, Morris, Winstanley, Freeman, Gordon, Marshall, Spinks, Parrot, Crake, Murray. *Juniors*—Gandell, A. Williams, Gant, Pitman, Kent, Giraud, Chapman, Capel, Heseltine, Boddy, Ford, Salmon, Grinfield, Cumming, Thompson, Wistinghausen, Dasent, Delane, Poole, Helsham, Cheere, Layton, Bagehot, R. Collins, Wheeler. *Classical Literature*—Hardcastle, Skirrow, Anderson, Christie, Beresford, Gandell, Pitman, Prout, Busk, Morrice, Wood, Dasent, Foster, Boddy, Bodkin, Capel, Newdigate, Severne, Bagehot, Bellis, Chapman, Delane, Salmon, Angell, Winstanley, Marshall. *French*—Wilson, Peppercorne, Cheere, Capel, Brett, Angell, Collins, Stedman. *English Literature*—Skirrow, Gandell, Hardcastle, Smith, Spinks, Beresford, Busk, Wilson, Dowding, Mackison, Poole. *History*—Beresford, W. G. Brett, Canton, Gandell, Mathison, F. W. Smith, Wilson, Winstanley, Wood. *Juniors*—Arnott, Boddy, Busk, Christie, Dasent, Delane, Dowding, Hardcastle, Ord, Bagehot, Cheere, Cumming, Gant, Giraud, Kent, Murray, Parrot, Peppercorne, Pitman, Poole, Salmon, Thompson, Winn.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Maith agus Dearmad.—Rocanna. [Forgive and Forget, a Tale, by Maria Edgeworth. Rocanna, by the same. Translated into Irish for the Ulster Gaelic Society, by Thomas Feenachty, Teacher of Irish in Belfast.] Dublin: William Curry, Jun. and Co; Richard Coyne. Belfast: Samuel Archer, and William M'Comb. 1853.

Our northern neighbours have in more than one instance shown a praiseworthy desire to rescue from destruction the remaining monuments of Ireland's ancient days. Many of our readers must remember that it was in Belfast that the famous meeting of the Irish Harpers took place in the year 1792, when prizes were adjudged to the most skilful of the bards, and the ancient Irish melodies were written down by an eminent musical professor as they were performed; thus seizing perhaps the last opportunity of saving a number of those relics so dear to every Irisman, and which are now known throughout Europe.* At a subsequent period the "Irish Harp Society" was commenced in Belfast, for the cultivation and perpetuation of that national instrument; and, being assisted by contributions from Irish gentlemen resident in India, has continued to the present day. The harpers educated under its auspices, (who are generally blind,) are to be met with in all parts of Ireland; and even in many of the towns throughout England and Scotland the Belfast harper may be heard touching "the sounding strings." In all human probability, but for the existence of this patriotic institution, the "Harp of Tara's halls" would ere now have sunk in silence for ever.

It is pleasing to observe the same spirit still manifesting itself. Another association has been established, about three years since, in the same town, under the name of the "Ulster Gaelic Society," having for its objects the preservation of the ancient literature of Ireland, and the publication of books in the Irish language, to facilitate its study. The little work now before us is the first of its efforts in the latter department; but the fruits of its exertions have already appeared in the establishment of a teacher of the Irish language, for the last three years in Belfast; a growing taste for its cultivation in that town; and, very recently, the formation of an Irish class for students

in the Royal Belfast Academical Institution. The late resolution of the Synod of Ulster, rendering it imperative on the students connected with that body to be acquainted with the Irish language, augurs well for the success of the latter undertaking.

Very soon after the opening of their Irish classes, the Society found a most lamentable deficiency of books, adapted either for introducing the English student to the modern dialect of the language, or for the use of the native Gael. They therefore determined to prepare a series of translations from approved English authors, suitable to their design; and the present work is the first of that series. The choice of two of the interesting narratives of our own Miss Edgeworth, was but a merited compliment to an admirable writer, and a fit commencement to an undertaking so truly Irish; and the selection of the tales themselves, one having the scene laid in Ireland, the other inculcating a valuable moral lesson, was, we think, well judged. The dedication of the work (in Irish and English) is to the Marquis of Downshire, who seems to have taken a lively interest in the Society. We give the following extract from it:—

"Small though this volume is, we cannot but hope that its publication will form an era in the history of the Celtic Literature of Ireland. Under less favourable circumstances, and with a far narrower field of usefulness, the cultivation of the aboriginal languages of Wales and the Scottish Highlands has advanced with a rapidity which the most sanguine of its first promoters never expected; and has been the means, in each of these countries, of introducing improvement of every kind among a secluded race, whom it could not have reached through any other channel.

"The Society felt no hesitation in determining, that one of the first steps in their operations should be to render some of Miss Edgeworth's admirable lessons of prudence and morality accessible to a large class of her countrymen hitherto debarred from them—the only difficulty was to make a selection where all is so excellent. We hope that the tales which

* Moore's words to the Irish Melodies have been lately translated into Russian.

have been fixed on by the Society, will be thought not unsuitable to the peculiar state of Ireland; and we know your lordship will join us in wishing that the humblest of our countrymen may attain the independence and comfort which rewarded the industry of the farmer of 'Rosanna;' and that men of all parties, laying aside their animosities, may learn to 'Forgive and Forget.'

The translation of these tales is executed faithfully, and the spirit of the author well preserved. The language of the second, 'Rosanna,' we consider decidedly superior to the first. In both, the translator has very properly aimed at introducing, as much as possible, the modern colloquial language of the Irish; and in several instances the substitution of the Irish idioms for the English is managed very happily. The work is printed in the Irish character with great neatness, and scarcely contains a single typographical error; which is the more surprising when we consider how few persons have had practice in correcting Irish letter press. The original English of the tales is annexed. We shall only mention, in addition, that the price is extremely moderate.

The Ulster Gaelic Society has our warmest wishes for its success, and we hope soon to have to announce a continuation of its spirited undertaking.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vols. 13, 14. *History of Arabia, ancient and modern*, by Andrew Crichton, with map and engravings. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, and Simpkin and Marshall, London. 1834.

Ed. Cab. Lib. Vol. 15. *Historical and Descriptive Account of Persia*, by James Frazer, Esq., with engravings, &c. Oliver and Boyd, and Simpkin and Marshall, London. 1834.

We have had no reason to repent of the unqualified approbation which, at an early stage of its progress, we bestowed upon the plan and conduct of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library; on the contrary, we are happy to find that we but duly estimated its deserts when we unhesitatingly predicted its certain success. The design of the work was, in the first instance, eminently praiseworthy; the conductors were evidently anxious for the diffusion of useful knowledge, but they proved themselves unwilling to profess, without being able to realise; without a shadow of affectation, and as unostentatious as it was in reality valuable, their object has been accomplished without compromising the integrity or ability of their distinguished contributors.

The History of Arabia, forming the
VOL. III.

13th and 14th volumes of the series, we have perused with the attention they deserve, and pronounce to have been most ably and judiciously written.

There is no topic of interest connected with this attractive subject which Mr. Crichton has not discussed and illustrated with taste and ability; he has made an easy and agreeable style the vehicle of the most copious information which it would be possible to afford in the execution of his task. Arabia, but little known, and less appreciated, has met with a highly qualified historian, who has exhibited no less research in her romantic annals, than accurate acquaintance with her inhabitants, and the various productions of her peculiar soil.

We gladly extend to the History of Persia the commendation which we have bestowed upon its predecessor: it is equally interesting and equally well executed. It abounds with valuable information, and is seasoned with extraordinary and characteristic anecdotes. Had space permitted, it was our intention to have extracted largely from this and the preceding work; but after all, we are inclined to think it an act of injustice to select one or two specimens from a work, which, from its excessive cheapness, is well calculated for that general circulation to which, from the nature and extent of its subject, it is most deservedly entitled.

For ourselves, we have read with interest and attention the volumes before us, and uninfluenced as we shall ever be in our praise or censure, we candidly bestow the former in all its unexceptionable fulness upon these able works. Since its outset, the Edinburgh Cabinet Library has been markedly distinguished as an excellent ally by the literary and scientific world; indebted as it is to the judicious compilation, or in most instances the peculiar attraction of its talented contributors, we should feel much disappointed if it were not prized as a standard work of reference, independently of its many other claims upon public attention.

It is scarcely necessary for us to say that we sincerely wish this offspring of the "Modern Athens" all the success which it deserves. We have always considered it an indispensable to our library, and we do not know any whose taste upon this point is at issue with our own.

We must not forget to notice the illustrations of both Arabia and Persia;

which consist of full and accurate maps, with a number of wood cuts, which may justly be ranked among the finest specimens of that highly improved and most available art.

Oliver and Boyd's Catechisma. A Catechism of Natural Philosophy, by George Lees, A.M. A Catechism of Botany, by William Rhind. Edinburgh. 1834.

These little books contain a very considerable fund of information, expressed in simple and intelligible language, and possess what has hitherto been much neglected in treatises of their kind, a very useful supply of explanatory wood cuts.

We will merely warn the careless teacher, that books like these are even worse than useless if they are only, as we fear is too often the case, got off by rote; giving the pupil that most pernicious habit of using words without attaching to them any clear or distinct ideas. Catechisms of this nature require the greatest assiduity on the part of the master, in examining the pupil on every question he answers, and in explaining by very numerous familiar examples, the strict meaning of the terms he has used.

The Rainbow, a literary gift. Dublin; Gibton and Overend. 1834.

This is an unpretending and meritorious little volume, partly compiled and partly original. It contains some highly interesting and instructive pieces in prose and verse. The authoress has published it with a view, it would appear, to the advancement of her own pupils in literary taste. It is far too useful and too good to be so limited. We sincerely wish it the general encouragement which its object and execution deserve.

Sacred Classics, Vol. I. Jeremy Taylor's Discourse.

In this age, when the spirit of education is so widely diffusing its influence throughout the civilized world, and the increased facilities of the press affords such rapid and efficient aid in presenting to mankind the labours of the learned and the wise, we have frequently been called upon—no unpleasant task—to bear evidence to the worth of the treasures daily flowing from the press of these countries; but never do we remember having felt more sincere gratification than the sight of the volume now submitted to our inspection has afforded us. Among the various collections of works remarkable for wit, for elegance, for erudition, we have long looked for something more exclusively

devoted to the recording the labours of the good man and the divine, and we hail this little volume as the promise, or rather as a part performance of an extended and useful collection of metaphysical and practical theology.

The plan and principles on which the publication is to be conducted, is fully set before the readers in the advertisement: to compile "an uniform Library of Divinity;" and if such object be steadily and faithfully kept in sight, we may well expect to find no dry or uninteresting contemplation for the exclusive study of the clerical student; but a beautiful as well as a fragrant wreath, in which the names of many a gentle bard, and wit, and philosophic sage shall shine; for they, too, have ever been the champions of the sacred cause. The present, forming the first of the series, contains the celebrated discourse (of the learned and pious Dr. Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down and Connor in the time of Charles the First,) on the liberty of prophecy.

The tolerant and generous spirit of that good man, in an era when intolerance, and persecution, and gloomy fanaticism were unfortunately too prevalent, cannot fail to endear his memory, and induce those who are unacquainted with his writings to avail themselves of this most cheap and eligible means of procuring them. There is an excellent introductory essay by the Editor, the Rev. R. Cattermole, B.D. The style in which this work is got up is admirable, and yields in no point, either as regards beauty of typography or neatness, to any of its contemporaries. More we shall not say on the subject of this publication at present. We trust that ere long a succeeding volume shall call upon us to resume our agreeable task. Indeed we deem that further commendation would be useless, as we confidently anticipate that this volume will be speedily in the hands of every person possessed of taste and education—every body blessed with the means of procuring it.

Sacred Portraiture and Illustrations, with other Poems, by Mrs. John Guinness. Dublin, R. M. Tims, and Wm. Curry, Jun. and Co. 1834.

The object of the volume before us should disarm criticism, its proceeds being intended for truly charitable purposes; but its merits are such as to enable it to bear the test of examination; and after a careful perusal, we bestow upon it the meed of well-earned applause. There is no subject so difficult to treat poeti-

cally as Scripture, it must be deeply felt to be efficiently expressed, while its severe and sublime simplicity must be carefully preserved, inasmuch as the ornaments of fancy or high-wrought diction, however admirable elsewhere, are justly interdicted from such ground as the present. Mrs. Guinness seems to have been fully aware of this, and with pre-eminent good taste she has only exercised her imagination where the original theme was such as to admit of the decoration. We are not aware whether she has appeared as an authoress before now; but we trust that such success may attend her present task, at once praiseworthy in its design, and highly creditable in its performance, as may induce her to adhere to her excellent, and we should hope, profitable pursuit.

Ella; an Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts. By John Morrisson, A. B. T. C. D. Dublin: R. Milliken and Son, Grafton-street. 1834.

There is no species of poetic composition, if we except the epic alone, so arduous as dramatic writing, and more especially tragedy. Perfection in the former is indeed so rare in its occurrence that it has been truly described as "the single wonder of a thousand years." Success in the latter—nay, we would almost say mediocrity—has ever been the lot of comparatively few amongst those who have laboured to achieve it. The present age, with the honourable exception of Mr. Sheridan Knowles, affords perhaps scarce a single example of a great and successful tragic dramatist; and so deeply impressed do we feel with the conviction of the many and serious difficulties that encompass the path, and fetter the spirit of the tragedian, that we are disposed to view with considerable indulgence, at the least, if not with complacency also, even the effort to overcome them. "*Est quodam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.*" The wing that would essay to soar amid the high and stormy regions of heaven, must be strong of nerve and proud of plume—must belong to no ignoble bird of song.

The work at present under our consideration is, in our opinion, strongly confirmatory of these remarks, and while we must confess, upon subjecting it to the rigorous, yet only unerring criterion which we intend to apply, that those difficulties have not been altogether overcome, still do we feel disposed to consider it as affording no discreditable display of poetic talent and dramatic propriety.

We must bear in mind that the great end and aim of tragedy, as well as epic poetry (to which indeed the former is nearly allied,) is two fold: in the first place to excite and call into active operation the various sympathies and passions of which the human breast is so wondrously—so mysteriously susceptible, by true and forcible portraiture of fortitude and weakness, of virtue and vice, and in the second place, to make its plot and whole developement subservient to the illustration of some great moral truth, by exemplifying the disastrous consequences of violent and unrestrained passions in the story which the poet selects for the subject of his performance. In a word, the pathetic and the moral form the two grand and indispensable ingredients in the composition of the tragic drama, and its excellence must primarily and mainly depend upon the ability with which the author is able to treat them. We will now proceed to consider the present work in this two-fold point of view, and we regret that we must do so briefly, the space allotted to a notice necessarily precluding us from any lengthened discussion of the subject.

As regards the moral, Mr. Morrisson has undoubtedly displayed much judgment and good taste in the selection of his story. It is one replete with deep and moving interest—with bold and adventurous incident—conversant with characters bearing respectively the strong impress of virtue and vice, heroic valour, and savage vengeance, in man—tenderness and constancy no less heroic in woman, and above all, illustrating an event important in the early annals of England, which cannot fail to claim the attention and enlist the sympathies of Britons.

Brian Bucart, a noble Saxon earl, having received a deep and irreparable injury in the dishonour of his wife, Editha, by the licentious Osbert, King of Northumberland, has successfully exerted his influence in exciting a portion of that kingdom to revolt, and already procured the election of a rival prince, Ella, over the territories torn from the grasp of Osbert. Ella, however, becomes enamoured of the daughter of his rival, and shews a disposition to compromise his allies and join his ancient foe, for the sake of the beautiful Emma, whose empire over the chieftain her father perceives and encourages. Goaded by the stings of never slumbering vengeance, and still further urged by his injured wife, Brian calls to his aid, Ivan, King of

Denmark, who the more readily assists him, as he seeks not only the aggrandizement of his own power, but the gratification of avenging his father's death. After many intermediate events that conduce to the interest of the tale, the hostile armies engage at York, and the Danish forces are victorious. Brien Buncart is mortally wounded; Ella is slain on the battle field; Osbert receives his death wound from Edmund, his own son by Editha, and expires, after having learned the parentage of his destroyer. The faithful and noble Emma, determined not to survive her parent and her lover, falls by her own hand; the wretched source of all this woe, the ill-starred Editha, buries herself within a convent; and Ivan reigns undisputed monarch of Northumberland.

So much for the moral or plot of the tragedy; and it is excellent, and evinces the judgment of the author in the selection of it; and we fully agree with him, that "if he have not succeeded, it has not been for want of a good subject." We will now proceed to offer a few observations on the second head into which we have divided our discussion; we mean the pathetic, or that which is more particularly addressed to our feelings: and here we would remark, that in tragedy our sympathy must be strongly excited from the first; and though occasionally changed in its direction and object, or varied in its intensity, still kept uncensuringly engaged during the whole of the dramatic action, wherever the performance fails in effecting these objects: in so far does it fall short of dramatic perfection. In some of these respects, we are constrained to say that our author does not appear to us to have been altogether successful. The character of Editha is one which can never engage our sympathy. The commiseration and tenderness that female misfortune—and misfortune, not crime, is attachable at first to her—ever challenges from the heart of man, is repressed and chilled even in the opening scene. Her's is not the spirit bowed down in subdued anguish, in feminine helplessness; but the unrelenting, the stern, the vengeful—in her own words, the murderer of her child.

"Stifling a mother's softness, I cast out
The fruit of guilt to perish in the waves."

The portraiture of Agatha is, we think, much more successful in this point of view, though it seems not to have been conceived with sufficient strength, or as fully developed as it might have

been. In the depiction of Emma, however, Mr. Morriison has given his talent and imagination full scope. He has delineated the proud spirit of the princely maiden; the ardent, heroic attachment of the woman—true even to the death—with considerable vigour, taste, and judgment. Of the male "*dramatis personæ*," we would pronounce Ella to be, as it ought to be, the best portrayed; and our hopes, fears, and wishes never fail to accompany him throughout. The introduction of the ghost of Regnier, we confess, does not please us much; and we did not expect from Mr. Morriison's talent and discernment such an error in dignity and effect as to make him speak in the sing-song rhyming measure of lullaby.

One thing in particular we are rejoiced to perceive; the author has not deemed it beneath him to observe a necessary adherence to the unities; and though the servile strictness of the Greek drama is neither congenial nor admissible in the present state of our stage, still we are inclined to think that the laxity which is too prevalent, does not conduce to propriety or consistency. The plot is plain and unencumbered, without much secondary matter; thus contributing to preserve the unity of action. Each act closes, as it should do, with an incident which necessarily makes a pause in the action, while the catastrophe flows naturally from the various characters, incidents, and situations throughout—exhibiting in the whole performance a regular and complete concatenation of cause and effect. We are, in general, averse to partial quotations: they do not always afford gratification to the reader, and rarely do justice to the author from whose writings they are selected: and though the present work abounds with many passages of merit, we shall content ourselves with extracting only one or two. The volume, we feel no doubt, will be in the possession of most of our readers, and enable them to form a more extensive, and therefore a more correct judgment for themselves.

In Act II., Scene III., the distempered recluse, Wolfhere, is thus described—

"'Tis the Seer, my Liege;
See where he lies entranc'd, whilst visions rise
Before his soul, thus severed for a time
From objects visible.—The airy forms
That time as yet conceals, are shadow'd there
In colors indistinct—the fleeting shades,
Scarcely defin'd, a glimpse alone afford;
And thus a doubtful and ambiguous phrase

Always involves the prophet's speech, and leaves
The sense uncertain—a faint gleam to guide
The wanderer's steps, that throws its feeble
light
On objects vast; but many a yawning chasm
Leaves 'neath his feet, within whose sombre
depths
Its ray wants force to penetrate ———."

The accents on the last three lines are well placed, and render them particularly harmonious. In Act III., Scene I., Ella thus soliloquises on his feelings—

"——— My thoughts but teem
With images of death. In dreams I see
Dark, soul-appalling visions, hands that grasp
Blood-stained daggers, and around me strewn
Pale ghastly forms appear; my eyes receive
Faint dying groans—by which awak'd, I start,
And the distempered brain can scarce shake off
Those images of sleep which hang upon
My waking thoughts, and with their chilly
touch
Damp the mind's wonted fire ———."

We have thus briefly scrutinized, with some strictness, it is true—but yet, we trust, with courtesy and good feeling; and while we offer to Mr. Morriſson the meed of modified encomium, we feel the conviction, that it is honourable to endure the search of a candid though severe analysis, as we deem that it would be alike insulting to his talents, and the high strain of composition which he has assumed, to screen or withdraw it from the light of criticism.

The tragedy of Ella is now before the public: what the author's ulterior object with regard to it may be, we know not. If he designs to submit it to the test of theatrical censorship, we wish him every success that he can merit; and we shall be most willing to find that the public discrimination may estimate its merits, and pronounce upon its defects with truer judgment than we have done.

The Life of Grant Thorburn, the original Lawrie Todd, written by himself; with an introduction, by John Galt, Esq. London, James Fraser. 1834.

We own we were somewhat puzzled upon the announcement of the volume above, to make out the identity of Grant Thorburn; with Lawrie Todd on the one side, John Galt on the other, and his good-humoured self in the middle, we had well nigh exclaimed, with Mrs. Malaprop, that, "like Cerberus, he was three gentlemen at once." Whether he is one or many, Grant Thorburn's autobiography is as pleasant a book as ever we

rambled through. It is full of incident—the more interesting from its being natural; and the style is effective, because it is in keeping with the design of the book. Grant thinks soundly, and expresses himself in good, though homely language. His doctrine of a particular providence he has put forward strikingly and undeniably: he appears to have been persuaded of it in early life; and the conviction, which does not often occur, in Grant's heart, inspired him with visible gratitude, and led to an implicit submission to, and confidence in, the Divine will and protection. But on this point let him speak for himself:

"My mind all day filled with the pleasing impression of the morning scene, I resolved, in God's strength, to take this third chapter of Proverbs as my pocket-compass; and I have found, even to the present day, that in keeping of his commandments, *in this life*, there is great reward. I have found favour with and from God, and he has given me abundant favour with my fellow men. I have acknowledged Him in my ways, and He has directed my steps; He blessed me with plenty, and in his good and wise providence reduced me to poverty, and again shewed me the truth of his promise by blessing me on every side, and filling my barns with plenty. He hath shewn me many and sore troubles, but has always shewn me much more of his great goodness and kind mercies in the manner in which he has brought me out of these troubles. I have seen pestilence and death walk our streets for twelve different summers, have seen them falling thick on the right and on the left hand, while neither I nor any of my family were hurt by day or by night; being in every instance, as I thought, providentially prevented from leaving the city. He kept me in perfect peace, enabling me to have my heart stayed on Him, and trusting in him."

We shall take leave of Grant with his own account of his wedding-day:

"On the evening appointed, she invited Dr. M. and his lady, two young women (distant relations, who lived in her house,) Mrs. S. and her daughter (my intended), Mr. L. and myself, to drink tea at eight o'clock, P.M. As I always liked to save time, this arrangement exactly met my ideas; I stuck to my hammer till the usual hour of seven o'clock, joined the company at eight, drank tea, was married, and got home

before ten o'clock. The room we lived in was six feet by twelve; our furniture was a bed and bedstead, one pine-table (value of fifty cents), three Windsor chairs, a soup-pot, tea-kettle, six cups and saucers, a griddle, frying-pan, and brander. It was enough—it was all we wanted; we were all the world to one another. Now we have carpets to shake, brasses to scour, stairs to scrub, mahogany to polish, china to break, servants to scold; and what does it all amount to? For your own necessity, one bed, one cup, one knife and fork, table, and chair, is enough. Our room, though small, was neat and clean—our furniture, though scant, was sufficient for all our wants, and every article in its place. She laid her hat on the pine-table, which was covered with a white napkin: "Now, Rebecca," says I, "here we enter on a new stage of life's journey, which will terminate only by the death of one of us." I told her, that ever since the day I first resolved to gain her affections, or fly the country, I had felt a confidence in my heart that she would be mine; she replied, that from the day we first met under her humble roof, there was something to which she could not give a name, that induced her to do what she thought I would like, and to abandon any project when she found it met not my approbation. In this manner we sat (seen by no eye but His who sees the heart), conversing and taking sweet counsel together, till the setting moon gave note of time; we then, with our arms round each other's neck, bent our knees before the throne of mercy, and craved a blessing from Him whose blessing only can make rich and add no sorrow—and *He heard us*. It is a very sober, Scotch, Presbyterian sort of a wedding, indeed, say some of those fools whose senseless, noisy mirth, on these serious occasions, resembles the crackling of thorns under the pot; but these men know nothing of the depth of pleasure that is felt by a thankful heart when pouring out itself before God. I felt more rich and more happy in receiving this precious gift from the hand of her heavenly Father, than had I received her from the hand of a miser on earth, and with her all his hoards of gold. Besides, these men know not, nor can they understand, the meaning of that beautiful sentiment of Young—

"Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less;"—

it gives a zest to them, on the contrary, such as none of those play-house bawlers

nor ball-room fools can ever conceive, till they taste for themselves. *The fire which begins with a vehement flame, is soonest reduced to ashes.*"

The above extracts, all our space will permit, are sufficient to show the drift and manner of Grant's "Simple Story;" we wish all his readers the pleasure and profit which we derived from his "Life" ourselves.

A Dictionary of Derivations, or an Introduction to Etymology, on a new plan. By Robert Sullivan, A.M.T.C.D. Dublin: John Cumming, 16 Lower Ormond-quay. 1834.

It has been an almost universal observation of all metaphysical writers, that the greatest bar to the communication and improvement of knowledge has existed in a false application of terms; and the truth of the remark is so apparent, as scarce to need a comment. It is an easy deduction however from this fact, that there can be no more advantageous study than an investigation of the original signification of words, and the changes and perversions to which they have been subject, in passing into any language, either directly or through the medium of another. This, we think, has never been so satisfactorily accomplished, as regards our vernacular tongue, as in the little volume before us. The English language itself has been ever noted as comprehending the largest loans from the tongues of all other nations, and has therefore presented the widest field to the linguist, who, not content with a knowledge of the common use of terms, has dived after their primary importance, with the view to which we have above alluded. On considering Mr. Sullivan's work, however, we confess we have been startled at the extent of the ignorance of many previous writers on the same subject, and surprised to find what an immense majority of the words of our language are traced alike by his ingenuity and research to the grand fountain of the Roman tongue, and most frequently through the French as a medium. Many terms which we had been formerly content to believe owed their origin to the barbarian languages of the northern nations, or passed over at least as unconnected with our knowledge of Latin, we now find easily derivable from the latter. There is also as much utility as novelty in the system of "derivation by analogy," which engages a great part of the attention of the able author. He has himself confessed his debt for the suggestion of his plan, partly to that most interesting

work, the "Divisions of Purley," and partly to the learned Menage; and it is but little to say, that he has enlarged upon their principles so fully and successfully, that no part of the credit he deserves is sacrificed by that confession. He has also introduced much of the best opinions of Tooke, Johnson, and others, and if ever he ventures to differ from these important authorities, the candid critic will

not, nevertheless, be inclined to consider his own ingenious decision either as intrusive or presumptuous. On the whole, his "new plan" will amply repay the study of all whose interest is engaged in the great object of its considerations, and we have just reason to be proud of its emanation from our own University and press.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

A meeting of the above Society was held at their house, Kildare-street, on Thursday, February 6th, 1834, JOHN BOYD, Esq. V.P. in the Chair; ISAAC WELD, Esq. Secretary.

Mr. Bryan presented the following report from the joint Committees of Mineralogy and the selected committee:

"The Committee of Mineralogy and the selected committee, to whom it was referred to re-consider the report which they presented to the Society on the 23d January last, beg leave to state that they have found the evidence which had been laid before them, relative to the qualifications of one of the candidates, to have been, in some particulars, erroneous; and therefore they conceive it to be only a matter of justice to add the name of Mr. G. B. Sowerby to those whom they have already pointed out in their former report, as coming amongst those whose testimonials appeared to be of the most satisfactory nature. But the committees, after mature deliberation, perceive no grounds for altering the opinion they have already expressed in favour of the superior attainments and qualifications of Doctor Scouler of Glasgow.

"R. B. BRYAN, Chairman."

Resolved—That this report do lie on the table.

READ—The notice of motion on Thursday last, for the postponement of the election of a Professor of Mineralogy, &c.

Resolved—That the election of a Professor of Mineralogy and Geology be postponed to Thursday next, the 13th inst. and that the names of the candidates for that professorship be inserted in the minutes.

The committee of Agriculture have to make the following report to the Society:

"Amongst the premiums for purposes of general utility, held out by the Society in the three last years, is one offering the *Gold Medal* for "the best and most approved Essay on the management of landed property in Ireland, the consolidation of farms, and the expediency of maintaining in Ireland a mixed system of plough and spade husbandry." In the two former years no claimant appeared: in the latter year, one Essay, signed "Anonymous" (the writer's name being contained in a sealed note) has been received, which the members of the committee have read with considerable satisfaction, and which they are of opinion is entitled to every publicity the Society can give to it, being calculated to promote useful knowledge, and establish just principles on this interesting and important subject, as well as to the honorary premium offered by the Society; they therefore recommend that it be printed as an Appendix to the Proceedings.

"The committee take this opportunity of recommending that the Professors of Chemistry and Botany be requested to prepare a short course of practical lectures on the sciences of their respective departments, as connected with agriculture, to be delivered at the period of the cattle shew in April; each professor to deliver five lectures on alternate days, and to prepare a prospectus of such for publication.

"JAMES NAPER, Chairman."

Mr. Foot presented the following report from the Committee of Botany:

"The Committee of Botany have to report, that they received a memorial

from John White, under gardener, praying the usual remuneration of £10 for providing plants for the professor's lectures in the preceding year, as well as for painting and lettering the labels in the garden, whereby a considerable saving has been effected; that the committee referred this memorial to the Professor, Dr. Litton, who has confirmed the memorialist's statement in both particulars, and expressed himself satisfied with the manner in which he executed those duties, which may be considered *extra* duties, and recommends the prayer of Mr. White to the favourable consideration of the committee, and of the Society at large. The committee concur in such recommendation.

"ROBERT SHAW, Chairman."

Mr. John Duffy, jun. presented the following report from the joint committees of Natural Philosophy and the selected committee:

"The Committee of Natural Philosophy, jointly with the Selected Committee, have to report, in obedience to the Society's reference of Thursday last, that they have carefully investigated the claims and testimonials of the several Candidates for the Lectureship of Natural Philosophy, and they are of opinion that those of Mr. Edward Bell Stephens, and of Mr. Robert J. Kane, are highly respectable; that those brought forward by Mr. Kane are certainly from individuals better known in the scientific world: that both

these gentlemen have asked permission to deliver such a course of probationary Lectures as the Society may please to point out, and those Committees recommend to the Society, that they be permitted accordingly.

"JOHN DUFFY, Jun. Chairman."

READ—A letter from Mr. H. L. Domis, from the island of Java, announcing a donation to the Society of two stone figures, one of the *Brama*, and one of the *Genesa*, taken from a Hindoo Temple, in the Sourabaya district, in the island of Java, supposed to be of the year 800, confined to the care of I. M'Ternan, Esq. surgeon in the British navy; also a letter from Mr. M'Ternan, announcing their arrival with him in England, and that he has deposited them in the Custom-house at Portsmouth.

ORDERED—That the thanks of the Society be presented to the donor, and also to Mr. M'Ternan, for his kindness and trouble in taking charge of these figures; that the secretary be requested to make the usual application to the treasury, to cause these statutes to be delivered to the order of the Society, free of duty, from Java, and that the necessary steps be taken to have them brought to Dublin.

By a resolution, of the Society the editors of the new "Irish Farmer's Journal" have received permission to state that it is under the patronage of the Society.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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APRIL, 1834.

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DUBLIN :

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY,

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the letter of V. A., and feel obliged for the spirit in which it was addressed; at the same time we beg to say, that our correspondent has in a great degree mistaken the drift of the paper alluded to—the writer of which had no intention whatever of depreciating a branch of University discipline, of which none but an idiot could deny the positive and practical benefit, any more than he had of establishing at the expense of the absent or the dead, the characters of the class which at present occupies their former stations. We admit our correspondent's position in reference to the times of the great names which he mentions—is he aware that many, at least, of their respective offices, have been since then existing scarcely even in name, until they have been as at present revived, to be occupied by individuals whose characters it would be idle and unjust to estimate by those of two thirds of their predecessors.

We accept with pleasure the contributions of J. C. M., of which we shall avail ourselves for the ensuing month.

Norah's Story, and B. O. N. have come to hand.

Want of space obliges us to defer several poetical favours, which shall appear as opportunity may occur.

Devenel in our next number.

We return our sincere thanks to R. D. C. for his communication; we shall be happy at all times in making our pages the vehicle of his kind contributions.

Our Critical Notices are unavoidably deferred, as we have, from a press of matter, exceeded our usual limits by fourteen pages.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

o. XVI.

APRIL, 1834.

VOL. III.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY.

"Well! revolution does not progress so rapidly as we expected. There is a very considerable drag upon the wheel." This was the observation of an individual whose general knowledge and sagacity are unquestionable: It was made shortly after the meeting of the present session of parliament, and when the prospects of the country could only be gathered from the declared intentions of ministers, as expressed in the King's speech. Their policy wore something of a conservative character, and seemed to signify a more favourable prognosis of coming events than could before have been reasonably anticipated. At least, it led reflecting men to think that the country was distant as yet from the activity of revolution. Our answer is as follows: do you remember a passage in Lawrie Todd, in which Galt describes a descent which was made down a river, in quest of unsettled land, by Lawrie and his father-in-law Mr. Hoskins? At first they pass rough rapids and shallows, and are carried on with great velocity, amidst much noise and foam, and apparently, without great danger. They escape, however, providentially, without harm or loss, from the rocks by which their fragile vessel was occasionally met, and the cataracts in which it was well nigh confounded, and get into long reach of smooth, deep, water, which sweeps them on in silent majesty, with something like a funeral procession movement, and impresses upon

the heart of the old man, a deeper sense of awe than he had experienced amongst the brawling eddies, by which as they thought, their lives had been placed in such perilous jeopardy, but the very noise of which operated, in some measure, as a diversion to their fears. "I say, Lawrie," says old Hoskins, "*there's tarnation more drowning in this here ALMIGHTY MODERATION, than in all the whisks and whirls of the stream yonder.*" So say we to the proceedings of the reformed parliament. Before the late revolutionary measure, it might be said of the radicalism of the English House of Commons, that its bark was worse than its bite. The contrary is now the case. Its bite will be found worse than its bark: and the only mercy to which we look forward, is that which is experienced by the victim of tyranny under eastern despots, namely, that before the sentence of decapitation can reach their ears, their heads will have been removed from their shoulders. Death himself anticipates the "avant courier," by whose approach the visitation might have been rendered doubly terrible, and the destruction is accomplished before the destroyed are made sensible that it is at hand. If such be our real condition, the very absence of alarm may be itself a ground of apprehension. "You do not fear!" says Demosthenes, when addressing the supine and over-confident Athenians, "then it the more concerns *me* to fear, for you, and for myself, and for my country."

But, to come to facts—what has the “almighty moderation” of the present House of Commons already effected? It has already destroyed ten bishops; and that without thinking any more of the operation, than a London alderman does of swallowing so many oysters as a damper before dinner. In both cases, the appetite has been merely whetted for further exploits; and what has been done is only symptomatic of the eager violence with which our reformed legislature may be expected to assail all the established institutions of the country. Oh! it was sweet to us to hear the scalding sarcasm which O’Connell poured upon the present ministers, touching those same ten bishops. It seems the government, on that occasion, went before the levellers. They actually became the pioneers to the movement party. They called them on to the attack upon the church, with a view, obviously, of forestalling the popularity which they imagined must attend any effective demonstration of hostility against a deserted and obnoxious establishment. Well, the levellers take them at their word, and are nothing loth to assist in the demolition of what has been justly considered one of the strongest outworks of Christianity. But, when the work is done, are ministers thanked for their ultra-revolutionary zeal? Quite the contrary. The demagogue turns round upon them and says, “what is it to us that you have extinguished ten bishops? We never asked you to do so. By such a measure you have accomplished nothing at all for the people of Ireland, yea, you have even done them a disservice, by diminishing the number of resident gentlemen, whose liberal expenditure was some little compensation for the drain which is caused by the absentees.” Thus the agitator obtained for himself all the advantages of violence, and all the credit of forbearance; while government felt that the execration with which their measure was regarded by all true conservatives, was accompanied by shouts of derision and mockery, from those upon whose applauses they had especially calculated, but who seemed much better pleased at getting an unprincipled ministry into a false position, than at the chance which afforded them, in the

conduct of that ministry, so many unlooked for advantages. The men who were willing to go *half* the way, were thus completely outwitted by those who are determined to go the *whole* way. While the one have been losing character with both parties, the other have been gaining power, which must, ere long, enable them to accomplish all their destructive objects.

As things stand at present, no consistent plan of government can be successfully carried on. The government cannot calculate upon the support of either of the extreme parties, who comprise almost all the worth and all the activity of the House of Commons; and the moderate party is of so little weight, its members are so little united by any bond of common principle, and they are so sensitively alive to the opinions of their respective constituencies, that the support which they can give any government must be both scanty and precarious. Already, (and a month has not yet elapsed since parliament assembled,) ministers have been left in a minority once, and have been obliged to content themselves with a majority of six upon a question involving the very existence of the monarchy! Does this work well? Is it thus the reform bill is to accomplish the miracles which its framers so confidently predicted? Miracles, indeed, it is destined to accomplish; but of a nature very different from those that its advocates foretold. Miracles of violence, miracles of ruin, miracles of confiscation, miracles of subversion—miracles by which the work of ages may be overturned in a few years, and more injury done in one night of folly, than could be repaired by centuries of wisdom! Such seem the miracles which are to characterise our reformed parliament.

As, in the last session, a blow was struck at the bishops, which they cannot very long survive, so in the present, an attempt was made to bring the judges under the direct controul of the representatives of the people. For we cannot suppose that the attack upon Baron Smith was dictated by any other desire than that of striking terror into such of the judges as might feel themselves called upon to warn the community, from the judgment seat,

against the designs of the disturbers. *And the attempt has succeeded.* O'Connell, countenanced by the ministers, prevailed upon a majority of the House of Commons to pass a vote, which implied that the conduct of Baron Smith was deserving of censure; and, although a subsequent decision has nullified that vote, it has not nullified the power of the agitator, whose influence may again be exerted with similar success, should any judge be rash enough to animadvert with severity upon the causes of the crime and the misery of Ireland. No. He must confine himself to the business of acquittal or condemnation in the particular cases which he is called upon to try, and not dare to utter any expression by which the most sensitive of the Irish agitators might be offended. If he do, woe betide him! The ministers will afford him no support, and not even a monarch's power can save him from the demagogue's vengeance. Baron Smith has, for the present, had the good fortune to escape from the tender mercies of the House of Commons; but his case will not the less operate as a *warning* to his brother judges, because he himself has not been made an *example*.

Upon the pension list we scarcely know what to say. It is full of abuses, of which we will certainly not be the advocates—but, of abuses which could not now be remedied without violating the spirit, if not the letter, of an express act of parliament. Upon the question raised respecting this list, ministers had a majority of *eight*, and that *by accident*: for, had the destructives rallied in greater numbers, government must have been disgracefully defeated; and the division indicates, we think sufficiently clearly, that the pension list cannot stand. Ministers, indeed, talked of vested rights: but is it for them to talk of vested rights, after the treatment experienced by the Irish clergy? In this country one of the first principles of finance has been violated, by imposing upon a suffering class, severe and peculiar taxation; and can those who consented to such a proceeding, consistently talk of vested rights? No. From *them*, at least, the language must sound like mockery, and never will be heeded by an assembly that are determined “to go

the whole hog.” The poor suffering clergy of Ireland were not spared, when, indeed, vested rights and constitutional principle might be pleaded in their favour; and there are many who will take the liberty of thinking that the pensions of Lady Mary and Lady Betty are not a whit more sacred, and that the omnipotent assembly may deal with the one even as they have dealt with the other. Some of these pensions have been conferred upon the children and connexions of those whose service consisted in assisting to render the House of Commons thus omnipotent. It would be something like retributive justice, if they were some of the first to feel the effects of that new species of legislative tyranny which they helped to create. It is, indeed, our firm persuasion that “to that complexion things *will* come at last,” but not by our aid, or through our seeking. We will not run the risk of doing injustice to some, even for the sake of doing justice upon others. “Vengeance is mine; I will repay,” saith the Lord. A belief in this truth, renders us morally certain of the fate that ultimately awaits the traitors by whom the constitution has been overthrown; and we are amongst the very last who could have recourse to a great act of national dishonesty, for the purpose of punishing state delinquents. No. They have themselves erected the court by whom they will be judged, and they are, therefore, the very last persons in the world who would be justified in protesting against its authority.

That the pension list has been abused, there can be no question; but that the king possessed the power of conferring pensions to a certain amount, without being under any necessity of laying before parliament the grounds upon which they were granted, is just as unquestionable;—and we are, therefore, against a mode of correcting one abuse, that must of necessity lead to another. Our measures of improvement would be prospective, not retrospective. Unworthy holders of pensions should not be dispossessed, but improvident or unmerited pensions should in future be prevented. Faithful public servants, gallant and war-worn soldiers, men of literary eminence, whose intellectual labours reflect a lustre on their age, these it would be our pride to see

basking in the munificence of the country;—and if none but those whose claims could be thus described, were made partakers of the royal bounty, we greatly mistake the character of the people, if the pension list would not be as popular as it would be honourable. Englishmen are not ungenerous. It never yet was their habit to give “grudgingly, or of necessity” to those whose merits could be fairly pleaded as a justification of any grant on their behalf. It is only when such claims come to be confounded with the cases of those who have *no* claims, or *worse* than no claims, that the whole thing becomes suspicious, and the stigma which fairly attaches to the undeserving, casts an odium upon the meritorious also. It is thus that the pension list has been brought into contempt. Lords and ladies, the proteges of noble families, hangers on of ministers, connections of men of parliamentary influence, occupy full nine tenths of a list which should not contain a name that did not suggest some historical recollection, while the really deserving pensioners are “few and far between,” and constitute the exception rather than the rule, by which the fund for the reward of merit has been distributed. It always appeared to us that the sums which they received were but a poor compensation for the pain which they must have felt at being exhibited in such company.

While, therefore, we would unfeignedly deplore any act of the reformed parliament by which vested rights might be interfered with, we cannot disguise the fact, that there are many of the soundest friends of our existing institutions, by whom the present state of the pension list is looked upon as a crying evil, and by whom any efforts that may be made for a thorough reformation of it, would be warmly supported. Enfeebled as the government are, and as any government, since the passing of the reform bill, must be, we see not how the persevering efforts of the sturdy democrats can be resisted. Nor is it to be denied, that the essential change which has been wrought in the British constitution, renders the maintenance of a pension list, upon the principle on which it has hitherto been maintained, very difficult to be defended. Sir Robert Peel: med to think

that it was a sufficient justification of a pension, to say that it was granted to the brother, or sister, of some one of good family, *to enable them to maintain their rank.* So think not we;—and so, we are persuaded, think not the people of England. There never was a time when, to our minds, such a proposition was defensible;—and in these our days, it would never do. “To maintain their rank!” What is it to society at large whether they maintain their rank or no? If they cannot, from their own resources, maintain their rank, others are quite ready to succeed to their places. Men can seldom be at a loss to maintain their rank, unless they have abused their power; and, in that case, it never should be the policy of government to bolster them up into fictitious importance. This was, in truth, one of the vices of the former system. The aristocracy of birth usurped almost every thing. They laid claim not only to the distinction and the homage, that would be willingly accorded to themselves, but they seized upon the fund, that should have been exclusively appropriated to the reward of merit and service, as a provision for their poor relations; and thus a fraud was perpetrated, by which grievous wrong was done to the deserving, by which many a noble and generous spirit has been driven “to pine in starving solitude,” that the Lady Arabellas and the Lady Jennys might glitter in gold and ruffles; those lilies of the valley, as Curran called them, who “toil not, neither do they spin, and yet they are arrayed like Solomon in all his glory.”

We live in times when this will be no longer endured; and it ought to be no longer endured. It is our earnest wish that justice be done to the present holders of pensions. But it does not enter into our contemplation to imagine any ministry so reckless of public opinion as to attempt a perpetuation of the present system. Abstractedly, we believe the thing would not be right; but politically, we know the attempt would be impracticable. In a country like ours, it is not wise to interfere with the perfect freedom by which every one, high and low, is left to find his proper level in society. A great family have poor relations; these, according to the vicious system that

has been hitherto acted upon, are to be pensioned ; that is, paid by the country for the purpose of maintaining a position in society corresponding to their birth and pretensions. They are to be considered as a kind of state paupers, whose necessities must be relieved, before the royal bounty can be shared amongst any other claimants. They may, it is true, enact the parts of gentlemen and ladies, to the admiration of wide-staring John Bull, and spend his money in the politest way imaginable. But is it certain that they would not be quite as creditably occupied, if they descended somewhat from their level in society, and entered upon some useful pursuit, by which they might obtain a respectable subsistence? In other countries this would not be thought a dishonourable resource ; and in no country under heaven, ought trade and commerce to be reputed more honourable than in England. By men of noble blood and gentle breeding thus condescending to the avocations at present confined to the middle or lower orders, we are persuaded that much would be done to mitigate that plebeian rage by which the trading and manufacturing classes have been so extensively leavened, and which, we fear, threatens so much mischief. It would constitute a kind of natural provision against the greatest of the evils by which the whole frame-work of our social system is endangered. So far, therefore, from providing an artificial obstruction to prevent the descent of rank to the level of honest industry, it would rather be our wish that things should take their natural courses ;—and we would leave our indigent aristocrats to seek, or to find the best provision which they could make for themselves, in the assured conviction that, in so doing, we were acting in a manner that would prove ultimately most conducive to the well-being of the country. Of this, at all events, we are perfectly certain, that the artificial position which they at present occupy is both discreditable and invidious. In a country burdened as England is, to talk of the expense of the pension list is something worse than downright nonsense. The loudest of the clamourers against it know well that not one grain would be added to the substantial comforts of the peo-

ple at large if it were to-morrow entirely done away. But it is in universal bad odour. By the industrious classes it is regarded as so much waste ; by the unprivileged, as a tax for the perpetuation of an exclusive caste, whose ascendancy implies their degradation. Those who wish to rise in society have to encounter not merely the difficulties of obtaining the wealth, or acquiring the accomplishments necessary for enabling them to appear to advantage in the world, but also a certain prestige of opinion, which is often felt as an insuperable bar to their admission into good company, when every other has been surmounted. Now this we do not wish to see entirely removed. We know that, to a certain extent, it is far from being without its use ; but we also know that, in the degree in which it *at present* operates, it is most injurious. It separates, by a dangerous interval two classes of society, which, in a country like ours, should always be mixed, although they should never be confounded. It divides the community against itself, and instead of inspiring *all* with a sense of *common* interest, it makes each class feel a kind of personal interest in whatever tends to the injury or the extinction of the other. In no state of society could this be politic ; but in ours, at present, it is not safe. Power, which heretofore followed property, now follows numbers ; and, we may be sure, if events progress as at present, the time is not very far distant when property will follow power. By the disfranchisement of the boroughs, the aristocracy have been politically disarmed—they have been placed in the senate "*hors de combat* !" Can it, therefore, be either wise or safe to stickle for the maintenance of an invidious distinction, by which a malignant and misguided populace may be led, not to recognise a privilege, but to designate a victim? We say no. Let nothing be done which should have the effect of dividing any further the several orders of the state. Let every thing, on the contrary, be done, by which they may be united. Let not the highly born imagine that their dignity is best cared for by a fastidious abstinence from a course of honourable industry, which might enable them to dispense with the state alms which they at present receive from the pension

list. Let them, on the contrary, with a cheerful equanimity, descend to any level which their circumstances may require, rather than be dependents upon public bounty; and we confidently promise them, that they will not only be consulting most wisely for their own respectability, as well as for the interests of their order, but they will be taking the very course by which they may be best enabled to rise to their former rank without degradation.

The people of England are very heavily burthened; and an opinion begins to prevail, that their burdens are very unequally distributed. It is true there are severe imposts upon the land; but it is not at all certain that the landholders have not been more than indemnified for the taxes which they pay, by the operation of the corn laws. Be that as it may, it is certain that these laws are regarded with great jealousy, and that they cause the people to look upon all the peculiar privileges and advantages of the aristocracy with with but little partiality or indulgence. Among these, the pension list holds a prominent place. There they behold individuals sumptuously provided for, at the public expense, whose only merits consist in the accidents of their birth or connections. During the prevalence of the borough system, few ministers possessed the courage or the honesty to persevere in the conduct of public affairs, without propitiating the great proprietors, whose support was so necessary in parliament. And when this could be so easily done as by neglecting real worth, and quartering upon the income of the country the friends and relatives of their political adherents, the temptation was too great not to lead to an abuse of power and influence, such as gave their enemies a plausible opportunity of denouncing their selfishness and corruption. Thus the administration was brought into contempt, and the aristocracy loaded with odium by means of a system which only contributed to pamper pride, and minister to luxury, while the great bulk of the people were exposed to severe and harrowing privations. Even when the government was far more aristocratic than it is at present, this state of things was felt as a crying evil, and a tide of opinion had begun to set in against it, in opposition

to which no ministerial jugglery could have long prevailed. But now that the great families in the country have been stripped of their political power, there is no longer the same reason for sharing amongst them the loaves and fishes of government patronage; and consequently a continuance of that practice would, under present circumstances, be as absurd, as it ever was indefensible and odious. It must, therefore, be abandoned. "*The powers that be*" will not endure it. If they permit those whose names are already on the list to retain their pensions, it is the very most that can be expected; and a little more, we confess, than our surmises lead us to calculate upon from the justice of a reformed parliament.

One, and perhaps the least defensible of the errors of the Tories, when they were in power, was the not availing themselves of the means which they possessed in the pension list, and other resources, to provide for the literary men of England, whose writings reflect credit on the nation, but whose success was not equal to their merits. Many there have been whose lives were devoted to labours which were not appreciated until after their death, and whose only consolation, under the privations and difficulties to which they were exposed, consisted in their confident anticipations that the sentence of neglect which had been pronounced against them by the generation in which they lived, would be reversed by an approving posterity. Now to seek out and to sustain such as these, by funds allocated for the reward of merit, should be part of the business of the enlightened and honest statesman. At least, all such cases should be provided for before any portion of such a fund might be diverted to any other purpose. And if *that* were done, how many of the miseries of authors, at which humanity shudders, would have been avoided! Otway would not have died of hunger; Goldsmith would not have pined in jail; Johnson would not have had to struggle through so many years of bitter poverty, or finally *failed* to procure such an augmentation of his pension as was necessary to enable him to take advantage of the advice of his medical advisers; Chatterton's melancholy fate might have been averted; Savage, in all

probability, would not have been the miserable outcast that he became, from his exposure to poverty and destitution. This last may, perhaps, be a questionable instance, as the character of the man might possibly render any exertion of national munificence unavailing; but, amongst our own contemporaries, how many are there in whose behalf it might be beneficially employed? Who will deny the claims of *John Galt*, the author of *Lawrie Todd*, a novel, for originality and interest not second to any in the language; which will live and afford delight to unborn generations, long after its amiable and gifted author, upon whom we believe, at the present moment, sickness presses with a heavy hand, shall have sunk into the grave? Who will deny the claims of Robert Southey, the poet, the essayist, the biographer, the historian; whose life has been a model to the good, while his writings are a source of delight and instruction to the wise; and who, when the future annalist comes to recount the worthies of England, will yet be proudly remembered? Who will deny the claims of Wordsworth—of Coleridge—of the descendants of Sir Walter Scott, the wizard novelist, who has given to history all the charms of fiction, and shed a “*purpureum lumen*” over the romantic literature of his country? Not, we are sure, their veriest enemies. There are those who may object to their politics; but there are few indeed who would deny their literary pretensions. Now, if the pension list contained none but names such as these, we venture to assert, that but little prejudice would prevail against it. It would be, in a manner, consecrated in the popular regards. Its appropriation would guarantee its inviolability. But, abused as it has been, how can it be defended?

Before we pass from this subject, it may not be unimportant to observe, that literary men have this peculiar claim upon the justice of their contemporaries, that, by the present law of copyright, at the very time when their works may be beginning to be, for the first time, valuable to their descendants, they *cease to be private property*. This is, indeed, an unrighteous law, which will, we would fain hope, speedily be brought under the consideration of the legislature, and ought, no doubt, to be repealed. But as long

as it is in force, it operates, *pro tanto*, as a confiscation of literary property; and it is not surely too much to expect that some consideration should be had for those whose rights are thus seriously interfered with, and that government should shew a disposition to do for the families of literary men what it positively forbids them to do for them themselves.

Apropos, talking of confiscation, we are reminded of the church, which is again at the tender mercy of parliament. By the present bill, the case of the property of the clergy is to be finally settled. *Settled*, indeed! it is to receive the *coup de grace*—the finishing blow, which will insure its extinction.

The object of the new measure may be thus simply stated. The property which the clergy possess in tithe is to be converted into landed property, by a process which must deprive it of at least half its value. The landlords are to receive a bonus of one-fifth of the estimated value of the tithes, as an inducement to become the purchasers of them; and the purchase-money is to be invested in the hands of commissioners for the purchase of land, which is to constitute the future provision for the support of the clergy. Now, in the first place, this is objectionable, inasmuch as it proposes to limit the utility of the church establishment to the precise ground which it at present occupies, no matter how pressing or how important the exigencies may be, which might, at a future period, render an extension of its blessings advisable. Let us take the case of a single parish, at present but half cultivated, and, by consequence, half peopled. In this parish the tithe will be determined by the cultivation, and the income thence arising may be, as matters now stand, abundantly sufficient for the maintenance of its pastors. Cultivation progresses, population increases, additional churches must be built, additional curates must be employed, and, as matters have hitherto stood, there would be a *natural provision* for these increasing charges, in the increasing income of the incumbent. The tithe system possessed a kind of elastic accommodation to the growing circumstances of society. But by Mr. Littleton's bill all this is changed. Whatever be the estimated value of tithes

at the present moment, that, minus one-fifth, is to be, at all future periods, the value of the property of the clergy; so that an effectual provision is made that the church shall *not* keep pace with the progress of society, and that it alone must remain stationary, while every thing else is advancing. Wealth may increase, numbers may increase, dissent may increase, infidelity may increase, vice may increase; but that natural provision, by which it was so beautifully ordered that an antagonist principle was to be raised up, by which the evils of ignorance and licentiousness might be effectually counteracted—that must not increase, but rather decrease, until its deficiency becomes so manifest, that it will be given up by its friends, even though it should no longer be reviled by its enemies.

This is taking the best case that can be supposed—namely, that the property in tithe is immediately converted into property in land, and that, with the subduction of one-fifth of its value, it is put into the possession of its former owners. But some time must elapse before such a purchase can be made; and it will be very difficult to make it except under circumstances extremely disadvantageous. The land, to be available, should be situated in the parish of the clergyman; and the very fact of such a demand for it must considerably raise its market price: it, in fact, must be purchased at a premium, while the tithes are sold at a discount. Every thing will conspire to depress the one below their natural, and to confer upon the other an unnatural value. The very proprietors who purchase tithes at sixteen years purchase, may be enabled to sell land at thirty, so that by both operations *they* must be enormous gainers. Let us, then, suppose the tithes sold, and the money in the commissioners' hands: they will, of course, invest it in the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. until it is finally disposed of; and until that is the case, the low rate of interest thence arising, will be the only provision for the clergy; and even this must be diminished by a charge for collection, which in no case is to be less than ten, and which in many may amount to fifteen per cent. This may be illustrated by an example. A clergyman, suppose, has tithes amounting to £100 a year, in a county where

land is valued at twenty years purchase. That would make the value of the fee simple of the tithes £2,000. This the landholder is enabled to purchase for £1,600, which in the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. will yield £56 per annum for the maintenance of the incumbent, which sum must be reduced still further by the expense of collection, which, we may be sure, will rarely leave more than £50 for the clergyman; so that for £100 tithe, he must be content with £50 interest, until the property becomes invested in land, and even then it is but too likely that it will never be suffered to rise beyond its last depreciation.

Church property, as such, is therefore, to all intents and purposes, gone for ever; the church, as an independent profession, is destroyed. We do not say that the offices of the ministry will not still continue to be discharged with zeal and effect by many individuals, whose private means may render them independent of any other provision, and by many whose necessities may oblige them to receive with thankfulness the most scanty stipends: but we *do* say, that the efforts of such as these can never be sufficient to maintain, in its due efficiency, a system of national religion; they never can be sufficient to administer the medicine provided in the gospel for our moral maladies, so that it may be rendered available for the wants and the necessities "of all sorts and conditions of men." Now, this should be the end and aim of a church establishment. It may be described, as the moral apparatus for enabling the state to do for the nation at large, that which every individual father of a family feels himself bound to do for his children and dependents; and nothing that does not put the moral and religious instruction of the people upon a basis that will ensure both its durability and its universality, can be fairly deemed such a provision for their spiritual well-being as should satisfy the reason or the consciences of wise and honest rulers. Politicians, we know, care but little for these things. Provided their own paltry and temporary ends are answered, they are little solicitous respecting those higher concerns, in the right appreciation of which, eternal considerations are involved. Nay, it is often

expedient to sacrifice all the interest of the one, for the some seeming advantage in the one of the other. The world is, must ever be paramount in the mind of the mere worldling; and its, whatever they may be, will be decided to by him, with the most disregard of the world to a church establishment will, view, be only looked upon as "the ways and means" of the end, which have been put at his disposal for the purpose of enabling him better to accomplish his merely worldly objects. Its offices will be filled up as may best suit his political, and religion will be sacrificed to the ambitious scheme may be realized.

There was an evil against which there have been in these countries had no sufficient objection. It accordingly suffered in its character and interest, from the profligacy of those to whose disposal it was confided; and it is the spoiling the fruits of a system of misgovernment, by which the maxim was directly reversed, that the things of God were rendered dear; while the sacrifice that was made, so far from conciliating the people, provoked the disgust and scorn of the worldly, and ultimately disclosed that portentous conspiracy which now threatens it with annihilation.

The enemies of the church were not enemies merely of its abuses, their object would be, to remedy that in its government which thus made it the prey of ungodly rulers; until the abuses were found not remediable, they would be numbered amongst those by whom the church is regarded as a grievance. A serious attempt was ever made to correct the evil of a corrupting patronage; and therefore we may conclude, that those who most complained of the abuse of that patronage, never pleased that it should exist, although, as it does, a pretext for the corruption, than they would be to contrive to rectify it with any view to the restoration of the established church. Following extract from a recent sermon of the Bishop of Exeter, sets the subject in a strong light:—

Having detailed the actual condi-

tion of the diocese, I shall not scruple to mention one or two particulars in which, in common I believe with all my brethren, I have felt the want of greater powers to be given to the bishop. The first is an increased authority to decide on the *IDONEITAS* (I use the word of an ancient statute,) of the person presented for institution to a benefice with cure of souls. The statute 9 Edward the Second, entitled, 'Articuli Clerici,' distinctly gives to the ecclesiastical judge the examination of this *idoneitas*, including, as the word seems to have been used by the legislature, and as it ought, I think, in reason be interpreted, *ability and sufficiency*. Yet the great expositor of this statute, (Coke, 11 Inst. 632,) while he recognizes 'inability to discharge pastoral duty' as a matter of episcopal examination, and, if found, a valid ground of refusal, does not recognize bodily infirmity as a disqualification. I once had occasion to seek advice on this point from a very high authority, in the case of a populous and important parish, where the clergyman presented to the living, besides being very deaf, was utterly unable to move without assistance; yet, as his mind was sound, and he could read the service, the great lawyer whom I consulted told me that he could not advise me to refuse to admit him. An aged and paralytic clergyman has been presented to another very important parish; and as he, too, can read the service, and is in possession of his intellect, though he trembles in every limb, and is unable to perform with efficiency any one of the services of the church, he could not lawfully be refused. There is a third instance of a rich parish, including a large town, with a population of near 4000 souls, to which a superannuated clergyman was presented, who, being utterly incapable of discharging any of the active duties of the parish, was of necessity suffered, immediately after his institution, to retire for ever, leaving his house and his flock to a curate. Now in two at least, of these cases, the patrons had avowedly selected individuals, *not for their fitness, BUT FOR THEIR UNFITNESS*; that unfitness arising from causes which implied the probability of a speedy decease—thus enabling them to dispose of the next presentations to greater ad-

vantage. The cases which I have specified are not solitary nor rare ; on the contrary, similar instances, though not quite so gross, occur every day ; *and the church is made to bear the blame of all these iniquities, though it protests against them, and strives against them to the utmost.* I have little doubt that every one of the cases which I have mentioned has been quoted as an unanswerable proof of the corruption of the church, and of the necessity of a radical reform of its multiplied abuses, just as we have heard a lay impropriator in this country clamouring for 'cheap religion,' while he illustrates his own principle by taking to himself all the tithes of a rich parish of three or four thousand souls, and paying the vicar only £13 6s. 8d. per annum. There is another particular in which the bishop finds himself grievously straightened by the state of the existing law. The statute 57, Geo. III. cap. 99, sec. 50, professes to empower the bishop to require the appointment of a curate or curates, in all cases where the duty of a parish is inadequately performed, by reason of the number of churches or chapels belonging to it, or the negligence of the incumbent. Had the clause stopped here, as it was originally framed in the House of Lords, it would have given a highly beneficial power ; but the whole was marred in the lower house, by a provision, introduced avowedly to secure the interests of patrons, by keeping down the charges on livings ; for it was enacted, that the stipends *in the whole* should not exceed the stipends allowed by the act ; in other words, let the parish be as large as it may, its churches as many and as distant from each other as they can, still the curates, if the bishop thinks it necessary to require more than one, shall not have a right to larger stipends among them than the stipend assigned by the statute to a single one. Among other mischievous absurdities consequent on this provision, it is worth noticing, that while, in the case of a resident incumbent, the bishop has the right (if the duties of the parish are too heavy for a single clergyman,) to require the appointment of an assistant, with the full stipend. In the case of the same parish, with a non-resident incumbent, the bishop has not a right to require

the appointment of an assistant, unless he order that his stipend be deducted from that which is assigned to the curate ; in other words, he is in practice deprived of the right altogether. I could name a parish with upwards of ten thousand inhabitants, of great extent, in a wild country, having two churches, distant several miles from each other, in which I have been compelled, by this clause, INTRODUCED, I REPEAT, FOR THE BENEFIT OF PATRONS, to be content with the appointment of a single curate, though it is physically impossible that he can discharge the pastoral duties. Let us hope, while there is so loud a cry for church reform, within parliament as well as out of doors, that honourable members will deem it possible, that evils have arisen, and may arise in future, unless duly guarded against, from the selfishness of laymen not less than from the negligence of bishops, or the corruption of the clergy."

Such is, in fact, the "fons" and the "origo" of almost all the evil charged upon our church establishment ; and yet, the very individuals who are chargeable with polluting the fountain, are those who wax boldest, and talk loudest against the corruption of the stream. Well may it be said of them, and of all like them—"Ye hypocrites ! first cast the beam out of your own eyes, and ye may then attempt to take the moats out of the eyes of others." They are clear-sighted to the errors of every one except themselves ; and their indignation at abuses, which are, alas ! too manifest, is in nowise diminished, although these abuses are the direct results of their own selfish devices, and although they are not more vehement against them in theory, than they are resolute to maintain them in practice ! Are such the men from whom we can expect a sound ecclesiastical reformation ? Can such men, when they talk of reform, be sincere ? Can they, in a word, mean any thing else but subversion and confiscation, when they leave nothing undone to excite a clamour against the church, while they oppose every really remedial measure by which its condition might be improved, its defects supplied, or its abuses corrected ? No, no ; such are not the reformers by whose zeal our ecclesiastical system can be bettered. It is clear that they

neither value nor understand it ; and it is also clear, that the chief, if not the only motive by which they are actuated, is, a mixed feeling of covetousness and malignity against the possessors of Church property, which they would fain gratify under the glozing pretext of the most anxious concern for their efficiency and welfare ! But to their paternal vigilance it is but too likely that the churches both of England and Ireland will, ere long, be consigned. We have heard the case of a child, seized, in wantonness, by a monkey, and carried to the top of a chimney, and we have endeavoured to imagine what must be the feelings of the affrighted mother ; but, whatever they might be, they would, assuredly, be a relief to the state of her mind, if she witnessed her offspring in the jaws of a tiger ! It would, we suppose, be monstrous to insinuate that our reformed legislature could act any other part than that of nursing fathers or nursing mothers to the church. We recollect having once seen Kemble in Richard the Third, and certainly shall never forget the impression which he made upon us when he approached the young princes, and patted them on the head—his duplicity in affecting kind and paternal regards being only inferior to the imperfectly suppressed ferocity, by which the audience could clearly see that the children were marked for a premature destruction. Oh ! how similar to this is the patronage which the church receives from those generous legislators, who have no other view than its spoliation ! How anxiously they fondle its defects, that they may have an opportunity of extinguishing its virtues ! Only put it into their hands, only have confidence in their integrity and wisdom, and future generations shall have little reason to complain of an institute which has hitherto contributed to uphold Christianity in these countries. It will be metamorphosed into something so different from what it is at present, that modern liberality will no longer be scandalized, and its existence will be endured because its authority will not be felt, for the vices will no longer make war upon it, when it no longer makes war upon the vices.

A revolution like this is not easily achieved ; and could not be accomplished without a degree of weakness

on the part of the friends, which was quite as deplorable, if not as criminal as any violence on the part of enemies of social order.

We cannot but ascribe much of the evil that has befallen the church to one great deficiency in the system of education pursued at our universities. The rising generation grow up without having inculcated upon them the importance of the connection between Church and State, and they are quite unprepared for the part which they should act, when questions arise by which that connection is endangered. Nor is it alone that they have no such definite notions on the subject as might lead them to uphold the cause of the church, but their minds are, as it were, “empty, swept, and garnished,” for the entrance of all those superficial objections against it that may for the season happen to be popular, and by which its very existence must be rendered insecure. Sciolism takes the place of knowledge, and the consequence is, that before the new light reformers are awakened to a perception of their own erroneous views, mischief will have been done that cannot be repaired. The work of destruction is but too easy. Blind physical force is all that is necessary to overthrow the noblest edifice that taste and genius ever erected. It is only when man would reconstruct and adorn, that his power does not second his will ;—and, it too frequently happens, that, when the wisdom of one generation has succeeded in some measure in repairing the ravages which were caused by the folly of another, those whose experience enables them to compare the new with the old, will feel somewhat like the aged men of the Jewish nation, when they looked upon the magnificence of the second temple, and sighed to think that it was so inferior to the first, in point of local extent as well as architectural splendour.

Thus it is that the glory of our church establishment has passed away ; and we see but little ground for the hope of any such speedy return of good principles as might ensue its restoration. Not the less, however, shall we persevere in the support of what we know to be good and right, albeit we do so in the midst of a crooked

and perverse generation, who are so blind as to mistake destruction for improvement, and so infatuated as not to know, that in subverting the church, they are bringing countless calamities upon themselves and their children. Alas! conservative wisdom at the present day may say to our poor deluded people of these countries, what our blessed Lord said to the Jews: "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not."

Our present evils have not been the result of recent circumstances. They have not arisen either from Catholic emancipation, or the reform bill; but are, together with these unfortunate measures, the monstrous growth of years of neglect, of presumption, of pretension, of sciolism, of want of principle, by which our unhappy countrymen have been led to mistake darkness for light, and to prefer the domination of reckless ignorance, to the harmonious order of regulated freedom. And, as the evil has been gradual in its approach, so the remedy must be gradual, which would afford any solid hope of perfect cure. Nothing is more likely to be mischievous than the empiricism which would pretend to a power of suddenly dispelling our impending dangers. We confess we have but little hope of the efficacy of any remedy which is not coupled with a certain degree of national suffering, such as those who have been deluded by infidels and demagogues, cannot fail to recognize as the direct results of the wicked system in the cause of which they had been enlisted. It is only when they have wept over their errors that we can be sure of the sincerity of their repentance. We would, therefore, begin by removing that half-knowledge which has proved as great a curse as real knowledge might have proved a blessing to the nation. A bull in a china shop is no extravagant emblem of this mischievous modification of ignorance energized, which has been like an edged tool in the hand of a madman, alike dangerous to himself and his neighbours. All the evils attendant upon this we would propose to obviate, simply by supplying its defi-

ciencies. We are much more desirous of rendering the education of those who ought to be educated, and upon whose wisdom the well-being of the nation must depend, *complete*, than of spreading a mere knowledge of letters over the surface of the community, by which many may be dazzled, but no one enlightened. To return, then, to the point from which we set out, we conceive that until our young men are thoroughly instructed in what may be called the philosophy of the connection between church and state, and until they are made fully acquainted with the peculiar claims of the Church of England to their respect and confidence, a great and criminal neglect of duty will be imputable to our universities. If the rising generation, who have recourse to them for education, remain ignorant or worse than ignorant upon these subjects, it can only be because *they* have failed to perform their bounden duty; and, while that is the case, it is idle to expect that any thing effectual can be done, by which the poison of radicalism, or the leprosy of infidelity can be counteracted. But let our universities bestir themselves, and all may yet be well. Let it be required of those who pass into the learned professions, to acquire the same general knowledge upon this important subject, which is required of them respecting the evidences of Christianity and the reasonableness of revealed religion, and we see no reason to doubt that the results in the one case would be different from what we know them to be in the other. How often has it been proudly observed of our college that it never produced an infidel? Why? Because every imaginable infidel argument had been weighed in the balance of reason, and found wanting; and our students could not meet in after life with any objection, however plausible, with the refutation of which they had not been familiarized. Now, we are persuaded that there are writers whose works would do for the church what Butler, and Conybeare, and Payley have done for revealed religion, if only the heads of our universities would avail themselves of them, and make it incumbent upon our young men to acquaint themselves with them, as part of their college education.

If Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity

were studied, in connection with Clarendon's History of the Great Rebellion; and if every man who took a degree found it necessary to familiarise himself with the wisdom to be gleaned from the pages of these great writers, how very few professional men would pass into the world without an adequate protection against some of the prevailing errors of the times! We do not say that any one should be *compelled* to adopt the views of Hooker or Clarendon; that is a matter that should, of course, be left to their own judgment; but let them, at least, be compelled to study, and, if possible, made to understand them; and let their rejection of the principles of those great men, be a rejection upon examination, not a rejection without examination. That is all for which we would contend. And if that were done, the ranks both of religious and political dissent would be speedily thinned, and the rabid opponents of such an ecclesiastical establishment as ours, would soon find themselves without an audience.

This, it may be said, would only provide for the higher orders. True. But upon the provision made for their intellectual wants depends almost every thing connected with the well-being of society. For they are the individuals by whom all plans for the education of the lower orders will be digested, and they will not fail to provide for others what they have experienced so much advantage from themselves. The present miserably defective systems of eleemosynary instruction for the benefit of the poor, have originated with those whose own education was but crude and imperfect upon precisely that subject respecting which it was most important that it should have been solid and profound. And therefore it has happened, that, instead of counteracting the errors that have been sapping and mining social order, they have only contributed to extend them, until they attained their present enormous influence, when it is doubtful if by any means they can be resisted. This we say with an anxious desire to avoid giving offence to the many amiable and excellent persons who have taken an interest in the education of the poor, and devoted both time and money to the prosecution of that desirable object.

We blame *them* not for an error that is to be traced to the defective system of our universities, with which they are no more chargeable than were the students of former days with the errors of the Ptolemaic theory. But we cannot the less deplore the pernicious consequences of that error, which has had the effect of greatly enlarging the influence of the demagogue, by filling the community with rash and heady men, who have, by what has been done for them, been brought into precisely that state in which they are most likely to be taken captive by his delusions. The proverb is trite and stale, that a little learning is a dangerous thing; but it is a misfortune when, as in the present case, the very triteness of the proverb causes an oblivion of the truth which it would inculcate, and it is suffered, to use the language of Coleridge, "to remain bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors." Certainly, there are some truths, respecting which men would seem to be of opinion, that because no one denies them in theory, every one should be at liberty to reject them in practice: and among these we cannot but consider that one, to which we have now called the reader's attention, as pre-eminently conspicuous; and which has been overlooked or unheeded precisely in proportion as the circumstances of society rendered the application of it urgent and even indispensable. And, accordingly, many excellent and benevolent persons, who have taken no pains at all to root sound principles in the minds, have spared no expense, and declined no labour, in disseminating intellectual crudities amongst the bulk of the people; thus rendering them the conductors of that invisible electrical fluid, by the action of which society itself must be endangered. Can any one who looks around him, deny that such is the fact? And shall we, with our eyes open, persevere in a system which has already armed the ignorance and the wickedness of the country against its worth and its wisdom, and actually placed the government in that position, that the clamours of the violent must have more effect in influencing it, than the caution of the prudent, or the judg-

ment of the enlightened? We say no. If we cannot exactly retrace our steps, it is perfectly possible even still to do much towards correcting a state of things so pregnant with portentous evil. But the first step must be, to begin with our universities; to take such measures respecting them as may ensure, as far as possible, the infusing sound notions, upon the important subject of church government, into the minds of those whose position in society must render their opinions peculiarly important. This would operate, in all such cases, as an antiseptic to the delusions that might happen to be epidemic, and would also ensure such provision for the instruction of the poor as would convert education into a real blessing, and render it the cement by which society might be held together, instead of the dry rot which must cause it to crumble into ruins. Too long have our modern education-mongers been deluded by the belief that they were erecting a solid and beautiful fabric, while as yet the only result of their labour has been a "wall daubed with untempered mortar."

It is needless to say, that whatever is to be done upon the subject, with a view of carrying our object into effect, must be done quickly, or it cannot be done at all. In separating power from property, it has been separated from principle; and the present constitution of society in these countries is literally at the mercy of those who are but too liable to be deceived into the belief, that they have an interest in its subversion. The time may come, therefore, and not be very far distant either, when their hands will be against all those who possess property, because they are led to suspect that the hands of all those who possess property are against them. As yet they are unused to the possession of power; they know not the extent of their own influence. Old habits and associations still maintain much of their former influence; and the character which was imprinted on the community, by the prevalence of the aristocratical interest, will still, for some time, retain some of its distinctness, notwithstanding the degree in which our whole social system has been democratised. When the elective franchise was conferred upon the Roman Catholics in this country, it was long before they were led to

employ it as an instrument of aggression against those who opposed their emancipation; and, for a considerable period, nothing was more common than for a Roman Catholic priest to give his vote at an election in favour of the candidate who was decidedly adverse to any further concessions. But the time came when the old habit wore off, and they felt and exercised their constitutional privilege in a manner that told with tremendous effect against their political opponents. So, we may be satisfied, it will be under our new constitution. The popular principle will not vigorously manifest itself until old associations have been worn out, and old habits have fallen into desuetude; but then it will exert itself in all its power, and according to the course which it takes, the future condition of society will be determined. If, therefore, anything is to be done for the improvement of the people, now is the time, while yet they have some lingering reverence for their betters, and before they are altogether aware of the prodigious influence which they may exert in modifying the institutions of the country. France is democratic enough; but it is not, at present, a *tenth part* so democratic as England. We, undoubtedly, possess an advantage in the character of our people, which has as yet enabled us to avoid the evils to which they have been exposed, and to a recurrence of which they are hourly liable. Let us improve and increase this advantage, by teaching our people to value liberty, chiefly as it is a means of preserving order; and a *restraining* principle will then be imparted to them, by which countless calamities may be averted.

As yet there is a pause—a breathing time, during which we are permitted to take precautions against danger. The recent discussion upon the corn-law question justifies, to a certain degree, an opinion that the agricultural interest of England will not be speedily abandoned. It was felt to be a national question, and the landed proprietors put forth all their strength. The ministers, themselves, lost sight of their identity as ministers, and voted according to their individual inclinations. Even the tail were no longer a tail, many of Dan's most thorough-

going partizans on that occasion having divided against him ; being visited, we suppose, by a lucid interval on that one question, and enabled to see the *real* interest of Ireland. Now, of all such repealers, we would respectfully ask, do they suppose that, in the event of the union being dissolved, the corn-laws would be preserved? Do they expect in that case, that the agriculture of Ireland would be protected and encouraged as it is at present by the English Parliament? If they do, they little know their neighbour, John Bull, who assuredly would be little disposed to shew us any peculiar favour, at the expense either of the agriculturists or the manufacturers at home. And if they see, as they cannot fail to do, unless they are infatuated, that the repeal of the union would almost immediately lead to the withdrawal of that protection which Ireland at present derives from the corn-laws, how can they advocate a measure that must cause, as they themselves confess, the ruin of the country? They may, perhaps, persuade themselves that the measures are not so connected ; that repeal would not draw after it such consequences as must ruin the Irish export trade. But they can persuade no cool judging man that the almost immediate effect of a separation of the legislatures would not be a certain degree of opposition between the interests of the two countries, and that this would not show itself in restrictive measures, by which we would be at once divested of all our peculiar advantages. So that the only compensation for the loss of a trade by which the population has been almost doubled within the last thirty years, while the wealth of the country has increased more than twenty fold, and millions of acres have been brought into cultivation, would consist in the harangues of our demagogues in College-green, who as they have *now* succeeded in persuading our people that they are enslaved and ruined, so by parity of reason, they may *then* succeed in persuading them that they are prosperous and happy, under a system which will banish wealth, paralyze industry, and reconsign the country at large to its original sterility and desolation. Truly, if the love of the Irish for oratory may be estimated by the price which they

pay for it, they are the most orator-loving race under the sun. Dan gets twenty thousand a year for telling them that they are the most ill used nation upon the face of the earth ; that it is the greatest possible misfortune to have almost a monopoly of trade for their raw produce with the richest customers in the world ; and that matters will never be right until they get their affairs into their own hands, and enter upon a series of measures that must inevitably involve them in beggary and starvation. He gets twenty thousand a year for telling them this, and that chiefly from the graziers and the farmers, who would be the very first to suffer from his insane or wicked projects! When will our poor countrymen get sense? When will they cease to be the sport and the prey of charlatans and incendiaries, to whom their simplicity and credulity is a stock in trade, and who thrive amidst general distress, by trafficking upon popular delusion? Not, we fear, until they have learned, by bitter experience, the emptiness and vanity of courses which are not more unscrupulous as regards the rights of others, than they are worse than unprofitable to themselves. If the demagogue's advice be taken, but one blade of grass will soon grow where two grew before. And in Ireland the distress of the agriculturist must immediately cause distress to the manufacturer : so that famine would speedily stare in the faces of the two great classes into which the working population may be divided. All this the work of our agitators, who have been thrown upon the surface of society by the reform bill! All this the work of men professing redress of grievances, and civil and social regeneration! of men ostentatiously proclaiming themselves the promoters of Irish happiness, and the champions of Irish freedom ; whose projects, if they *could* be realized, would inflict upon their unhappy country greater calamities than a successful invasion! Of them, indeed, it may be said, "no enemy could match a friend." The ravages of war might be easily repaired ; but the ravages caused by national insanity, which has been produced by designing villainy in the guise of patriotism, admit of no remedy, until they proceed

to the extent of involving the deceived and the deceiver in one common destruction. They can be bounded only by the grave. A generation must pass away before any symptoms of amendment can be discernible. And even then the lessons which may be learned from the follies and the sufferings of their predecessors, are likely to be as transient and as unimpressive as letters traced upon the sand, which not even a storm is necessary to dissipate, for the next wave will obliterate them even as though they had never existed!

But, as we said before, the country has had a respite. The economists have been signally defeated in their attack upon the corn laws; and if we could be sure that the friends of the agricultural prosperity of Great Britain would be as active in the dissemination of sound political principles, as the empirical experimentalists in a yet imperfect science, are sure to be indefatigable in the propagation of unsound ones, we might confidently say that deliverance is at hand. But of that we are far from being confident. Independently of the general fact, that men are always more active for evil than for good, it being equally true in politics as well as in religion, "that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light;" the compactness of the manufacturing population, the facility with which they can combine, and their superior aptness and dexterity in political movements, must give them a prodigious superiority to the scattered inhabitants of the rural districts, who have not been trained by political unions to those habits of partizanship in matters affecting their peculiar calling, by which their antagonists are rendered so formidable. Besides, even the agriculturists are divided upon the question, while the manufacturers are united like one man; and then the very novelty, and even the revolutionary tendency of a measure that must, at once, prostrate the upper classes, will not be without their attractions to that large class of persons whose minds are not either stored with wisdom or fortified by virtue, while they are unhappily kept in a state of constant irritation by want and misery. These are that large "corps de reserve," the "avidii rerum novarum," and the

"ære alieno oppressi," from which the charlatan economists may always draw fresh supplies of zealous adherents; while the pretext of *cheap bread* will blind the eyes of multitudes even of those who are in easier circumstances, and the prospect of extended foreign trade will be regarded by others, who are not blind to the blight which must come upon our agriculture, as more than a compensation for the loss of even greater internal advantages. Our fears, therefore, predominate over our hopes. We cannot disguise the persuasion that the advocates for the abolition of the corn laws are likely to increase, while those who would uphold them are likely to decrease. The one are going with the stream, and therefore not only proceed on their course with more ease, speed, and certainty, but gather as they advance, a vast accession of those accidental accompaniments which swell their retinue into something enormous: the other are going against the stream, and, therefore, have not only to struggle with difficulties, by which their progress must be embarrassed, but cannot calculate upon even the most prosperous termination of their voyage, without the loss of many of their retainers.

We cannot, therefore, speak with any degree of certainty respecting our future prospects, until after the next general election. The Tory party have been scattered and paralysed. They are still without that union or discipline which is absolutely necessary to render their strength available for any great or good purpose. It is true their numbers are daily increasing. It is true the dangers, both foreign and domestic, which are beginning to beset us, are compelling the people to open their eyes to our true position, and therefore cannot fail to disgust them with a faction whose measures have all been prompted by selfishness, and seem but too likely to lead to universal confusion. It is true that there are many who are now wide awake to the importance of what were denominated the rotten boroughs, and who deem that by the wholesome check which they imposed upon the increasing influence of mere physical numbers, they constituted a most valuable portion of the representation. All this is undoubtedly true—and the only fear is,

that truth may have come a little too late to remedy the effects of the pernicious errors by which, during the reform mania, the people were deluded. But our duty at all events is plain. It is for us to do what we can to enlighten the public mind, and to leave the result to Providence. We will, therefore, state one or two considerations, (our present limits do not admit of our doing more,) which may, we think, serve to show the danger to which the country would be exposed, in the event of the abolitionists of the corn laws succeeding in a project which must render us dependent on other countries for our daily bread.

We will at present leave out of consideration the importance of maintaining a peasant population. We will also leave out of consideration the importance of maintaining a race of gentlemen, whose influence is most valuable to the well being of the state, and who contribute to diffuse and to perpetuate civilization. All this we leave out of the account, and confine ourselves to the simple consideration of what must befall the country in the event of its being at any future period at war with an enemy like Bonaparte. Such an enemy may have the power of imposing non-intercourse regulations upon the whole of continental Europe. Suppose, in that case, that America was to go to war with us, what should we do? How could our famishing multitudes be fed. Do the economists suppose, that when they get possession of the government, they will be able to perform the miracle of the loaves and fishes? Or do they imagine that they can satisfy with fine words the ravening appetites of the pale faced wretches who may be brought by their measures to the jaws of death? Let the reader only imagine the case which we have supposed—let him only picture to his mind a famishing population of frenzied artisans besieging parliament with petitions, and threatening the members with destruction, unless they consent, UPON ANY TERMS, to procure the supplies of corn, which are indispensable for themselves and their families, and say whether that is a predicament to which he would like to see England reduced? And such is the predicament to which England *might* be reduced in the event of the repeal of the

corn laws. There are, we know, those who will ridicule our fears; but they are neither the wisest nor the most candid of the political economists. That such a contingency might arise is even admitted by Colonel Thomson, by far the most formidable antagonist of the view which we have deemed it right to espouse. "There is no doubt," he says, "that such a case is possible, and whatever the political economists say, HAS HAPPENED. A signal instance of it occurred at the conclusion of the last war, when the unfortunate country of Norway, growing little or no corn, and accustomed to procure it by barter of iron and wood, WAS STARVED INTO SUBMISSION BY A SQUADRON OF GUNBRIGS." Thus writes the author of the Catechism on the Corn Laws; a production which has done more to reduce England to the condition of being starved into submission by a continental blockade than all the other opponents of the corn laws put together! The Colonel considers this as a merely possible contingency. There we differ from him. We think it *more* than possible; we think it probable. But even if it were far less probable, than it should in reason be deemed to be, it is a contingency which cannot be contemplated as in the order of events, at whatever distance, without blanching the cheek of the most intrepid statesman. England writhing in the agonies of famine, at the mandate of cruel and scornful enemies, who may quietly sheath the sword, and bid plague and pestilence do their work of vengeance! Is the bare possibility of such a visitation to be endured, when it may be averted by such a system as has hitherto been in force, and by which, if we do pay a little dearer for our food, the excess of price may be considered as a kind of insurance premium, by which the greatest and the most irreparable calamity that could befall a nation is averted?

When it is said foreign supplies of corn may be either partially or totally cut off by natural causes—by deficient crops—bad harvests—by political estrangement and foreign caprice—the answer is, that is like saying to a shopkeeper—"Be careful not to allow your concerns to increase. Do not you see that you will be at the mercy of your customers—that they can ruin

you at any time, for mere estrangement or caprice? Besides, they may be cut off by natural causes; they may break their necks, or get into the list of bankrupts." To which the shopkeeper would only reply—"They will not all break their necks at once: and as for caprice, as long as I give a good article, if one will not buy from me, another will." Thus it is that Colonel Thomson reasons. ("Catechism on the Corn Laws," p. 56.) But we would beg leave to ask him, did not Bonaparte, at no very remote period, possess the controul of every inch of sea coast from Russia to Naples, with the exception of Gibraltar? And if we were *then* dependent upon foreign supplies, how miserably should we have been at his mercy? America is the only country to which we could look with any hope of relief; and if the horizon darkened in that quarter (as darken it did,) how deplorable would be our prospects. Now what occurred once, may occur again. Europe may again be subjected to some southern or *northern* autocrat, to whom England may be an eye-sore, precisely because it is a land of freedom; and will our rulers now place us in a condition in which we may be annihilated by one dash of his pen? Will it realize Nero's wish, and present the nation *with one neck* to the sword of despotic vengeance? For if *our food* be in his power, he has only to say the word, "*Anglia est delenda*," and we are undone;—and domestic mispolicy will do the work which never could be accomplished by foreign aggression. Our great enemy would be, as regarded us, in the position of Joseph, when he was the dispenser of corn to the whole land of Egypt. And we should be in the condition of Esau, who was compelled by his necessities to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. No. By repealing the corn laws we throw ourselves into a state of dependence upon those who may at any time, and *who will at some time*, be our enemies; and we thus put into their hands a most formidable engine of hostility, by which our power and greatness may be suddenly overthrown. We should, therefore, in considering the question, take into account not merely the *advantage* of the repeal of them during peace, but the *danger* of it during war;

and if the one consists merely in exemption from a tax which only limits the prosperity of the country, and the other be the cause of a calamity which might threaten its existence, we do not think it will require many words to induce wise and prudent men rather "to bear the ills they have, than fly to others which they know not of," and of which any language that we could use must afford a most inadequate representation.

And yet this is a question upon which our cabinet was divided! Nine of the ministers voted one way, and nine another—affording a perfect example of a house divided against itself! We do not say this to intimate our opinion of their speedy dissolution. Upon that we pass no judgment. They have been inflicted upon us as a scourge; and until the scourge has done its business, it will not be laid aside, even though a miracle should be necessary to continue the infliction. Hitherto they have maintained their position like men on the tight rope, by a dexterous management of the balance pole of the opposing parties. At one time the Tories furnish them with support against the Radicals; and at another, the Radicals furnish them with support against the Tories. It is undoubtedly the play of the Radicals to keep them in; for although they do not go quite fast enough for them, they are proceeding in their direction. We have no doubt that the more moderate portion of the cabinet desire a coalition with the Tories. They cannot be insensible to their gradually increasing power, and they begin, we believe, to have some misgivings respecting the safety of the course upon which they themselves so recklessly entered. But this may not be. Honour and conscience forbid the *base*. The Tories will not, we trust, on this occasion disappoint the hopes of the country. Many an amiable and affectionate creature is induced to marry a profligate, who is known to her as such, in the hope of reclaiming him; but the consequence usually is, that she is undone. An artless and confiding disposition is rarely a match for inveterate depravity. Against all such alliances, therefore, whether matrimonial or political, we must enter our protest; and distant we hope is the day, as we are

assured that most disastrous would be the hour, when the Tories may be induced to give in their adhesion to the faction who have done so much to ruin the country. Their policy, we think, ought to be very plain. Let them narrowly watch the proceedings of government, and not hesitate to lend their support to ministers on those occasions when by so doing they may be enabled to uphold our institutions; while they are energetic in their hostility on all those occasions when the interest of the country might be compromised. By the one course they may do some good; by the other they may prevent some evil. And they will, at all events, stand fast in their integrity, and lose no estimation in the eyes of the people. Their character, at present, is England's only stay; and if that were lost, or even brought into suspicion, we see no chance of redemption. They could not coalesce with the Whigs, for the promotion of the objects upon which that party are bent, without subscribing to a renunciation of their principles; and when once they have been thus debauched, they will soon be felt as an incumbrance by the tricksters by whom they have been seduced, who, when they have

"Plucked the fair rose, and rifled all its charms,"
will not hesitate to

"Fling it, like a loathsome weed, away."

Now, the case is very different with the other party. If such a thing as a Tory government were at present possible, (and we well know *that it is not*.) the Whigs might act with them, without any departure from *their* principle. The Tories, indeed, could not do every thing that *they* would, but *they* would not be called upon to take a part in any measures that were opposed to their political views. *Some* of their principle might be, for a season, "in abeyance," but they would not be directly *contravened*. But the Tories could not advance one step with the Whigs, towards the accomplishment of any of those peculiar objects which distinguish them as *Whigs*, without a fatal departure from the only ground which could enable them, with any prospect of ultimate success, to champion the cause of whatever as yet survives of the constitution.

Let them, therefore, as good men and true, maintain their present position with firmness. Let them not be seduced, by the blandishments of power, to form an alliance that would be disgraceful to themselves and disastrous to the country. The lap of Dalilah was not more fatal to the strength of Sampson than would the sweets of office at present prove to the conservative power and virtue of England. This is said not with any idle or wicked desire to embarrass the rash men whose counsels have brought things to their present pass, and who are now tottering on the precipice of a precarious and unenviable authority. We wish them no ill, and we pity quite as much as we condemn them. No. We write under the assured conviction that any other course than that which we recommend, would be barren of present good, and pregnant with future danger. When fortune is gone, while character remains it may be retrieved; but all hope must depart when character, too, is abandoned. Let our friends, therefore, beware of any attempt to patch up a motley ministry, which cannot be united upon vital points, and the basis of whose union upon any point must be *indifference to all principle*. Let them give up the absurd and fruitless endeavour thus to patch with new cloth on old garment: for, at best, they will only lose their labour, and the rent will be made worse. Much remains to be done before they are *qualified* again to resume power, with credit to themselves or advantage to the country. They have a party to form; and a party composed of materials that will not speedily crumble away. Their enemies may largely avail themselves of prejudice and ignorance. *They* can only stand upon a basis of knowledge and of virtue: and, when the proper season comes, they may find more help than they at present dream of, in building the superstructure, if they only take care to lay the foundation. It is our firm conviction that sore trials lie before us. Nothing short of great national suffering will, we fear, produce such a return of national reason as might put things again into the right way. Our people must journey through the wilderness, and we ourselves do not expect even to get a sight of the pro-

mised land. But we do not, on that account, faint in our hopes, nor slacken in our endeavours to promote the cause of loyalty and order; as we are satisfied that He who appointed us our troubles, will in his own good time bring help and deliverance, and that his mercies will ever be nearest to those who have been most resigned to, and most purified by his more bitter dispensations. Let the Whigs, therefore, have their day. This is their hour of triumph.

They have triumphed over virtue, they have triumphed over reason, they have triumphed over prudence, they have triumphed over common sense. But a day of reckoning is at hand. Eternal truths may be obscured, and put out of sight; they cannot be destroyed by the mists of error. Time must gradually dissolve the one, and, in the same proportion, unveil the other. "*Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat.*"

NOTE.—The new tithe bill has come over, and we find, upon perusing it, that there is some provision made to cover the losses which we apprehended, from Mr. Littleton's speech, must be incurred by the clergyman from the expenses of collection. This, however, is so inadequate, and so much more than counterbalanced by the rise which must take place in the value of land, when the time comes for making purchases for the clergy, that our general impression of the tendency of the bill remains the same, that it was before.

THE BLIGHTED HEART.

The blighted heart, the blighted hope
 Cherished thro' long—long years,
 'Tis past and gone, and the light that shone
 So bright, is set in tears.

What boots it where I mingle now?
 What boots it where I go?
 This heart, *once* warm as the summer's breath,
 Is chill as the winter's snow.

The sun's soft beam, with its joyous gleam
 Can melt the snow away;
 But my soul once bright, is wrapt in night
 A night without a day.

From the realms above, no ray of love
 May dispel this settled gloom,
 Yet this wounded heart shall enjoy its part
 Of rest—in the silent tomb!

There soft repose from earthly woes
 Shall heal this aching breast;
 For "*the wicked cease from troubling there,*"
 And "*there the weary rest!*"

All—all is vain! and fraught with pain
 The purest love is found—
 Then, ah! how deep shall be my sleep.
 Unbroken in the ground.

J. G. P. A.

ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.*

"Prætorian here, Prætorian there, I mind the bigging o't."—ANTIQUARY.

Some eminent writer of the present age, we think Campbell, remarks the calm tone of conscious power which elevates the opening lines of the *Paradise Lost*. If confidence be the mark of superior power, the work before us must stand unrivalled amongst books for the *modest* assurance which not only begins its beginning, but exults through every page. There are, we must acknowledge, a few illustrious benefactors of mankind, who prosecuted their sublime researches, and made discoveries as stupendous as Mr. O'Brien's, without seeming to be quite so competent to appreciate their worth, or to be the heralds of their own renown. These great men, it might invidiously be said, elevated by the contemplation of nature, and trusting to the force of truth, could not have descended to cabal for petty honours and slight remuneration, and by a magnanimous silence, consulted the dignity of their feelings. But the man who is insensible to his own merits, must be a fool; he who trusts his fame to the justice of mankind, will mostly be an egregious dupe. Newton was, we must admit, a man of no small understanding; like Mr. O'Brien, he commenced his career with a powerful analysis, till then unknown within the compass of knowledge: and, like him, by means of this powerful instrument, he changed the whole face of human knowledge. In his marvellous researches, Mr. O'Brien has ascertained the fallacy of all recorded history, and the truth of all obsolete tradition. Armed with a more than magical command over those primary elements, the letters of the alphabet, and a most philosophic valour of assertion, he has, with a comprehensive grasp, seized, and resolved into absurdity, all that learned men have hitherto believed: and in its place erected the Buddhist theology and the round towers of Ireland!! Considering, then, this stupendous result as its importance

deserves, it must be acknowledged that it would be at best bad taste to quarrel invidiously with the tone of unrestrained exultation which, like the gigantic harmony of some prodigious mind, runs with the eloquence of lofty self-encosmism through every page. We feel it to be the more our duty to impress this upon our readers, lest any one might be deterred from reading this great work, by misconceiving the flourish of trumpets, in its commencement, to be the empty puff of empirical pretension. Having dipped a little amongst the stupendous discoveries which it unfolds at every page, we paused for a moment to rub our astonished eyes, and looked round to see if we yet survived in a world of reality. At this moment our glance was arrested by the inscription, in which our author dedicates his great work to all the academies† and literary communities in the four quarters of the terraqueous globe, past, present, and to come. His words are:—

"To the Learned of Europe, to the Heads of its several Universities, to the Teachers of Religion and the Lovers of History, more especially to the Alibenistic Order of Freemasons, to the Fellows of the Royal Society, to the Members of the Royal Asiatic Society, to the Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries, to the Editors of the *Archæologia Scotica*, to the Committees of the Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and to the Court of the Honourable the East India Company, this volume is inscribed, as a novel exposition of literary inquiries in which they are severally interested, and as an intimation of respect from the author."

As we read this portentous page, we could not help being forcibly reminded of that no less wondrous worthy, who stood in the highway to Saragossa, proclaiming in the very self same tone and spirit, the beauty and chastity of his

* The Round Towers of Ireland, or the Mysteries of Freemasonry, of Sabæism and of Buddhism, for the first time unveiled. By Henry O'Brien, Esq. A. B. London: Whittaker & Co. &c. &c.

† Except the Royal Irish Academy.

peerless Dulcinea. The objects of Mr. O'Brien's admiration are obliged to be content with half the compliment. Neither will his fair countrywomen, to whom he pays some trite compliments on antiquarian authority, or the numerous antagonists on whom he showers all sorts of defiance, be likely to praise him as the "pink of courtesy." But that illustrious model, the flower and mirror of chivalry, who could change castles into inns, and windmills into giants, can scarcely stand in the same historic parallel with him who has converted the pyramids of Egypt and the tower of Babel into the round towers of Ireland. The helmet of Mambrino, conjured out of a barber's bason, may be laughed to scorn by the discoverer of the "mouthpiece of the oracle of Dodona."

Notwithstanding these great pretensions, we are, after all, not quite sure that we should not have left this great work to the eloquent praises of its author: we should have left Mr. O'Brien "alone with his glory," were it not for two circumstances which more especially claim our notice, as the guardians and watchmen of the press. Great men may sometimes commit great errors; and our author has unfortunately confused with the licentious laws of word-clipping etymology, that more strict morality of assertion which is understood to regulate the commerce of gentlemen, however learned. He has also carried his zeal for demolition into the province of Sacred truth: and though we are convinced there is in the tone and spirit of the volume, enough to neutralize the most pernicious affirmations and comments which its author could devise; yet there is, in detraction and profanity, an incalculable celerity of propagation which soon outstrips its authority; and finding a low way of its own into notice, appears armed with its mischief, and stripped of its counteracting absurdity. We must therefore claim the indulgence of our readers for laying aside the more appropriate levity of these preliminary remarks, and assuming a seriousness more adapted to these grave subjects, than to the ridiculous and revolting pages of the work before us.

In reviewing Mr. O'Brien's attack upon the Royal Irish Academy, we will give him the benefit of his own statement. Though, incorrect or false

in every particular, it scarcely needs the corrections with which we shall follow it up, to establish its dishonesty. In December, 1830, the Royal Irish Academy proposed a prize of £50, with a gold medal, to be given to the author of an approved essay upon the Round Towers of Ireland. The conditions of this proposal not being satisfied within the allotted time: (on Feb. 21, 1832,) the same subject was re-advertised, with an extension of time to the 1st of June following. A few days before this, Mr. O'Brien represents himself to have framed his design "for the development of 'this mystery,' and executed a very refined manœuvre, to ascertain whether the academy had yet decided or not. In a conversation with Dr. McDonnell, he ascertained that competition was yet open, but qualified with a hint, dexterously wrung from the Doctor's language, that the academy had already formed their opinion on the subject. This is one of those incidents upon which the weight of Mr. O'Brien's charges rest. Immediately after, on the appearance of the advertisement already mentioned, Mr. O'Brien sat down, full of anticipations of all unfairness, and, by his own account, wrote an essay, substantially containing the theory of his book, and sent it in to await its chance. No sooner had he done so, than the Royal Academy, alarmed for the success of their own theory; and through an impulse of affection unprecedented in public bodies, for some unknown friend; in utter disregard, too, of all the principles usually recognised by gentlemen, had the audacity, without a blush, to look each other in the face, and admit that the merit of Mr. O'Brien could only be eclipsed by allowing their friend to take back his essay and make it more perfect. This strange, and, we may add, inefficient concession, was, however, followed by an advertisement, re-opening the lists for a certain time to new candidates. Mr. O'Brien also availed himself of this extension, to improve his own essay, though he modestly forbears to inform us to what extent.

At length, all the essays having been re-committed, the Royal Irish Academy, having taken half a year more to read Mr. O'Brien's essay, and deliberate on a decision already made, agreed

that he was the successful candidate ; that he had solved to their satisfaction a question which puzzled the learning of ages : but in the enthusiasm and surprise naturally attendant on such a startling discovery, they seem to have forgotten themselves ; for again they looked one another gravely in the face, and admitting their own friend to be quite wrong, unanimously gave him the prize* and medal ; awarding a paltry sum of £20 to the confessedly successful Mr. O'Brien. This award was the more marvellous, as being not merely an act of most consummate injustice ; but as implying an evident provision for the publication of their own unjust act, as it ensured the insertion of both the rival essays in their own transactions—thus proclaiming to the public their injustice, or ignorance, or both. Such is the consistent narrative of Mr. O'Brien, as marvellous as the rest of his book—establishing, on the authority of imperfect hints and absurd surmises, a series of facts totally inconsistent with all that has been hitherto known of the conduct of learned societies, composed as they usually are, of gentlemen of great public respectability and ascertained private worth. If the charge of corruption, of the influence of rank, or the interference of power, could have been fastened, we doubt not that Mr. O'Brien would have made out a case plausible to that class of persons to which the authors of such charges usually belong. But even if the Royal Academy had not been above such imputations, no room for them exists ; the author of the successful essay has no pretensions or means to distinguish him from Mr. O'Brien, unless that peculiar influence which always surrounds real talent, when accompanied by moral worth and the manners and sentiments of a gentleman ; an influence, the operation of which is not adapted to corrupt, or even to be felt by mean minds.

So far we have followed the authority of Mr. O'Brien, and feel quite willing to allow him the full benefit of any inference it will bear. *Nunc audi alteram partem* : let us see whether the cycles and epicycles of his morality

can be replaced by more consistent facts.

On reading the strangely inconsistent narrative from which we have drawn the above statement, we immediately made strict inquiry, and discovered, from the proper sources, that all its facts are either false or misrepresentations. The reader must observe that the whole stress of Mr. O'Brien's inferences rests on the assertion, that the *favoured* essay had been already some time (two years†) before the notice of the academy. One sentence, therefore, demolishes this whole fabric of unprincipled and impudent surmise. Mr. Petrie's essay was given in together with that of Mr. O'Brien's, and in consequence of the same extension ; and was as little known to any of the members. The request for this extension of time, which was subsequently made through Dr. Singer, and granted, implies nothing ; neither does the expression, "our friend, for whom we all have a regard," support the comment of Mr. O'Brien : if it could, it would not, under the circumstances, have been used by the gentleman to whom it is (whether truly or falsely) attributed. Mr. O'Brien was *preferring a charge*, and it would be a strange absurdity to oppose it by the *direct admission* of its truth. To any one but Mr. O'Brien it would have been felt that this is a common way of speaking, when circumstances impose the suppression of a name. One of the candidates applied to Dr. Singer to obtain an extension of the time, which was too short for the entire transcription of his essay. (This could not, by the way, have been *the essay which was two years in.*) But there is in this no reason for the insolent assumption that he revealed more than Mr. O'Brien did, when he declared himself to be the author of one of the essays, "which I would not further particularise." Thus vanishes into thin air the matter of fact part of this flimsy structure of oversight and audacity. Let us now disperse the "mystery which overhangs" the remainder of these facts, and see what actually did take place. In the anxious progress of his proceedings ; to which we abstain

* Mr. Petrie's essay had every vote but one—Mr. Dalton's—who, to use his own words, "stood alone."

† Pref. p. 14.

from affixing an appropriate epithet; Mr. O'Brien made too many confidants to allow of any secrecy upon the real nature of his proceedings. It was known to all who took any interest in the subject what his theory was: and to many how he came by it. The occasion of his writing was, in fact, the accidental discovery of the opinion of another person—the most unprincipled piracy of an essay not his own. It matters not how worthless was the theft; the dupe may be consistently combined with the knave: he thought the mare's nest of poor Mr. R——n to be a treasure, and stole it accordingly. It is not necessary to dwell on the additional fact, that he was assisted by another, who ransacked libraries for illustrations, while he was himself assiduously engaged in the dignified toil of purloining matter from a rival essay; the means by which his precious compound of piracy, plagiarism, and vicarious labor was amalgamated. Mr. O'Brien has since made it his own, in more than Shakespeare's sense, he stole the "trash," but has added so much of the congenial coinage of his own brain, that its author can scarcely claim it.

But we have not yet quite done with this revolting affair. It is a question which may reasonably be asked—how the Royal Academy could have been duped by a production so signally ridiculous, as to have awarded the liberal gratuity which Mr. O'Brien has tortured into a prize? We can inform Mr. O'Brien, the Academy was not duped. For (not to say that the essay now before the public exceeds that which the Academy received, by many added sheets of absurdity—for countenancing which, this learned body are not therefore chargeable) there is a yet stronger reason which really actuated their conduct. Mr. O'Brien *was known* as the author of an essay; and the style and manner left no doubt of which. The overflowing fanaticism which fills the volume could not be successfully confined within the little recess of the author's breast—it was recognised by some, and pointed out to others. Mr. O'Brien, in his terror of stratagems, forgot to notice that he was manœuvring himself. With this was known the crazed and morbid enthusiasm—the sickly frame, worn with recent effort; while the piratical nature of these efforts was concealed.

But in addition to all this—and the information may be a useful sedative to Mr. O'Brien's presumption—this gratuity was with some difficulty won from the Royal Academy by the eloquent urgency of one member, who, with the above circumstances, dwelt on his poverty. This person he has also repaid in slander: the sure way to attract the malice of some persons, is to confer a benefit upon them. Such were the real circumstances; which only produced their natural and intelligible effect when they betrayed the Royal Academy into that benevolent act, which has been so handsomely repaid by its undeserving object.

Mr. O'Brien quickly availed himself, in his own way, of this amiable and humane oversight. He interpreted it, as we regret to say he has done the first chapter of Genesis, by a theory of his own. He wrested it into an admission of his own merits, and presumed accordingly. He thought that the victory over all the previous knowledge of mankind should place the Royal Irish Academy under his feet, and at once assumed the insolent and imperious tone of a privileged usurper. He insisted on his triumphant merit—the sanction of their own vote—and the equivocal inference drawn from a few words attributed to Sir W. Betham, which, if designed for praise, had, by some misfortune, the manner and expression of ridicule. With these credentials, and a fabricated story, he attempted to bully the Academy into the concession of £50 and a medal. The Academy, it is needless to say, turned a deaf ear to such attempts: yet, with a moderation that was ill deserved, for a long time bore with the most disrespectful language. In addition to the pecuniary claim, he insisted also upon their printing all his additional matter, amounting to two-thirds of the original essay. On this point they were willing to make large concessions, but with some reserve, on the fair ground that his *new* matter would place their decision in an altered character, before the public. At these restrictions Mr. O'Brien forgot all moderation, and charged the Academy with corrupt motives and factious intrigue.

We have no spare room to add a variety of hints and surmises, which swell the charges of Mr. O'Brien.

Like many ingenious gentlemen, who profess to see further through a millstone than others, he does not seem quite competent to understand what deceives no one else, the ordinary actions and language of the living world. He is imposed upon by common honesty, and while he interprets acts of kindness into injustice, he cannot perceive any difference between a well-bred sneer and a compliment, or between the gaiety of a playful humour, and a grave assertion of fact. Hence the odd misapprehension of Sir William Betham's comment;* which must have excited a smile at its grave irony when uttered: and the no less amusing mistake on the comment of an alleged member of the Royal Academy, upon the picture of a tower in the *Penny Journal*, the real point of which lay obviously in the implied impossibility of the pretended discovery, which gave to the remark that tone of playful extravagance in which so much of humour consists. This member, or whoever may have been the writer, was probably aware of the impending determination of the Royal Academy; which gave additional point to his remark. Indeed to suppose a member of the Royal Academy, uttering for any serious purpose so aimless an anticipation of the decision of the Academy, would be to place him on the same blundering shelf with the chronology and etymology of Mr. O'Brien's antiquarian researches; but of this by and by.

We have now only to observe another strangely absurd notice of the *Dublin Penny Journal*; in which this writer has contrived to implicate in this scandalous romance. There seems to be a violent monomania about his imagination, that sees all things through the medium of some one distempered notion; and converts his most chimerical conjecture into strong facts. We must pass his absurd notice of some incidental remarks of an anonymous writer in that journal, to notice his extravagant fancy that its proprietors could have so far lost sight of their own interest, as to stop its circulation for many months, lest a copy should reach himself. It is unnecessary to explain to any one but its

author, that in the world of waking men, such things do not happen: the mouthpiece of the oracle of Dodona must have deceived him—his antiquarian dreams have confused his waking perceptions.

We have dwelt too long upon this absurd piece of scandal. To the members of the Royal Academy, if we rightly understand their character, it must be a matter of profound indifference; they stand high above the stagnant water-level of such mean calumnies. And if it were not so, Mr. O'Brien has published his volume, a full, sufficient defence against all his charges. To Mr. O'Brien himself, though reluctantly compelled to be severe, we are anxious to preserve the strictest justice. We cannot acquit him of the charge of the most despicable piracy from the essay of another competitor: but we are not unaware of strange composition of zeal with artifice, which often distinguishes the fanaticism of a theory. Mr. O'Brien, we are sure, immediately dreamt this wild invention to be all his own; we are the more convinced of this, by the tone of bitter sincerity which pervades all his statements; giving to his asseverations a speciousness which his argument never possesses. Indeed there is throughout the whole book, as in the narrative we have just quitted, a recklessness of assertion, and a licentiousness of reason, which would infallibly give an air of solemn humbug to every subject he touches, were not this effect counteracted by the strong tone of angry dogmatism, vindictive defiance, and frantic exultation, which prove Mr. O'Brien to be animated by the spirit of a martyr for the mingled puerilities, slanders, and, we regret to say it, blasphemies which brand his page.

His calumnies are, we can believe, not malignant in purpose, and we admit them to be harmless; but perversions of the scripture cannot unhappily be so frivolous as not to find some noxious level in which they can corrupt religion. It is for this reason that we have taken Mr. O'Brien into our especial keeping for a while, not without some hope of converting him from his

* We are informed on very good authority, that Sir William considers the question to be set at rest by Mr. Petrie's Essay, an opinion in which most learned men concur.

pernicious courses. But we are first, *pro forma*, obliged to notice the reasonings by which he supposes himself to be supported. For this purpose, we must, however reluctantly, put our reader in possession of his theory of round towers, the ostensible subject of the book.

We do not, of course, hold Mr. O'Brien accountable, for the singularly indelicate conclusions to which his theory has conducted: we freely grant that no degree of seeming absurdity or improbability, can impair the force of legitimate inference from true premises. But it may still be a reason why we are obliged to refrain from contaminating our pages with his explicit language. We are, therefore, under the embarrassing necessity of stating as we can, that, according to Mr. O'Brien, the round towers of Ireland, beautiful as they appear in the landscape, and interesting to the poet's and antiquarian's taste, were in the first ages constructed to represent a certain particular division of the human anatomy, which the refinement of modern civilization has excluded from decent language. This foul and grotesque association of dissimilarities—"Hyperion to a Satyr"—he maintains by the wildest conjectures, most strained etymologies; and by a most grotesque appeal to the observation of sense—an incorrect induction, which, if it has any support in fact, cannot extend beyond his own private experience; the monstrous example must be his own—a reason, we presume, why he thought it right to steal the theory. This revolting fancy he turns on every side, and never loses sight of, until he interweaves it in a polluting association with all things, sacred and profane. He proves to his own evident satisfaction that these towers were idols and temples of the obscene worship which he asserts to have been the primitive idolatry of mankind. He makes it equally clear that this foul idolatry was actually instituted by the divine promulgator of the first commandment; that Eve was the first worshipper, and Cain the first high priest: by him the first round tower was built, in imitation of that obscene object of worship; the "sign" given by his offended Maker. From this he deduces all the varied corruptions and idolatrous depravations of true religion

still, of course, connecting the history of superstitious and round towers; until he lands in Ireland, which must be infinitely grateful for the compliment, amongst the most authentic remains of both. Such is an imperfect summary of the conclusions, which we have been enabled to extract from nearly five hundred pages of "vain learning," and from the confusion of an etymological strife of tongues, which cannot be very unlike that of the tower of Babel.

This theory should have been maintained by the most scrupulous reasoning on the most unquestionable facts; in proportion to the weight of the intended superstructure, the foundation should be solid and broad. But its author seems to have adopted an opposite rule—the magnitude of the discovery seems to him to be the most cogent proof of the validity of his reasons. The very simplest of his proofs are, for the most part, questionable dogmas, based upon unqualified assertion. He seems to have convinced himself in this theory by the same brooding and hypochondriac process which has peopled his fancy with conspiring academicians. He heaps assertion upon assertion, and adds conjecture to conjecture, until a sum of uncertainties amounts to certainty at last. To pursue him along the scattered and separated links of his argument, would be to write a volume as idle and almost as long as his own. We must, therefore, it is evident, adopt some more compendious method. For this purpose it may be enough to state his argument, and explain and give a few examples of his method of supporting it: these examples shall be his principal points.

The argument is briefly as follows: That there was an ancient sect of oriental philosophy, supposed to have been taught by Bhudda: that the doctrines of this sect are utterly lost, and remain to this day a profound enigma to learned men. This indeterminate qualification enables Mr. O'Brien to seize upon it as his own. He then proceeds to establish the next step, that the Irish language is identical with the primitive but now unknown language of ancient Persia. Consequently, as the word *bod* occurs in the Irish, it must be equivalent to the word

blud, the first syllable of the Persian word. The difference of spelling, is of course, not worth notice : Mr. O'Brien adopts the *sound* or spelling, as his purpose requires. It follows from this *precise* comparison, that Mr. O'Brien has solved this first great mystery of Time. The philosophy of Bhudda was a religion, the worship of which was the object implied by the Irish *bod*. These two points being settled, the next step is to find appropriate temples for this great primitive idolatry, thus disinterred from the silent oblivion of ages. Mr. O'Brien accordingly looked around with wizard glance for some other *unknown* thing on which to suspend his theory. As may be anticipated, he was not long in finding it. A picture of the round tower of Clondalkin is made the expressive symbol by which he endeavours to convey a thought imperfectly expressed in words from Hamlet, "look on that picture and look on this." On reading this mystical enunciation, we must confess our first thought was a strange error, and not long permitted to remain. We instantly thought of the English word "*bodkin*," an instrument likely to find its way into a solitary student's hand, and to be occasionally useful in the sartorial operations of the studious cell. Misled by the close resemblance in sound, (*kin* and *da*, offering no lawful impediment to Mr. O'Brien's etymology,) not to speak of the still nearer resemblance of the supposed object : we, therefore, instantly imagined our antiquarian in his solitary room, suddenly arrested by this bright thought, the bodkin in one hand, and the tower in the other, shouting his triumphant *eureka* over this new found resemblance. Alas! the next paragraph put an end to our gay illusion. In this the author, after the continued hesitation of 101 pages, comes with startling abruptness to his foul and revolting conclusion ; fortunately we need not repeat it.

This base and obscene resemblance is the *fulcrum*—the *δύο κων* of Mr. O'Brien and the gigantic lever, with which he proposes to unsettle the world. The next step is of course to show that there were similar round towers in Persia. This he effects by the use of strong assertion, an instrument in the use of which he possesses unvalued dexterity. A few autho-

rities, which offer no actual confirmation, are cited *pro forma* : but it is felt, that by a logical reaction, the self-evidence of Mr. O'Brien's conclusion supports the tottering edifice of his proof ; and thus supersedes the necessity of that pedantic induction of particulars, so offensive to zeal like his. In this ingenious periphery canstists the claim to that "mathematical demonstration," promised by Mr. O'Brien in the earlier part of his book. By this lucid application of the circle, he substantiates the demonstration of his new and important theory. It is supported by others similar in effect and character, which thicken along his page as he goes on. But as we cannot compass all, we will confine ourselves to that of which the above is a faithful outline.

And, first, a statement of the general method of proof observed, may be a useful guide, not merely to the reader of this great work, but also to every studious worthy who wastes his midnight oil in the same deep studies. As our object is simply to be useful, we shall adopt the homely form in which such specifics oftener appear.

The two great rules of this new philosophy are, first, for words. Take any word ; strike off the superfluous syllables ; put in a letter ; take away a letter ; make a further alteration for grammatical declension ; pronounce it in Irish. Having thus founed out the true language, make every further change which that language admits : in a word, season to your fancy, &c. The next step is not unworthy of the same great hand. Find any piece of an old stone, having on it some sign of antique sculpture—the less distinct the better. In this, observe where something has been completely obliterated or broken off. The part thus removed is precisely whatever your theory requires. The principle of this method is very compendious ; it cannot, in any case, be difficult to account for the absence of that trifling fact in which the proof consists. With the assistance of these two first great elements of logic, the only trouble that remains is to seize upon some vague remnants of an obliterated tradition, which, being connected with every fact which has no history, and every word which has no meaning, the new

and splendid structure straightway rises like an exhalation from the wrecks of time, to overwhelm the Royal Academy and astonish the world.

But seriously, we must entreat Mr. O'Brien to reflect whether such a theory as he has thus conjured up by the help of this potent amalgam, does not carry with itself a species of refutation too decisive to be resisted, by much stronger proofs. Mr. O'Brien writes A.B. to his name, from which we infer that he may possibly have heard of the *argumentum ad absurdum*; and we are confirmed in our surmise by the knowledge he has already shewn of the theory of the circle. Now, if we are so far correct, we put it earnestly to him, whether the sweeping conclusions by which he has contrived to bring all *existing* knowledge into direct opposition with his theory, do not virtually overthrow it. If by legitimate reasoning a false conclusion be drawn, the assumption must be itself false. Mr. O'Brien knows this: he has built a system, which, though he has not proved it, might, in remote possibility, be true: but not content with this, he never lets it go, until by dint of absurdity he clothes it from head to foot in such a monstrous garb of mummery, that it would be a gratuitous severity to notice his book, were it not unhappily combined with such revolting personality, and still worse than personality, perversion of scripture. A charge of this latter kind is so serious, that we think it just to add, that we believe Mr. O'Brien to entertain no irreverent feeling for scripture—we freely acquit him of all impious design. His errors are the pitiable result of intellectual disease, acquired by solitary rumination over a single idea, until it has converted itself into a religion in his mind. In his theory of superstition he has overlooked its truer theory, of which his book is but an example.

But we must now return to our intended course; and before we indulge in further comment, fairly examine the principal link which connects the premises of this great argument. The reader of this volume must have perceived that the etymological theory might be correct, and not in the least affect that of the towers; it is by the junction of separate absurdities that his argument is complete. Though it

may be true that the Irish is identical with the obsolete Persian: that bod may be the same as Bhudda, may be conceded for argument (it does not follow.) But the ridiculous cap, *ἡ ἀσφαλὴς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου*, which we fear Mr. O'Brien must himself be content to wear, remains to be fitted on the towers. This presents no great obstacle to his *licentious* etymology, which must have been in the contemplation of that shrewd critic Lucian, when he represents Mercury and Charon on Parnassus, tearing the mountains from their places with fragments of Greek verse. Mr. O'Brien finds Irish equally potent, and uses it with the same success. The object is, as we have said, to apply the term Bhudda to the towers. Having for this purpose chiseled it down to Bodh, and by a similar operation fitted to it the Irish bod: by very singular good fortune, our author discovers in the annals of the four masters, as well as in the Ulster annals, an account of the ravages of a great fire in Armagh, A.D. 995, amongst which occurs a term which exactly fits into the chasm to be filled. A word the meaning of which nobody knows. Mr. O'Brien seizes upon this waif, and exercises upon it the full privilege of ownership. The unknown word of course must be the designation of the mysterious ruins, and descriptive of the unknown religion to which they belong. This triple coincidence of obscurity amounts to noon-day light, and the chasms of history turn out more instructive than its most authentic evidences. After this, our readers must be prepared for any exploit of this consummate logician, and will not be very much surprised to learn that this important word, though spelled *Fiadh-neimhedh*, is no more or less than the word bod or budh, its etymological offspring by the help of Mr. O'Brien. Thus we are enabled to present this shadowy sorites in its perfect form and whole force. Bhudda is the same as bodh; which is the same as bod; which is the same as Fiadh Murphed; which is an Irish round tower, qed. In this problematic genealogy, it cannot of course be any obstacle to its author, that the words of which he has to prove the identity, by his own admissions differ in sound, spelling, and sense. The want of these trifling links, a wave

of his etymological wand supplies. With the adroitness of harlequin, he touches a long word, and straightway it falls into some little commodious word; he strikes a round tower, and it shoots up into the meaning of that word—the idol or the image of his own thoughts.

It would not only encroach too deeply on the limits to which this notice must be confined; but to the greater part of our readers it would appear to be inexcusable trifling, were we to waste any more words on these absurd riddling. An instance of the style in which his facts are obtained, may be more edifying. It was of course necessary to establish the fact that the round towers, which were so widely connected with primitive superstition, had an existence earlier than is generally attributed to them by antiquarians. For this purpose he seizes on a passage in the annals of Ulster, from which he infers the destruction of 57 Irish round towers by an earthquake. A.D. 448. The dexterity of this appropriation consists in suppressing, what he, of course, must have known; that these annals do not exclusively relate to Irish events, but comprise a general chronology, and consist of the same materials with most others which have any authority. The fact recited by Mr. O'Brien, is not there referred to Ireland; neither is there any foundation for such a reference. But the author evidently cited it for his purpose, and relied on the deceptive authority of a name. The Ulster Annals could only, he thought, be presumed to refer to Irish events. If so, the difficult task remains of proving that the death of Theodosius, and the other historical events of the same time, which are registered on the same page, also took place in Ireland; and thus the rest of the world is demolished at a blow. To this consequence, in truth, Mr. O'Brien cannot consistently object. But we will transcribe, for his benefit, a passage from the first chronology at hand.

"A. D. 447, a violent earthquake overturned several cities, and great part of the new walls of Constantinople, and ~~forty-seven~~ towers, together with many sumptuous edifices in Antioch and Alexandria." Un Hist. vol. 19.

Is Mr. O'Brien content with this? If not, let him turn over any other tables, and see what record distinct

from this, and referable to Ireland, they contain.

We do not desire to be responsible for any opinion on the subjects of this portion of Mr. O'Brien's theory; further than is implied in the affirmation that his assertions are utterly unsupported by his reasonings. We do not deny his axiom—that words are things: we only say it is untrue in his sense and application. Words are the signs of thought, the symbols of that connection by which our ideas are combined with our perceptions. But this connection is for ever in a state of dissolution and change: the thing ceases, the idea is dissolved; and the word becomes insignificant, the property of Mr. O'Brien. Furthermore, we do not deny the existence of those primitive relations of language, of which he would make so much, nor even that they are traceable within certain established limits. Nay more, we freely admit that in cautious hands, and with proper confirmation, they belong to the science of historic research, and throw an ambiguous light on the consanguinity and descent of nations. But it is on the uncertainty of such means we would insist. Such etymologies, *correctly* used, may be interesting confirmations—they may rivet together or cement authentic materials—but they cannot support the edifice of a theory. The combinations, too, of literal characters may be admitted to be numerically infinite: But the capabilities of the organs of speech have narrower limits: consequently the same sounds must very variously enter into the composition of every language. Mr. O'Brien's reasonings depend on arbitrary assumptions of pronunciation. But the voice of obsolete language cannot be thus resuscitated, even by the sagacious discoverer of the mouthpiece of the oracle of Dodona.

We must omit entering into the almost childish artifices by which it is attempted to trace the character and history of the Tuath de Danaans, who were, he says, the builders of the Irish and Persian round towers, and the first occupiers of Iran. One specimen may satisfy the intelligent reader as to the value of the whole. Mr. O'Brien asks, (p. 252,) "How it happens that no Persian historians, anterior to Mohsan Fani, have noticed their ex-

intence?" He answers the question by saying that they did notice them, without understanding their own language, "inadvertently." Luckily Mr. O'Brien is, as usual, better informed. As these ancient writers did not understand themselves; the moderns, more ignorant still, had no information but what they drew from the predatory Arabs, who being more ignorant than themselves, taught them nothing; and the Greeks, who had nothing to teach but their own inventions. Mr. O'Brien, more expert than the predatory Arabs, and the lying Greeks, has contrived to supply the want of all authority upon the subject, by an easy application of that word, which is to him a language and a history—"Budh"—the familiar spirit of his dream, which can take every form and every sound, "dilated or condensed;" which is fidh, and fudh, and fo, and lingam, and fiddledumdee, if it would serve his purpose. Faithful to the spell, this obscene familiar immediately appears in the form required, and we are told that "Tuath" is a modification of "Budh." But enough—we fear too much, of this.

We have to apologise to Mr. O'Brien for passing unnoticed so much interesting and curious matter as we are obliged to omit. His theory is singularly compendious, and we cannot afford to write an essay on every paragraph of his *magnum opus*. To our readers we should plead for pardon on the opposite score. We are obliged to be select; and we can assure all parties who may have taken any interest in so trivial a matter, that our selection has not been made from a desire to be severe. We should be happy to find some green spot to rest on; some excuse to show our candour; but we are compelled to say that the search is vain. We could have excused the disordered self-esteem which compromised Mr. O'Brien with the Royal Academy, and omitted all notice of his work, but for the malignant and calumnious tone which pervades every chapter and paragraph. His enmity never seems to sleep; and every mistake, which he fancies to be a discovery, seems made but to gratify revenge. He shakes his blunders in the teeth of his imaginary rivals and enemies, until it becomes impossible to be lenient without injustice.

It would be a wrong to the individual whom he has favoured with his most especial hostility, to pass in silence one disingenuous effort to falsify his writings. In an article which he attributes (with much probability) to Mr. Petrie, it is affirmed, on the authority of Cambrensis, that Mac Murrough's son is put to death by Roderick O'Connor, in whose hands he had been placed as a hostage for his father's fidelity. On this subject, says Mr. O'Brien, (p. 333,) Cambrensis is "silent and mute as the grave."

Will Mr. O'Brien take the trouble to look into Cambrensis, ed. fol. 1603?

"Cum autem Dermotus, ad hæc superbe respondisset, adjiciens quoque, ac a proposito non destitutum, donec sibi Connactum auito iure competenté, cum totius Hibernie Monarchia, subjugas-set: Indignans Rothericus, filium ejus, quem ei (Supr. 10.) obidem dederat, capitali sententia condemnavit."—*Cambrensis*, cap. xvii. p. 770.

By some unfortunate accident of nature or education, there must be an unusual deficiency in that man's perceptions of the solemn and the ludicrous who could conceive the outrageous notion of extending this laughable theory to the interpretation of the Book of Genesis. We do not fear that such an attempt will obtain many converts.

His scriptural theory is this, that under the unmeaning fiction of an apple is couched the *natural object* of the Bhuddish worship, and that the prohibition to eat was in reality a much severer prohibition. On the faith of his theory, he attributes to God the enactment of a penal law, in the most direct opposition to one of his own most declared purposes; a law, the violation of which was wonderfully provided for by a whole system of moral and physical organization, which could have no other design; replete, too, with exquisitely contrived cruelty, beyond the reach of Phalaris to invent. If such were unequivocally the language of the sacred record, we should have reverentially submitted to what we could not presume to understand. The ways of God are unsearchable; but we cannot allow the mysteries of Mr. O'Brien's theory to supersede a plain narration, of facts consistent with our purest, most consolatory, and best

evidenced notions of our heavenly parent and ruler. The actual facts are indeed most beautifully accordant with mercy, justice, and all that is revealed of the great design. The trial allotted to our first parents was nicely adjusted to their nature, neither too little nor too much. It carried no irresistible appeal to those disordering passions, which, while they act, impair the principle of resistance; but was a fairly moral trial, and a trial also of faith the established principle of human obedience. On the other hand, it was not so trivial as to make the violation of the law morally impossible; though seemingly light, it was trial still, and adapted to the exercise of those virtues which cannot be supposed to exist without some such possibility. In that simple stage of his existence, man had not the means of perpetual sin which civilization affords. He could not yet forget the very existence of his Maker, nor incur the manifold penalties which belong to the multiplied inventions, possessions, and relations of this crowded and variously modified world. Offences, essentially such from their pernicious consequences, could not be devised without some fatal addition to the sum of those evils which were thereafter to arise from sin. In the state actually represented in Genesis; there still was that possibility of deviation in which alone responsibility is involved, and therefore, however remote, a probability of disobedience. The inclination of curiosity would naturally arise in a being like man, and have to be frequently combated by reflection, gratitude, reverence, and faith. It is also but too conceivable how the frequent entertainment of forbidden desire, and the frequent recurrence to reflective restraints, tends to increase the former and subdue the latter. To this add the influences of suggestion, and the increasing desire of appetite, which gathers force from the imagination; and without noticing the numerous other slight but influential causes which cannot fail to suggest themselves, a case is made out which needs no aid from Mr. O'Brien's philosophy. With this the subsequent parts of the same chain of interpretations fall harmless to the ground.

If Eve was not the first worshipper, neither was Cain the first high priest. Mr. O'Brien need not look back six thousand years for the sources of religious error; his own researches will furnish him abundantly with instances of the means by which the dreams of superstition, and the refinements of metaphysics, are used to systematize and, in a distorted shape, restore imperfect rites, doctrines, and traditions; he might trace them in the formation of the theory he has invented—the worship of Bhudda—of which he may fairly dispute with Cain the honour of the priesthood. The hierophant of Bhudda may look down with legitimate scorn on the high priest to the Royal Irish Academy.*

Immediately connected with this, Mr. O'Brien has made some other profound discoveries, which we do not mean to analyse; they are, indeed, refutations in themselves, and need only be mentioned. As Cain was a high priest, (an office which he loves to bestow,) it was necessary to find him a congregation. For this purpose, Mr. O'Brien waves his cabalistic wand, and calls up a world full of men and women, who are in no way related to Adam. We need not labour to demolish this visionary world.

Shall we be excused if we advert to another slight oversight. Mr. O'Brien, forgetful of the paschal lamb, thinks it necessary to explain why our Redeemer is called the Lamb. This he effects by means of that new element of logic which is peculiarly his own; overlooking the trifling facts that English is not Irish or Greek; he finds a word in the Irish, having two letters the same as two of the English, and thus proves that the word lamb is used as a modification of the Irish lamb, and is by no means a translation of that unmeaning Greek word *ἀμνος*, which has the misfortune not to resemble either. Such is a plain instance of the legitimate application of the etymological fudge by help of which Mr. O'Brien discovers what he pleases.

Notwithstanding innumerable absurdities of this kind, we are far from affirming that Mr. O'Brien's book is uniformly devoid of that misty probability which belongs even to the

* P. 407. Note.

dreams of human reason. He is content with the lowest degree of probability, though with a strange inconsistency, the very highest does not convince him. The truth is this, and it is worth reflecting on. Like the astronomer in *Rasselas*, he has become so absorbed in the prepossessions of his theory, that they have obtained possession of his whole understanding, and thus impart a character to every object he looks on. Hence the marvellous coincidences and affir-

mations of "miraculous evidence." Hence, too, the startling energy of exclamation with which, like "Katerfelto with his hairs on end, at his own wonders, wondering," he now and then proclaims these monsters of his brain. But through his whole voluminous mass of statements and opinions, there is one thing uniformly to be observed: some assumption or omission, some spurious or neglected link, the absence or introduction of which inevitably vitiates the whole.

THE FORESTER'S COMPLAINT.

I.

Through our wild wood-walks here,
Sunbright and shady,
Free as the forest deer
Roams a lone lady:
Far from her castle keep,
Down i' the valley,
Roams she, by dingle deep,
Green holm and alley,
With her sweet presence bright
Gladd'ning my dwelling—
Oh, fair her face of light,
Past the tongue's telling!
 Wo was me
 E'er to see
Beauty so shining;
 Ever since, hourly,
Have I been pining!

II.

In our blythe sports' debates
Down by the river,
I, of my merry mates,
Foremost was ever;
Skilfullest with my flute,
Leading the maidens
Heark'ning by moonlight mute,
To its sweet cadence;
Sprightliest i' the dance
Tripping together—
Such a one was I once,
E'er she came hither!
 Wo was me
 E'er to see
Beauty so shining;
 Ever since, hourly,
Have I been pining!

III.

Loud now my comrades laugh
As I pass by them;
Broadsword and quarter staff
No more I ply them:
Coy now the maidens frown.
Wanting their dances;
How can their faces brown
Win one, who fancies
Even an angel's face
Dark to be seen would
Be, by the Lily-grace
Gladd'ning the greenwood!
 Wo was me
 E'er to see
Beauty so shining,
 Ever since, hourly,
Have I been pining!

IV.

Wolf by my broken bow
Idle is lying,
While through the wood I go,
All the day, sighing,
Tracing her footsteps small
Through the moss'd cover,
Hiding then, breathless all,
At the sight of her,
Lest my rude gazing should
From her haunt scare her—
Oh, what a solitude
Wanting her, here were!
 Wo was me
 E'er to see
Beauty so shining;
 Ever since, hourly,
Have I been pining!

S. F.

LETTERS FROM SPAIN.—No. I.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PROSPER MÉRIMÉ.

I am now on my way to Madrid, after having for several months past, and in every possible direction, traversed the province of Andalusia, the classic soil of brigands, without having ever met a single one. I had laid myself out for an attack of robbers, not with the intention of defending myself against them, but for the purpose of conversing with them, and questioning them most politely upon their way of life. As I look at my coat, worn out at the elbows, and my very slender equipments, I am quite chagrined at having missed these gentlemen. The pleasure of a rencontre with them would not have been too dearly purchased by the loss of a light portmanteau.

However, if I have seen no robbers, to compensate me, I have scarcely heard of anything else.

At every stop you make to change mules, the postillions, the innkeepers, every body tells you the most melancholy stories of travellers assassinated, and women carried off. The occurrence that they relate is invariably one that happened just the evening before, and in the very part of the road you are about to pass along. The traveller who as yet knows nothing of Spain, and who has not had time to acquire the sublime coolness of a Castilian, (*la flemma Castellana*), however incredulous in habit he may generally be, yet cannot fail to be in some degree impressed with these relations. The day closes in much more rapidly than in our northern latitudes; here the twilight lasts but for a moment; there comes then, especially in the vicinity of the mountains, a wind which doubtless in Paris would be accounted warm, but which here, from the comparison one makes of it with the scorching heat of the day, appears chill and uncomfortable. While you wrap yourself closely up in your cloak, and draw down your travelling cap over your eyes, you observe that the men who

compose your escort (*escopeteros*) throw the priming out of their muskets, without replacing it anew. In surprise at this extraordinary procedure, you ask them the meaning of it, and the stout fellows, who accompany you to protect you, answer from the top of the imperial where they are perched, that truly they have all the courage in the world, but that they could not think of opposing themselves unaided against a whole band of robbers. "If they should attack us, we could hope for quarter only by being able to prove to them that we never had any intention of resisting."

Then what is the object, you will ask, of embarrassing one's self with these fellows and their muskets, of which they are determined to make no use? Oh! they are a capital defence against the straggling *rufes*, that is, the amateur brigands, who rifle travellers only when a favourable opportunity presents itself; one meets them but in parties of two or three at the most.

The traveller now begins to repent himself of having brought so much money with him. He looks what o'clock it is by his *breguet*, which he has some misgivings he may now be consulting for the last time. He would be but too happy if he knew that it was hanging peaceably over his chimney piece in Paris. He asks the *mayoral* if the robbers ever strip travellers of their clothes?

"Oh! ay—sometimes, Sir. Last month the public coach from Seville was stopped near La Carlota, and all the travellers were sent into Ecija just like the little angels."

"Like little angels! What do you mean?"

"I mean that the brigands had taken all their clothes, and had not left them even their shirts."

"The devil!" exclaims the traveller, buttoning up his coat; but presently

he recovers himself, and even summons up a smile as he looks at a pretty little Andalusian girl, one of his travelling companions, who kisses her thumb piously as she ejaculates a prayer to the Virgin. (Every body knows that those who kiss their thumb after having made the sign of the cross, always obtain their prayers.)

Night comes on at once, but fortunately the moon rises brilliantly in a cloudless sky. One begins to discover from a distance the entrance into a dark pass between the mountains, of scarcely less than half a league in length. "Mayoral, is that the place where they stopped the coach, as you were telling me?"

"Yes, Sir, and shot a traveller. Postillion," pursues the mayoral, "don't crack your whip so loud, for fear of giving them notice."

"Whom?" asks the traveller.

"The robbers," replies the mayoral.

"The devil," exclaims the traveller.

"Look, Sir, down there at the turn of the road; are not these men? They are concealing themselves in the shadow of that great rock."

"Yes, Ma'am—one, two, three—six men a-horseback."

"Holy Mary, protect us!" (A sign of the cross, and a kissing of the thumb.)

"Mayoral, do you see down there?"

"Yes."

"There is one of them holding a long stick—perhaps a musket?"

"It is a musket."

"Do you think these are honest folk?" (*buena gente*,) asks the young Andalusian anxiously.

"How can I tell?" replies the mayoral, shrugging up his shoulders, and letting down the corners of his mouth.

"Then Heaven have mercy on us all!" and she hides her face in the folds of the traveller's cloak in still greater alarm.

The carriage proceeds rapidly; eight stout mules in trot. The horsemen stop and draw up in line. It is to block the way: no, they open; three go to the left, and three to the right of the road.—It is for the purpose of surrounding the carriage on every side.

"Postillion, pull up your mules the moment these people there desire you, and take care how you bring a volley of musketry upon us."

"Don't be uneasy, Sir; I am more concerned in that matter than you."

At last they approach so near that they plainly distinguish the large hats, the peaked saddles and white leather spatter-dashes of the six horsemen. If one could distinguish their features, what eyes, what beards, what scars one would see! There can be no doubt these are the robbers, for they all have muskets. The foremost robber touches the edge of his large hat, and says, in a grave and mild voice, "*Vayan Vds. con Dios!*" (God speed you,) which is the salutation which travellers exchange on the road. "*Vayan Vds. con Dios!*" say the other horsemen in their turn, making way civilly for the carriage to pass; for these are honest farmers who have been delayed to a late hour at the market of Ecija, and are returning to their village, and travel in a body, and armed, in consequence of the manner in which the road is infested, as I have already said, with robbers.

After a few rencontres of this kind, one begins to think no more at all of robbers. One gradually becomes so well used to the rather wild look of the country people, that the real robbers seem to you but honest peasants who perhaps have not trimmed their beards for some time. A young Englishman, with whom I had formed an acquaintance at Granada, had for a long time travelled without an adventure, over the worst roads of Spain; so that he had at last arrived at obstinately denying the existence of such people as robbers. One day he was stopped by two men of rather sinister appearance, armed with muskets. He immediately took it into his head that these could be none other than some country people who, by way of joke, wished to amuse themselves by giving him a fright. When they demanded his money, he answered with a laugh that he was not to be imposed on so easily. Nor was he undeceived till one of these real robbers gave him a severe blow across the head with the butt end of his musket, the mark of which I saw three months after.

Except in some very rare cases, the brigands in Spain never inflict personal injury on travellers. Often are they satisfied with taking from them whatever money they may happen to have about them, without rifling their lug-

gage, or perhaps even without searching their persons. However, one cannot altogether trust them. A young man of fashion, of Madrid, was on his way to Cadiz, and had with him two dozen superfine shirts, which he had got over from London. The robbers stopped him near to Carolina; and after they had taken all the loose cash he had in his purse, without reckoning all the rings, lockets, love tokens, &c. which an exquisite of extensive acquaintance could not but have, the leader of the party pointed out to him most courteously that the linen of his troop, compelled as they were to keep at a convenient distance from inhabited places, was in but a sorry condition, and stood much in need of the aid of a washerwoman. The shirts are forthwith displayed and admired—the captain, observing pleasantly that among friends there should be no ceremony, pops a few of them into his *havrre-sac*; then takes off his black tatters, which, at a reasonable computation, he could not have changed for six weeks at the least, and laughingly equips himself in the finest cambric of his prisoner. Each of his fellow-thieves does the same, so that the unfortunate wight finds himself at once not only plundered of his entire wardrobe, but moreover in possession of a bundle of filthy rags that he would not have ventured to touch with the end of his stick: in addition to this, he is also obliged to stand the jokes of all the brigands. The captain, in that tone of grave railery which the Andalusians so well know how to assume, told him, as he took his leave, that he would never forget the obligation he lay under to him; that he would lose no time in returning him the shirts he had the kindness to lend him; and he would take back his own the next time he had the honour of seeing him again. “But especially,” added he, “don’t forget to have these gentlemen’s shirts nicely bleached: we shall call upon you for them when you pass this way on your return to Madrid.” The unhappy victim of their pleasantry, in relating the details of his robbery, avowed to me that he would easier have forgiven the rascals the taking of his shirts than their sarcastic jokes.

More than once the Spanish government have taken it seriously in hand to rid the great roads of the robbers, who from time immemorial have been in uninterrupted possession of them; but their efforts have never had any decisive effect: as quickly as one band has been destroyed, another has been formed. Sometimes the governor of a province has succeeded, by great efforts, in chasing all the brigands out of his jurisdiction; but then the neighbouring provinces have swarmed with them.

The nature of the country, bristling as it is with craggy mountains, and where the roads are bad, makes it a matter of great difficulty to effect the total extirpation of robbers. Besides, in Spain, as in La Vendée, there are a great many insulated little hamlets, or groups of farm-houses (*aldeas*) many miles distant from any populous place. If soldiers were to be thrown into all these hamlets, into all the small villages, the robbers would be soon compelled to give themselves up to justice, or else to perish of starvation: but where could money be had to effect this, or soldiers?

It is well known that the inhabitants of these *aldeas* are interested in keeping up a good understanding with the brigands, whose vengeance is not a matter to be thought lightly of. On the other hand, those who can reckon on them for food and shelter, keep on good terms with them, pay them well for whatever they require from them, and sometimes even give them a share in the partition of the booty. It must also be taken into consideration, that the profession of a robber is by no means regarded by the generality of the people as one that is dishonourable. To rob on the great roads, in the sight of all the world, is to oppose manfully, to protest against tyrannical laws. But the man who, with but the aid of his single musket, has the courage to throw down the gauntlet of defiance to the whole army of the civil authorities, is an absolute hero that the men admire and the women adore. He glories in being able to say, in the words of one of their ancient songs,

“A todos los desafío
Pues á nadie tengo miedo!”*

* I defy all, for I fear nobody.

A robber usually begins his career in the character of a smuggler: some unkind interruption is given to his business by the collectors of the duties. It is held to be a monstrous injustice, by nine-tenths of the people, that a brave fellow should be annoyed for simply selling, at a cheap rate, better cigars than the king provides them; who brings the women silks, English manufactures, and all the news from ten leagues about. If a custom-house officer should happen to kill or seize his horse, then is the smuggler ruined; he has, moreover, an injury to revenge, and forthwith he turns robber. Should any one ask what is become of the fine young fellow that one may have observed some months before, who was the cock of his village? "Alas!" replies a woman, "he was obliged to take to the hills. It was not his fault, poor fellow! He was so quiet! Heaven bless him!" The good souls make the government accountable for all the acts of violence committed by the robbers. "It is their fault," say they, "who drive to extremity the poor fellows who only ask to be allowed to live peaceably, and to follow their own business."

The very model of a Spanish brigand, the prototype of a hero of the high road, the Robin Hood, the Roque Guinart of our times, is the celebrated José Maria, surnamed *el Tempranito*. This is the man who is talked of by every body from Madrid to Seville, and from Seville to Madrid. Handsome, brave, courteous, as much so at least as a robber can be—such is José Maria. If he stops one of the public coaches, he presents his hand to the ladies to assist them to alight, and takes care that they are agreeably seated in the shade; for it is in the broad daylight that most of his exploits are performed. Never does he make use of an oath, never a coarse expression; on the contrary, his behaviour is almost deferential, and he has a natural politeness which never deserts him. Does he take a valuable ring from the hand of a lady, "Ah, Madam," says he, "such a beautiful hand does not require the aid of ornaments." And while he is in the act of gently slipping the ring off her finger, he kisses her hand in a manner that makes one think, as a Spanish lady said, that

the pleasure of so doing was of more value in his estimation than the ring. The ring he takes in a half absent manner; but the kiss, on the contrary, he dwells upon long. I have been assured that he always leaves the travellers money enough to carry them to the next town; and never has he been known to refuse a person permission to keep any jewel which some recollections made valuable to them.

José Maria has been represented to me as a fine young man of from twenty-five to thirty years of age, of a handsome figure, with an open and joyous expression of countenance, teeth white as pearls, and particularly expressive eyes. He wears commonly the dress of a *majo* (an Andalusian beau,) of an extremely rich description. His linen is always brilliantly white, and his hands would not disgrace a London or Parisian exquisite.

Scarcely five or six years have elapsed since he took to the high roads. His relations had intended him for the church, and he was studying theology at the University of Granada; but his vocation did not lie that way, as we shall presently see; for one night he introduced himself into the house of a young lady of respectable family. Love, they say, makes one excuse many things; but there was a story of violence used—of a servant wounded.—I never was able to hear the entire of the story distinctly. The father made a great stir about the matter, and a criminal proceeding was commenced. José Maria was obliged to fly, and to banish himself to Gibraltar: there his finances running low, he made an agreement with an English merchant to smuggle for him a large quantity of prohibited goods. He was betrayed by a man whom he had entrusted with the secret of his project. The officers of customs thus became acquainted with the road he purposed taking, and they formed an ambuscade to surprise him on his journey. All the mules that he had were taken; but he did not abandon them until after an obstinate resistance, in which he killed or wounded several of the officers. From that moment he had no other resource than to levy taxes upon travellers.

An extraordinary good fortune has hitherto constantly attended him. A

price has been set upon his head ; his description is posted upon the gates of every town, with a promised reward of eight thousand reals to any one who shall give him up dead or alive, even though it should be one of his associates. Meanwhile José Maria holds on with impunity his hazardous career, and extends the range of his exploits from the frontiers of Portugal even to the kingdom of Murcia. His band is not numerous, but it is formed of men whose fidelity and determination have been long since put to the test. One day, at the head of a dozen chosen men, he surprised at the *Fenia* of Gazin seventy royalist volunteers, who had been sent in pursuit of him, and disarmed them all. He was afterwards seen to regain the mountains at a leisurely pace, driving before him two mules laden with seventy carbines, which he carried off, it would seem, to make a trophy of them.

One morning, while I was staying at Seville, there was found upon the gate of Triana, beneath the description of his person, the following words written with a pencil—"Signature of the above-named José Maria."

They relate wonderful stories of his address in shooting with a bullet. Mounted on a horse, which he has put in full gallop, he can hit the stem of an olive tree at one hundred and fifty paces. The following anecdote will at once afford an example of his talents and his generosity :

An officer named Castro, a man of the greatest courage and activity, who, they say, takes an especial pleasure in pursuing the brigands, as much for the purpose of satisfying his revenge for some personal injury, as to perform his military duty, was informed by one of his spies that José Maria would be found on a certain day at a remote *aldea*, or hamlet, where a mistress of his resided. Castro, on the day named to him, set out on horseback, and in order to avoid exciting observation by bringing too many persons with him to an unfrequented quarter, he took but four lancers. Whatever precautions he had used to conceal his march, he was not able to manage so well but that intelligence of it was conveyed to José Maria. At the moment when Castro, after passing through a deep gorge in the mountain, had entered the

valley in which lay the *aldea* where the mistress of his antagonist resided, twelve horsemen, well mounted and armed, suddenly made their appearance upon his flank, and much nearer than he was to the pass, by which alone he could have effected a retreat. The lancers gave themselves up as lost. A single man, mounted on a bay horse, detached himself at full gallop from the troop of robbers, and pulled up his horse suddenly, within a hundred paces of Castro.

"José Maria is not to be taken by surprise," said he. "Senor Castro, what have I done to you, that you should seek to give me up into the hands of the law? I could now easily kill you ; but men of courage have become very rare, and I give you your life. But you shall have a little token that perhaps will teach you a lesson. Here's for your *schako*." So saying, he takes aim and sends a bullet through the top of Castro's military cap. Without further delay he then turned his bridle, and disappeared instantly with his people.

The following is another instance of his courtesy. A wedding was celebrated at a farm in the neighbourhood of Andujar. The newly married pair had already received the compliments of their friends, and they were about to seat themselves at table under an immense fig tree before the door of the house. Every body was disposed to enjoy himself as much as possible, and the odour of the jessamine, and the orange trees in blossom, mingled itself agreeably with the more substantial perfume which was exhaled by the many dishes beneath whose weight the table bent. Suddenly there presented himself a man on horseback, who issued from a grove, about a pistol shot from the door of the house. The unknown jumped actively to the ground, waved his hand gracefully to the company, and proceeded to lead his horse to the stables. No one was expected, but in Spain every chance passenger is welcome to take share of the repast prepared for a fête. Moreover the stranger, by his dress, appeared to be a person of some consequence. The bridegroom immediately hastened to ask him to dinner.

While every one was enquiring of his neighbour, in a whisper, who this

stranger could be, the Notary of Andujar, who was present at the wedding, suddenly became as pale as death. He attempted to raise himself off the chair where he was seated, near the bride; but his knees bent under him, and his legs could no longer support him. One of the guests, who had long been suspected of being engaged in contraband traffic, drew near the bride.

"It is José Maria," said he. "I am greatly mistaken if he has not come here to do something fearful!! (*para hacer una muerte*.) It is the Notary whom he wants." But what could they do? could they assist him to escape?—impossible; José Maria would soon be up with him. Should they seize the brigand?—But then his troop is doubtless close at hand; besides he carries pistols in his belt, and his poniard is never from his side.

"But, Mr. Notary, what is it you have done to him?"

"Alas! nothing, positively nothing."

Somebody whispered softly that the Notary had told his farmer, two months before, that if José Maria should ever come to ask him for wine to drink, he ought to put a dose of arsenic into it.

They were still in deliberation, without having touched the *olla*, when the unknown reappeared, followed by the bridegroom. There was no longer any question, it was José Maria himself. He cast, as he passed him, the glance of a tiger upon the Notary, who began to tremble just as if he had the shivering fit of a fever upon him: he then saluted gracefully the bride, and asked permission to dance at her wedding—she did not venture to refuse, or even to look ungraciously at him.

José Maria accordingly took a wooden stool, which he drew near the table, and seated himself without ceremony beside the bride, between her and the Notary, who seemed every instant ready to faint away.

They began to eat. José Maria was full of politeness and attentions to his fair neighbour. When the best sort of wine was handed about, the bride, taking a glass of Montilla (which in my judgment is preferable to the Xerez) touched it with her lips, and then presented it to the robber. This is a mark of courtesy that one bestows

at table on an esteemed guest. It is called *una sneza*. It is to be regretted that the custom has been forgotten in good society, which is quite as much inclined here as elsewhere to strip itself of all usages which are indicative of nationality.

José Maria took the glass, was profuse in his acknowledgments, entreated the bride to consider him as one of her most devoted servants, and assured her he would at all times be happy to render obedience to her commands.

Whereupon trembling all over, and inclining herself timidly towards her fearful neighbour, "Grant me one favour," said she. "A thousand!" exclaimed José Maria.

"Forget, I entreat of you, the angry intentions you may have brought with you. Promise me that for my sake you will pardon your enemies, and do not bring any evil fortune upon my wedding."

"Notary!" said José Maria, turning himself towards the trembling man of the law, "return your best thanks to this lady; if it had not been for her, I should have exterminated you before your dinner had been well digested. But be at rest, I now will do you no hurt." And then pouring out for him a glass of wine, he added, with a smile of peculiarly arch expression, "Come, Notary, here's to my health; this wine is excellent, and has not been poisoned." The unhappy Notary thought he was swallowing ten thousand pins. "Come, lads!" cried the robber, "now for gaiety!—*vaya de broma!*—health and happiness to the bride—and jumping up gaily, he ran to get a guitar, and began to sing an impromptu in honour of the new married couple.

In short, during the remainder of the dinner, and the dance which succeeded it, he made himself so agreeable that the women were all in tears to think that so charming a fellow would perhaps some day or other end his career at the gallows. Towards midnight, a little girl about twelve years old, half clad in ragged clothes, drew near José Maria, and said something to him in the cant language of the gypsies. José Maria started; he went hastily to the stable, and returned quickly, leading out his good horse. Then approaching the bride, with the bridle hanging on his arm, "Adieu,"

said he, "*hija de mi alma*—(daughter of my soul)—never shall I forget the few moments I have spent in your society. They were the happiest I have known for many years. Condescend to accept this trifle from a poor devil who wishes he had a mine of them to offer you." So saying, he presented her with a handsome ring.

"José Maria" exclaimed the bride, "as long as there is a loaf of bread in this house, the half of it is yours."

The robber shook hands with all the guests, even with the Notary, saluted all the women, and then throwing himself lightly into the saddle, he regained the mountain. Then for the first time the Notary was able to draw breath freely. In half an hour afterwards there arrived a detachment of soldiers, but nobody had seen the person they were in search of.

It follows as a matter of necessity that the Spanish people, who have by heart the songs of the Twelve Peers, who sing the exploits of Renaud de Montauban, must take an interest in the only man, who, in times so prosaic as those we live in, revives the chivalrous virtues of the ancient worthies. But another motive still further contributes to encrease the popularity of José Maria. He is generous to an extreme. Money costs him hardly any thing in the acquisition, and he scatters it as freely among the unfortunate. Never, it is said, did a poor man ask of him, without receiving abundant alms.

A muleteer related to me that having lost a mule which constituted his entire property, he was on the point of throwing himself head foremost into the Guadalquivir, when a little box containing six ounces of gold was placed in his wife's hands by some unknown person. He had not the least doubt but that it was a present from José Maria, to whom he had pointed out a ford one day when he was closely pursued by the soldiers.

I will conclude this long letter by one more trait of beneficence in my hero.

A certain poor carrier of the neighbourhood of Campillo de Arenas, was conveying into the town a small quantity of vinegar. This vinegar was contained in skins, according to the

custom of the country, and was carried by an ass, lean, scald, and half dead of starvation. In some narrow path a stranger, whom by his dress one would have taken for a sportsman, meets the vinegar-carrier, and as soon as he has looked at the ass, he bursts out a laughing. "What sort of a wretched animal is that you have got there?" says he. "Is it carnival-time, that you are going a masquerading?" and his bursts of laughter broke out afresh.

"Sir," answered the owner of the ass, stung to the quick, "this beast, ugly as it may be, nevertheless earns me my food; I am but a poor man, and I have no money to buy any other."

"What!" exclaims the laughing gentleman, "is it that frightful jackass which keeps you from starving? It will be broken down before a week is about. Here," continued he, giving him a tolerably heavy bag, "there is a capital mule for sale at old Herrera's; he asks 1,500 reals for it; here they are. Buy the mule this very day, not later, and don't attempt to higgie about it. If I find you to-morrow on the road with this hideous jackass, as sure as my name is José Maria, I'll pitch you both over a precipice."

The poor carrier, when he found himself alone, the bag in his hand, could hardly believe but that he was dreaming. However, the 1,500 reals well truly reckoned. He was aware of the value of the oath of José Maria, and accordingly set out forthwith for Herrera's, where he lost no time in exchanging his reals for a handsome mule.

The night following, Herrera is startled out of his sleep. Two men present a poniard and a dark lantern before his eyes. "Come, be quick! your money!" "Alas! my worthy Sirs, I have not a *quarto* in the house." "That's false. You sold yesterday a mule for 1,500 reals, that such a man from Campillo has paid you." In fine, their arguments were so irresistible, that the 1,500 reals were quickly given, or, if you will have it so, refunded.

[NOTE.—We have been informed by a friend lately returned from Spain, that by a change of circumstance not unprecedented there, (nor in France, as testified in the instance of

the celebrated Vidocq,) José Maria mountains, and accepted the rank and has lately quitted his lawless way of pay of a captain, he is now chiefly life for a less chivalrous vocation. distinguished by his activity in apprehending and bringing to justice his Having entered into a compromise with the government, abandoned his former associates.]

SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

The lily now blooms in its beauty,
 The hawthorn blossoms sae fair,
 And simmer, on soft sunny breezes,
 Comes dancing in gladness aince mair :
 The clear siller burnie is gushing,
 Late covered in deep winter snaw,
 And a' save my puir heart is cheery,
 My bonnie dear laddie's awa !

I ken by the note o' the blackbird,
 I ken by the lintie's saft sang,
 I ken by the shrill singing lav'rock,
 High piping the white clouds amang !
 I ken by the wail o' the plover
 That echoes through greenwood an' shaw,
 A' nature thegither is tellin' t',
 My bonnie dear laddie's awa !

Nae mair by the wood-skirted mountain
 I meet him when mornin' is young,
 Nor down i' the valley at gloamin'
 I list to his love-wooing tongue !
 Nae mair do I hear his wild music,
 For sweetly the pipe he can blaw ;
 I wonder what's come o' my laddie,
 O ! he is the dearest of a' !

But the sun that blinks sweet on the gowan
 Rekindles the dark rocky glen ;
 Sae I, though my heart it be eerie,
 May welcome its sunshine again !
 But hark ! yonder note as it rises,
 Or laigh down the valley does fa',
 I ken 'tis the pipe o' my true love,
 O ! he is the dearest of a' !

CHINESE HISTORICAL DRAMAS AND ROMANCES.

Tchao-chi-lou-rul, ou l'Orphelin de la Chine, drame en prose et vers, suivi de melanges de littérature Chinoise : traduit du Chinois, par Stanislas Julien, membre de l'Institut. Paris, Moutardier. 1834.

Stanislas Julien, the able successor of the lamented Remusat, as professor of Chinese in the college of Paris, has worthily commenced his official career by publishing a new translation of the Orphan of China, one of the most interesting and characteristic dramas in any language. It is well known that Premare, in the beginning of the last century, published a version of this drama, on which Voltaire founded his celebrated tragedy, *L'Orphelin de la Chine*; but it is not equally well known that Premare's version was very defective, and especially that he omitted the operatic parts, which are precisely those that enable us best to form a correct judgment of Chinese literature. In addition to a very close and almost literal translation of the drama, M. Julien gives us, from native historians, the circumstances on which the author has founded his plot, and has added notes, explaining the remote allusions to which the Chinese are so prone, especially in their lyrical effusions. He has added three historical tales, now for the first time translated, and several short Chinese poems, which are curious rather than interesting. Julien's translation is strictly literal, being designed for students rather than general readers. In our analysis we shall use a wider latitude of interpretation, because to us the substance is more important than the form.

The historical facts on which the drama is founded may be told in a few words. The kingdom of Tsin, originally established as an *appanage* for the junior branches of the imperial family, attained great power about the beginning of the sixth century before the Christian era : its prosperity was principally owing to the noble house of Tchao, from whence sprung a long line of illustrious warriors and statesmen. An envious rival resolved to destroy

the entire race, and by artifice obtained a royal order for the purpose. All the males of the house of Tchao were slain ; but the wife of one of them was pregnant, and she was closely confined, that her child, if a boy, should be murdered as soon as born. Tching-ing, a faithful friend of the unhappy family, rescued the infant by sacrificing his own child, whom he gave to the assassins as the orphan heir of Tchao. He educated as his own child the boy whose life he had so dearly purchased ; and when he attained a suitable age, revealed to him the secret of his birth. Young Tchao revenged the wrongs of his family, restored the fortunes of his house, and was the ancestor of a new race of warriors and statesmen, whose fame equalled that of their ancestors.

The drama opens with a prologue, spoken by Tou-An-Kou, the hereditary enemy of the house of Tchao. He tells us his name, as indeed do all the other personages when they first appear ; because in China the same actor frequently performs several parts, which, without such a precaution, would, of course, cause great confusion.

Tou-An-Kou recites the following verses :—

Men seek not the tiger to slay,
'Tis the tiger that falls upon men.
Whilst we can, let our passions have away ;
For the moments that once pass away,
To mortals return not again.

He speaks—

" My name is Tou-An-Kou ; I am the commander-in-chief of the armies of Tsin. Since the present monarch, Ling-Kong, came to the throne, two persons only have shared his confidence ; Tchao-Tún, who regulates civil affairs, and I, who govern the army. I hate Tchao-Tún, and have frequently sought to slay him, but hitherto my efforts have failed. His

son, Tchao-So, has lately married the daughter of the king. . . . A Tartar prince sent hither as a tribute a dog named Chin-ao, (gifted with superior intelligence,) which the king bestowed upon me. The moment I got him, I devised a stratagem for the destruction of Tchao-Tún. I shut up Chin-ao in a private room, and kept him four or five days without food. I then suspended in my garden a figure of straw, dressed like Tchao-Tún, in a violet mantle, a belt adorned with emeralds, and black boots. In this figure I placed the dog's food. I then brought Chin-ao—in an instant he tore the mantle to pieces, and ravenously satisfied his appetite. This process I repeated for a hundred days. . . .

When all was prepared I went to Ling-Kong, and said, "Sire, there is some one in your court void of loyalty and filial piety, who has formed a dangerous conspiracy against his sovereign."

At these words Ling-Kong was transported with anger, and asked me the name of the traitor.

"You have lately received," I replied, "from the prince of the western barbarians, a dog endowed with supernatural instinct: he will discover the traitor."

"In former days," said Ling-Kong, delighted, "during the reigns of the emperors Yao and Chun, there was an animal named Hiai-tchai, who discovered the guilty and sprung upon them. Could I hope that a dog endowed with such intelligence should be found in my little kingdom of Tsín? Where is he?"

I instantly went for Chin-ao, and brought him into the audience-chamber. At this moment Tchao-Tún was by the side of the sofa on which Ling-Kong reclined. No sooner did the dog catch a sight of his figure, than he sprung forward and attacked him.

"Tou-an-Kou," said Ling-Kong to me, "against whom have you loosed Chin-ao: are you not a calumniator?" . . .

After having spoken to Ling-Kong, I proceeded to massacre, without distinction, three hundred persons of the house of Tchao. There only survives now Tchao-So, who dwells in the second palace, with the king's daughter. As he is the son-in-law of Ling-Kong, I do not dare to put him to death on my private authority. Reflection convinces me that the best way to prevent a plant from sending out shoots is to destroy the roots. I have counterfeited a decree of Ling-Kong, and I have sent a messenger to carry three gifts to Tchao-So,

a bow-string, a bowl of poison, and a dagger, with orders that he should choose his mode of death.

He sings—

Of Tchao's house three hundred fell,
The victims of my hate;
Should Tchao-So the number swell,
I then may mock at fate.
He too must die, or all is vain;
Choose he what death him suits.
The plant can never bloom again
When we've destroyed the roots."

Two introductory scenes follow: in the first of them Tchao-So predicts to the princess his approaching death, and desires that his posthumous child, if a boy, should be named Tchao-chi-kou-eul, that is, "the orphan of the family of Tchao." In the second scene the messenger of death appears; Tchao-So is slain, and the princess, his wife, placed in close confinement.

In the first act we learn that the child has been born, and his mother appears on the stage with him in her arms. She sings to a mournful air—

My wretched heart with grief is torn,
And fearful pangs my soul are rending;
The past and present both I mourn,
And o'er the future woe's impending.
No greater wretch can pity claim,
For sighs and tears together bleed,
With ceaseless sobs convulse my frame,
Like autumn's rains in storms descending.

She then laments the probable fate of the orphan, and declares that his only chance of escape rests in the fidelity of a physician named Tching-ing. The physician enters, she places the child in his arms, and having obtained his promise to protect the boy, she hangs herself in his presence. Tching-ing hides the child in his medicine chest, but the captain of the guard examines this, and the secret is discovered. The captain, however, is a true friend to the house of Tchao; he allows Tching-ing to pass, and then commits suicide to escape the vengeance of Tou-An-Kou.

The second act opens with the communication of the intelligence of the orphan's escape to Tou-An-Kou. In his rage he resolves to anticipate Herod, and massacre all the male children of two years old and under. When Tching-ing hears the news, he fears that all his labours will be frustrated, but he resolves to consult Kong-Sun, a superannuated councillor of state, who lived in a retired country

seat. After a long discussion, it is resolved that Tch'ing-ing shall take the orphan home, and bring his own child to Kong-Sun, whom he shall then denounce to Tou-An-Kou; one agreeing to sacrifice his child, and the other himself, to prevent the extinction of the house of Tchao.

In the third act this extraordinary plan is put into execution. Tou-An-Kou, with his followers, come to the house of Kong-Sun, and cruelly torture him, to extort a confession. This scene is one of deep interest, for the old councillor, overcome by pain, loses his presence of mind, and all but confesses the real truth. We shall extract a portion of it.

Tou-An-Kou.—Old wretch! haste to confess where you have concealed the orphan; it is the only means by which you can escape the torture.

Kong-Sun.—What orphan could I have? where could I hide him? who has seen me?

Tou-An-Kou.—So you do not wish to confess: seize him soldiers, and chastise him as he deserves. (*They administer the bastinado.*)—Is it not enough to make one boil with rage, to see such an ugly old fellow as that, obstinately refuse to confess? Tch'ing-ing, since you were his accuser, I order you to punish him.

Tch'ing-ing.—My Lord, I am a physician, and know nothing but how to collect and compound simples. My arms are weak and feeble; how could I manage the cane?

Tou-An-Kou.—So you will not chastise him! Doubtless you fear that he will denounce you as his accomplice.

Tch'ing-ing.—Oh, very well, I will chastise him. . . .

[*Tch'ing-ing takes the cane, and gives Kong-Sun several blows.*]

Kong-Sun.—Alas! of all the blows I have received, the last were the most severe. Who was it that struck me?

Tou-An-Kou.—It was Tch'ing-ing that struck you.

Kong-Sun.—Ah, Tch'ing-ing, I ought not to have been struck by you.

Tch'ing-ing.—My Lord General, the blows he has received have deprived the wretched man of his reason.

Kong-Sun sings.

What cruel wretch is he, whose blow
So truly shows my deadly foe?
Cruel Tch'ing-ing the cause relate
Of this your fierce avenger's hate.
With tortures why assail my life,
Between us never was there strife?

Tou-An-Kou.—Make haste and confess.

Kong-Sun.—I am going to confess! I am going to confess! (*He sings.*)

From head to foot I'm bruised and sore,
His blows so heavy fell,
My feeble frame can bear no more
So now the truth I'll tell.

The orphan I have never seen,
And that Tch'ing-ing well knows,
His wanton charge was false and mean,
Bld him the facts disclose.

[*Tch'ing-ing appears overwhelmed with consternation.*]

Kong-Sun continues—

Oh agony; what maddening pains,
What horrid pangs I feel.
The torture every nerve that strains,
My chattering teeth reveal.

I cast a secret glance around—
Ha! he is deadly pale;
He's sinking slowly to the ground,
His limbs beneath him fall.

Tch'ing-ing, (partly recovering himself.)—
Hasten to confess, and spare me the trouble
Of killing you with blows.

Kong-Sun.—I am ready. I am ready. (*He sings.*)

Together the fear and the danger we brav'd,
And anxiously sought how the child should be sav'd.

Tou-An-Kou.—I perceive that you are about to denounce your accomplice. Since two were engaged in the transaction, you must necessarily have been one. Tell me the name of the other, and I will spare your life.

Kong-Sun.—You wish to discover my accomplice. I will tell; I will tell. (*He sings.*)

Alas! to my tongue at that moment it came,
It is swallow'd again—I pronounce not the name.

*Tou-An-Kou, (observing Tch'ing-ing's confusion.)—*Is it possible, Tch'ing-ing, that you have any connection with this affair?

Tch'ing-ing.—Oh, you old fool! are you going to denounce an innocent man?

Kong-Sun.—Why are you so troubled? (*He sings.*)

Why tremble, Tch'ing-ing, when your name is unspoken?

My body is rent, but my soul is unbroken.
Your purposes fail; but mine, certain and sure,
To the end, as they were at the first, shall endure.

Tou-An-Kou.—You spoke just now of two guilty persons: how comes it to pass that you speak at present as if there were none.

Kong-Sun sings,

In its purpose how often has cruelty fall'd!
Your tortures have over my reason prevail'd.

*Tou-an-Kou—Miserable wretch! unless
you make instant confession, I will have
you beaten to death.*

Kong-Sun sings,

Exhaust all your fury, expend all your hate—
Behold you, already, how wretched my state;
What worse can I dread? Every torture you've
tried,
And, tyrant, with death fall in view, you're
defied.

At this moment a soldier enters, bearing Tching-ing's child, who is, of course, supposed to be the orphan of the house of Tchao. Tou-an-Kou interrogates Kong-Sun; but the old councillor becomes more mysterious, more musical, and of course more provoking. At length Tou-an-Kou stabs the child. Tching-ing, in the agony of paternal grief, almost betrays his secret; and Kong-Sun, to distract the attention of Tou-an-Kou, sings a prophetic rhapsody, denouncing woes and vengeance. He then, like the fabled swan, warbles his own elegy, and commits suicide. Tou-an-Kou, believing every danger past, expresses his gratitude to Tching-ing, and sings an ode of triumph.

Twenty years are supposed to elapse between the third and fourth acts. The orphan has now attained the age of manhood; his military prowess has attracted the notice of Tou-an-Kou, who has adopted him as his own son. Tching-ing places before him a series of pictures, in which the misfortunes of his family are delineated; and when he asks for an explanation, reveals to him the secret of his birth. The orphan is distracted by gratitude for the unparalleled devotion of Tching-ing, and rage against the murderer of his family: but Tching-ing desires him to calm his emotions, and concentrate all his thoughts on vengeance.

The fifth act opens with the account of the effect that the discovery of Tou-an-Kou's treachery has produced on the king's mind. Ling-Kong is anxious to punish the traitor, but he fears his influence over the army. The orphan, however, has undertaken the hazardous task of his arrest, which he accomplishes with equal skill and boldness. The drama concludes with the

punishment of Tou-an-Kou, the restoration of the orphan to his hereditary dignity, and the elevation of Tching-ing to the highest honours.

One incident has been omitted by the dramatist, which the historian has recorded. It is too interesting and too characteristic to be passed over.

"When Tchao-Wou (the orphan,) took the dress of manhood, Tching-ing bade adieu to all the magistrates; and then said to Tchao-Wou—'Formerly, when misfortune overwhelmed the second palace, all the persons of the house of Tchao have had the courage to die. If I have dared to survive them, it is not because I feared death, but because I was anxious to preserve the heir of Tchao. Now that Tchao-Wou is established in his rights, and has recovered the dignity that belonged to him, I must hasten into the other world, that I may inform Tchao-Tun and Kong-Sun of what has happened.'

"Tchao-Wou was overwhelmed with affliction at these words: he struck his forehead against the earth, and begged him to lay aside his fatal purpose. 'I was desirous,' said he, 'to exhaust body and soul, in order to prove my gratitude; can you be so insensible to my grief as to quit me and die?'

"'It must be! It must be!' exclaimed Tching-ing; 'Tchao-Tun and Kong-Sun have believed me able to re-establish you in your rights, and have therefore died first. If I do not go to tell them that their desires are accomplished, they will believe that I could not execute my design.' He spoke, and plunged a dagger into his bosom.

"Tchao-Wou wore for three years the mourning usual on the death of a parent, and assigned the revenues of an entire estate to pay for funeral sacrifices. These sacrifices had not fallen into desuetude when the historian wrote."

It is not our purpose to offer any critical opinion on the merits of this drama. Chinese literature should be judged by a Chinese standard. All that a European critic has a right to do, is to illustrate the nature of that standard, by shewing what are the works that have been sanctioned by popular approbation in China. Leaving the drama, then, to stand or fall by its own merits, we turn to the historical novels, which Stanislas Julien has now, for the first time, translated. They are three

in number. The first is named the death of Tong-Tcho, and relates the means by which a tyrannical and ambitious minister was overthrown. It is very interesting, but too long to be extracted, and too full of incident to be abridged. The second, named "Hing-Lo-Tou ; or the Mysterious Picture," is more susceptible of analysis, and of it we shall give a brief account.

An aged provincial governor married a young wife, and thus gave deep offence to his only son, who was one of the most artful and avaricious young men to be found in China, and was commonly said to have got his name, Chen-Ki, (worthy descendant,) in bitter irony. Ere a year had elapsed, Chen-Ki had greater cause for anger ; the governor's wife presented him with another son, whose beauty claimed universal admiration.

"But this event, which so gratified his father, filled the heart of Chen-Ki with fury. 'Every body knows,' said he, 'that at the age of sixty man's powers fail ; how much more feeble must they be at eighty ? Did any one ever see flowers grow on a withered tree ? I am sure that this child is not the son of my father, and I will never acknowledge one manifestly illegitimate, as my brother.'"

The scandal-mongers of the neighbourhood soon brought tidings of these calumnies to the governor, and he soon received proof that Chen-Ki was sincere in his declaration ; for the young man refused to attend the feast *Soul-pan-hoei*, given when a boy attains the age of twelve months, when the emblems of war and writing are placed before him, that his choice may determine whether nature has designed him for a military or literary life. Vexed, as the governor justly was, he resolved to suppress his wrath, rather than afford Chen-Ki an excuse for taking vengeance on his younger brother.

"Four springs passed, and the boy had now attained his fifth year. The old man, seeing that he was endowed with rare intelligence, but that, on the other hand, he was wasting his time in sport and play, resolved to send him to school. As the elder brother was called Chen-Ki, he named the younger Chen-Chu, which has nearly the same signification.

"A fortunate day being chosen, the governor prepared a collation, and sent

Chen-Chu to invite the teacher selected to superintend his education."

The teacher chosen was the same to whom Chen-Ki had entrusted his son. Fearing that the young uncle and nephew would become acquainted, Chen-Ki removed his boy to another academy. When the governor heard this, he was so agitated, that returning home from making inquiries on the subject, he tripped over his threshold and fell, severely wounded. His young wife employed all the means in her power to restore his health, and summoned an able physician to her aid, but the resources of art were unavailing, and the physician declared that he had only two days to live.

"At this intelligence Chen-Ki cast many secret glances at the physician, and observed with joy that he was telling the truth. Thenceforward he began to make a noise in the house ; scolding and beating the servants ; directing everything, and acting as if already a master. The old man perceived it, and the grief such conduct occasioned, accelerated the progress of disease. His young wife ceased not to lament and groan ; his child went no longer to school, but remained to watch by the bed of his father.

"The governor perceiving his end approach, called to him his eldest son, and taking the register of his lands and houses, placed it in his hands, and said—'Chen-Chu is only five years old ; he wants a guardian. His mother is too young to superintend my house ; if I give her any part of my fortune, she will not know how to employ it. I think it, therefore, better to make you my sole heir. If Chen-Chu attains the age of manhood, I beg of you to act as his father. Provide him with a farm, give him a small house and five or six acres of land, that he may escape thirst and hunger, and be able to provide for his wants. . . . If Mei-Chi, (the young wife,) wishes to form a new alliance, permit her ; but if she desires to continue a widow, place no restraint on her inclinations. When I shall be no more, punctually execute my last commands ; thus you will display your filial piety, and ensure my repose in the world of shadows."

Chen-Ki having received the schedule, went from his father's presence transported with joy. As soon as he had departed, Mei-Chi remonstrated with the old man on an arrangement

that left her and her son at the mercy of their enemy. The governor, in reply, stated that a large legacy, openly given, would have certainly provoked the hostility of Chen-Ki, which a woman and child could scarcely have resisted. But he added that he had made ample provision for Chen-Chu, and placed in her hands a picture, three feet long, and one foot wide.

"What am I to do with this picture?" said Mei-Chi.

"It is a family portrait," replied the governor, "and contains a very important secret; take care to keep it sacredly, and shew it not to any body. But when your son attains maturity, if Chen-Ki shews him no attention, carefully keep your secret, and wait until they point you out a wise, upright magistrate, endowed with rare penetration; shew him this mysterious painting; tell him my last words, and request him to explain the enigma of the picture. The desired explanation will naturally offer itself to his mind, and afterwards you will obtain sufficient to provide you and your son, not merely with the necessaries but the comforts of life."

After the death of the governor, Chen-Ki acted as had been anticipated. He drove Mei-Chi and her child from the palace, but permitted them to occupy a dilapidated cottage, which stood at the extremity of the grounds. By the labour of her hands she contrived to support herself and Chen-Chu, until the latter had attained his fourteenth year. At this age he began to reflect on his condition, and to contrast the meanness of his appearance with his noble birth. Contrary to the advice of his mother, he went to remonstrate with Chen-Ki on the subject, and he, to avoid further importunity, sent Mei-Chi and the boy to a distant and barren farm, of which he gave them full possession—an act of generosity that cost him nothing, for the farmhouse was a ruin, and the land worthless. To console Chen-Chu in his desolate exile, Mei-Chi told him the secret of the mysterious painting, and permitted him to see it. He beheld the portrait of an aged man, richly clothed, with hair white as snow, pressing with one hand an infant to his bosom, and pointing with the other to the ground. The mother and son wearied themselves with conjectures respecting the mystery concealed in

the picture, and at length laid it aside in despair.

A few days afterwards, Chen-Chu, whilst going to a neighbouring town, heard an anecdote of a magistrate, named Teng, who had, with singular sagacity, discovered the real perpetrators of a murder, and delivered from danger those who had been falsely accused. It was a case of circumstantial evidence, and all its particulars are fully detailed by our author. The case gives us a complete view of the administration of criminal justice in China, but it is too long to be extracted, and the parts of the evidence so closely linked together, that a portion of it would scarcely be intelligible. Suffice it to say, that Teng displays as much ingenuity as Sir Andrew Wylie, on the trial of the gipseys, in Galt's best novel.

To this magistrate Chen-Chu resolved to apply. Accompanied by his mother, he brought the picture to Lord Teng, detailed all the circumstances, and solicited his aid. For many successive days, Teng tried to solve the enigma in vain: at length chance came to his aid. Having accidentally spilled a cup of tea on the painting, he went to hang it up to dry; but some of the paint being rubbed off, he perceived something like writing on a sheet of paper, behind that on which the picture was drawn. It is scarcely necessary to say that the paper used by the Chinese is very thin, and becomes transparent when moistened. Teng immediately removed the picture, and found under it a paper written by the governor, in which, having stated his dread of the avarice of Chen-Ki, he had bequeathed to Chen-Chu only a little cottage to the left of his palace; adding that the bequest was more valuable in reality than in appearance; for in a specified part of it he had concealed a large treasure of gold and silver; a portion of which he designed for the intelligent magistrate that should first penetrate the mystery of the picture.

Teng now summoned Chen-Ki to appear before him, and declared that on an appointed day he would take cognizance of the question of the inheritance. When the day came, Chen-Ki appeared with a numerous train of friends and relations. Mei-Chi and

her son stood by themselves. Teng soon arrived: he affected to pronounce some mysterious words, and perform certain magical ceremonies, as he entered the house; and when he came into the hall, he turned to the seat which the late governor used to occupy, and made a profound salute, as if he had been actually present. While all present stood petrified with astonishment, he pretended to hold a conversation with the governor's ghost; and in obedience to the spirit's commands, he summoned all present to follow him. At the same time he described from the picture so accurately the size, appearance, and dress of the deceased, that all were terrified and persuaded of the reality of the apparition. When they reached the cottage, Teng declared that this, with its contents, was the only inheritance which the old governor designed for Chen-Chu; a declaration which filled Chen-Ki with joy, and Mei-Chi with consternation. Teng then commanded Chen-Ki to make a formal assignment of the cottage, with its contents, to Chen-Chu, which he readily did. The magistrate then declared that the ghost of the

governor had revealed to him the place where he had concealed the treasure designed for the support of his younger son. Labourers were instantly procured, and the treasure, of course, found. Obeying the pretended commands of the spirit, Teng took the portion designed for the person who would discover the secret. On the following day he returned the picture to Mei-Chi, and thus destroyed the romance of the best authenticated ghost-story that could have been related within the circle of the celestial empire.

The third tale is entitled "The two Brothers of different Sexes." It is exceedingly interesting; but the specimens we have already given are sufficient to show the nature of the romantic literature of China. Besides, as Stanislas Julien announces his intention of speedily translating some more dramas and tales, we shall have an opportunity of again directing the attention of our readers to the subject, if their reception of the present article proves Chinese literature to be a topic in which they feel any interest.

POLIGNAC—A SONNET.

God hath relented—Anarchy, the same
 That trailed the spotless flag through human gore,
 Then spread it forth the trembling nations o'er,
 Hath gained an amnesty in Freedom's name.
 God hath relented—when the Tyrant's claim
 To rule with iron was allowed no more,
 And Charles was crushed beneath the crown he wore.
 Heav'n said—be free—thou'rt punish'd in thy shame.
 —Man is inexorable.—Once again
 Hark to the note of spring—the wood-bird's swell!
 The Prisoner-Prince hath heard the gladsome strain—
 He rushes to his bars, as 'twere a spell;
 With one dim look surveys the happy plain—
 Then turns within the shadow of his cell.

ADVENA.

THE OLDEN TIME.

—
 “—— Quæ fuit durum pati,
 Meminisse dulce est.”

SENECA.

—
 I dream me oft o'er olden times,
 While pondering o'er their legend rhymes,
 Or list'ning to the deep voice chimes,
 From some ruin'd tower :

I see a goodly train appear,
 Their festive strains break o'er mine ear,
 Whilst echoes loud the joyous cheer
 Of a baron's power.

I see the tilting field display'd,
 Knights eager for the deadly raid,
 Beneath the glances of some maid
 Whose eye inspires.

Or I gaze upon the “ladies' bower,”
 In the soft witch'ry of that hour,
 When woman's arts alone have power
 To curb man's fires ;

And mark that he, whose stalwart hand
 Has led forth thousands at command,
 Now dangles with the silken band
 Of a fair one's lute ;—

I've stood within the cloister'd cell,
 Where thoughts of peace alone may dwell,
 And nothing in the breast should swell
 But prayful suit.

There the proudest heart lay still'd,
 'Neath all that once had fir'd or chill'd,
 To war or love no longer thrill'd—
 Its dreams were past.

But soon I knew life's chord was broke,
 No melody of heart now woke,
 Or if it for an instant spoke,
 It died as fast.

And then I wish'd for such a lot,
 When time has scath'd each lovely spot,
 Hither to hie, by all forgot,
 Save God alone ;

To feed my griefs in silent shade,
 To mourn o'er flowers born to fade,
 Or soothe the thoughts which woe has made,
 At Altar Stone.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH LONDON AND WESTMINSTER.

CHAPTER II.

I never have been able fully to make up my mind, whether the man who takes crosses and disappointments with easy indifference, or he who is sensibly and (to a degree) fretfully affected by them, is to be preferred. It is scarcely in my nature to tolerate a creature so divested of sensibility even for *himself*; that he cannot be disturbed. He affronts my sympathies—he seems unworthy of good fortune, who treats ill fortune with an equal complement of smiles, and hums a tune as vigorously when his banker breaks, with his year's income in said banker's hands, as when he gets a prize in the lottery. On the other hand, what can be more odious than the man who allows small annoyances to convert him into a savage, or he, who, when the blue devils, or any more substantial enemies than these azure fiends, attack him, instead of taking his glass like a man, cries, "give me some drink, Mrs. Brady," like a sick girl? I have read in some philosophic work, that the lady who hears of the loss of a child, or the loss of a pool at loo, with the same genteel absence of emotion, is scarcely to be esteemed, and I agree with the sentiment and judgment of the writer. I have known a man fret himself nearly into a fever, because he had not oil and condiments with his salmon, instead of lobster sauce, and I have said, surely this is folly—so it comes to this, that there is an *aura mediocritas* in the temper with which we should bear things not pleasant to us, as well as in other matters. Upon the whole, a habit of resignation to what happens, is perhaps the best.

"Permittas ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris."
Permit the Gods themselves to rule our fate,
And fix what's'er is fittest for our state.

Yet carry not this too far, lest the tide of thy affections be held back by the

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ice of thy philosophy—lest the blossoms of *jag*, and the dew-drops of sorrow be given up for the dry wood of *stolicism*. One thing is clear, that the same temper which enjoys keenly, will suffer in its turn when the occasion comes; for it is true, though "put in a ballad," that

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."

But what has all this to do with your journey? cry fifteen hundred of my readers at once. A great deal, my dear ladies and gentlemen. Remember ye how ye left me at the end of the last chapter, "perplexed in the extreme," and ordering tea for my body's solacement, and to bring my perturbed spirits to rest!

The reflections with which I have just troubled you, were those that occurred to me as I walked up the stairs of the Peacock at Islington. By the way, for fear of a misunderstanding, you are to take notice that in England we commonly call Inns by the names of the signs that now are, or heretofore have been, suspended over the doors thereof—therefore, when I speak of the stairs of the Peacock, I mean the stairs of the inn so called. It may not be impertinent to note also in this place, (that which by my travels I have discovered) namely, that there are sundry buildings or collections of buildings, in London, called "Inns," and dedicated to the use chiefly of lawyers, which are by no means "houses of entertainment." This I think it right to insert in my chapters, for the benefit of the unwary.

It was a mistake, or rather an error of judgment, arising from my rustic innocence, to have ordered tea. Tell me not of its refreshing qualities—I know them perfectly. It does excellent well in the country, where things are quiet and tea-like round about you, and where

there is the veritable milk of cows, and as much of the same as you choose, without a grudge. But when a stranger arrives amid the crowd—the hum—the shock of men, more especially Englishmen, let him by all means fortify his inwards with something more calculated to inspirit him for battle than such thin potations as tea. Let him eat some beef and drink some strong drink, and then go forth to trample upon other people's toes, as other people will infallibly trample upon his, and afterwards jeer at him for permitting them to do so.

When I had finished my tea, and ruminated once and again upon the circumstances that occurred since the evening before, at tea time, I leaned back in my chair—and throwing one leg across the other, I felt that within a brief space I had become a wiser and a sadder man.

And after all, said I, heaving a sigh of pensiveness—after all, what the devil does a man travel for? For what does he interrupt the tranquil current of his life, and put himself to

trouble, to charges, and to losses? If he finds any thing to interest him no sooner does a new affection begin to twine itself around his heart, than the object of it is lost to him: he goes on, and something else succeeds, of which, if the beginning be pleasant, the end is regret. And this, too, is the best we can expect; for in how many instances will accidents perplex, or rudeness annoy us; or worse than these, a sense of loneliness, and the cold indifference of those around us, sink upon the heart, bringing to the gentle, sorrow, and to those of rougher mould, gloom and bitterness. But even these things are not without their benefits; for do they not teach us to love our home; to turn with a refreshed sense of its blessedness, to that one spot where we have garnered up our heart, and where we know that the hearts of those we love beat for us? Pooh! why am I a bachelor—almost an old bachelor? Yet forgive me, Martha, for thou prizest thy brother, and notwithstanding the apothecary, loves him better than any thing else in the world.

CHAPTER III.

I was in the midst of these reflections, and though not yet twenty-four hours absent, was in a fair way of falling into a fit of home-sickness, when the waiter opened the door and said a person wanted to see me. I thought this very extraordinary, seeing I was so far from any one likely to know me. However, I ordered my visitor to be admitted. I saw at a glance, as he entered, that he was a perfect stranger to me, and inwardly preparing myself for some adventure, determined that the simplicity of my country habits should not betray me into any want of due caution. Notwithstanding, however, all the dignity which I endeavoured to cast into the look with which I regarded this stranger, he advanced towards me with rather a confident air, as if resolved to open his business without delay; and yet by the fumbling of his hat in both his hands, and the repeated attempts to bow as he passed along the floor, I judged that he was about to prefer some request.

The man I at first took to be about forty years of age, but a quick expression—half of roguery, half of caution—in his eyes; and a grin, which had in it less of courtesy than self-satisfied cunning, led me to suppose he was younger. A mass of greasy looking brown hair came down upon his low forehead, concealing it almost to the eyes; his linen was none of the cleanest; he wore round his neck a dirty handkerchief, of a red and yellow pattern, arranged in what is elegantly termed the stable-boy's tie; his coat was of dark green, cut short, and with brass buttons; it was something the worse of the wear perhaps, but not much; he wore corded breeches that had once been of a drab colour, but 'twould have puzzled even a painter to have assigned any precise designation to their present doubtful hue; worsted stockings; short, laced boots, and tan-coloured galligaskins, reaching half way up the legs, from the boots towards the knees, completed the outward costume

of the person who now claimed my attention.

Before he arrived at the table where I was sitting, he began to introduce himself with the story of his distress, which he told in terms certainly more blunt than moving. He had arrived in town from Staffordshire the day before, he said, about some business for his master, and having gone to Smithfield that morning, he had accompanied an acquaintance to a house to have "a drop o' summat 'ot, as the morning was cool." While he was there, a scrimmage was kicked up, and in the row his pocket was picked of five sovereigns and two pounds in silver. Having got thus far in his story, he stopped short; and looking in my face with an anxious air, as if to satisfy himself whether his tale was believed or not, awaited my reply.

"But why did you not cause the doors to be shut, and have the people present, searched for your lost property?" said I.

"Whoy, for the matter of that," he answered, "I knowed nothing about it for two hours afterwards."

"Know nothing about it! Why how could so much coin be taken from you without your missing it?"

"Whoy because they put this in place o' moy money, and I niver knowed the difference till I happened to take it out o' moy pocket;" and so saying, he threw down a small leathern bag upon the table, which made a considerable noise as it fell.

"And what is that?" said I.

"Roobbish," he answered, and turned out the contents upon the table: they consisted of old screw nuts and a parcel of flat stones.

It was impossible to doubt that the blunt, simple countryman before me had been cruelly robbed by town sharks. "It was a shameful trick," said I: "but how do you happen to come to me about it?"

"I seed you, Sir, arrive by the coach, and put up here; and I thought when I heerd you talk, as how you might be from my part of the country, and wouldn't mind giving me some help out of this here trouble that I've got into."

This was a touch at my feelings that I could not resist. The man who is insensible to the ties of country or of

neighbourhood, is a barbarian; and at a distance from home, these ties should be remembered with a particular tenderness.

"And what can I do to help you?" said I.

The man saw his advantage, and at once pushed it home. "Whoy, look you here, master," said he, pulling a slip of paper out of his pocket, "here's a bit of an order I've got on the Bank down in our country, for ten pounds. I can't get no one to give me money or goods for it here, because they don't know me nor the Bank; but if you'd spare me the cash for it, it would be a great service, and I would be main thankful to you."

He seemed to get this out with an effort; and, as the orators say, paused for a reply. He had now fairly shot his bolt, and waited to see what execution it would do. I looked at the check, for such it was, over and over, and it seemed all right. I knew the Bank to be a good one, and it was one of their own copperplate checks. It looks all fair, thought I. I do not know the drawer; but how should I know all the people that keep accounts in the Bank? I looked again at the countryman, and observed the anxious solicitude with which he appeared to await my answer. Poor fellow, thought I, he feels that his present destiny is in my hands.

"But," said I, "how can you want so much as ten pounds?" for I was resolved still to be cautious with him.

He gave me a glance—methought of reproach—which smote me inwardly, as though he had said, do I ask so much that you deem it necessary thus to measure my necessities: but he quickly replied that he had been ordered to make purchases to nearly that amount in London, and could not return to the country without the goods.

The business was done; I had no more to say: but extracting from my black leathern pocket-book two five pound notes, I handed them over in lieu of the check, to Jacob Jones, for such the man said was his name.

I shall never forget the look he gave as he took the money from me, and deposited it in his waistcoat pocket.

Just as he had done so, a considerable bustle was heard in the passage

below. Jacob started, and began to listen attentively. Presently the sound of feet and voices was heard upon the stairs.

"The beaks, by George," said my Staffordshire friend, in a very altered tone of voice. "I'm blowed if it's not all up now. Give me the check, curse it," cried he, running very quickly to me.

"What! the check for which I have given you the money?"

"Yes—quick—there's your money," he cried, throwing the notes down on the table before me.

In two seconds he had the check in his hands—the noise was now at the door—he tore the paper up, and thrust the fragments into his mouth; then catching up my travelling cloak, which lay on a chair, threw it round him and sat down, leaning his head and arms upon the table, as though he had been fast asleep for an hour. I was all the time so surprised by his actions, and the quickness of them, that I looked on as one speechless.

Presently the door opened, and in marched the waiter, two men in blue uniforms, and a stout stupid-looking countryman, in laced boots and a grey smock frock. Methought the waiter looked about a little surprised, and the rest of the party seemed rather disappointed.

"I beg pardon, Sir," said the waiter, "but there has been a robbery committed on this countryman here, and he says the man I shewed in here a while ago is the thief."

"Say its a mistake—that it wasn't this room," said my apparently sleeping partner, in a whisper which seemed to slide along the surface of the table to me. I saw how the case was, and for a moment thought how I might aid the fellow's escape; for when one does not belong to the pursuit, there is a natural repugnance to deliver a poor devil up into the hands of the Philistines; but when I again reconnoitred the party that had come into the room, and observed the look of distress of the countryman, and the look of suspicion of the men in the blue uniform, directed not at the thief, but at *me*, my mind was changed.

"It is very likely," said I, "for his behaviour seems none of the honestest. He has made use of my cloak, without

any invitation on my part, and he is pretending to be asleep there. I never in my life saw a man compose himself to rest with such despatch."

The policemen—for such I afterwards discovered the men in the blue uniforms to be—now advanced, and having uncloaked Mr. Jacob Jones, the countryman in the smock frock shouted that he was the man, and rushing at him, seemed very well inclined to take summary vengeance with his fists, had he not been restrained by the officers.

"This is all a mistake, I assure you," said Mr. Jacob Jones, "I only came up from Dunstable about three hours ago by the coach, and have not been in London this twelvemonth before."

"Its a loye! its a loye!" said the countryman. "I know him well, and its he that stol my money."

"There's no use in this gammon now," said one of the policemen; "we marked you in Smithfield this morning, and we must search you now for this man's money."

It was now time for me to tell my story. When I came to the account of the tearing and devouring of the check, I thought the poor countryman would have broken his heart; he was consoled, however, by the hope suggested to him, that he might obtain another in place of that which was devoured. The policemen would fain have carried me off with the criminal, to act the part of witness, but the waiter had the goodness to interfere on my behalf, and I was let off on a promise to attend at the police office if wanted. It turned out that Mr. Jacob Jones, who had two or three other names for the sake of variety, and to serve his occasions, when the memory of that which he used last happened to fail him, was the *doer* and not the *sufferer* in the affair which he had described to me, and had actually abstracted a small bag of money from the countryman's pocket, as well as the check; substituting for it, (that the man might not immediately perceive his loss,) a bag of bits of iron and stones, such as he had shown to me. I fancy he was an adroit enough rogue to make it up with his victim and his captors, before he got into the hands of the magistrate, for I was never called upon afterwards for my evidence. I

had the curiosity to ask him how he happened to have done me the honor of a visit, and he had the courtesy to inform me that he was one of those at the door as I alighted from the coach, and observing my complete ignorance of town, he thought I should be a likely person to give him cash for a country check, which he would perhaps never have been able to turn into

money in the regular way. I thought myself very fortunate to have escaped so well the audacious wiles of this town-bred knave, who was no delicate thief, nor "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," like Autolycus; but a daring rogue, who would have had no remorse in plucking me as bare as the two legged animal without feathers of the Grecian philosopher.

CHAPTER IV.

The reader being a philosopher, as he or she, (should it not be she or he?) undoubtedly is, will be able to understand how, during the progress of the incidents that I have just related, the knowledge grew upon me, without being directly communicated, that I was really in London, although five miles from Hyde Park-corner. I therefore made bold to ask the waiter if he had a map of London, and was soon accommodated with one, by which I was enabled to understand my local position positively and relatively, and thus to be relieved of my first bewilderment upon the subject, which was, however, succeeded by another, but not so immediately perplexing, when I reflected on the prodigious and unfathomable magnitude of the great city into which I had fallen, like a rain drop into the ocean.

As I traced the line from Islington to Saint Paul's, my eye fell upon the place marked Gray's Inn, and it then first occurred to my recollection that I had a nephew serving his articles with a solicitor in that legal neighbourhood. I had not seen him since he left the country a raw lad, three years before; and I no sooner thought of him than I yearned to see him: even this youth, said I, will be a comfort to me in this vast city—this peopled and busy solitude, and though young, he must have knowledge and experience in this place, which will be of use to me. I therefore determined to send for him; and having arranged with the waiter to despatch a note for me to Gray's Inn early in the morning, I ventured forth into the street, to feel assured that I was in living, moving, gas-lighted London!

To visit a strange city, in the goings-on of which one feels a vivid interest and deep curiosity, is like renewing the feelings of one's youth, or childhood rather, when every thing beyond the nursery or the school was wrapped up in a pleasing wonderment, not unmixed with fear. What an odd feeling to dread turning a corner lest one should go astray!—to find myself gazing into shops, and marvelling at the splendour of the lights—in fine, to be interested in the outward shews of things, and to make them the subject of vague conjecture in a thousand ways. This, to be sure, lasts but for a very short time: the reign of reflection begins again, and the emotions excited by strangeness are soon, "like an unsubstantial pageant, faded;" but while the sensation of child-like unknowingness and excitement does remain, it is curiously fascinating, and agreeable even to remember.

I walked up and down the seemingly interminable street in which my hotel was situated, fearing if I went too far from it, I might not be able to regain it again. I was dazzled by the prodigality of artificial light from lamps and shops, and astounded by the quantity of people going to and fro upon the footway—for it was still early. I cannot say, however, that their courtesy struck me as speaking much for town civilization. On the contrary, I should say that the careless indifference of each individual to every body's convenience but his own, was very marked and disagreeable. Some pushed along with their hands in their pockets, knocking their shoulders every now and then against those they passed, in consequence of not using the oars of their bodies to prevent running

foul—others smoked pipes or cigars, and puffed the smoke about, polluting the air with the filthy stench of burned tobacco, in perfect carelessness who liked or who disliked it. Porters with loads strode along, as if determined to walk down whoever did not start out of their line of march—but worse than all the rest, workmen with their tools in mat baskets, (which seems the universal fashion in London,) swung along, and to my amazement killed nobody. For myself, I jumped out of the way of a man carrying a huge bale of paper on his neck, who was just about to trample me under foot, but in getting through between him and a flannel-jacketed carpenter, going home no doubt to his “expectant wife and toddlin’ wee things,” I had the narrowest imaginable escape of my head being severed from my body, by the hand saw of the said carpenter, of which a portion of the blade, about ten inches long, was sticking out beyond his shoulder from the basket, which, in quiver fashion, was slung at his back. To have one’s throat cut right across, skin, arteries, sinews, gristle and all, even by the cleanest and smoothest instrument, is, in my humble judgment, no trifling matter; but the bare imagination of having it torn through by a coarse-toothed saw, familiar with oak planks and an occasional rusty nail hidden therein, is very disagreeable. I hastened back to my apartment, called for a tumbler of water with a glass of brandy in it, drank it off, and went to bed.

I am inclined to think they are well skilled in the art and mystery of bed-making in London; at all events I slept soundly, and had discussed breakfast with a country appetite, when my nephew, for whom I had sent, was announced. It was quite ridiculous the change which three years in London had made in him. Had I met him in the street I should have passed him by, not supposing I had ever seen him before. When he left the country, and I had last seen him, he was seventeen, not tall for his years, yet in shape much reminding one of the instrument that commonly adorneth our hearths, and is called *a tongs*, or *the tongs*—for those who love singularity call it the one, and pluralists call it the other. His feet seemed then some-

thing of the longest, and I recollected prognosticating that his keep would be expensive in the article of shoe leather. His gait was of a free and easy description, with neck bent forward, and lower back stuck out, while his arms swung to and fro, like those of a two-handed pump in full action. Add to this, that his hair in those days was of a whity-brown hue, and his ears and hands above the middle size, and of a bright beet-root colour, and some idea may be formed of the sort of beauty my nephew was when he left the country. My sister Martha who, as women go, could never be called vain, struck a second cousin of our’s out of her will, because the good woman talked of the strong family likeness which my nephew bore to Martha and myself—but let that pass. I do assure all whom it may concern, that this youth now appeared before me a very passable young man; and if there was any fault to be found with his appearance, it was on the score of being too elaborately attractive. His tailor had doubtless done much, but great pains and imitative study of his own must have been added. The whity-brown hair, now grown much darker, was most skillfully disposed, forming bunches of curls at the ears, so as in some measure to conceal the redundancy of these auricular ornaments—his hat sat on his head with a peculiar air, to the description of which words are inadequate—his figure was as erect as my cane, and his arms, as he walked, had a short oscillating motion, not parallel to his sides, but to his chest. His black stock was beautifully contrasted with his white-breasted shirt; and as for coat, waistcoat, and breeches, they had all the ineffable grace which a Holborn tailor, with wooden Apollos at his door to stretch his coats upon, knows so well how to impart. His feet might still be objected to as rather long, but then the boot was so neat and so narrow, that this sole ground of objection would certainly be passed over except by the very fastidious.

But what surprised me even more than his curiously changed appearance, was the readiness and profusion of a smooth and civil talk. I really felt myself in the presence of a very polite young gentleman, and when I ven-

tured to rally him after the manner of our country wit, about his tightly-fitting coat, assuring him that though I admired economy, yet I thought he might venture, without being called a spendthrift, to devote another quarter of a yard of cloth to his body garment, he replied by such a well turned compliment to his tailor, full of gravity and sweetness, and such a graceful depreciation of provincial taste in dress, that I had no more to say upon the matter. What perplexed me most in his behaviour was a peculiar blending of solemnity and lightness. He never went beyond a lip and a smile, and I was beginning to feel a real concern lest love or some other misfortune (for at twenty, love is a misfortune,) was preying upon his mind, when he relieved me by requesting me to come away from the box where we were sitting, for, said he, "I cannot bear the loud laughing of those people near us, nothing is so vulgar as to laugh. I was at three remarkably genteel parties last week—so many people at each of them that one could hardly stir in the rooms, and I did not hear a single laugh—nothing above a slight titter from some girls who were very young, and I believe lately from the country."

I was now satisfied that my gentleman's gravity was only for the sake of being in the mode, and it no longer affected me with that tenderness which, had it been an affair of the heart, however foolish, I should not have been able to withhold from his distresses.

I now proceeded to the business for which, in addition to the pleasure of seeing one connected with me, I had sent for my nephew, and begged to learn from him where it would be well for me to fix my residence while engaged in my present object, which was that of seeing London and Westminster. Considering his youth, I thought the observations he made on this subject were very discreet. For himself, he said, he was at a boarding and lodging establishment in a very genteel street, adjacent to Russell-square. The company consisted chiefly of young people, of both sexes, who endeavoured to amuse each other in the evening the best way they could, by forming parties or otherwise, but as the hours were sometimes late, and an attention to the polite ceremonies of town deemed

requisite, he thought it would be better for me to get a quiet lodging with a homely family, that kept early hours, and would attend to my comforts. As I assented to all this, he went on to inform me that one of the clerks where he was serving his articles, was married, and had a very good house near Gray's Inn, the rent of which he defrayed by accommodating lodgers, and to his care he would recommend me. This being settled, we set forth together for my domicile that was to be, and now having a guide, and being relieved from all unpleasant anxiety as to going astray and losing myself, I was free to indulge in unrestrained contemplation of all around me. Certainly it is a fine sight, these interminable rows of houses, uniting elegance and comfort in their appearance. Every thing looked so neat, and in perfect repair, to the very scouring and squaring of the stone steps before the doors, as if people did nothing else but watch that no touch of decay or neglect should be visible about their dwellings; and to say the truth, the more I saw of the internal economy of the households of the middle class in London during my residence there, the more I was confirmed in the opinion that the chief attention of the mistress of the family at all events, was directed to the maintaining of a neat and "respectable" appearance on the outside, and within the house. The cleanness of walls, and especially *corners*—the brightness of the furniture, and the looking glasses, and the windows, the neat and expensive clothing of themselves and their children, and the abundant feeding and physicking of the latter, form the business of their lives and occupy all their thoughts. As for the things of imagination, or of feeling other than household feeling, they know them not. They have an interest in bonnets, but not in books—their taste is generally restricted to dress and cookery, but nevertheless they are respectable people, well fitted for the business of living, and the formation, in the mass, of what is called the English character.

Bye and bye we entered a neat looking street, containing on either side about fifty houses, all of them so exactly alike, to the very colour of the doors, and the fancy of the knockers, that I wondered how the inhabitants

were able to find their own particular homes amid the multitude, the rather as it is not the custom to have any name affixed upon the hall doors. A stranger must depend entirely upon the numbers, which if he happen to forget, the Lord help him. It will be no use to knock at a door by chance, and ask, for ten to one the people living next door to each other for five years last past, have no notion of each other's names, unless they happen to have had some business together about a party wall, or a spout or gutter common to both houses, or something of that sort.

"This is the street where Hopkins lives," said my nephew—"very neat and comfortable houses, a'nt they?" "Yes," said I, "and the builder seems to have been so much in love with the first, that he has made all the others with more than a 'family likeness'—and saying this, I thought of poor Martha at home, and sighed.

"Ah, that puts me in mind of a story Hopkins told me only yesterday," said my nephew.

"Pray, indulge me with it," said I, "if it be diverting, for either the fatigue of walking in these streets, or the thought of the distance I am from home, has depressed my spirits."

"Well," said he, "you must know that Hopkins took the house here a short time before he was married, and as he was going out one evening, expecting to return late, he took the key of the hall-door with him, desiring the servant to go to bed at her usual time, and leave a light burning in the passage. This is a common practice, and it so happened that his next-door neighbour that evening did the very same thing. When Hopkins returned at twelve o'clock at night, he went to the wrong door, and the lock being of precisely the same pattern, his key opened it, and in he went. Hopkins's neighbour was, like himself, a new comer, and as yet there was not much furniture in the house. It was in every respect so like Hopkins's own, that he perceived no difference. The truth is, I suppose, he had taken a glass of brandy and water more than usual, but he said nothing of that to me. He took the candle and went up stairs—the bed room was the same—the two-pair front room. Hopkins observed no difference,

but pulled off his clothes, and might have even gone into his neighbour's bed, but that an article of night gear in the room now exposed the mistake. It was of a flaming red pattern, and Hopkins knew that his was blue and white—he looked about, and the moment his suspicion was roused, it was confirmed, for several points of discrepancy, which, while his attention was not turned to any such thing, were wholly unobserved, now flashed upon his observation. His surprise and consternation were such, at finding himself thus an intruder, in another man's house and chamber at midnight, that he upset a rickety basin-stand, the crash whereof was very great, and added to his terror. He expected that he would be seized as a robber, perhaps shot without time or opportunity for explanation being afforded. An awful silence succeeded to the crash—no one was awakened by it, and Hopkins recovering himself a little, donned his clothes again in all haste, got down stairs, replaced the light in the hall, got out again as stealthily as a rat, and had just found his way into his own house and shut the door, when he heard his neighbour arrive. Hopkins says his nerves got such a shock that he could not sleep all night."

"I doubt it not," said I; "the anecdote has an interest which is heightened by this locality, and you have narrated it with proper delicacy: but did your friend's neighbour ever discover that his premises had been invaded?"

"I believe not. Hopkins said there was a great scolding in the house the next morning, and finally the woman-servant was turned away for breaking of crockery, and absurdly insisting that it must have been the cat that did it, Hopkins kept his own counsel, but as he wanted a second servant at the time, he hired the woman as an act of justice."

By this time we arrived at the house of which we were in search. "'Tis an unlucky time of the day," said I, "we shall not probably find Mr. Hopkins at home."

"That makes no difference," said my nephew, "for we shall find Mrs. Hopkins."

"But in making a bargain?" said I.

and she alone, is to be condoned Hopkins knows that well," said. I was soon introduced to the new house, a very good looking rather inclined to en-bon-ton, an active bustling air, and a flow of speech. Her first floor occupied by a lady who was an aunt and a female relative of her's arrived, who was to occupy her bed-rooms on the second floor (I mean the lady of the house could be most happy if I would be the other; and as for a room, if I had no objection to a parlour, and to breakfast with my aunt, every thing should be done to make me comfortable. There was a certain manner about the lady which made it impossible to doubt that I accomplished what she provided as her house looked scrupulously clean, and I was very anxious to be "settled" as the phrase is, I gave her suggestions, and congratulated myself on the cheapness with which I was to be lodged. I am ashamed to say how little, yet my knowledge may not be unimpaired to some future traveller, I will say that my lodging in this house, so neat and well furnished, so clean, gentle or simple, need not cost but twelve shillings by

the week—my breakfast was to cost a shilling a day, and my tea half that sum. As for dinner, they would not undertake to give me any, and as I afterwards discovered, this, to a perambulator, is no hardship, for London is of such extent, that unless a man has a fixed hour for getting home, and a fixed resolution not to stir afterwards, he had better dine in whatever quarter the pursuit of the day may have carried him to. If there be anything unsentimental in this little episode to my sentimental journey, I crave my reader's indulgence.

So much being settled, I bid good-bye to my nephew, for whom my new landlady, as soon as he was gone, politely testified her regard, assuring me that he was a very nice young man, and that she would have put herself to any inconvenience rather than not have accommodated any one of his family. When I thought within myself of being indebted for guidance and civil reception to the patronage and countenance of my nephew, I could not choose but laugh; not so openly, however, as to alarm Mrs. Hopkins for my urbanity, but making the best return within the compass of my poor ability to her civil discourse, I set out again for Islington, promising to be back with my portmanteau in time for tea.

CHAPTER V.

I accomplished without any of sufficient importance to place in this narrative, and at last presented myself at my new house where I was received with attention by Mrs. Hopkins, now in her evening costume, which was more showy than that of the day, and so neatly put on, that I looked a very pretty woman. What was that to me? Her husband was now at home, a fat, short-legged man, concerning whom I might have been prophesied, much skill in physiognomy—he loved pudding. He dismissed me of the weather until he sent him to cut the bread and

butter, which he seemed to do *con amore*.

He appeared to be indeed a very useful person about the house in a subordinate capacity—his wife saving him all trouble in the direction of affairs. She put me constantly in mind of the Madame B. mentioned by the French essayist, Jouy, "*dont l'activité l'intelligence, et l'humour un peu despotique, s'il faut tout dire, laissent peu de chose à faire à son mari.*" I found they had three children, who ate their meals with them—a circumstance which I might literally say I had not bargained for; but I was unwilling to give myself or the fond parents the pain of making any objec-

tion. Miss Sarah was six years old, a white greasy-looking child, with large dead eyes, and a stoppage in her nose which did not pleasingly affect her voice. Master Jackey was five, and not an ill-looking boy, but as bold an imp as ever worked mischief, and challenging every one that came into the house, stranger, or no stranger, to box; then it would close its little fists and batter away at one's knees, to the infinite delight of its parents, until at last it hurt itself, and ran away yowling, to be coaxed and petted by one of them, or both. The youngest darling was Miss Emma, a sharp-eyed little wretch, very like her mother, and passionate as a little fiend:—when thwarted, she would dance with rage, or throw herself down on the floor, and kicking as if in convulsions, scream as if some one had been cutting her head off. I sometimes thought it a pity that they didn't.

Their amiable mother talked to me about them all the time of tea, except while employed in the most affectionate exhortations to them to eat plenty of bread and butter. "Do, darling, take another piece—that's a dear—do make a hearty tea." Such were her frequent exclamations, and assuredly her children shewed no undutiful disobedience of her commands. At last, the mountain of slices entirely disappeared, and father and mother gazed alternately at the empty plate and at their children, with an air of paternal satisfaction which none but a stoic could have beheld unmoved. How curious and delightful, thought I, are the tender sympathies which dwell within the parental breast. Alas! why am I forty-three, and a bachelor.

And so saying, or rather so thinking, for I did not say it, I took a candle to go to my room, when in came a very pretty nursery maid, with a soft pleasant voice, and after a special inquiry, with apparent solicitude, if the children had made a hearty tea, and an answer in the affirmative, she said they were dear good children, and carried them off, carefully eyeing me, I could perceive, every now and then, as much as to say, what sort of a person is this new lodger?

These pretty nursery maids in the London lodging houses play the very deuce, but I don't see what help there

is for it. The name of the young person in question was Maria, and they called her Mariar. I walked up stairs behind her, while she beguiled the way with vivacious prattle to the children. As I turned into my room, the slightest imaginable turn of her eye shewed that she noticed my retreat. This, said I, is her gentle way of wishing me good night—when we get better acquainted, she will venture to say "good night" to me. I never prophesied more more accurately in my life.

When I went down some time afterwards to fetch a book which I brought in my hand, and forgotten in the parlour, I heard in the passage the sounds of expostulation, mixed with those of lamentation and woe. One of the voices was that of my landlady, the other was very pathetic, but strange and uncouth. When I arrived at the *locus in quo*, I thought it a point of politeness to express my hope that nothing was the matter.

"O nothing," said Mrs. Hopkins, "it's only Irish Biddy, a char-woman I employ, and I find she won't eat her victuals, so it stands to reason she can't do her work, and I'm telling her we can't have her any more."

"God bless you, Sir, do spake a word for me," said Biddy, with tears in her eyes; "I'm sure I'd ate an' drink too, for it's not too much as it I'm often throubled wit, but it's agin my religion, Sir, an' I'm sure I'll work as hard every bit as if I ate the house-full; but only don't turn me off, or I'll be ruint intirely."

Here the poor woman wrung her hands and began to cry.

"I say it's quite impossible," cried Mrs. Hopkins, "that any woman that doesn't take her pint or pint an' half of beer, and some nourishment of meat in the day, can scour my floors properly, and no body will persuade me to the contrary."

"O mistress, dear Jewell, sure if you'd only set your two good lookin' beautiful eyes on what I'm after doin' to-day, you wouldn't find fault with it at all at all," said Biddy.

"No, I don't say it's badly done," returned the lady, not a little softened I dare say, by the compliment to her beauty, "but I know that no work can be done as it should be if one don't eat meat, nor drink beer, and I can't

have you to-morrow, unless you take your victuals properly."

"Why do you not eat and drink like other people, my good woman?" said I.

"In troth, Sir, I'll tell you how it is," she answered, "this is Friday, and to-morrow is Saturday, plaze God, if we live to see it—it's agin our religion to ate mate of a Friday, any way, and I'm undther a vow besides for Saturday, and not to taste porthier."

"And what induced you to make such a vow?"

"My husband fell off a ladder, Sir, upon his breast, an' he was very bad intirely, an' I made a vow that iv it id plaze God to spare him, I would'nt ate mate on Saturdays, nor drink anything stronger nor milk for a twelvemonth, and sure enough it was afther that he got betther, Sir, an' now he's able to go about agin, I thank the Almighty."

The tears came into my eyes at this little recital, in which affection, simplicity, and superstition, were all combined. Mrs. Hopkins exclaimed, "poor ignorant creature," and slightly laughed, but seeing that I looked grave, she changed her countenance to an aspect of compassion.

As for me, I was not surprised by the poor woman's story, for in my part of the country there are several small settlements of Roman Catholics, and I was by no means unaware of the strange manner in which they mix up their superstitions with the ordinary affairs of life.

"Does your priest know of your vow?" said I.

"Yis, your honor," said Biddy, making a curtesy, and now looking rather surprised at me.

"And he can release you from it, I suppose."

"Yis, your honor," she replied again, with another curtesy.

"And does he live near this?"

"Quite convanient, your honor—he belongs to the chapel there, just hard by Lincoln's-Inn-Fields."

"Well," said I, "I shall write a paper for you, which you must take to him, and see if he won't manage this affair for you, for its quite too bad that you should lose your health and your livelihood on account of this vow—I dare say he can change it to something else."

"To be sure, it's himself that can do anything of the soart," said Biddy, "an' an illigant priest he is, an' a good man to us poor crathurs—maybe you know him, Sir?"

"No," said I, "I have not that pleasure, but I shall use the freedom of writing to him notwithstanding, and in the mean time I will ask Mrs. Hopkins to let you off without eating meat, or drinking beer, for to-morrow."

Mrs. Hopkins was prevailed upon to consent, and Biddy prayed that the "heavens might be my bed."

"But your husband," said I, "is he able to work again?"

"No, Sir," she replied, with a sigh, "not to say hard work; but he runs of arrands an' the like, and picks up a penny the best way he can."

"Is he an Irishman?"

"An Irishman!" replied Biddy, with a laugh, "arra, what else would he be, Sir? In troth, he is, Sir—he comes from a place called Kilcullin in the county Kildare—he lived sarvent wid one Mr. Tracy, that, I dare say, you've heerd of iv you ever wor that way."

"I never was, Biddy—but does your husband know London well?"

"Does a deak swim, your honor?—It's himself that does know Lunnun; sure we've been in the place for seven years, an' a power of hardship we've seen in it too—glory be to God."

It occurred to me that I should very much want an attendant, to act both as a guide and a servant, while I remained in London, and that this poor woman's husband might answer my purpose. As to dress, thought I, this suit that I have travelled in, if it will fit him, may be made over to him as sufficiently worse for the wear to be abandoned. It is not exactly the sort of servant one should choose, if one had to seek him out, but as the occasion offers, and it would be a charity, why—

In short, I had made up my mind to the thing, so without further parley, I told Biddy that I wanted a servant while I was in town, and if her husband would come to me, so that I might satisfy myself of his qualifications, I would perhaps employ him.

The poor woman put up some more fervent prayers on my behalf, and promised to send her husband early the next morning.

He came, I saw, and he conquered. It was very absurd, and I knew it, to take upon trust all that Brian Murphy assured me of, with so much veracity, in his own behalf—but he was irresistible, and besides, he looked as if my old clothes would fit him to a nicety. He protested he knew every place and could do every thing, or if he couldn't do it just this minute, "sure he could learn."

Many a man takes high office,

thought I, with precisely the same self-assurance as to capability—the difference is, that he carries off his ignorance with an air, while Brian in some sort admits it.

In the end, I had no reason to repent of having taken Brian into my service, at a venture—but of my future adventures, and the part he occasionally bore in them, you shall hear in future chapters.

THE VIOLET IN THE VALLEY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A flower yon vale adorning
Awakes at touch of morning—
So fragrant and so blue
A violet never grew ;
In damp moss it reposes,
Its golden cup encloses
One drop of pearly sheen,
The petals far between.

Oh ! why should beauty perish !
Thy charms, sweet flower, I'll cherish,
If thou wilt leave that bed,
With chilly moss o'erspread,
And come with me, I'll bear thee
Where hills of flowers shall cheer thee,
There—safe from winter's hand
Thy beauties shall expand.

The violet drooped, assenting,
Was borne—and there repenting,
A shade of darker hue,
Suffus'd the petals blue,
And on the plain, exhaling,
The liquid brilliant failing,
Its chalice teemed no more,
Irradiate as of yore.

Her treasure stolen, anguished,
The flow'ret saw, and languished,
With love-sick fancies thronged,
For her mossy bed she longed,
And while the sun was beaming
On gay flowers round her gleaming,
One balmy sigh she drew,
Then died that violet blue.

*. F.

VICISSITUDES.

INTRODUCTION.

Fortune—Chance—Destiny—Providence. Reader, by which of these names you call that cause which operates those strange changes to which the lives mortals are subject? Come, be candid, and own that you have sometimes said to yourself—either I have been fortunate in this; or what a strange destiny mine; or Providence has willed it so; or some other speech of the same agency and purport. To me it is indifferent by what name you call it; I but wish you to own that you have sometimes wondered at the prosperity of some men—at the misfortunes of others. In short, I wish you to agree with me in thinking that man is in the power of some superior being, who wisely orders all things, as seems best to him, and who invariably, at length, works out his own object, by however extraordinary means this may be brought about.

Some men struggle, as they call it, against their fate. Poor fools! let them do so. For my part, I have always gone swimming quietly down the stream of fortune; have never turned and vainly struggled against it. No, no, it is too rapid for me to make such an attempt; besides which, I might be cast on some shoal at I know not of.

However, I must confess that sometimes as I go gliding along, if I see an inviting sunny spot on either of the banks of the stream, I try to make for that; frequently fail, and then submit myself once more to the current. But occasionally I succeed in my object. I then leave the waters—lay me down on the verdant turf, with the wild flowers smelling so sweetly all around—there sit in the warm sunbeams of prosperity, and watch the struggles and efforts of the rest of mankind, as they either go gliding down the river, or else turn and sink in vain against the powerful current, which hurries them on, they know not whither, until they are at length swept away into the vortex of death, never to reappear upon that stream again. Reader, peruse the following tale, and then own me not the ways of Fortune, Chance, Destiny, Providence, as you may choose to call it, inscrutable.

CHAPTER I.

On the sandy plain, on the sunny hill,
In the fertile vale we grow;
We first are ground in the dusty mill,
And then are kneaded into dough.

After they had sung this chorus, a stout, clean-looking old man, with his shirt sleeves tucked up, and a fair white apron on, said to the young men who were busily working in his bakehouse, and who had been merrily singing a song, of which the lines above formed the chorus—

“Come, make haste lads, knead away; the oven will soon be hot, and the loaves not shaped; and what will the fellows of the College say if they have not hot bread for their dinner?”

“That’s true enough, indeed, Master,” said a fresh-looking young man, “but our singing does not delay our labour.”

“By no means, Thomas,” said the first speaker, “and I am at all times fond of a song; so much so, that if any one will now give us one I shall feel much obliged to him.”

“Ah, say you so,” replied Thomas, “well then, make James sing us his song about Spain, and we will all join in the chorus.”

“Why, what should James know about Spain?” said the old man; “hath he not lived all his life in this City of Oxford?”

“No, no, I was in Spain for some

time," answered James, "in that land of beauty, of wine, and of song. Oh, what fair, what beautiful scenes are there; such mountains, such rivers, and such sweet vales."

"James," said a melancholy-looking, handsome youth, apparently about seventeen years of age, who stood leaning against a table in one corner of the bake-house, attired in a style much superior to all the others, and who took no part in their labour, "indeed, James, you make me wish, from your description, to see this land; or, at all events, to change my present life of ignoble ease, for one of stir, of noble daring; any state of existence in which there is some excitement, would be far preferable to the life we at present lead."

"Lambert, Lambert," said the old man who had first spoken, and who now addressed the youth who spoke so contemptuously of a baker's life, "Lambert, Lambert, calm thy troubled spirit, and rest assured, my dear boy, that he who moves in a humble sphere of life, enjoys as great a portion of happiness as others who are wealthier. If thou would'st but settle quietly down, and become a baker, it would be well for thee," and as the old man thus spoke, a tear glistened in his eye.

"I become a baker!" answered the haughty youth, with an expression of the deepest scorn and contempt imprinted on his handsome though somewhat effeminate features; and he would have continued to speak longer in this strain, but that some of the young men, who dreaded a renewal of those scenes of angry discussion which had lately frequently taken place between the old man and the youth, made a sign to James to go on with the following song, which he accordingly did, and all the others, as they rolled the pieces of dough rapidly round on a clean white deal table, thus shaping them into loaves, joined loudly in the chorus; so that any stranger who had happened to have come in, and found them thus singing and working, would have said, "Well to be sure, what a noisy, happy set of dogs bakers are."

The husbandmen, they tend the vine,
And tread its juicy treasures out;
First in a cask they put the wine,
And then they pass the cup about.

Chorus—Oh yes, they pass the cup about,
When all their labour's o'er;
Then each man fills his goblet up,
Or tends a vine no more.

Bright grow the grapes where father Rhine
His rapid waters pour along,
And there too groweth many a vine,
Where Spanish maidens raise the song.

Chorus—Where Spanish maidens raise
the song,
And strike the cæstant,
As in the vat they dance along,
Their feet with grape-juice wet.

Their small feet drip with ruby wine,
With grapes they bind their flowing hair,
And let the tendrils of the vine
Go twining down their bosoms bare.

Chorus—Go twining down their bosoms
bare,
With warmly pressing coil,
As if they loved reposing there,
Upon so fair a soil.

Just as this song was concluded, the door was thrown open, and in bounded a beautiful girl. She appeared to be scarcely sixteen, and there was in her countenance an innocent, almost infantine expression, which at once interested the beholder in her behalf.

Have you never, reader, seen in the house of some hard-working mechanic, of some poor though industrious tradesman, a girl so lovely, so graceful, that she at once struck you as having been born out of her proper sphere—did you not then wonder at seeing one calculated to adorn a court, to add fresh lustre to a palace, born amidst scenes so humble—did you ever then think to yourself, Providence has given this sweet girl to these virtuous lowly people, to be to them a ministering angel, to encourage them in their toils, to strew with a few flowers the thorny path of their existence, to comfort them in their distresses, and to be warmly, dearly loved by them; for none are truly happy who have not something they can love. Well, reader, if you ever chanced to see such a girl, just such a one was she who now sprang into the room.

"Uncle Lambert," said she, "come, be quick, make haste, and put the bread into the oven—the whole town is astir. It is said that the young Earl of Warwick hath escaped from the tower, and the people all intend to keep holiday."

The youth who had before spoken so haughtily, started at this intelligence, then coloured up, darted forward, and seized the fair girl's hand.

"What say you, Ellen," he cried, "is the report well received?"

"Yes, well—right well, dear Lambert," said she: "will you not fight for the poor young Earl, and I will give you—But no, no; then, Lambert, I shall lose you—so promise me not to go; do, dear Lambert, and I will dance every night for you; you know how you love to see me dance."

Whilst she was thus speaking, the greatest confusion pervaded the bake-house; the loaves were hastily shuffled into the oven, and having done this, the workmen hurried out of the bake-house. It was evident from their looks that they were overjoyed at the intelligence; and the old man, the instant they had departed, threw off his nightcap and apron, put on a coat and hat, such as were usually worn by tradesmen in the year 1486, (for that was the period at which these events took place,) gave Ellen a kiss, and, saying, "I must go, dear Ellen, and see if this report be true; and in the mean time try and cure Lambert of his wayward faucies," he quitted the room.

"Ellen, dear Ellen," said the youth, as soon as the old man had closed the door behind him; "dear Ellen, we must part."

"How mean you so, Lambert?" said the young maiden, colouring deeply.

"My destiny, Ellen," replied he, "is a strange one. All I dare not reveal to you; but I am born either to perish or to fill a mighty station in the world. I shall either be branded, trampled on, and scorned, or thousands will kneel to pay me lowly homage."

"Lambert, dear Lambert," said Ellen, "you talk wildly; you are ill, Lambert; will you leave your own dear cousin Ellen?"

"You are no cousin of mine, Ellen," said the youth. "This much I may

tell—your uncle is not my father. Father Simon has already convinced me of this. Ellen, I have noble blood in my veins."

"And in consequence of this, Lambert, you no longer love me?" said the beautiful girl, bursting into a flood of tears. "Father Simon has turned your head: I am sure he is an evil and an artful man."

"I love you, dear Ellen," replied Lambert, "far better than ever; I will never forget you. Do not, dear, sweet Ellen, talk so to me; you will break my heart; it is my destiny tears me from you, and not my own will."

"Lambert, I will ever follow you," sobbed the youthful girl. "Pray take me with you; I will go anywhere with you; I have looked up to you with admiration, with love, from my very infancy; I know your proud, your daring spirit, and, Lambert, I love you all the better for it: pray take me with you—I will bear all for your sake;" and so saying, she knelt at his feet and covered his hand with kisses.

"For God's sake spare me; it cannot, may not be."

"Cannot, may not be!" said Ellen in a tone of despair, at the same time rising slowly up and turning deadly pale. "Lambert, you love me not;" and so saying, she fainted in his arms. He bore her to a chair, placed her in it, threw water on her face—and when she had nearly revived, rushed out of the room.

Ellen recovered slowly, looked round the room, saw he was gone, burst into a flood of tears—and saying, "I will show him how strong, how warm my love for him is," she rested her head on her hand, and wept like a child: in fact, she almost was one; for, reader, she was not quite sixteen.

CHAPTER II.

On a stormy night, about three weeks after the events previously detailed, and towards the close of the year 1486, a stout, strong built man went searching his way up a narrow street, which was situated between the river and the cathedral of Christ-church in Dublin. As he proceeded

on his way, he could hear no sound but the fall of his own footsteps, which echoed strangely through the deserted streets, and the heavy pattering of the drops of rain which fell with a splashing noise on the pavement from the eaves of the houses; in fact, it was now near midnight, and the

inhabitants of this small street had long retired to rest. For some time he blundered on, gazing round on the houses as if in search of some particular one which had nearly escaped his memory; and every now and again, as he found he had made a fresh mistake, he stopped, drew his large cloak tighter round him, and mumbled forth complaints to the following effect:—

“Well, well, Master Jonathan, I did think a man of your sense would never have been caught on such a fool’s errand as this. How, in the name of all that’s wonderful, am I to find a house with a green door in the dark; and even supposing I should find one, may not there be a dozen others with doors of the same colour, for all I know to the contrary. By the mass, they all look black by this light. Another time Father Simon may do his own errands of this kind.”

At last his patience seemed totally exhausted, and stepping up to the door of the house nearest to him, he pulled out his sword from under his cloak, and forthwith commenced such a thundering peal, by knocking the hilt of it against the door, that if the good people inside had not speedily awakened, it would very soon have given way. As it was, however, an upper window was soon thrown open, and a female, putting out her head, wrapped in her night dress, shouted out in a shrill tone,

“So ho, Sir Brawler, have you not the fear of the city watch before your eyes, that you go about in this way disturbing our rest. If you do not at once be off, I will discharge this upon you;” and at the same time she displayed a formidable stone jug without the window, the sight of which made the stranger retreat to a respectable distance before he attempted any further parley with her. When, however, he felt satisfied that he had reached a spot at which he was in perfect safety, he thus addressed the female:—

“I had heard that Ireland was the land of hospitality; yet here have I, an utter stranger, been wandering about for the last two hours, and have as yet found none kind enough to direct me to the house I wanted; and, forsooth, when I have found with great difficulty the street in which it is situated,

I knock at a door, and instead of kind words, receive abuse.”

“Knock, indeed,” said the female, “knock, indeed; only that our door chanced to be made of good substantial oak, it would have given way beneath your blows; but be off at once with yourself, and make no further disturbance here, or I will call those who will make you go.”

“Hem!” said the stranger, and was preparing to give an answer not more courteous than the address of the female had been; but at this instant a sudden blast came whistling up the street, and was immediately succeeded by an increased fall of rain; so that, probably recollecting that civility was the most likely method of obtaining either shelter or information, he at once changed his manner, and said,

“I had hoped, when I saw so respectable and elegant a female appear at the window, that I should at least have met with politeness.”

Now at the time the stranger said this, it was so perfectly dark that he could only distinguish the female at all by means of her white head-dress: but she did not recollect this; and his courteous speech so far softened her heart that she replied,

“If I really imagined that you were a stranger in want of information, and had not come here in some drunken frolic, for the sole purpose of annoying the neighbours, I might do my best to aid you.”

“Indeed, kind lady,” said Master Jonathan—for this was the stranger’s name—“indeed I am sorely in want of information; and if you could tell me where Master Martin lives in this street, you would much oblige me.”

“Master Martin!” said the female, “why he is mad; you cannot surely want him?”

“I do,” replied the stranger, in a dolorous tone; “but pray tell me where is his house, or I shall get wet to the skin.”

“He lives in the third house on the right from this: but what can you want with him, the madman?” and here she proceeded to ask him a long string of similar questions, and leaving her thus occupied, the scene must be shifted to another place.

In a mean small room, in a house in

the same street in which we left Master Jonathan, sat a man who might have been about fifty years of age, but whose whole appearance was so careworn, that it would have been impossible to have stated what his exact age was. His hair was dark, his eyes were also dark, but they were so brilliant and restless, that they imparted to his deadly pale, though marked and handsome countenance, an almost unearthly appearance. The room in which he sat was plainly furnished, a bright turf fire blazed in the hearth, and the glare of this and a small lighted taper imparted to the room, notwithstanding its plain furniture, an appearance of comfort. The man himself was, although seated at a table, completely enveloped in a dark cloak: he was writing. At times he stopped and muttered to himself, and then he rose and walked about the room, as if reflecting on some subject intently, then suddenly again seated himself in his chair and continued writing. At length he burst into a loud scornful laugh and soliloquised as follows:

"Ha, ha, ha! mad, forsooth, ha ha! the world say I am mad, and what care I. I was wretched, and I am happy—I loved—" here he paused, and an expression of fearful rage and agony passed over his countenance; his eyes seemed to blaze in his head: but as if suddenly recollecting himself, he dropped on his knees, and extending his arms to heaven, said

"Father of mercy! take pity on me—on the soul of the maid I injured, and of my dear, my lost child."

This short prayer seemed to have restored him in some degree to his self possession, and rising up, he continued writing. After a few seconds he again paused and said

"I shall soon now, thank heaven, be at rest in my long lyst home—and what will they say, when they find my last song—" thus saying he read out loud as follows from the paper on which he had been writing:

Adieu, fair world, my spirit flies,
From all these magic scenes below,
To those bright realms beyond the skies
Where I so long have wished to go.
I yearn to reach those joyous lands,
Where I may ever wander free,
And feel no more those hateful bands
Which bound me in captivity—

Vol. III.

And yet, fair world, from you I grieve to go,
But not from savage man, who caused my woe.

Mine was a wild, strange destiny,
A proud priest bound me in a cell—
My mind he bound not, that was free,
And it apart from me would dwell,
And live in ancient happy times;
It left me rotting in my bands,
And flew to bright and sunny climes,
And roamed through many fertile lands,
It gazed on all that it thought sweet and dear,
And left my captive body mould'ring here—

And this is what men madness call!
I care not, it was life to me.—

At this instant so loud and sudden a knocking was made at the outer door that he stopped reading and started back, went out of the room to the outer door, and in a loud tone of voice asked, "who knocks?"

"It is I, Master Jonathan, and I am sent to you, Master Martin, with special intelligence," was the answer.

"How so, I know you not: come, begone," said Master Martin, which was the name of the individual who had been sitting in the room.

"That is like enough," said Master Jonathan, "but—(and here he whispered some name)—has sent me."

At this announcement the door was at once thrown open, and in walked Master Jonathan, who, pulling off his cloak, shook the rain from it, threw it on the ground, and placed himself with his back to the fire. Master Martin did not follow him into the room immediately, but first of all carefully relocked the door, and then, entered the room again.

"Come," said he to the stranger, "keep me no longer in suspense: you have mentioned the name of one who has never crossed my path in life, but to my detriment, my ruin," and as he thus spoke, he put on that ghastly look of fury which insanity alone is capable of assuming.

"Master Martin," said the other, "you will this night see your son."

"Then, God be praised for all his mercies," was the answer—"look here;" and he convulsively dragged the stranger to the table by the arm, and showed him a small phial lying on it.

"I did this very night intend to have terminated my existence by suicide, but the intelligence you have brought me, has given me once more a relish for life."

"Is this true, Master Martin?" said the other with a look of horror: "however, you shall see your son within an hour. I am sent on to bid you prepare to receive him, and also father Simon."

No answer was returned to this speech—but the maniac, for such indeed was Master Martin, sunk into a chair, crossed his arms on the table, and rested his head on them, the very image of complete despair—at length, however, he sprang wildly up again, fell on his knees before the stranger, and thus spoke:

"As you hope for mercy in your dying hour, as you look for forgiveness of your sins, by all this, and by all you hold most dear and holy, I conjure you to save my son from that proud priest's power, for he will hurry him on to his destruction, and eventually sacrifice him to his own ambition—stranger, it is a father now kneels before you."

A shade of deep emotion passed over the stranger's countenance, tears rose in his eyes: he might have assisted the wretched being who knelt before him, but at that moment a loud knock was given at the outer door. At this interruption the maniac moved not, his eyes alone betrayed the fearful agitation of his mind; not a single muscle of his countenance quivered, but he remained on his knees, as if rooted to the earth, whilst Master Jonathan sprang forward and opened the door.

"You may return to the vessel till you hear further from us to-morrow," said a voice without; "it is better we should remain as quiet as possible until we know what reception we shall meet with;" and the loud tramp of the retiring footsteps of many men were heard through the open door, which was immediately closed and barred again. The maniac still remained on his knees, as if totally bereft of all consciousness—whilst two individuals entered the room, followed by Master Jonathan. They were both wrapped in cloaks, which they threw off on coming in, and thus disclosed their persons to view. The first who entered was a man of about sixty years of age, dressed as a churchman; his head was but scantily covered with grey hairs, his forehead was high and commanding, his eyes dark and piercing,

and his whole appearance seemed to denote that he was of a restless and ambitious disposition. His companion was a youth of about seventeen years of age, tall and gracefully made, with light hair and blue eyes; he was, perhaps, rather too effeminate looking to be strictly handsome, but there was a natural dignity in his manner, and elegance in his appearance, which seemed to command respect. In short, reader, these two individuals were no other than Lambert Simnel, the youth who, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, personated the young Earl of Warwick, and who was before introduced to the reader in the baker's shop, and his instigator and preceptor, Father Simon. Father Simon at once, on entering, went up to Master Martin, shook him by the shoulder, compelled him to rise, and then in an authoritative tone, desired him to go with Jonathan and prepare rooms for their reception. Master Martin looked mournfully at his son, for such was Lambert Simnel, and then without taking further notice of him, left the room, followed by Master Jonathan.

In a short time they returned and stated that such preparations as the house afforded had been made. Father Simon forthwith sent Lambert to his own room with Jonathan, without one word having passed between him and his father, and as soon as the door closed behind him, he pointed to a seat, which the maniac quietly took (for farther Simon seemed to exercise some secret though powerful means of controul over him) whilst the priest walking about the room, gave a hasty sketch of his plans to the following effect. He first of all briefly stated what an extreme partiality for the house of York still existed in England, and what universal disgust and ill will the severity of Henry towards all the individuals of that unfortunate house had created. He then went on to say that a report had been propagated that the hapless Earl of Warwick, son of the unfortunate Duke of Clarence, whom Henry had cruelly imprisoned in the tower, had made his escape, and that this report had been greedily and joyfully received. This circumstance, he said, had induced the Queen Dowager to request him to find some individual fitted to personate the young

earl, and he had accordingly chosen Lambert Simnel, the maniac's son, who, from his graceful appearance and accomplishments, seemed admirably suited for the purpose. However, as as he was fearful that the imposture was not calculated to bear too close an inspection, he had obtained secret letters from the Queen Dowager and the Duchess of Burgundy, to the Earl of Kildare, who was then deputy in Ireland, and if they met with any encouragement and success in that kingdom, the Duchess of Burgundy had promised to furnish the necessary forces for a descent upon England, where they had no doubt of being joined by all the adherents of the house of York. Here he concluded, and to his utter astonishment and surprise, he received not one word of thanks from the wretched maniac, who sat in a state of sullen despondency; which as Father Simon considered to be base ingratitude, he desired in a haughty tone to be forthwith shown to the apartment that was prepared for him, and left the room.

The events previously detailed had occupied the greater part of the night, and it was now near the first dawn of day, but all the inmates of the house had not yet retired to rest, for as soon as the maniac thought the priest must be asleep, he stole up stairs to the room in which his son reposed. It was a small ill furnished room. One painting hung over the fire-place, and this was the only ornament in it; the bed was small and without curtains, and Lambert Simnel had merely wrapped himself up in his cloak and thrown himself down on it: he slept, but his slumbers were disturbed, as they well might be, considering his present situation, and, when his father entered the room, he was talking to himself in his sleep. There was a lighted taper near the fire-place, but which being nearly burnt down to the socket, gave but a faint light. Taking this in his hand, the maniac knelt down by the side of the bed, and uncovering the youth's face, which was hidden by his cloak, gazed on it for a few seconds, then kissed his forehead, and in a tone which evinced his deep emotion, said,

"Oh Heaven! kind Heaven! it is his mother's face."

Whether it was caused by this ex-

clamation, or by the sudden glare of light from the taper, I know not, but the youth sprang suddenly up in his bed, saying,

"Who's there?"

"Your father," was the answer, which at once roused him, and long did he and his father then converse together. The youth informed him that he had always, till a few days since, considered a baker, by whom he had been brought up in Oxford, as his father, but that some time ago Father Simon had come to him and told him what brilliant prospects were open to him if he chose to avail himself of them, and had assured him that his father was not the baker, but a nobleman—that he had been dazzled by the description the reverend father had given of the charms of royalty, although indeed his heart had almost broken at separating from a niece of the baker's, whom he fondly, dearly loved, and with whom he had been brought up from his earliest childhood—but that at length he conquered this feeling, and had fled from the baker's house. He also stated that the priest had told him that he should, this night, be brought to his father's house, and he now begged of his father, if indeed he were so, to give him some account of his birth.

During this recital the maniac wept: he saw that his son was beset by the snares of the wily priest, and that he would, if he did not make some exertion to save him, fall a helpless prey to this man's ambition; and in order to give him a full insight into the priest's character, he gave him the following account of his own early years:—He was, he said, the eldest son of an old and noble family, but as he had disgraced his name he would never betray it, and conjured his son still to bear that of the person who had so kindly adopted him. He had, he further said, to justify the ambition of his family, and at the earnest request of Father Simon, although he was the eldest son, been put into the church, and thus had forfeited all claim to his paternal inheritance, which was given to his younger brother, who in a few years was, by the arts of Father Simon, stripped of the whole of it, and died of a broken heart. He then stated that having been so young when he entered the church, he had taken vows of which

he scarcely knew the full force or meaning, and amongst others the path of celibacy—but that when he was about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, he had become attached to a lovely young lady of noble family; that they had fled together, but were shortly afterwards seized; that she had given birth to a son and then died, whilst his life had been spared, through Father Simon, who was head of the order to which he belonged, but that he had been for years imprisoned, until he at length lost his reason, and had then only been released to become, when he had in some degree recovered, the most abject slave of Father Simon, who had shortly before suddenly ordered him to proceed to Dublin, for what reason he now saw too well; he then ended by conjuring his son to give up his present dishonest projects, and to fly with him from the priest's power.

"Come here," said he, taking his son by the arm and drawing him towards the fire-place, "in this painting you see a type of your present situation, when I myself am exposed to strong temptation, I gaze on this, and I often acquire from the sight of it, sufficient strength of mind to resist successfully the machinations of the tempter, God grant, my son, it may now have the same effect on you—" and so saying, he pointed to the picture over the fire-place.

This had evidently been executed by the hand of a master—it was so dark that it required a strong light, and that was now thrown on it by the taper which the maniac held up to it in order to show it to his son; the whole of the outer parts of the painting were so darkly shaded that the eye was involuntarily attracted to the cen-

tre, which was richly yet plainly coloured, so as to harmonize with the rest of the piece: in the foreground reclined St. Anthony: he was supposed to have retired to the wilderness for the purpose of meditation, and the foul fiend had taken this opportunity to endeavour by every means to shake his constancy. The saint was clothed in a garment of goats' hair, which was most beautifully executed; he was reclining on his side on a bank; his features were handsome, yet manly; he was worn from fasting, but his countenance beamed with resignation and hope, and had in fact an almost angelic expression. Immediately over him bent the fiend in a threatening attitude; his features were human, but the whole expression of his countenance was fearful and hideous, and it was, if possible, rendered still more so from its proximity to the mild and beautiful features of the saint; around were various others in the most frightful forms and attitudes, and unseen by them, but joyfully looked up to by Saint Anthony, was our Saviour just appearing in the clouds, borne by angels, and smiling encouragingly on the suffering saint. Lambert Simnel felt his heart touched at the sight of this, and burst into tears.

"Thus do you strive against the tempter, my son," said the father in a loud tone of voice, and at that instant the priest burst into the room with anger painted in his looks.

"Begone thou wretched madman," cried he to the maniac, who cowering beneath his fierce glances, departed; and the priest now turning to the youth, soon by his seductive language, rendered him firm in his purpose as ever.

CHAPTER III.

A period of several months had elapsed since the occurrences last detailed had taken place, and these few months had been by far the most eventful of Lambert Simnel's life. When last we left him, he was a fugitive, unknown, with but few friends, and

the most sanguine of these had scarcely dared to indulge a hope of eventual success. At the period when he is again to meet the eye of the reader, he had been crowned King of England, under the title of Edward the Sixth, with a crown taken from the head of

statue of the Blessed Virgin.* He had a vast train of followers, amongst whom were many powerful and influential nobles. He was lodged in the Castle of Dublin, and treated with royal honors, and yet never was mortal more unhappy than Lambert Simnel. His father's words—"dishonest projects"—were constantly ringing in his ears—he dreaded what might have been the fate of that father, whom he had never seen since the first night of his arrival in Dublin—he was without true friends—he felt himself an abject tool in the hands of a party, and to be this, he had sacrificed his honour, and the love of a virtuous—a beautiful girl.

These thoughts came thronging through his youthful and ardent breast, as he sat on his throne in St. Patrick's Hall, in the Castle of Dublin. He had that morning been crowned in the Cathedral of Christ's Church, amidst the joyous shouts of the spectators—amidst cries of "Long live King Edward the Sixth;" and he was now seated on his throne to receive the homage of his new subjects. All the noble, the learned, the wealthy of Ireland were there collected—the hall was brilliantly lighted up—numbers of beautiful females looked unspeakable things at their young, their handsome monarch; and happy did she deem herself who obtained a single glance from him in return. Immediately near his person stood the Lords Kildare and Lincoln, the Lord Chancellor, and Jenico Marks, Mayor of Dublin. Behind him stood Father Simon, whose proud eye beamed with triumph, as he deemed

his ambitious projects already accomplished. The nobles of Ireland, and the chief citizens of Dublin had already passed before their youthful monarch; numerous addresses had been presented, and different parts of the splendid pageant, which had been prepared to celebrate the inauguration of the young king, had already been exhibited amidst shouts of applause from the spectators, who scarcely knew which to admire most, the skill of the artists who had devised these shows, or the expense which must have been lavished on them.

A pause of several minutes had now taken place, but this had rather served to whet the curiosity of the spectators than otherwise, and all eyes were fixed eagerly on the door through which all the other parts of the pageant had entered, and through which now came, to the astonishment and delight of the bystanders, an immense head, not less than seven feet in height, with every part proportioned to this, and exactly resembling the head of some gigantic human being. None could imagine what could be intended by so strange, so unheard-of a device; and what was their surprise when it placed itself at the bottom of the room, opposite to the young monarch; and after shutting and opening its eyes, and wagging its nose and chin in a most extraordinary manner, made an obeisance to him. After having done this, it commenced dancing round the room, whilst the most timid of the females could scarcely prevent themselves from screaming when it approached them, and the very

* There now stands in the Carmelite Church, in Whitefriars-street, Dublin, a statue of the Virgin, from the head of which the crown with which Lambert Simnel was crowned is said to have been taken. This statue represents the Virgin, with the infant Jesus in her arms. It is carved in Irish oak, and the figures are as large as life. A great portion of the lower parts of it have been destroyed, apparently by fire; but it is now placed in a niche, so that this deficiency is well concealed. As the very interesting traditional particulars, relative to the preservation of this statue, have lately appeared in several English and Irish public prints, it would be useless to detail them here. It is, however, as well to correct one important error that generally appears in accounts that have been written of it, viz. that it was executed by some pupil of Albert Durer's school, to whose time and manner it seems to belong. Now Albert Durer was not born until the year 1471; and, therefore, when Lambert Simnel was crowned, in 1486, he must have been much too young to have executed a work which could already have been so famous as the statue from the head of which the crown is said to have been taken. I therefore think it is improbable it could have been executed by Albert Durer, equally so by any pupil of his—or if it was, Lambert Simnel's crown could not have been taken from this statue.

boldest of them made way for it as fast as they could. After it had completed the circuit of the room, it again stopped opposite to the young king, and having made a few hideous grimaces, opened its monstrous jaws, when out sprang an Irish harper, dressed in full costume, and the mouth instantly closed again.

The harper dropped on one knee, bowed to the young king, then played on his harp a touching and plaintive lay, and when he had finished this, he, in some verses previously composed, prayed of his majesty to smile graciously on the forthcoming entertainments. As soon as this speech was concluded, the head again opened its mouth, and out sprang a Spaniard, arrayed in the costume of his country; he sung a song and accompanied himself on a guitar, after the fashion of his native land. When he had done this, the mouth once more opened, and out sprang two hideous dwarfs, who instantly began to tumble and dance in the most extraordinary fashion, until the room almost shook from the roars of laughter of the lookers on; and the louder they laughed, the higher did these hideous little creatures bound, and the more extraordinary positions did they throw themselves into, until even the young monarch, who had hitherto sat silent and thoughtful, could not refrain from laughing at their antics; and thus did these two dance until they were obliged to desist from very weariness. When they stopped, the mouth remained closely shut for some time, until many thought that the show was concluded; but it suddenly opened again, and disclosed a young female of exquisite beauty. As she sprang from the mouth of the head, she alighted on the extreme point of one toe, with one leg extended far behind her, and her arms gracefully expanded. For one moment every sound was hushed in the large and crowded hall, and in the next a simultaneous murmur of applause and admiration burst from the spectators. When this had subsided, she assumed a natural standing position, and made a graceful obeisance to the young monarch. This young female was elegantly attired; her dark hair was bound up into a knot on the top of her head, and one single diamond ornament confined it there. She appeared to be just ripening into the first

bloom of womanhood; her form might have served as a model for the statuary, and her face was so lovely, that not a young knight in the hall could for one moment gaze on it without feeling his heart beat with redoubled violence. The music now struck up: and after having again bowed to the youthful king, the maiden commenced a slow and graceful dance, gliding first of all to the right for several paces, and at every step raising her right leg until it projected nearly straight out from her body; and yet with such perfect grace, and with such an appearance of ease, that the ravished spectators burst into loud shouts of applause: she then glided in the same graceful easy manner to the left, and having done this, she again remained poised on one toe. The music now struck up a quicker and livelier tune, and the graceful girl, poisoning herself on both feet, allowed her body, head, and arms, for a few seconds, to undulate in exact time to the music: then having apparently satisfied herself that her ear had become accustomed to the change of measure, she went bounding forwards to the young monarch so lightly that she scarcely seemed to touch the ground. Delight thrilled the breasts of all present; and when having advanced close to the young king, she attempted to place a wreath of shamrock and red roses on his head; though either owing to her timidity at finding herself so close to royalty, or from the excitement of the dance, her small hand shook so that it fell on his lap, and the young girl sunk on one knee, her face and neck dyed with blushes. One universal shout of applause seemed almost to rend the roof of the hall, and was instantaneously echoed back by the citizens who were entertained without.

However agreeable and pleasing to the spectators this scene had been, it had a very different effect on Lambert Simnel: he leaned back in his throne, his countenance deadly pale, and his teeth chattering in his head. He did not give a single word of praise or encouragement to the graceful and beautiful creature who knelt at his feet, and who seemed almost in a state of stupor from the confusion her awkwardness had thrown her into, until gradually recollecting herself, she rose, and covered with blushes;

slowly retired to the other end of the room, all respectfully making way for her, and gazing at her with admiration as she passed along. When she had retired, Lambert Simnel looked round him, and saw that Father Simon had left his place, and was engaged in conversation with the Lord Kildare at the other side of the room: so beckoning to the chamberlain, who stood near him, he said,

"Give orders for instantly breaking up the court, for I am indisposed; and order that maiden who just now danced, not to be allowed to depart, for I will presently give her audience."

"Your Highness's pleasure shall be done," was the answer; and the chamberlain instantly departed to give the necessary orders.

About half an hour after the events detailed above had occurred, Lambert Simnel was pacing up and down a small room in the castle of Dublin, evidently expecting the arrival of some person; and in a few seconds a knock was given at the door.

"Come in," said Lambert.

"I have secretly conveyed the maiden here, according to your orders, your Highness," said the chamberlain, opening the door, and shewing in some one completely enveloped in a cloak.

"Retire, then," said the youth, "and watch, without to see that no one approaches."

The chamberlain bowed and retired. Lambert waited until he heard the door of the outer apartment shut, and then advancing rapidly up to the person wrapped in the cloak, said in a mournful tone of voice,

"Ellen!"

At this word the person let the cloak fall, and there, in the same dress in which she had danced, stood the young and beautiful girl, trembling before him.

"Ellen!" again said Lambert, his voice almost choked with agitation—"Ellen—wild, thoughtless girl, what can bring you here?"

"Too much love for you, Lambert," was the answer. "For months have I

tried in vain to gain admittance to you, and but for my skill in dancing should not have done so now."

"But, dear Ellen," said the youth—and as he spoke, he took her small, fair hand which lay trembling in his—"if you are discovered, we are both ruined. What would you of me? An insurmountable barrier is now placed between us. Go, Ellen; strive to forget me; I cannot forget you, if I would; so spare me—do, dear Ellen, and never let me see you more."

"Lambert," said the maiden, "do you imagine that one who loves you as I do, that one who has left her home, her friends for your sake, and has travelled thus far unaided and alone, who has surmounted so many obstacles, and has, after such difficulty, at length succeeded in gaining admittance to you—do you imagine that such a one would betray you?"

"But, Ellen, what can I do for you? I will do all, everything; tell me, dear Ellen," said Lambert.

"I will, I will," sobbed the maiden, as she burst into tears; "let me follow you as your page; let me be your friend, Lambert; you will sorely want one yet, you may depend upon it."

"Ellen," said the youth, as he sank on his knees and pressed her hand to his lips, "this cannot, may not be; and yet I call heaven to witness, that I am sick and weary of this royalty, and would, too, gladly resign all to be once more in Oxford, by your side, as I have often been, to call you my own dear Ellen, and to look forward to pass my life in a lowly station, with you for my wedded wife and comforter."

At this moment loud voices were heard in the ante-room, and Lambert heard Father Simon in high dispute with the chamberlain, saying,

"Give way, Sir; I will see the king."

Immediately afterwards the outer door opened, and Lambert had only just time to wrap Ellen up once more in the cloak, when the priest entered; and as he did so, Ellen passed out unobserved.

CHAPTER IV.

Lambert Simnel was, at the period when he is again to meet the eye of the reader, fast hastening to the fulfilment of his destiny. On the 6th of June, 1487, a group of three individuals were standing, and a fourth lay on the ground surrounded by attendants, on a small eminence overlooking the country, in the neighbourhood of Stoke, in the county of Nottingham. Beneath them lay a level plain, on which were two armies engaged in a fearful conflict. A single glance over the field was sufficient to convince the spectator that one party was giving way, and their only hope of safety now seemed to rest on a body of troops apparently foreign, who were hastily re-forming at the foot of the hill, and on whom the others were falling back for support. These troops were the remnant of the brave body of Germans whom the Duchess of Burgundy had sent over to assist Lambert Simnel, under the command of the experienced veteran, Martin Swart. The three individuals standing on the hill were Lambert Simnel, Father Simon, and Martin Swart, who was a soldier-like looking old man, of a truly noble bearing.

"Your Highness will excuse me," said he, when he saw that his men had nearly completed their formation; "but I must lead my brave fellows on to one charge more as soon as our front is again clear."

"Here, General Swart," said Lambert Simnel, "let me grasp your hand once more before you go; you have aided me right nobly and bravely; if fortune yet declares in our favour, you shall be well rewarded; but if we should chance never to meet again, and much I fear that such will be the case, remember betimes an inexperienced youth who loved you well."

The gallant veteran seized the Impostor's hand, pressed it to his lips, and said,

"Sire, I will either fall in your rightful cause, or return victorious."

As he said this, a tear fell from his eyes on Lambert's hand; an expression of fearful remorse and agony

passed over the youth's countenance, and he gave Father Simon a glance expressive of the deepest hatred and contempt, which was answered back by one equally contemptuous and indignant.

"General Swart," said Lambert, at length mastering his emotion, "my commands are, that if your next charge is not successful, yourself and your brave followers lay down your arms; you will be lightly dealt with by the victor."

"Sire," said General Swart—but the youth interrupted him, saying—

"It is my command; I will not hear one word of expostulation; enough of blood has been already shed for me."

The general bowed, mounted his horse, and rode down the hill. Lambert Simnel once more gazed thoughtfully over the field of battle, and Father Simon, who stood with folded arms and moody brow, muttered the word coward, between his clenched teeth.

For a few seconds after General Swart had descended the hill, his followers, animated by his presence, seemed endowed with fresh spirits and vigour, but it was soon again evident that their efforts would be useless. The English, who consisted almost entirely of raw country lads, provided with no other arms but such as chance or opportunity had thrown in their way, now fled in all directions; and the Irish subsidies, who had throughout the day sustained the heat of the conflict, were now attacked by fresh troops, far superior in numbers and appointments to their own. It must be borne in mind by the reader, that Henry's troops were well disciplined veteran soldiers, whilst the Impostor's consisted, with the exception of the Germans under the command of Martin Swart, of but newly raised and badly armed recruits. At this moment a number of war-carts, which were then a new invention, and which had hitherto been prevented from coming up by the badness of the roads, appeared on the field. These consisted of a kind of heavy, covered waggon, shaped almost like a bee-hive—from the roof of which

the muzzles of two patereros, anon, managed by swivels. He now so placed as to bear Martin Swart's brave band. Lambert Simnel stood watching all occurrences with a mournful air; he saw the war carts open a destructive fire on the troops formed at the foot of the armed round, and beckoning an officer in attendance upon a dead man who was stretched on the ground, he said, as he tore a star from the dead man's breast, "this to General Swart; tell him from me, and that I desire him at once lay down his arms, on the best terms he can." "Your Highness," said Father Simon, "he uttered this in a marked pathetic smile played over his face; your Highness is too pre-

occupied not with what does not concern him," said Lambert in a scornful tone, and with a spirit which could not have been expected from one of his rank; in fact, his whole bearing was noble and noble; and this circumstance alone had attracted numbers of persons who would otherwise have been misled by him. Having answered Father Simon, he turned to the individual who was lying on the ground, and who was younger than the young noble, the noble prince, who had that day come off Impostor's forces until he was severely wounded from

"Feel you now, my lord," said the young noble, as he bent over the young noble, he took his hand. "Your Highness's eyes were closed," Lambert Simnel spoke to him, and his countenance was of a pale hue; but at the sound of his name he opened his eyes, looked for one moment to see who had spoken, and then he had satisfied himself, a faint smile played over his death-stamped face. "He answered, 'th, your Highness, not much matter if I die, I die as every noble should wish to die in defence of a young and innocent prince.'"

The impostor dropped the young

noble's hand, dashed his own helmet from his head, and burst into a flood of tears; and then remained with his face buried in his hands until an officer advancing to him said,

"Your Highness should now think of flight."

"'Tis true, 'tis true," said the youth; "but I fly not, unless you can bring the Lord Lincoln with me; either he is saved, or we die together."

For a few minutes after this, the persons round Lord Lincoln were occupied with forming a litter from pikes and cloaks. This being done, he was placed in it—the litter slung between two horses; and Lambert Simnel and Father Simon having mounted, the whole party quitted the field.

The fugitives proceeded but slowly; the Lord Lincoln gradually grew weaker, and could not at last bear even the slightest motion; he therefore prayed them to leave him beneath the hedge to perish, and seek their own safety in more speedy flight. This Lambert Simnel refused to do, and ordering him to be laid on the ground, seated himself near him, and supported his head on his knees. Father Simon also dismounted, and proceeded to render the last religious offices to him.

In the mean time the victors pressed hard upon them. The brave Martin Swart had disobeyed orders so far as to endeavour to cover the Impostor's retreat with a body of horse, and these now gradually approached nearer as they were pressed on by the enemy, until they at length came within a few hundred yards of the fugitives, and there endeavoured, by forming in a compact mass across the road, to prevent Henry's forces from advancing any farther. All those who had accompanied Lambert Simnel so far, now flew to assist the Germans, at the same time conjuring him to fly alone: in fact, the gentle and noble manners of the young prince, as his followers really believed him to be, had won all hearts; and never were more touching instances of devotion to any one individual exhibited, than on this day.

Just as all had hurried off to join the skirmishers, and Lambert Simnel, Father Simon, and Lord Lincoln were left alone, the latter made a sign to the

Impostor to bend his head down, which he accordingly did; and Lord Lincoln whispering in his ear, "Long live my noble King Edward the VI." fell back and expired.

Lambert Simnel sat for some time stupified with grief; then suddenly made a spring at the priest, who was leaning over the body, bore him to the ground, knelt upon him, and drew his dagger—

"You hoary wretch," shouted he, in a voice tremulous with rage—"you smooth-tongued hypocrite, who found me a weak, a simple, innocent boy; who breathed insidious language into my ear, and made me the slave of ambition, and a villain: you ruined my father, caused the death of my mother, persuaded me to leave the maid I loved, and to live a lie, a base, dishonest lie, to deceive all who loved me, and thus lead them on to their destruction; now receive thy reward;" and he raised his arm to plunge his dagger into the priest's breast, when a chance shot from the combatants struck him, and he rolled over senseless.

Father Simon did not immediately recover from his astonishment; but after a few seconds rose, looked at the body of Lambert Simnel, took the dagger from the ground where it had fallen, and coolly saying, "He is dead, I think—but 'tis well to be quite sure. If he now dies, posterity will never know that he was other than the rightful prince, and I shall be looked on as a good, a noble man."

He would have plunged the dagger to the youth's heart, but his arm was

seized, and turning round, he saw the maniac with his wild dark eyes fiercely glaring on him, who, with a scornful smile, said,

"Fear not, most reverend father, I will not harm thee; thy hour is not yet come: I'm mad, you know, and thus can foresee things long before they come to pass; and rest assured, that there is fearful vengeance yet in store for thee."

Whilst he was yet speaking, a soldier, dressed in the Impostor's uniform, and covered with blood and dust, came running up, looked wildly round, and threw himself on Lambert's body. Whilst these events were passing, the Germans, under Swart, were so hard pressed that they were obliged to fly; and the victors coming up, found Father Simon still in the maniac's grasp, and made him a prisoner; they then saw Lambert Simnel's body, with the soldier lying on it, who was desired to rise; and as he would not do this, they tried to pull him off: in the struggle his cap fell off, and his coat was torn open, and there stood a young and lovely girl before them—it was, in fact, Ellen, whom the reader may recollect as having asked Lambert to allow her to be his page; and on his refusing, had followed in his train as a private soldier. What a daring, although tender heart has woman! On a farther examination being made, it was found that Lambert Simnel was not dead, but had only been severely wounded; so the whole party were made prisoners until the king's further pleasure should be known.

CHAPTER V.

From this period nothing worth recording occurred for about three months: but at that time, in a small, dark cell in the tower of London, heavily ironed and meanly clothed, sat an old man on the side of a low wooden bed; his arms and head were resting on his knees, and he appeared completely absorbed in bitter contemplation. For several minutes, from the time when he is supposed to have met the eye of the reader, he made not the

slightest movement—in fact, so tranquil was he, that, but for his deep heavy breathing, he might have been supposed to be dead. Presently the door of the cell opened—still he moved not; but when the maniac, who was the person who had entered, said,

"Father Simon!" he at once, with amazement depicted in his countenance, started to his feet.

"You here!" said he—"then, there is

indeed no hope for me. Merciful Father! look down with pity on a repentant sinner;" and thus saying, he dropped on his knees, with his clasped hands held up towards heaven.

"There is hope for you," replied the maniac; "your life is spared on account of your order; but—" and his wild dark eyes twinkled with pleasure: "but you are to be imprisoned for life, and I am to be your gaoler."

"Oh, heaven! death is far preferable to such a punishment," said the priest.

"I'll tell you what," was the answer; and as the maniac spoke he seized the trembling wretch by the arm; "I fled from Dublin the very morning you left my abode; I came to London—threw myself on my knees before the king, and offered to betray all your plans, on condition of his bestowing the situation of your gaoler on me. He promised it to me—I discovered all you had told me. I then followed as a private soldier in the ranks of my son. I watched my opportunity, saved his life, and made you a prisoner. And here you now lie a prisoner for life, with me for your gaoler—day and night will I taunt you with your treatment of my beloved wife, of myself, and of my son. "Wretch, fear not"—and he violently shook the shivering old man—"wretch, fear not, I would not slay you for the world. No, no, revenge is far too sweet: mine may, indeed, be a madman's revenge; but it pleases me right well. Do you recollect keeping me for years, for ages, bound in a dark, a filthy cell, till my brain grew sick—till I lost all consciousness; whilst friends scoffed at me, and brutes mocked me"—and thus he continued to rave, wildly and incoherently.

But, reader, he had spoken the truth. Father Simon was imprisoned for life—this maniac was his gaoler; and for years did the priest live to undergo the most dreadful torments at the hands of the maniac whom he had so deeply wronged, without ever once seeing another human being, to whom he might disclose and complain of his fearful sufferings.

But dropping a veil over this painful scene, I will hurry you, reader, to another of a far more agreeable kind,

which occurred several months later than the one last described.

"Well, well, Master Jonathan, you are late; there is no time to be lost; your master will be home directly."

Thus spoke a man, whom the reader may recollect as having disturbed the maniac in his meditations, in the beginning of this tale—and as he spoke, he spread a clean white cloth on an oaken table, and busied himself in preparing dinner in a small comfortably furnished room. Presently a young female entered the room—it was Ellen. She was as lovely as ever: perhaps her charms were even heightened by having almost arrived at womanhood.

"Think you your master will soon return, Jonathan," said she; and as she yet spoke, a handsome young man, attired in the dress of a falconer, with a hooded hawk on his wrist, bounded into the room.

"My own dear Ellen," said he; and as he spoke he passed one arm round her slender waist, and imprinted a kiss upon her rosy lips. "Now, wayward bird," added he, addressing the hawk that sat on his wrist, and at the same time pulling its hood off, "now, wayward bird, go thou to thy mew:" and thus saying, he put him into a large cage with a perch in it.

"Come, Lambert," said his lovely wife, as she wound her arms playfully round him: "come, Lambert, let us to dinner, and give me an account of your day's sport."

"That is soon done," replied he. "We rode from Windsor to Swinley, and from thence we went on to Bagshot Heath. There we soon roused a heron from the marshes under Cæsar's Camp, and my bird struck it in gallant style. We soon afterwards roused another: 'Lambert, let him try another flight,' said his highness to me, and I let him go, and he missed his stroke—you villain"—and he shook his fist playfully at the hawk, who was sitting on its perch, pluming itself.

"And what said his highness to that," asked Ellen.

"Why he laughed at me when I scolded the bird," replied Lambert "and said, 'you missed a much more noble quarry yourself, Lambert.'"

"That is true, your highness," answered I; but I gained one even

more to my taste than the one I missed. For I won a fair wife, a happy home, and a kind master."

"Lambert," replied his highness, "I have ever since you have been in my service, good reason to be pleased with you."

To this I answered, "May God forgive me for having ever risen against so kind, so noble a king."

"I call him to witness," said his highness, "that I forgive thee as freely as I hope he will forgive me."

And having thus told the story of his morning's adventures, Lambert Simnel and his young wife attacked their dinner with right good appetite.

NOTE.—The following extract from a letter written by the Mayor and Corporation of Dublin to Henry, after the capture of Lambert Simnel, may prove interesting to the reader:—

"We were daunted to see not only

your chief governor, whom your highness made rule over us, to bend or bow to that idol whom they made us obey, but also our father of Dublin, and most of the clergy of the nation, except the Rev. Father his Grace Octavian, Archbishop of Armagh. We, therefore, humbly crave your highness's clemency towards your poor subjects of Dublin, the metropolis of your highness's realm of Ireland, which we hope your gracious highness will remit with some sparks of favour towards us.

Your highnesses faithful and loving subjects of Dublin

JENICO MARKS, Mayor of Dublin.

JOHN SERGANT,

JOHN WEST,

THOMAS MULIGHAN, } Aldermen of
JOHN FIAN, &c. &c. } the same place.

Many of the good citizens being unable to write their names, put their marks to this letter.

SONETTO ALL' ITALIA.

DI VINCENZO FILICAJA.

Italia, Italia, O tu cui feo la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
Funesta dote d' infiniti quai,
Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte :
Deh ! fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte,
Onde assai più ti paventasse, o assai
Famasse men chi del tuo bello ai rai
Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte !
Ch' or gin dall' Alpi non vedrei torrenti
Scender d' armati, né di sangue tinta
Bever l' onda del Pó Gallici armenti ;
Nè te vedrei del non tuo ferro cinta
Pugnar col braccio di straniere genti
Per servir sempre o vincitrice o vinta.

TRANSLATION.

Italia, oh ! Italia, Fate bestowed on thee
A baleful gift when first she formed thee fair :
And thou hast won a deadly dow'r of care
And sorrows countless, graved by Misery
On thy pale brow. Oh if that thou could'st be
Less lovely or more strong. Then would the reveller
Love thee less fiercely, or feel greater fear—
Not riot in thy charms, then offer death to thee.
Then should'st thou see no more from Alp descending,
In mountain torrents, Gallia's chivalry,
Nor the faint war-horse drink thy Po, while blending
Its waves with the life blood that flows from thee ;
Nor clothed in strangers' mail, thy strength to strangers lending,
Vicitress or vanquished, still in slavery.

IOTA.

IRISH FEMALE WRITERS.*

Lady Blessington's volumes contain much to amuse and much to instruct; but the noble authoress has evidently made amusement but secondary to instruction. She is an Irishwoman, and loves her country; but she has lived long enough in England to be altogether divested of what may be called the prejudices of Irishry, and to desire to view the country of her birth as identified in habits and interests with the country of her adoption. It is, we conceive, to this latter feeling that the present work owes its origin. Her ladyship could not, without pain, observe the progress of the repeal question, and her story is written chiefly to show the ruinous effects of the agitation to which it has given rise. We have no doubt that good effects would be produced by it, could it be read by the parties for whom it is intended; and we notice it at present with a view to facilitate this desirable object. Could our female peasantry be made to resemble Grace Cassidy, O'Connell and his myrmidons might as well "whistle jigs to a mile stone," as talk of repeal to the men. The native shrewdness of the untutored Irish mind, "*abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva*," has seldom been more felicitously depicted; and we will not yet give up the hope that our misguided multitudes may be made to see both their own folly and the knavery of their leaders.

The object of the noble authoress is to show the effects of repeal agitation on the peace of the cottage. Grace Cassidy, and her husband Jim, from the ease of their circumstances and their natural dispositions, joyous, affectionate, and contented, seem to have as fair a prospect of earthly happiness as ordinarily awaits the most favoured portion of our rustic population. The husband had been reclaimed from a pernicious addiction to drink, by the seasonable and good humoured expos-

tulations of his wife, and her heart was gladdened by the thought that his sober, frugal, and industrious habits were a pledge of future peace and prosperity.

"Every thing seemed to prosper around them: their cow was the sleekest, their pig the fattest, their little patch of garden ground the best kept, and their cottage the cleanest in the whole village of Cullogan, one of the most romantic spots in the county of Waterford. With pride did Grace rub the windows bright, and place in them a few plants given her by the gardener of Springmount; and when Jim returned from his work in the evening, he found a cheerful turf fire, a tidily swept hearth, an ample wicker-basket of laughing potatoes, with wooden piggins, emulating in whiteness the milk with which they were filled, and a plate of butter or kirkime awaiting him, with the smiling welcome of his now happy wife, who smoothed her shining hair, and arranged her neat mob-cap, that her best looks might greet his arrival."

But this happy scene was soon to change. Jim is summoned to an election at Dungarvan, and

"Grace saw him depart with a heavy heart. He repeatedly promised her that he would not 'dhrink a dhrup of any thing stronger than Blackwater cyder, and little of that same, and that he would vote as the masher tould him.'"

After a few weeks absence, during which her mind was filled with painful forebodings, Grace saw her husband return, and was cheered by the assurance he gave her, that he had rigidly kept his promise.

"'As for the dhrink, cushlamachree, the devil a bit did I mind the not taking it, for the fancy of it is gone clean out of my head; but for the vote, och my colleen, it went hard against my heart and conscience to give it to the Sasenach, and the real ould Milesian repalers in want of it. But I thought of my promise to you and the

* *Grace Cassidy, or the Repealers.* By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols. small 8vo. London. 1833.

Helen. By Maria Edgeworth. 3 vols. small 8vo. London. 1834.

master, and I voted for the Englisher. Its myself that's quite entirely bothered, now that I see and hear how bad things are going on. Sure, one knows nothing at all at all here of what's happening, and how the English has kilt this country by taking away the parliament, and all the good ould Irish laws that was made for us, and giving us English laws that's fit only for themselves. Faith, they might as well take away the praties from us, and give us bread in place of 'em, which to my thinking would be a bad swop, any way. Here was I working, and eating, and dhrinking, and sleeping, as if nothing at all was the matther, while the poor country is entirely ruint, and I'd never know a word about it, only that the repalers let the cat out of the bag. Och, Grace asthore, it's a cruil thing to be living in pace, and never knowing so much as a word of the troubles that's going on in the world.'

"Well, Jim, that bates every thing I ever heard; why, I think it's a blessing to be in pace, especially as it's no use to be troubling ourselves about what we cannot help; an' if there's so much trouble in the world, we ought to thank God we have escaped it.'

"Faith an' troth so I said to myself, at first," said Jim, 'but the repalers showed me the difference, an' now I feel quite bothered any how, an' won't be content till we've got back our parliament, and get all the Sassenachs out of the country: sure that ill be a great day for the Irish.'

"Whisth Jim, honey, what quare notions you've got in your head; sure it's almost as bad as the dhrink. It makes me quite uneasy to see you bothering your brains after such a fashion. If the country is in trouble, sure the great gentlemen that took the parliament over the wather to teach it English, knows better what to do for it, than a set of poor spalpeens who only do what the repalers tell 'em, and don't understand what made the vexation, or what will cure it, any more than you or me.'

"Och, fie upon you, Grace; is that the way you'd give up liberty? Sure the repalers said as how life is only a curse without liberty, and here we have been ever since we wer born, aye, faith, an' a long time before, in all this trouble just becase we have no liberty. Liberty, Grace avourneen, is just like what we imagine of the grand ould times in Ireland. It's something that we don't quite rightly understand, but which, we believe,

must be all the finer for that. Faith I'll try to turn it in my mind, and once I can make it out, I'll tell you all I can about it, for I think you have more gumption in such matters than I have, becase you never get into a passion about 'em.'

Poor Grace is sadly distressed by this new vagary of her husband. She thinks he never had any occasion to complain of a want of liberty, and feelingly reminds him of the happiness they have had together, and hints that his apparent forgetfulness of the blessings which they have enjoyed savours of ingratitude to Providence. His answer is,

"Grace, avourneen, it is not that at all I mane. I know God is good, and I don't forget that we have had some happy days; but if we had liberty it would be quite a different thing, and that is what I want.'

"And what's liberty, Jim, dear, for I can't rightly make out what you mane?"

"Why, liberty, cushlamachree, manes to do every thing we like ourselves, and hinder every one else from doing it. It also manes to prevent every mother's soul in Ireland from going to church, and making them go to mass whether they like it or no. Would'nt this be a great day for the Irish, Grace? And all this will happen if we only vote for repalers, pay no tithes, and always keep repating that the English are the cause of all our troubles. I wish you had heard all that the repalers said, for I'm sure 'twould have quite convinced you, as it did me, and all the others who kept bawling and screeching out all the time, they were so delighted to hear that we were all ruint quite entirely clear and clean, and had only now found friends to tell us so; but when I thry to think of all they said, I can't make out the half of it, and don't feel at all as I did when the gorseous were shouting all around 'em. But one thing I'm determined on, the devil a tithes I'll ever pay; not that I begrudge the dhrutty thrife to Parson Disney, but just out of charity, to keep them poor heretics from being lost entirely; for if the parsons don't get the tithes, sure they must turn from being Protestants, and come back to the thrus faith, the ould religion, which will save their poor sinful souls; and Parson Disney, and his co-adjutor Parson Wells, are too good men not to be turned to the right road. In like manner, the master will be saved, for if we pay him no rint, and I'm sure

it will come to this point in time, faith he'll be obliged to turn Catholic, or else to leave the country, and that'll be the making of him."

That our authoress understands the Irish character, few who read these extracts can deny; but in her anxiety to expose the deplorable delusion under which our people at present labour, her dramatic personæ of humble life are made to talk in strains more illustrative of the deceptive influence of the agitator than the peculiarities of the people. The same cannot be said of her characters in high life. The following description of a good Irish landlord, to whom her ladyship lays claim as an enlightened Whig, while we maintain that the prototype is only to be found in an old-fashioned honest Tory, is as just as it is pleasing.

"Mr. Desmond had lived so long in England, that he had adopted all its elegancies and comforts in his dwelling and mode of life, and its refinement in manners was grafted on the unceremonious cordiality that always remains such an agreeable peculiarity in the high bred Irish. He loved the English, as he often declared, for many reasons, but principally on account of his wife; while she on every occasion displayed a partiality to her adopted country, no less indicative of her goodness of heart, than of the strong affection that bound her to him who had transplanted her to his native soil. While ameliorating the condition of the tenants and labourers of her husband, and giving them a taste for cleanliness, and the power of enjoying it, no mortifying comparison between them and the more civilized peasantry of happier England ever escaped her. Their self-love was never wounded, though all that could excite emulation in habits of order and decency were put into action—the gardener had orders to supply every family around with plants, and to encourage the propagation of different vegetables, to diversify their food. Flower roots, seeds, and slips of geraniums were liberally supplied to all who wished to decorate their gardens or flower-pots; and the housekeeper had instructions never to refuse assistance to the sick or needy, but to furnish them with broth, food, and wine. Clothing was distributed to those who were too poor to buy it, and useful presents were sent to the more wealthy. So that it is not to be wondered at that

the family at Springmount were loved and respected by the whole county; the beneficent influence which they exercised was visible in the appearance of the whole neighbourhood around them. The clean and well built cottages, with glass windows made to open; the gay patches of gardens in front, where flaunted many a flower from the parent stock at Springmount; the tidy, well clipped hedges, and the total absence from sight of dung-hills, and their animated accompaniments, pigs wallowing in the verdant mire, proclaimed that improvement was abroad, and that the lower orders of the Irish only want example and assistance to become a civilized peasantry, instead of a set of lawless savages. Whole fields of turnips might be seen in the neighbourhood of Springmount, unmolested by any robber save the birds, because Mr. Desmond had cultivated them so largely, that, with all the disrespect for *mum* and *tuam* attributed to the poor Irish, there was no temptation to steal what all might have for the asking; while on a neighbouring property, the few turnip fields scattered around were obliged to be guarded, and were pillaged whenever opportunity admitted of depredation. Mrs. Desmond encouraged dairies, and her dairy maids taught those who were willing to learn, how to make milk-cheeses, so that the poor labourers went to their work with a provision of home-made bread and cheese, instead of half-cold potatoes, their former habitual food; and seldom did they partake their more comfortable repasts without thanking the good mistress who had been the means of their enjoying it."

The happy consequence which, in another state of things, would have resulted from this beneficent conduct, were marred by the machinations of the repealers, by whom the very goodness of the man to whom his tenantry owed so much, was represented as one of the evils of the system which converted Ireland from a country into a province.

"Their very prosperity was pointed out to the poor illiterate peasantry, who had hitherto been proud of it, as the badge of their slavery; their comforts and luxuries were decried as the cunning inventions of their tyrants, to render them dependent and luxurious; and they were told that their gardens were filled with flowers, to prevent their observing the evil weeds that were springing up

afresh every day in the rank garden of corruption; and the words 'tyrant' and 'slave-driver,' were now become the synonyms for landlord."

Outrages break out, by which life and property are put in jeopardy, and which the ordinary powers of the law are insufficient to put down. The influence of the good Mr. Desmond is altogether unavailing to check the systematic violation of order and humanity, which at length caused the gentry, in whose supineness and liberalism they may be said to have originated, to take the alarm, and to importune government for strong measures by which the career of the disturbers might be resisted. To these Mr. Desmond appears indisposed. He seemed to think, that by prudence and firmness the sea of troubles that threatened to overflow might subside; but that any display of undue warmth in resisting its encroachments might make that a party feeling, which was as yet but a partial infatuation. He was mistaken. The outrages, had they been met with vigour, might have been repressed. They were more submitted to than encouraged by the bulk of the peasantry themselves, and the disturbers could have been easily quelled had government but done their duty. Instead of that, they coquetted with turbulence, until it attained a maturity which defied their power; and to this mistaken lenity must be ascribed the present miseries of Ireland.

In the troubles that ensued upon these new disturbances, the Cassidys became involved; all the good sense and good feeling of the wife not being sufficient to dispossess her misguided husband of the evil spirit that had got possession of him. He thus describes the effects produced upon the minds of the untutored peasantry by the grandiloquent and imaginative harangues of the repealers:—

"Who ever lived, Grace avourneen, so mane and chicken-hearted as not to feel his spirit rise at the fine word 'liberty,' and his cheek grow red with shame at the word 'slave.' These are the words with which O'Blarney can madden us; for our hearts understand 'em, though our heads do not; and often's the time that my poor head is all in a confuster when I can't tell what I

mane or what I wish, except that I would die for liberty, and kill him that would enslave me."

What liberty, in their sense of the word, does for them, is strikingly exemplified in the case of a peasant, Mahony, who is thrown into prison upon suspicion of being guilty of the murder of a policeman. The shock occasioned by his arrest causes a premature labour in his wife, and the consequent loss of the infant. They are acquaintances of the Cassidys; and Grace, with her accustomed kindness, visits the wife in her distress. She found

"Poor Mary Mahony laid on the bed of sickness; her body exhausted by suffering, but her mind still more afflicted. Her pale face was contrasted by her straight raven brows, and the long black eye-lashes that threw a shadow over her cheeks. A dead infant was placed in a cradle near her bed, and her poor sick child was lying by her side, his heavy eyes and flushed cheeks denoting the ravages that fever was making in his constitution. His poor mother was continually moistening his lips with some syrup, and the glance of mute, meek, subdued anguish with which she looked from the sick boy to the dead infant, and then at Grace, spoke more powerfully than words could have done all that was passing in her mind. Grace attempted not to comfort the bereaved mother, for she felt that the attempt would be unavailing; but she actively bestirred herself to have the sick boy put into a small bed, and kept as cool as possible, and made the necessary preparations to have the dead infant removed for interment. Mary Mahony submitted to all Grace's arrangements, merely saying, 'Let me kiss my poor baby before you hide it from me for ever. It never had a father's kiss; but promise me, Grace, that you will go to the prison to my poor husband, and try to comfort him. Poor Patrick wants it more than I do, and tell him, dear Grace, what a sweet baby it was; but no, don't tell him, for he would only regret it the more, and he has too much trouble already. Tell him, Grace avourneen, that I am better, and doing finely; quite reconciled to the will of God, and always praying for him. Tell him that our poor boy is aisin, and to have no care about us. Oh, Grace ashore, spake kindly to him, with your

own sweet, mild, sensible voice, an 'twill do him good, and take the bitterness out of his heart.' * * * 'Mind, avourneen, you tell him how well I am, and give him this kiss for me;' pressing her cold lips on the forehead of Grace. The coffin, which a kind neighbour had ordered for the dead infant, before Grace arrived, was now brought in, and a tremulous movement about the lips, and still more marble paleness, proved the renewed anguish of the mother. 'Grace, mavourneen,' said she, 'don't raison with me, for I'm beyond raison; my heart and my poor head are so tired; but do, for mercy's sake, what I ask you. Sprinkle the coffin with holy water. Now bring it here, and lay it on the bed, and fetch me the flannels that you'll find in the corner cupboard. There, that will do; help me to sit up, that I may make my baby's last bed.' She folded the flannels smoothly, one over the other, making a little elevation like a pillow, and then pointed for Grace to bring her the dead infant. When it was brought to her she kissed its little face and hands several times, pressed it to her bosom, and then placed it gently in the coffin. 'I had hoped, my precious babe,' said she 'to have placed you in a softer bed, and to have made my breast your pillow; but the Almighty has thought fit to take you from me, and I submit without murmuring to his holy will. The thoughts of you, child of my heart, shall make me still more desirous to do my duty in this life, that I may meet you in heaven.'"

The reader may think that these sentiments are rather high-flown for an Irish peasant. He is mistaken. They may not exactly use the words that Lady Blessington puts into their mouths, but the feelings are familiar to them: and we believe the loss of children is more keenly felt by the poor than by the rich; while the latter are certainly much less practically influenced by the maxim, that "sweet are the uses of adversity."

"She bowed her head to kiss once more the infant, and then said to Grace, 'now, dear friend, close the coffin; I have looked my last on that sweet face; and lift the curtain of the little bed where my boy lies, that I may see I have still a child left me. Och, Grace, it's a blessed thing to be a mother: but to see the babe, for which one has suffered so much, carried away from one for ever, is a bitter thing.'—Grace had the little bed of the

sick boy brought nearer to his poor mother, and the dead infant removed for interment; and having made everything around the sick woman as comfortable as circumstances would admit, poor Mary became so anxious that Grace should proceed to Dungarvan, to visit Patrick in his prison, that she left her to return to her own home, to demand the company of Jim on the expedition. When she was quitting the room, poor Mary called her once more, to beg she would be sure to tell Patrick how finely she was going on, and not to be at all uneasy about her."

All this is true to nature: and our own experience of the workings of natural affection in the hearts of our peasantry, enables us fully to accord with the following expressions of the noble authoress:—

"What an inexhaustible mine of tenderness there is in woman's heart! Here was this helpless creature, with a frame worn down by illness, and a mind bowed down with anxiety for a husband and child, and grief for the death of the infant, forgetting her own misery to send comfort to her husband—to that husband who had occasioned all her troubles, by his obstinacy in rejecting her advice and entreaties, and who had plunged her in such alarm as to cause a premature labour and the death of her child. The thought that he would feel all this with bitterness and self-accusation, rendered her the more anxious to make him believe that she was doing well, for affection triumphed over all suffering and selfishness. Affliction is the true, the only refiner of our natures; and the humblest peasant in her cottage who feels it, is at heart more refined than the proudest princess who is unconscious of its influence, but who would be shocked by an unpolished phrase or inelegant expression. There is a wide distance between refinement of the heart and refinement of manners; and we see many instances of the latter, with a total deficiency of the former."

This truth is illustrated by the portion of the story which relates to fashionable life. Mr. Desmond's beautiful and only daughter, marries Col. Forrester, a gentleman of great merit, whose military duties brought him into their neighbourhood. They are fêted on the occasion by Lord and Lady Abberville, who are thus described:—

"Lord Abberville owed his title to

the Union, and a certain, or rather uncertain portion of his income, to a judicious and persevering system of jobbing, only known in Ireland: The rents of his over-let property were paid by presentments, which he had influence with the grand jury of the county to get passed, and which allowed large sums to be expended in making roads over his estates; the work to be done by his tenants, and the money to find its way into his coffers. Presentments for roads never required, and where a horse track was all that was necessary, passed at every assizes, until his property was intersected by as many lines as a miniature map of Europe; while the roads really necessary for establishing communications for agricultural or commercial purposes were totally neglected. • • •

Lord Abberville was a representative peer, and had supported every government that had ruled the country since he enjoyed a seat in the House of Lords. Indeed the possibility of opposing ministers who had anything to give away, had never entered his head; though it has been asserted, on more than one occasion, that he had threatened to vote against them, unless certain sinecures were granted to his near relatives, and certain advantages accorded to himself. But this we are willing to believe was mere scandal; having too good an opinion of peers in general, and of Irish peers in particular, to believe that any of them would be capable of such conduct. • • • Lady Abberville was a woman of fashion in Ireland, and a complaisant follower of women of fashion in England. She was indefatigable in her exertions to be useful to the patronesses of the exclusive circle, in which her activity had succeeded in getting her tolerated; and she would drive, ride, or walk from one end of the town to the other, to execute their high behests, and perform all the disagreeable parts of the duties that devolved on them. Was a party to be got up on a short notice, she was despatched to entreat the attendance of the desired guests. Was some unlucky person to be cut, she was appointed to perform the operation: and far from feeling the humiliating position in which she had placed herself, she gloried in it. She kept up an extensive correspondence—knew everything that was going on everywhere—and could amuse, with her gossip, the tedious hours of *les grand dames* between the *dejeuné* and the promenade. She possessed a power of ubiquity as extraordinary as

her loquacity, and was as humble and complaisant with the magnates of the land, as she was *brusque* and impertinent to those whom she considered her inferiors. *Tracasserie* was as congenial to her, as repose and peace are to others. Her *maximes langus* had become proverbial; and its results were to involve her in constant explanations, in which she was accused of showing a philosophical disregard to veracity; the dictates of which she seemed to consider too obsolete for her practice."

As Colonel Forrester's English connection was considered a good one, the noble host and hostess assumed their most bland smiles to welcome the bridal party. Indeed

"The relative importance of each of the guests might be ascertained by the diplomatic attentions paid them by the lord and lady of the mansion; which were *empresses*, coldly polite, or indifferent, according to their supposed capability of forwarding the host's plans. The general was fêted, because a plot of barren land, which Lord Abberville had tried various modes of getting rid of, was now discovered by his lordship to be most admirably adapted for building a barrack on. This ground was to be disposed of to government, for not more than six times its value. The opinion of the general, as to the eligibility of the situation for a barrack, would probably decide the government in buying the land; and the opinion of Mr. Desmond, and the other gentlemen invited, as to the necessity of having a large body of troops on the spot, and, consequently, of erecting a barrack to contain them, would decide its being built."

The dinner passes off with the usual dullness and insipidity of most other state dinners—the lord magnifying his political influence, and her ladyship seizing upon every opportunity of displaying her importance in the world of fashion—a circle for her admission into which she performed a kind of liege service to the presiding divinities, of whom, for the few last seasons, Lady Oriel, the sister of Colonel Forrester, (but of which relationship Lady Abberville was ignorant,) was one of the most distinguished. She observed that her absence from England at that particular moment

"Was peculiarly unfortunate, as her friends wished to consult her as to the

possibility of continuing to receive a lady who had placed herself in a very false position. The elderly ladies looked grave, and the young ones of the party thought it necessary to fix their eyes on their plates, and to blush, while the hostess, on scandalous thoughts intent, proceeded to state, that it was, indeed, a very difficult case to decide on, as though much publicity and scandal had taken place, the husband of the lady in question had continued to live with her. The Duchess of Wellborough and Lady Nottingham were disposed to give her their countenance; but she must say, she thought it a case in which an example ought to be made, as the lady had been a very prominent person in society, and had frequently marred the regulations and exclusions of the lady patronesses, by an affected good nature; repeatedly giving admission to persons of no sort of fashion, to whose solicitations the other patronesses had turned a deaf ear. 'Altogether,' continued Lady Abberville, 'I never liked the lady: she had too much pretension for my taste; had the rage for encouraging *les beaux arts*, and doing a thousand other antic things; and as for getting her to join our clique in the measures we so often find it necessary to adopt, it was out of the question. She opposed herself to cutting, or leaving off people, and, in fact, always gave us trouble by never being *d'accord* with the other patronesses.' Mrs. Kennedy, a well-meaning, but obtuse country lady who was present, turned to her daughter and said, 'you see, Kate, I told you that Lady Abberville was one of the patronesses at Almack's, though you tried to persuade me she was not.' This *mal-à-propos* observation, originating in the use of *us*, evidently discomposed the self-complacency of the hostess, and as evidently amused the rest of the guests; while, to avoid the necessity of giving a definite answer, which she felt the persevering obtuseness of Mrs. Kennedy would endeavour to elicit, she interrupted her observations by adding, 'how very incurious you all are! No one has asked me to name the fair delinquent. Now in England fifty questions would have been asked, and as many guesses made, before I had got half through my statement. Does this difference proceed from your being less curious or more goodnatured than our English neighbours? Or, as I suppose, does it originate in your ignorance of the parties in question, which makes you indifferent to what has put all the fashionable world in England in a

fever? Well, then the heroine of this—what shall I call it—tragedy, comedy, or drama in high life? is—Lady Oriel.'

This is startling information to Colonel Forrester, between whom and his sister there had ever subsisted the tenderest fraternal feelings, and he resolves immediately to go to London. His wife and her parents agree to accompany him; and, as a doubt of his sister's purity is never for a moment harboured in his mind, no matter how strongly appearances might be against her, it is resolved to leave nothing undone to prevent the fatal consequences of her own indiscretion and the malice of her enemies.

We think that by far the most skillfully managed part of the story is that in which Lady Oriel's indiscretions are described. Her thoughtless vivacity causes her to touch, without passing, the narrow line that separates innocence from guilt. A cold-blooded and artful fashionable admirer gains ostensibly so much upon her good graces, that the ill-natured world gives him credit for having gained a great deal more, and her character becomes compromised before she has even a suspicion of her danger. This shows itself in the gradual falling off of her distinguished friends, which her artful admirer persuades her to ascribe to the envy and jealousy 'excited by her superior attractions.' This belief led her to assume a *fierté* of manner towards them, which increased their animadversions on her conduct. They might have overlooked much greater levity in a woman who sought to disarm their criticism by courting their society; but seeing her assume a still higher tone, which she did from a consciousness of her own innocence, and what she considered their inferiority, proved, as she imagined, by their mean jealousy and envy, they became still more vehement in their censures, and less charitable in their conclusions. Her select receptions on Wednesdays, hitherto the very focus of fashion, in which all its rays were merged, now became 'fine by degrees, and beautifully less,' until the society was reduced to so limited a number that it seldom amounted to more than seven or eight persons, of which five were males—and not the *élite* of her former circle, but the tolerated portion of it.

"Lord Oriel looked in occasionally on such evenings; and his face assumed a paler hue, and his glance more severity, when, having passed through the splendid suite of illuminated rooms, he found his lovely wife, with her small, but no longer select circle, of which Lord Delmore appeared the hero, being so far superior to the other men present, that he could not fail to appear to great advantage by the contrast. The love of crowds is one of the besetting sins of the English of all ranks; and this was never more clearly proved than in the case of Lady Oriel. Three parts of her guests came to her house to meet the fourth, and now staid away because there was no longer a host,

'Mocking the desert they themselves had made.'

"The few who attended, talked of some former satellite of Lady Oriel, who had now chosen her Wednesdays; the new aspirant building her chance of becoming a leader of the *haut ton* on the ruins of the temple of the deity hitherto so worshipped; and the fallen goddess discovers, with a pang, that all her consciousness of superiority could not assuage the vexation she experienced in hearing the names of some of the most brilliant of those her former bounty fed, as among the deserters to the camp of the enemy. It had been settled, before the attentions of Lord Delmore became conspicuous, that two young ladies, one the daughter of the Duchess of Derwent, and the other the heiress of the house of Heaviland, were to leave London with Lady Oriel, and to remain with her for two months. Cold apologies, stating a change of places, came from the mothers of both; and two of the most distinguished of the invited male visitors, on discovering this defection, made their excuses."

The position of this imprudent lady was becoming every day less and less equivocal, when the arrival of her brother affords her a *point d'appui*, by availing herself of which, she is enabled ultimately to recover her station. In painting the apparent guilt, and the conscious innocence of this brilliant and captivating person, Lady Blessington has shewn consummate judgment. The weak-minded and over sensitive husband is very well described, who, while he forbears to expostulate with his wife for her thoughtless behaviour, is thin-skinned as to the opinion of the world; and while he is con-

vinced she is innocent, suffers as though she were guilty.

The following remarks are very just:—

"It has been well observed by an acute writer of our day, that 'to be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of conscience, is the mark of a little mind; but that it requires a soul of no common stamp to be satisfied with its own acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world.' The insufficiency of self-acquittal to satisfy the mind, must proceed from the consciousness that, however innocent in fact, we have been faulty in appearance. Unjust as the world is, it can seldom wound us if we do not furnish it with weapons. The world exaggerates and misinterprets, but rarely invents: we must lay a foundation ere it can build; but when once we have furnished it, there is no saying to what height the edifice will extend; and she who has committed one fault, must expect to be accused of an hundred crimes. In the life of a woman, one false step that cannot be disproved, renders every future step suspected; and the heart-wounding conviction of this injustice takes away the confidence of virtue, even long after its duties have been fulfilled."

But we must hasten to a conclusion, having already afforded the reader an opportunity of judging for himself of the purport of the work, and the manner in which it has been executed. Lady Oriel is restored to her place in society, and, having feelingly learned the worthlessness and vanity of what is called the gay world, confines herself henceforth to a more select circle, and resolves to seek her principal happiness in the discharge of her domestic duties. Mahony's misfortunes open Cassidy's eyes to the folly and danger of the course pursued by the repealers; they break off from their connexion with them; are denounced by their former associates as 'turncoats and informers,' and narrowly escape with their lives; but by the persevering goodness of their generous friend and protector, Mr. Desmond, they are ultimately established in security and independence.

"Repealers," we are told, "are heard of no more; they have died a natural death; and the union between England and Ireland bids fair to become every day more

indissoluble, by the strengthening of the strongest of all bonds of union—favours received and gratitude excited."

Thus ends the Repealers. Could these volumes find their way into the hands of the peasantry, they would go far towards exposing the delusion which is practised upon them by those who at present 'agitate for repeal,' and they would then, to a certain degree, tend to the fulfilment of the noble authoress's agreeable prediction. But we much fear that the class whom they are calculated to benefit is the very class by whom they are least likely to be perused, and who will, in consequence, remain under the influence of the agitator, until their recal to the paths of reason and loyalty becomes hopeless. We will not, however, be prophets of evil. Better prospects *may* lie before us. We know that our peasantry are as sagacious as they are excitable, and a reaction may be calculated upon, if once they were led to see the duplicity of their leaders. More unlikely things have come to pass; and O'Connell and his myrmidons may yet fall into the pit that they have dugged for the peace and the prosperity of Ireland.

We had just concluded the last paragraph, when our eyes were gladdened by the appearance of a new novel from the pen of Miss Edgeworth. Dear, precious Maria Edgeworth! we felt the sound of her name like the return of spring, and have looked upon her pages with the eager delight with which we should greet the approach of a long lost acquaintance.

Well, we have fairly sat down to the perusal of "*Helen—a Tale*," and find it, indeed, a refreshing treat. So much good sense, so much good feeling, so much knowledge of human nature, and acquaintance with good society, are not often presented in so agreeable a form to that large class of readers who will only consent to receive instruction through the medium of amusement. And well is it for them, that life, in all its varieties of light and shade, has been presented to them by one whose observations have been as discriminating as her descriptions are lively and faithful. They have there all the benefit of experience, without the pains or the sacrifices by which it must so frequently be purchased:

they may be well acquainted with, even before they enter upon the world; and are prepared, by anticipation, for many an event which might prove seriously embarrassing, had they not already performed, as it were, in rehearsal, the several parts which they may be called upon to act upon the theatre of real life. Miss Edgeworth's stories all have some moral. They are all intended to illustrate the virtues or the vices by which character is either disgraced or dignified; and her lessons are so lively and impressive, that we are persuaded they have been effectual in impressing upon many minds a notion of the temporal advantages of morality and goodness such as no mere moralist could convey. She has been able to speak to the imaginations, the fancies, the feelings of her readers more convincingly, by describing the effects, than others to their reason, by explaining the nature of those passions and propensities which frequently produce so much guilt and misery. She has contributed materially to extend the empire of conventional morality; and has done, perhaps, more than any other writer to convince those who peruse her pages, that the useful and the agreeable, if not identical, are yet so very nearly the same, that, like the Siamese twins, they cannot be separated without danger.

One thing is wanting to the perfection of this charming writer's stories; but that, alas! is "the one thing needful." Her readers are seldom led to suspect the necessity of any thing like revealed religion. The virtues which she recommends are seen, it is true, in their own beautiful light. They are either the graces by which character is embellished, or the protective armour by which it is preserved; but, any higher sanction than that of mere human prudence, it does not occur to the amiable and gifted lady to represent as necessary for the purpose of shaping and influencing human conduct. Perhaps she would regret this, if she knew that it is almost the only thing which gives a certain improbable and unnatural air to most of her writings, and which renders it impossible even for her magic touch to make her readers believe that, with all the close adherence to nature which marks her depiction of character, her stories are not somewhat too artificially con-

structed. She, no doubt, balances herself admirably upon the tight rope of her invention; but those who most admire her skill, while they willingly pay the tribute of their applause to her dexterity, have some misgivings as to her discrimination. The incidents are too obviously contrived for the exhibition of the particular quality, whether good or bad, which she wishes to illustrate, and the effect of the moral lesson is impaired by the very ingeniously contrived circumstances which were intended to render it peculiarly apposite and striking. So that, even as a novelist, her total avoidance of all allusion to what may be strictly called religious influence or principle, detracts from the merit of her works, and, in her rigid adherence to the strictly utilitarian philosophy, she has been not only neglectful of truth, but regardless of nature.

The work before us may be considered as intended to illustrate the advantages of truth, and to expose the mischief which may ensue from the least departure from strict veracity. It contains less of incident than most of her former productions, but whatever she attempts, is executed with her usual tact and skill. Her characters are finely drawn, and if there is less of vigour and of bustle in the scenes which she describes, there is not less of point or of wisdom in her observations upon life and manners, than characterises her former productions.

The heroine is an orphan, who had been brought up by her uncle, Dean Stanley. Her expectations during his life seemed to be good, and she was regarded as an heiress, but at his death his affairs were found to be so embarrassed that even his creditors could not be paid. Helen is staying at the house of a worthy clergyman, Mr. Collingwood, and she is thus introduced to the notice of the reader.

" 'There is Helen in the lime-walk,' said Mrs. Collingwood to her husband, as she looked out of the window. The slight figure of a young person in deep mourning appeared between the trees;—'how slowly she walks! she looks very unhappy.' 'Yes,' said Mr. Collingwood, with a sigh, 'she is young to know sorrow, and to struggle with difficulties to which she is quite unsuited both by nature and by education—difficulties which no

one could have ever foreseen. How changed are all her prospects!' 'Changed indeed,' said Mrs. Collingwood, 'pretty young creature! Do you recollect how gay she was when first we came to Cecil-hurst? and even last year, when she had hopes of her uncle's recovery, and when he talked of taking her to London, how she enjoyed the thoughts of going there! The world was bright before her then. How cruel of that uncle, with all his fondness for her, never to think what was to become of her the moment he was dead: to breed her up as an heiress, and leave her a beggar!' 'But what is to be done, my dear,' said her husband. 'I am sure I do not know, I can only feel for her—you must think for her.' 'Then, I think I must tell her directly of the state in which her uncle's affairs are left, and that there is no provision for her.' 'Not yet, my dear,' said Mrs. Collingwood, 'I don't mean about there being no provision for herself, that would not strike her; but her uncle's debts—there's the point; she would feel dreadfully the disgrace to his memory—she loved him so tenderly!' 'Yet it must be told,' said Mr. Collingwood, resolutely, 'and perhaps it will be better now; she will feel it less, while her mind is absorbed by grief for him.'

The painful disclosure is made, and the effect was as had been anticipated.

"At first, with fixed incredulous eyes, she could not believe that her uncle had been in any way to blame. Twice she asked, 'are you sure—are you certain—is there no mistake?' And when the conviction was forced upon her, still her mind did not take in any part of the facts, as they regarded herself. Astonished and shocked, she could feel nothing but the disgrace that would fall upon the memory of her beloved uncle. Then she exclaimed, 'one part of it is not true, I am certain:' and hastily leaving the room, she returned immediately with a letter in her hand, which, without speaking, she laid before Mr. Collingwood, who wiped his spectacles quickly, and read. It was addressed to the poor dean, and was from an old friend of his, Colonel Munro, stating that he had been suddenly ordered to India, and was obliged to return a sum of money, which the dean many years before placed in his hands, to secure a provision for his niece, Miss Stanley. This letter had arrived when the dean was extremely ill; Helen had been afraid to give it to him, and yet

thought it right to do so. The moment her uncle read the letter, which he was still able to do and to comprehend, though he was unable to speak, he wrote on the back with difficulty, in a sadly trembling hand, yet quite distinctly, these words, 'that money is yours, Helen Stanley; no one has any claim upon it. When I am gone, consult Mr. Collingwood; consider him as your guardian.' Mr. Collingwood perceived that this provision had been made by the dean for his niece before he had contracted his present debts, many years before, when he had sold his paternal estate, and that, knowing his disposition to extravagance, he had put this sum out of his own power. 'Right—all right, my dear Miss Stanley,' said the vicar, 'I am very glad—it is all justly yours.'

"No," said Helen, 'I shall never touch it; take it, my dear Mr. Collingwood, take it, and pay all the debts before any one can complain.' Mr. Collingwood pressed her to him without speaking; but after a moment's recollection he replied:

"No, no, my dear child; I cannot let you do this; as your guardian, I cannot allow such a young creature as you are, in a moment of feeling, thus to give away your whole earthly fortune—it must not be."

"It must, indeed it must, my dear Sir. Oh! pay every body at once—directly."

"No, not directly, at all events," said Mr. Collingwood, 'certainly not directly: the law allows a year.'

"But if the money is ready, said Helen, 'I cannot understand why the debt should not be paid at once. Is there any law against paying people immediately?'

"Mr. Collingwood half smiled, and on the strength of that half smile, Helen concluded that he wholly yielded. 'Yes do,' cried she, 'send this money this instant to Mr. James, the solicitor. He knows all about it, you say, and he will see every body paid.'

"Stay, my dear Miss Stanley," said the vicar, 'I cannot consent to this; and you should be thankful that I am steady. If I were at this minute to consent, and to do what you desire—pay away your whole fortune—you would repent, and reproach me with my folly before the end of the year—before six months were over.'

"Never, never," said Helen.

"Mrs. Collingwood strongly took her husband's side of the question. 'Helen could have no idea,' she said, 'how neces-

sary money would be to her. It was quite absurd to think of living upon air. Could Miss Stanley think she was to go on in this world without money?'

"Helen said she was not so absurd: she reminded Mrs. Collingwood that she would still have her mother's fortune."

"Before Helen had well got out the words, Mrs. Collingwood replied,

"That will never do; you will never will be able to live upon that. The interest of Lady Anne Stanley's fortune, (I know what it was,) would just do for pocket money for you in the style of life for which you have been educated. Some of your uncle's great friends will, of course, invite you presently, and then you will find what is requisite with that sort of people."

"Some of my uncle's friends perhaps will," said Helen, 'but I am not obliged to go to great or fine people; and if I cannot afford it, I will not; for I can live independently on what I have, be it ever so little.'

"Mrs. Collingwood allowed that if Helen were always to live in the country, in retirement, she might do upon her mother's fortune."

"Wherever I live—whatever becomes of me, the debts must be paid. I will do it myself,—and she took up a pen as she spoke—'I will write to Mr. James by this post.'

"Surprised at her decision of manner, and the firmness of one in general so gentle, yielding, and retired, and feeling that he had no legal power to resist, Mr. Collingwood at last gave way, so far as to agree that he would, in due time, use this money in satisfying her uncle's creditors, *provided she lived for the next six months within her income.*

"Helen smiled, as if that were a needless proviso."

"I warn you," continued Mr. Collingwood, 'that you will most probably find, before six months are over, that you will want some of this money to pay debts of your own.'

"No, no, no," cried she, 'of that there is not the slightest chance.'

"And now, my dear child," said Mrs. Collingwood, 'now that Mr. Collingwood has promised to do what you wish, will you do what we wish? Will you promise to remain with us? to live with us, for the present at least; we will resign you whenever better friends may claim you; but for the present will you try us?'

The orphan joyously accedes to the

proposal of her kind friend, and remains under their hospitable roof, until a pressing invitation comes from one of her distinguished friends, Lady Cecilia Clarendon, who has just been married abroad to General Clarendon, and who importunately solicits Helen, with most affectionate cordiality, to come and live with her and the General, until she is herself settled in life. The invitation is accepted. Helen arrives at Clarendon Park. She is cordially welcomed by her friend, but has some misgivings respecting her reception by the General. He was

"A handsome man, in the prime of life, with a high born, high bred, military air. Something of the old school—composed self-possession, with voluntary deference to others—rather distant. Helen felt that his manner of welcoming her to Clarendon Park was perfectly polite; yet she would have liked it better had it been less polite—more cordial. Lady Cecilia, whose eyes were anxiously upon her, drew her arm within hers, and hurried her out of the room. She stopped at the foot of the stairs, gathered up the folds of her riding dress, and turning suddenly to Helen, with her vivacious manner, said—

"Helen, my dear, you must not think that—"

"Think what?" said Helen.

"Think *that* for which you are now blushing. Oh, you know what I mean! Helen, your thoughts are just as legible in your face as they always were to me. His manner is reserved—cold, maybe—but not his heart. Understand this, pray, once for all. Do you? will you, dearest Helen?"

"I do, I will," cried Helen; and every minute she felt more perfectly to understand, and to be more perfectly pleased with her friend. Lady Cecilia shewed her through the apartment destined for her, which she had taken the greatest pleasure in arranging. Everything there was not only most comfortable, but particularly to her taste—and some little delicate proofs of affection, recollections of childhood, were there—keepsakes, early drawings, nonsensical things, not worth preserving, but still preserved—they said so much, and so tenderly to Helen's heart."

But we must introduce the reader to Lady Davenant, the mother of Cecilia, who may be called *the character* in these volumes. She is a woman of

a masculine understanding and a noble mind; who had in early life given all her heart's best affections to one by whom the gift was not duly appreciated. They are betrothed; but before marriage she discovers his indifference, and releases him from his engagement. Her early hopes thus blighted, she lives on without the slightest intention of forming any other attachment; and when she is induced, afterwards, to give her hand to Lord Davenant, she fairly tells him how she is circumstanced, and that she never can *love* again. Her amiable husband takes her upon her own terms, and they live together, mutually esteeming and esteemed—Lord Davenant admiring her talents and appreciating her principles, while she did the fullest justice to his many virtues. He becomes, at her instance, a political character, and finally rises to the rank of a great statesman. Her love of power and influence on some occasions gets the better of her prudence, and even of her principles. She thus confesses to her young friend, Helen, how sorely her admirable husband was sometimes tried by importunities, which he could not listen to without sacrificing his political integrity. At her mother's instance, she applies to Lord Davenant to have a pension settled on her.

"The first time I urged my mother's request, Lord Davenant said—'I am sure, Anne, that you do not know what you are asking.' I desisted. I did not, indeed, well understand the business, nor at all comprehend that I was assisting a fraudulent attempt to obtain public money for a private purpose; but I wished to have the triumph of success; I wished to feel my own influence. Had it been foretold to me that I could so far forget myself in the intoxication of political power, how should I have disdained the prophecy, 'Lord is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' There is a fine sermon of Blair's on this subject; it had early made a great impression on me; but what are good impressions, good feelings, good impulses, good intentions, good anything, without principle?"

"My mother wondered how I could have so easily taken a refusal; she piqued my pride by observing that she was very sorry my influence had declined; her pity, so near contempt, wounded me, and I unadvisedly exclaimed that my influence had in no way declined. Scarcely

had I uttered the words till I saw the inference to which they laid me open—that I had not used my influence to the utmost for her. My mother had quite sense and just feeling enough, to refrain from marking this in words. She noted it only by an observing look followed by a sigh. She confessed that I had always been so kind, so much kinder than she could have expected, that she would say no more. This was more to the purpose with me than if she had talked for hours. I heard fresh sighs, and saw tears begin to flow—a mother's sighs and tears it is difficult, and I felt it was shameful, to bear. I was partly melted, much confused and hurried too, by visitors coming in, and I hastily promised that I would try once more what I could do. The moment I had time for reflection, I repented of what I had promised. But the words were past recall. It was so disagreeable to me to speak of the affair to my husband that I wished to get it off my mind as soon as possible, but the day passed without my being able to find a moment when I could speak to Lord Davenant in private: company stayed till late, my mother the latest. At parting, as she kissed me, calling me her dearest Anne, she said she was convinced I could do whatever I pleased with Lord Davenant, and as she was going down stairs added, she was sure the first words she should hear from me in the morning would be 'victory, victory.'

"I hated myself for admitting the thought, and yet there it was; I let it in, and could not get it out. From what an indescribable mixture of weak motives or impulses, and often without one reasonable principle, do we act in the most important moments of life. Even as I opened the door of his room I hesitated, my heart beat forebodingly, but I thought I could not retreat, and I went in.

"He was standing on the hearth, looking weary, but a reviving smile came on seeing me, and he held out his hand. 'My comfort always,' said he. I took his hand, and, hesitating, was again my better self; but I would not go back, nor would I begin with any preface. Thank heaven, that was impossible. I began:

"'Davenant, I am come to ask you a favour, and you must do it for me.'

"'I hope it is in my power my dear,' said he; 'I am sure you would not ask —' and then he stopped.

"I told him it was in his power, and I would not ask it for any creature but —. He put his hand upon my lips,

told me he knew what I was going to say, and begged me not to say it; but I, hoping to carry it off playfully, kissed his hand, and putting it aside, said, 'I must ask, and you must grant this to my mother.' He replied, 'It cannot be, Anne, consistently with public justice, and with my public duty—'

"'Nonsense, nonsense,' I said, 'such words are only to mask a refusal.' *Mask*, I remember, was the word that hurt him. Of all I could have used, it was the worst. I knew it the instant I had said it. Lord Davenant stepped back and, with such a look! You, Helen, who have seen only his benign countenance, his smiling eyes, cannot conceive it. I am sure he must have seen how much it alarmed me, for suddenly it changed, and I saw all the melting softness of love.

"Oh fool! vain wicked fool that I was! I thought of victory and pursued it. My utmost power of persuasion—words, smiles, and tears I tried—and tried in vain; and then I could not bear to feel that I had in vain made the trial of power and love. Shame, and pride, and anger, seized me by turns, and raised such a storm within me—such confusion—that I knew not what I did or said. And he was so calm! looked so at least, though I am sure he was not. His self possession piqued and provoked me past all bearing. I cannot tell you exactly how it was—it was so dreadfully interesting to me that I am unable to recall the exact words, but I remember at last hearing him say, in a voice that I had never heard before, 'Lady Davenant!' He had never called me so before; he had always called me 'Anne'; it seemed as if he had dismissed me from his heart.

"'Call me Anne! O call me Anne!' And he yielded instantly, he called me Anne, and caressing me, 'his Anne.' O Helen, never do as I did.' I whispered, 'Then, my love, you will do this for me—for me, your own Anne.' He put me gently away, and leaned against the chimney piece in silence. Then turning to me, in a low suppressed voice, he said, 'I have loved you—love you as much as man can love woman; there is nothing I would not sacrifice for you except—'

"'No exceptions,' I cried, in an affected tone of gaiety.

"'Except honour,' he repeated firmly. Helen, my dear, you are of a generous nature—so am I; but the demon of pride was within me; it made me long to try the extent of my power. Disappointed,

I sunk to meanness; never, never, however tempted, however provoked, never do as I did, never reproach a friend with any sacrifice you have made for them; this is a meanness which your friend may forgive, but which you can never forgive yourself.'

" 'I reproached him with the sacrifice of my feelings, which I had made in marrying him! His answer was, 'I feel that what you say is true: I now am convinced you are incapable of loving me, and since I cannot make you happy, we had better—part.'

"These were the last words I heard. The blow was wholly unexpected. Whether I sunk down, or threw myself at his feet, I know not; but when I came to myself he was standing beside me. There were other faces, but my eyes only saw his; I felt his hand holding mine. I pressed it, and said 'forget.' He stooped down and whispered 'it is forgotten.'"

And from thenceforth Lady Davenant became such a wife as Lord Davenant deserved. The following sketch of the personal appearance and manners of Sir Walter Scott, has, we are persuaded, been drawn from nature.

" 'Oh, how I wish I had seen him!' said Helen to Lady Davenant, the only person present who had had that happiness.'

" 'If you have seen Raeburn's admirable picture, or Chantry's speaking bust,' replied Lady Davenant, 'you have as complete an idea of Sir Walter Scott as painting or sculpture can give. The first impression of his appearance and manner was surprising to me, I recollect, from its quiet, unpretending good nature; but scarcely had that impression been made, before I was struck with something of the chivalrous courtesy of other times. In his conversation you would have found all that is most delightful in all his works—the combined talents and knowledge of the historian, novelist, antiquary, and poet. He recited poetry admirably, his whole face and figure kindling as he spoke; but whether talking, reading, or reciting, he never tired me even with admiring; and it is curious, that in conversation with him, I frequently found myself forgetting that I was speaking to Sir Walter Scott; and what is even more extraordinary, forgetting that Sir Walter Scott was speaking to me, till I was awakened to the conviction of his saying something which no one else could have said; altogether he was certainly the

most perfectly agreeable, and perfectly amiable great man I ever knew.'"

We do not think it would be justice either to the authoress or the publishers to give such an abstract of the story as would forestall the curiosity of the reader. That is a species of pirating, of which reviewers are sometimes guilty, but which we will, in the present instance at least, avoid. In the case of Lady Blessington's work, we are persuaded that, in making it as fully known as we have endeavoured to do, we were doing no more than her ladyship must have been anxious to see done; as her object, obviously is, to infuse into the misguided people of this country, better feelings and better principles than those by which they are at present possessed. Besides, in such a publication, she can have no pecuniary object. But where a work, as in the case of the one before us, is to be regarded as a matter of property, we deem it right to confine ourselves to such citations as may serve to make its merits known, without so rifling it as to interfere with its sale, and render it unprofitable as a literary speculation. In our pages, criticism shall never, if we can help it, assume the character of the foot-pad; for in such a light must the author regard even the friendly reviewer by whom his pages are pillaged of their contents, when the critique will only serve to render the work that has been eulogised so much lumber upon the shelves of the bookseller. But one extract more we must give. Lady Cecilia brings together a party of fashionables and politicians, whose views are somewhat discordant. Each seems surrounded by an atmosphere of repulsion, and the amiable hostess almost despairs of discovering any blending medium by which they might be united in general hilarity and enjoyment.

"No one spoke, and nought was heard but the cup on the saucer, or the spoon in the cup, or the buzzing of a fly in the window. In the midst of this awful calm it was, that Lady Bearcroft blurted out with a loud voice—'Amazing entertaining we are! So many clever people got together, too, for what?' It was worth while to have seen Lady Masham's face at that moment! Lady Bearcroft saw it, and fearing no mortal, struck with the comic of that look of Lady Masham's, burst into laughter uncontrolled, and the

contrast of dignity and gravity in Lady Davenant, only made her laugh the more, till out of the room at last she ran.

• • • Lady Masham all the while, of course, never betrayed the slightest idea that she could, by any possibility, have been the object of Lady Bearcroft's mirth. But Lady Davenant—how did she take it? To her daughter's infinite relief, quite quietly; she looked rather amused than displeased. She bore with Lady Bearcroft altogether better than could have been expected, because she considered her only as a person unfortunately out of her place in society, and without any fault of her own, dragged up from below to a height of situation for which nature had never intended, and neither art nor education had prepared her; whose faults and deficiencies were thus brought into the flash of day at once, before the malice of party, and the fastidiousness of fashion, which knows not how to distinguish between *manque d'esprit* and *manque d'usage*. Not so Lady Davenant, she made liberal and philosophic allowance for even those faults of manner which were most glaring, and she further suspected that Lady Bearcroft purposely exaggerated her own vulgarity—partly for diversion—partly to make people stare—and partly to prevent their seeing what was habitual, and what involuntary, by hiding the bounds of reality. Of this Lady Masham had not the most distant conception; on the contrary, she was now prepared to tell a variety of odd anecdotes of Lady Bearcroft. She had seen, she said, this extraordinary person before, but had never met her in society, and delighted she was, unexpectedly to find her here—'quite a treat.' While she was yet speaking, Lady Bearcroft returned; and her malicious enemy, leaning back in her chair, as in expectation of the piece beginning, waited for her puppet to play or be played off." • • •

"Notwithstanding Lady Bearcroft's want of knowledge of the great world, she had considerable knowledge of human nature, which stood her wonderfully in stead. She had no notion of being made sport of for the elegantes, and with all Lady Masham's plausibility of persiflage she never obtained her end, and never elicited anything really absurd, by all attempts to draw her out—out she could not be drawn. After an unconquerable silence, and all semblance of dead stupidity, Lady Bearcroft suddenly showed signs of life, however, and she, all at once, began to talk—to Helen, of all

people! And why? Because she had taken, in her own phrase, a monstrous fancy to Miss Stanley; she was not sure of her name, but she knew she liked her nature, and it would be a pity that her reason should not be known, and in the words in which she told it to Lady Cecilia. 'Now I will just tell you why I have taken such a monstrous fancy to your friend here, Miss Hanley.'

"'Miss Stanley, give me leave to mention,' said Lady Cecilia, 'Let me introduce you regularly.'

"'Oh! by no means; don't trouble yourself now, Lady Cecilia, for I hate regular introductions. But, as I was going to tell you how, before dinner to-day, as I came down the great staircase, I had an uncommon large, big, and, for ought I know, a yellow corking pin, which that most careless of all careless maids of mine—a good girl too—had left sticking point foremost out of some part of me. Miss Hanley—Stanley—(beg pardon,) was behind, and luckily saw and stopped. Out she pulled it, begging my pardon, so kindly, too, I only felt the twitch on my sleeve, and turned, and loved the first sight I had of that pretty face, which need never blush I am sure, though it's very becoming to blush too. So good-natured, you know, Lady Cecilia, it was when nobody was looking, and before any one was the wiser. Not like some young ladies, or old even, that would have *shewed one up* rather than help one out in any pin's point of a difficulty.'"

Lady Bearcroft is the wife of a judge, whose appointment to the bench, she suspects, is owing to the influence which Lady Davenant exerted in his favour. This the worthy woman is anxious in her own way to requite, and she consults Miss Stanley respecting a present of some jewellery which she had ordered from Paris and transmitted to Lady Davenant, but which had been returned to her with the word '*missent*' written on the parcel. Having ascertained that the word was Lady Davenant's handwriting, and that there was 'no mistake,' she resolves to present the jewels in person. Lady Davenant is indignant, and her manoeuvring daughter finds that her political scheme has miscarried.

"Quite pale Lady Cecilia stood, really in despair, and Helen did not know what to advise. 'Do you know any thing about it, Helen, for you look as if you did?'

"An abrupt knock at the door interrupted them, and, without waiting for permission, in came Lady Bearcroft, as if blown by a high wind—looking very red, half angry, half frightened—and then laughing, she exclaimed—'A fine *boggle de botch* I have made of it!' But seeing Lady Cecilia she stopped short. 'Beg pardon—thought you were by yourself, Miss Hanley!' Lady Cecilia, instantly offered to retire, yet intimated, as she moved towards the door, a wish to stay; and, if it were not too much, to ask what was meant by——'

"'By *boggle de botch* do you mean?' said Lady Bearcroft. 'I am aware it is not a canonical word—classical I mean; nor in nor out of any dictionary, perhaps—but when people are warm, they cannot stand picking terms.'

"'Certainly not,' said Lady Cecilia; 'but what is the matter? I am sorry any thing unpleasant has occurred.'

"'Unpleasant, indeed,' said Lady Bearcroft; 'I have been treated actually like a dog, while paying a compliment too, and a very handsome compliment, beyond contradiction. Judge for yourself, Lady Cecilia, if this *seigné* is to be sneezed at?'

"She opened the case; Lady Cecilia said the diamonds were certainly very handsome, but——

"'But,' repeated Lady Bearcroft, 'I grant you there may be a but to every thing in life; still it might be said civilly, as you say it, Lady Cecilia, or looked civilly, as you look it, Miss Hanley; and if that had been done, instead of being affronted, I might after all have been very well pleased to pocket my diamonds; but nobody can, without compunction, pocket an affront.'

"Lady Cecilia was sure her mother could not have meant any affront.

"'Oh I do not know what she could or could not mean; but I will tell you what she did—all but threw the diamonds in my face.'

"'Impossible,' said Helen.

"'Possible; and I will shew you how, Miss Hanley. This way: just shut down the case—snap—and across the table she threw it, just as you would deal a card in a passion, only with a Mrs. Siddon's air to boot. I beg your pardons, both ladies, for mimicking your friend and your parent, but flesh and blood could not stand that sort of style, you know, and a little wholesome mimicry breaks no bones, and is not very offensive I hope.'

"'But do you know now, really, the first anger over, I like Lady Davenant. I protest and vow, even her pride I like—it well became her—birth and all, for I hear she is straight from Charlemagne. But I was going to mention, now my recollection is coming to me, that when I began to talk to her Ladyship of Sir Ben's gratitude about the place she got for him, she cut me short with her queer look, and said she was sure that Lord Davenant, (and if he had been the king himself, instead of only her husband and your father, Lady Cecilia, she could not have pronounced his name with more distinction,) she was sure, she said, that Lord Davenant would not have been instrumental in obtaining that place for Sir Benjamin Bearcroft, if he had known any man more worthy of it, which, indeed, I did not think at the time over and above civil—for where then was the particular compliment to Sir Ben?'

We now take our leave of this charming writer, and sincerely hope to meet with her soon again.

RAMBLING RECOLLECTIONS.—No. I.

BY ONE WHO TRAVELLED WITH A GENTLEMAN FROM CONNEMARA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

"Don Juan bade his valet pack his things,
According to direction; then received
A lecture and some money * * * * *
She hoped he would improve—perhaps believed;
A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)
Of good advice—and two or three of credit.

BYRON.

It was in a saloon of the Palais Royal that I first met Arthur Mac Dermott—the night was wild, tempestuous, and disagreeable—the wind howled, and so did the dogs—the rain splashed, and so did the passengers—I was heart-sick of Paris—tired of sights—abominated theatres—discovered that my valet was a rogue, and my mistress a *roué*—had been jockeyed in the morning, and jilted in the afternoon—and not knowing how else to kill a dreary hour, as a last resource, dropped into hell itself.

Every body has played *Rouge et Noir*, if they had but the honesty to acknowledge it. Therefore, every body knows the *locale* of the table, and the character of the company. On this night there was the usual *family party*, with some *legs* and some *soft-ones*, a few small merchants were peddling cautiously, and the only dashing player was just then regularly done up.

"May the curse of Cromwell attend you, red and black?" ejaculated a tragi-comic voice, which issued from the moustachoed lips of a strapping Emeraldaler. I looked at the plucked one—he was a fine, stout, dark-haired fellow of six feet. "He will be in the *morgue* to-morrow," whispered a lemon-coloured dwarf, with a nondescript ribbon at his button-hole, "he has lost five hundred Napoleons." I examined the sufferer again. The Frenchman was wrong—the careless dare-devil indifference of the man, shewed that he possessed that true mercurial temperament indigenous to the land of potatoes, which rises while fortune sinks, and sets calamity at defiance.

While I still gazed at the unlucky gambler, he had assumed his hat and gloves, preparatory to leaving the scene of his defeat, when a sudden thought occurred, that even yet luck might change, and the poor fellow retrieve his losses. I took ten Napoleons from my purse, called him apart, and whispered my wishes. A broad suspicious stare from the stranger was succeeded by an enquiry of "whether I was serious?" On this point I satisfied him, and next moment he took out his ticket case, begged me to interchange cards, and returned as merrily to play, as if he had already netted a thousand.

"The devil's in the fellow's carelessness," said I, "my Naps are gone for ever;" and the very first movement at the table, demolished the moiety of my subsidy. In silence I cursed my own folly, and determining not to witness the result, left the Palais Royal, and hastened to my hotel, reproaching mankind and the elements.

Some hours passed—every lodger in the house was sleeping but myself. Suddenly a thundering knocking threatened destruction to the door, and the drowsy porter muttering curses "deep, not loud," rose to parley with the untimely visitor. A colloquy in broken English ensued. My name was mentioned—"Monsieur is in bed"—Monsieur is not *visible*.

"*Bedershin*, my jewel!" roared a voice whose tones I began to recollect—"visible or not visible, I'll see him. I will, by every thing that's fortunate," and in the briefest space imaginable, the black-whiskered adventurer of the

Palais Royal bore down all opposition and was standing at my bed side.

"We have been lucky, my darling boy," exclaimed the excited Milesian, as he flung a handkerchief filled with notes and gold coin upon the coverlet. "The old girl of the wheel proved herself a gentlewoman, stuck to me like bird-lime, 'till by Saint Patrick, I cleaned out the company, and broke the bank—and now for a division."

"A division—I have no claim beyond a return of the sum I lent you," said I.

"No claim! arrah *nabockish sure*, we were regular co-partners in trade," replied my loving countryman. I denied altogether the existence of the firm, and after a stout demur on his part, received my ten Napoleons, with a squeeze of the hand, that left mine aching for an hour afterwards. Taking up his hat, Mr. MacDermott rolled his treasure in the handkerchief, secured it with a knot, and promising that he would see me early next day, was in the act of taking leave, when the porter knocked and was admitted. He came up to say that he had observed two men, of very suspicious appearance, loitering before the hotel, and had no doubt but they had dogged the stranger thither, with evil designs against his purse or person.

The windows of my sitting room commanded a view of the street, and leaving the candles in my chamber, to prevent our being discovered by those without, we peeped cautiously abroad. The light was variable, as the clouds careered across the moon: presently she shone brilliantly for a moment, and in the passing gleam, we saw distinctly two figures such as the servant described, lurking in the opposite *porte cochée*. The truth was evident. The successful gambler had been pursued from that sink of villainy, the Palais Royale, and the ruffians outside were waiting his leaving the hotel to rob and murder him. I shuddered when I thought how narrowly the unconscious victim had escaped assassination.

"Now what the plague can these fellows want with me?" enquired my countryman, with provoking indifference.

The porter grinned, shrugged his shoulders, and replied with a polite

bow, "nothing more than to qualify Monsieur for the *morgue* in the morning."

"Phew!" said the Milesian with a peculiar whistle, "and is it that they'r after? Well, I have the luck of thousands to night. I saw a very decent-looking pair of marking-irons on your table. I'll borrow them, if you please. Just when I go out, do you lift the window, and if in the course of your travels, you ever saw a couple of private gentlemen more beautifully taken in, never trust me with the tools again."

"Now would it not save you some trouble, and me a charge or two of powder, if you would not interfere with the executioner, and remain contented for a few hours where you are? There is an excellent sofa, wood enough in the grate, candles, wine, and you can make a pillow of your property, and sleep upon Napoleons and bank notes."

"Egad you are right, but"—

"You are dying for a row," said I.

"Why, faith, I would give a few pieces to accommodate the scoundrels with the wrong metal, and while they expected gold, make lead answer."

"Well, I have no doubt but finishing a brace of cut-throats would be a pleasant wind-up to a night of play; but still I recommend the sofa to you, and them to the hangman."

"You are right," said MacDermott, "but it is unfair to let the honest men without, waste time in useless expectation." He opened the window. "Gentlemen of the 'pavé', the top of the morning to ye, as we say in Tipperary. Toddle off if ye please. I'm going to practice at the post beside ye, and as the light's but indifferent, why, *monamondiaoul!* I might, by mistake, shoot into the gateway."

The address of Mr. MacDermott was understood, and indeed it would be surprising had it not, as he delivered it in three languages, namely, English, Irish, and French. A shuffling of feet, a muttered *sacre!* and a momentary glimpse of two persons stealing round the corner, shewed that the hint was attended to.

In a little time my unexpected guest had arranged the sofa to his perfect satisfaction, heaped on a blazing wood fire, fortified his stomach with by far

the larger portion of a bottle of Lafitte ; and long before I could compose myself to sleep in the inner chamber, a heavy breathing in the outer one, told that he was "fast as a watchman."

I could not rest, thinking of the wild and reckless personage to whom I had been so singularly introduced, and providentially serviceable. By my assistance he had retrieved his shipwrecked fortunes, and but for me, he would be now at the bottom of the Seine, or probably lying in some gloomy by-street, with a gashed throat. I half regretted, on his account, that I was to leave Paris next day, as the chances were great, that he would be ruined in a week or two. I fell asleep at last, and when I awoke late in the morning, the first sound that met my ear was the voice of the fortunate gambler crooning an Irish ditty in the next apartment. I rose, dressed, joined him, and we sat down to breakfast.

The stranger thanked me heartily for all his recent good fortune. He seemed, on a longer acquaintance, to be a very curious medley—brave, thoughtless, generous, silly, and acute. I felt hourly more anxiety about him ; I regretted that I must leave him on the tender mercies of the world, and these feelings I expressed.

"And why do you leave Paris, and where are you going?" said the Irishman.

"God knows where," was the reply.

"I wish you would take me with you!" said he of the Palais Royal. I smiled.

"You do not know where I am bound for."

"Pahaw, no matter for that, Pekin or St. Petersburg—Milan or Mexico—no matter, any place but Ireland."

"And wherefore is Ireland objectionable to so disinterested a tourist?" I enquired.

"Why simply because there I am a dead man, and it would be a great inconvenience to a large and affectionate family like mine, were they obliged to suddenly discard their mourning."

"Really," said I, "you are a little incomprehensible."

"Well, take me with you, and some wet day I'll tell you every thing concerning my life, death, and resurrection."

I declined it as delicately as possible, but Pat was no man to be easily discouraged, and so very ingenious were his arguments, that I demanded an hour for consideration, while he adjourned to his hotel and dressed.

Leaving his effects, handkerchief and all, in my safe custody, he departed, made his toilette, and in good time reappeared.

I had in the interim weighed his proposition. I might, probably, save him from ruin, and I might, probably, greatly inconvenience myself in so doing. My tastes and habits were formed ; he was the weather-cock of the moment. I was ten years older, and past the hey-day of life ; he had not touched its meridian. All this considered, I felt perplexed to refuse his request, and fearful to accede to it, and in this uncertainty he found me.

"Come, my dear friend," he exclaimed, his dark eye sparkling with pleasure, "I know you'll take me with you : I told them at home I was preparing for a start ; desired the rascal who robs and dresses me, to have all packed. Say but the word, and in the snapping of a flint I'm ready for the road. Land or sea, hill or valley—all one. Come, say yes—I know you will!"

"Mr. MacDermott, I have considered your proposal. On certain terms I will consent to our becoming fellow-adventurers on the road, and sign articles of copartnership in a calash."

"Arrah, name them, and I say, *done*."

"Attend," I replied. "*Imprimis*—You are to fight no duel during the expedition, unless I carry the message."

"Agreed."

"Second—You are not to quarrel when you can avoid it."

"Nothing fairer!" was the response.

"Third—You are to pledge your honour, as a gentleman, that during our confederacy you will not play, *directly or indirectly*."

Pat placed his hand upon his bosom, and made the affirmation.

"Fourth—You are not to carry off any man's wife or daughter, without giving me six hours clear notice, to enable me to run away in an opposite direction."

"With all my heart."

"And lastly—All monies are to be

deposited with Lafitte, save one hundred pounds for the moiety of common expenses, over which I am to be absolute; and fifty Napoleons for the privy purse, to be expended by Mr. Macdermott, 'ad libitum,' in gingerbread, bon bons, or for any other proper consideration."

"Arrah, my dear friend, do make that 'the hundred;' fifty's a crooked number; and even money, they say, keeps the devil out of one's pocket. Say 'the hundred,' and take my blessing."

"Well, well, I must consent," said I, "and now let us be off to bank your money and get the passports."

All was done accordingly, and next morning we passed the barriers of Paris on our route to the Rhine.

I firmly believe, that no man ever undertook to become bear-leader to a more untamed personage; or did a more unpromising pupil fall to the lot of a philosopher to reclaim. It is true, that in him there was no deception—no duplicity in word or action. Eye, look, and bearing—all put one on their guard; and like a board upon a garden, his face gave legal notice, and warned every body that the premises were dangerous.

I hate your smooth and oily moralist. I had once an acquaintance of the class who used the commonest business of life to point a moral for the benefit of the listener. He had the most sympathetic sigh imaginable, and drew upon tears at sight. After a ten years' intimacy, he accommodated me with a spavined horse, and took away a nursemaid from a family to whom I had introduced him as immaculate. Since then, I have eschewed professed morality, and exclaim, with Sir Peter Teazle—"Rowley, if you regard me, never let me hear you utter any thing like a sentiment. I have had enough of that to last the remainder of my life!"

We had delightful weather; passed Meaux, Eprenay, Chalons sur Marne, Vitry, St. Diziere; halted at Nancy, and established ourselves in the Place Royal. The ancient capital of Lorraine is indeed a charming town; wide streets, well built houses, and good hotels.

King Stanislaus, to whom the French ascribe the beauties of the old, and the founding of the new town, is buried in

the Fauxbourg St. Pierre. We visited, in company with a learned guide, the library, which contains 40,000 volumes and a few manuscripts. Of the latter, the most interesting shewed to us was an autograph letter of Henry the IV. to a favourite general. I regarded, of course, the royal hand-writing with fitting reverence. *Mac*, however, brusquely observed, that "it was a cursed cramp piece of penmanship, that even an apothecary could not read;" and resumed his station at the window to watch the progress of a bargain which a very pretty *soubrette* was driving with a fruitwoman in the street.

Dined; wine excellent—of which *Mac* carried off two bottles; went to the theatre; play, *Othello*—nearly a translation from our own, only that "the old man's daughter" clears her character, and escapes strangulation. *Mac*, at the conclusion, "*non est inventus*;" found him, however, ready for the road next morning. Lest he should oversleep himself, he had prudently sat up all night. Made up for lost slumbers on the road. I'll sleep him in a carriage for a hundred, against any body produced, barring a watchman.

I have been amused with my companion's predilection for the "ould country." Every thing we see is tested by a native standard; for, according to *Mac*, Eve was an Irishwoman, and Eden situated on the banks of the Shannon. Excepting Mr. Daniel O'Connell, I have never known so enthusiastic an admirer of the Emerald Isle, or one who gives his countrymen a better character. The only difference between the parties is, that Daniel says what he does not think, "for a consideration"—while *Mac* thinks what he says, and does it gratuitously.

From Nancy to Strasbourg, the route not very interesting; some views from the heights of Saurme very picturesque; the road approaching Strasbourg fine, and planted with walnut trees at equal distances, which afford the traveller a grateful shelter from the sun. I was lavish in my praises; but *Mac* compared it with a certain line in Connaught, where even a drunken postboy could not find a jolt for you in a day's drive; and in a dozen miles you could not pick up a pebble large enough to smash a window with. I

never had the luck to travel the line in question. I wonder where it lies?
* * * * *

Strasbourg.—Cantoned at the Hotel de l'Esprit, very comfortable; and here we will abide until we examine this ancient city.

The first thing generally pointed to the traveller's attention is that 'chef d'œuvre' of Pigalli, the marble monument of Marischal Saxe, standing in the church of St. Thomas. The design is chaste and beautiful. On one side a weeping figure is contemplating the hero; she holds a reversed flambeau beneath exalted trophies; just below, a female, representing France, endeavours to retain the marischal, and repulse death. The latter, a well conceived figure, most of whose skeleton and hip is concealed by a finely executed drapery, holds in one hand an hour-glass, and with the other points expressively to the tomb, to which the marischal, with firmness and dignity, approaches: beyond, a Hercules in tears is seen. The whole is nobly executed.

My companion listened more attentively than usual to the guide as he enumerated the beauties of the monument; and after a heavy sigh, remarked—

"I knew him when I was a lad, and a better sowl never stretched his legs below a mess-table!"

"Knew whom?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Why him there, Marischal Saxe."

"Pardonnez," said the guide, "Mon-sieur must be in error."

"The deuce an error," replied Mr. MacDermott. "But what an expense the family must have gone to? and he would have lain just as snug and warm in the old church of Clonmel."

The guide stared; I was horrified; and *Mac* continued—

"Poor fellow—he could never stand a joke; and that, you know, is the sure way for a man to keep a nick-name. May be you never heard how he came by it, Sir?" and he addressed the guide, who grinned, and bowed to the ground.

"You must know," said *Mac*, "that the owld man was a miller, and made his money in the grain trade. Well, he bought property in the county, until at last he got the Tipperary militia for his son. The first day he

appeared in regimentals—that's the son, I mean—at the head of the corps, says a blind aid-de-camp to Major O'Callaghan—'Arrah, who the devil's that?' 'Who should it be,' says the major, 'but Marshal *Sacks* (Saxe,) with the *flour* of Tipperary at his back.' How a name sticks! I wonder what made the family plant him here though; but, faith, they did the thing decently. Lord, what money it must have cost! Many a tenant was driven to pay for old Father Barebones there."

Was there ever such a villain? To confound a departed hero with a dead militia man!

From St. Thomas's we proceeded to visit the cathedral, whose celebrated spire is said to be the highest in the world. By the latest and best measurements, it is computed to be 142 metres, or about 500 feet from the point to the pavement. This is considerably higher than St. Paul's; but in all besides, the buildings will not bear comparison, that of Strasbourg being greatly inferior. There is a passage by a staircase to the top, consisting of 642 steps. Half way up, we reached a platform commanding a magnificent view of the Rhine, the plains of Hohenlinden, and an immense expanse of most interesting scenery, terminated on one side by the German mountains, at whose feet the river serpentine from south to north; and on the other, by Hohenlinden and the heights of Alsace. Never were travellers rewarded with a more glorious prospect than this diversified landscape and "battle plain" presented!

"Is it not worth a pilgrimage?" I rapturously exclaimed to my companion.

"Faith, it's a pretty view enough," he replied; "but then to mount 340 steps, for I counted them—Och, if you were only, on a bright summer day, on the top of Carrig-a-binnia! But that beats the world, and there is no use in talking of it now."

I could have knocked my pupil down, had I not feared that in the hurry he might forget I was his Gamaliel, and retaliate, to the danger of my person.

Travellers should ascend this platform. Although it is a fatiguing operation, the view will amply repay them for the labour, and they may immortalize themselves, at a small ex-

pense, in a book kept for that especial purpose.

In this church the celebrated "clock of Strasbough" is erected. It is certainly one of the most extraordinary pieces of complicated machinery that can be imagined. That of Saint Thomas in Lyons, reckoned probably the finest in France, is very inferior in beauty and design, but, both alas, are motionless, and are likely to remain so!

The clock at Strasbough was finished and placed in the cathedral in 1574, and the ablest mathematicians and mechanics of that day, exhausted their ingenuity in its construction. It is wonderfully complicated. On the lower part, a globe, three feet in diameter, rests on the back of a pelican. It turned round upon its axis once in twenty-four hours, and shewed the rising and setting of the sun and moon, for one hundred years, that is, from 1573 to 1673. The mechanism, and it must be curious, is concealed within the body of the pelican.

Immediately above this is a perpetual kalendar. Apollo and Diana represent the sun and moon—the first marking the days with an arrow—the latter, the termination of every half year. The wheelwork of Apollo had its motion from left to right, and revolved yearly, while the goddess of chastity moved in an opposite direction, (from right to left) and made her revolution but once in a century! This kalendar marked the moveable feasts, golden number, epoch, dominical letters, and every matter connected with the Julian period, together with the eclipses of sun and moon for the whole century.

The days of the week were represented by the seven planets; each drawn in a car by two animals, passed in due rotation, the name of the day being expressed upon the wheels of the chariots.

Above this is the dial which told the hours and minutes—beside them a death's head, a serpent, and an apple, with divers churchmen and apostles. Here stand two angels—one holds a sceptre, with which she strikes the hour—the other a glass, which is turned when the hour is told. There are seven pointers for the seven planets, marking their places in the zodiac, and in the centre a globe, on which the

seasons are represented. Above this, a dial shows the phases of the moon—and higher still is the clock that strikes the hours and quarters.

At either side of this, are figures of Christ and Death. Every quarter, the latter approaches, and is repulsed by the Saviour—but when the hour comes round, Christ retires, and death comes forward and strikes it. A set of chimes succeed, and lastly, a cock claps his wings, stretches his neck, and crows twice.

I am sorry to say, all this curious and complicated machinery is hurrying fast to decay. On another tower of the cathedral, the telegraph that communicates with Paris is erected.

The whole appearance of the city will rather disappoint the traveller. It has all the inconveniences of a French town, narrow streets, bad pavements, and no flagways. It is (or was) a great place of trade—a depot for that of France, Germany, Italy and Switzerland. All now looks dull—the theatre badly attended, and Mr. MacDermott, after a patient investigation, declares he saw but five pretty woman in Strasbough—this is astonishing, for I have no doubt that his researches were extensive.

One of the greatest curiosities here, is the Fish-market. The fish are offered to purchasers *alive*, being preserved in large water-tanks. I am assured that upwards of fifty kinds are occasionally exposed for sale; embracing every variety from a sprat to a sturgeon!

Mr. Mac acknowledged "the thing was very pretty-looking. But, for eating—God help him! he had no ambition, he was easily pleased. Give him a Galway turbot, a Boyne salmon, a Toom eel, or even a Bann trout, and he could live for a day or two with a Catholic family; but then he was no epicure."

The fellow's intolerable—he hits me now and again, and pretty hard—here he had me confoundedly. Why, if Apicius himself was choosing a fish dinner, where could he match Mr. MacDermott's selection?

We kept the left bank of the Rhine, with a chain of mountains running on either side. Those on the left, and at a great distance, were the German ones, while the range upon the right was close, and appeared for the most part

covered with vines and wheat. A great quantity of wine is annually produced in this part of France. The 'vin ordinaire' at dinner—and very excellent it was—cost but twenty sous the bottle. The very oldest and best 'vin du Rhin,' only six francs. Indeed, as Mr. MacDermott, remarked, "it was just the place where a prudent man could drink himself rich."

The scenery between Strasbourg and Colmar is very beautiful. We reached the latter place at seven in the evening, but were prevented from viewing it by a violent thunder storm which came suddenly on, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, and a deluge of rain. Gladly we found shelter in the 'Deux Clefs,' and supped at the public table. In an hour the storm having subsided, we proceeded on our route, reached Basle, and established ourselves at the Crown Inn in full view of the Rhine, and only distant from it by the length of the street.

Having hired a guide, we set off to view the cathedral. This venerable edifice was erected in the year 1019, and the greater part of the old structure still remains. There are an immense collection of tombs and monuments, none of them very remarkable for their beauty. Those of Erasmus, and Anna, wife of the Emperor Rodolph, are certainly interesting. The organ is very old, and you can still feebly trace some paintings of Holbein which ornamented it. We ascended the tower of the church, and from it enjoyed for an hour one of the most enchanting views conceivable. Quite near us lay the kingdom of France. In the distance, Germany, as far as the Black Forest, Switzerland, and part of the great chain of Jura—while the Rhine rolled at our feet, and appeared fully as broad as the Thames at Westminster bridge. The view from this tower commands the whole of the town of Basle; the entrance of the valley of Weisse; the mountains of the Black Forest; the Rhine, in its course from Rhinfelden to Stein, a distance of twenty miles; the citadel of Hummingen, and the vast plains of Alsace. Our Cicero was an old man, who spoke English remarkably well. He had lived in the household of Cardinal Feach, whose family, he says, were originally *fishmongers*. A lucky trade to

produce such men as Crockford and the Cardinal!

From the cathedral we adjourned to the panorama, which gives an excellent idea of Basle. The artist obliged us with a view of two originals of the old masters, "A Virgin and Child," a sweet painting by Raphael; and "A taking down from the Cross," one of Holbein's best pictures. By a fanciful conception of the artist, the devil is introduced in the act of carrying off the *unbelieving* thief. Mr. Mac was rather chary in his commendations of honest Hans' *chef d'œuvre*. "The painting," he admitted, "was well enough, if he had left the devil out, and where was the use in frightening people?" The artist listened to my friends critique with all the 'politesse' of a Frenchman—but he shrugged his shoulders, and I suspect, were he employed to collect a gallery, he would not select Mr. MacDermott as a coadjutor.

We spent the remainder of the morning in the public gardens, which are beautifully ornamented with water-works, Chinese bridges, &c. At four we dined—discussed two flasks of exquisite 'vin du Rhin,' when Mr. MacDermott requested to be accommodated with a third one, pleading in excuse, his great exertions during the morning. It is astonishing how many good and sufficient apologies he discovers, when an extra bottle is required—and indeed, since we left Paris, he appears, as poor Lord Louth used to say, to have "an unquenchable thirst upon him." We start in the morning for Schaffhausen to view the Falls of the Rhine.

We passed in our route the interesting village of Angst. The *Augusta Rauracorum* of the Romans. Many antiquities of great value among the "Savans," have been here, from time to time, discovered. I purchased some ornaments in bronze, with a few coins, and examined the ruins of a temple, bath, and theatre. Mr. Mac declined to accompany me in these researches. He had established a smart flirtation with the hostess of the Black Eagle, and to every antiquarian inducement, sported "deaf adder."—"What novelty was a Roman village to him? Within twenty miles of his father's, there was but one Protestant, and he was the parson. His assistant was a Catholic, and like 'the clerk of Ballyhain,' when

he finished at church, he 'served mass afterwards'—Roman villages! he would be glad to know where there were any else, from one end of Conne-mara to the other?"

We crossed to the left bank of the river, by the wooden bridge at Rhinfelden, and four leagues farther recrossed at Lanffenburgh, near the salmon fishery. We were now within two miles of Waldshut, but the rain fell with such violence that we halted for the night at a small and unpretending inn, where, notwithstanding, our supper, wine, and beds were excellent. The bill was moderate enough: for all these, but 8½ francs!

We resumed our journey under, it appeared, fortunate auspices, as the guide acquainted us that in the morning he had lighted his candle at the Virgin's lamp, which is kept burning all the night. Our route lay partly through the Black Forest, and it was wild and gloomy enough. Near Waldshut the Rhine is prettily studded by numerous islands, and with forest scenery and picturesque mountains, forms altogether an interesting scene.

It was evening when we reached Schaffhausen, and immediately proceeded to view the celebrated Falls of the Rhine, which are about two miles from the town. The cataract, the broadest in Europe, presents one of the most extraordinary scenes imaginable. The castle of Lanfen stands on the rock above it, and from beneath we viewed the Falls, till the spray had penetrated our clothes, and obliged us to take up another position. The noise is astounding, and as Mac remarked, "a man could not hear his own ears." Huge fragments of rocks divide the sheet of tumbling water into four parts, which hurries "in foam and fury" into the deep basin at the base of the ledge. The height of the fall varies considerably, and it is said to be greatest about the end of June. It appeared now to be about seventy feet, but formerly it was much higher, for the ledge has been progressively washed away by the violence of the water. I think the best point to view the Falls is in front, and from the castle of Innwhat.

Next day we proceeded by the right bank of the river to Constance, and on our arrival, procured a guide, and set out to visit its celebrated hall. Here

in 1414, the famous council was held, which condemned to the flames John Huss and Jerome of Prague, and ordered the bones of Wickliff, then thirty years dead, to be exhumed and given to the fire. The chairs which the emperor and the pope occupied during the trial, are preserved and exhibited. This hall was built in 1348, and is now used for storing merchandize, brought to the city for sale at the fair. A wretched little house is shewn near one of the gates, where Huss was apprehended: his bust is placed above the door, with the date beneath it, 1414. The convent in which he was confined is now turned to a better purpose, and used for a manufactory.

We left the "Aigle d'or" at Constance, and passing the beautiful village of Franenfeld, found ourselves comfortably seated at dinner in the suberge "L'Epée" in the town of Zurich. It would be rare to find so fine a prospect as opens from our windows. The lake lies before us, studded with villages to the water's edge, and surrounded by a chain of mountains capped with eternal snow. After dinner we walked to the ramparts, to view the battle plains west of the town. Here was the scene of the sanguinary conflict between the French and Russians, in which the latter were totally defeated, with the loss of 20,000 men, and the whole of their artillery and field equipage. Massena, who with Soult commanded the republicans, is still praised in Zurich for the moderation he shewed to the citizens, when he took possession of the place. The strictest discipline was maintained, and plunder prevented. The Russians who passed through would have been less scrupulous, but Massena pressed so closely on the rear, that with the best intentions they had not time to pillage. The house in which Lavater resided, and the church in which he officiated, were close to our hotel. In the evening we visited the library, which contains 45,000 volumes, and among other literary curiosities, some original letters of Lady Jane Grey—although very anxious, I was unsuccessful in my endeavour to get a sight of these interesting manuscripts, and expressed regret at my failure. Mr. MacDermott exhibited no sympathy for my disappointment. "For the life

of him," he said "he could not imagine what fancy I had for such things. Sure no body wrote letters but tailors, attorneys, and old women; they were all to one tune, duns and good advice. No gentleman minded either. Many a time his poor father had bid "bad luck to the music," when he heard the mail-horn, for, as he said, there was nothing but botheration in the bag. God be with the time, when in Conne-mara the post came in but once a fortnight, and the king's writ was not worth a *tranceen*.* He, Mr. Mac, had not the honor of knowing Lady Jane; he supposed she was sister to Lady Morgan, and if she wrote Greek and Algebra like her, her letters would be a small loss, for none but a priest could make them out."

After this lecture upon letters and ladies, we continued our ramble over Zurich. The streets are narrow and ill-constructed—the churches not worth attention—the arsenal, to one who has seen the Tower or Woolwich Common, contemptible. It contains, however, one relic worth all its arms beside—the cross-bow of William Tell.

There is in Zurich one building worthy of a traveller's notice—the Orphan House—it is an admirable institution, and nothing can exceed the neat appearance of the children, who bear evidence to the care bestowed upon them. Lavater was the pastor of the "Orphan's Church."

Zurich has been celebrated as the Athens of Switzerland, and it has pro-

duced many men on whom "science smiled." The likeness of one honored name adorns the public walk—and Gesner's monument and bust is a favorite object with English travellers.

The last thing we visited was the observatory. The situation of the building is good, and commands north and south, an extensive prospect—but it is otherwise a wretched affair. It contains a transit instrument of clumsy workmanship, about three feet long, a bad clock, a bad telescope, by Adams, London, with a tolerable repeating circle, of English make, and these comprise all its instruments. We learned, however, one very interesting fact; the astronomer dines at noon, and the sun himself is not more regular in his movements than the professor in his meals!

To-morrow we shall bid this beautiful town farewell. Mr. MacDermott has made an acquaintance with an Austrian general, a pleasant fellow enough, whom we met here, 'en route' to Paris, with his lady. Mac and the commander have vowed an eternal friendship, over a "stoup of Rhenish," and I suspect that *Madame* is a contracting party to the treaty. Our respective courses, thank God, are very opposite—were they not agreeable to article *four*, I fancy Mr. M. would favor me some evening with a six hours notice to be off. There they go, arm in arm!—Well, if the general is contented, what right have I to complain?

* Anglice—a *straw*.

HARDIMAN'S IRISH MINSTRELSY.—No. I.*

Oh, ye fair hills of holy Ireland, who dares sustain the strangled calumny that you are not the land of our love?

Sweet land of the bee-abounding hills,
Island of the year-old young horses,
Soil of the heaviest fruit of trees,
Soil of the greenest grassed pastures,
Old plain of Eber, harvestful,
Land of the ears of corn and wheat,
Land of heroes and clergy,
Banbá of the golden-haired damsels,
Land of blue running pure streams,
And of the gold-rich fortunate men,

Who is he who ventures to stand between us and your Catholic sons' good-will? What though for three centuries they and we have made your valleys resound with the clang of axe and broadsword, ringing on chain-mail and plate armour, or with the thunder of artillery tearing their way in bloody lanes, through column and solid square, or with the discordant clash of pike or bayonet, and the vollied rattling of more deadly musket thinning the contracted lines, till wing and centreshrunk into one undistinguishably-embattled band at nightfall? What though in times long past they startled your midnight echoes with our groans under the knife that spared neither bedridden age nor cradled infancy, neither man nor woman, nor the child in the mother's womb; what though in sacred vengeance of that brave villainy, we fattened two generations of your kites with heads of traitors; what though the thick dregs of that sanguinary intoxication are still poured forth by Discord's Ganymedes, and still quaffed savagely in many a misty glen and black bog of your mountains.—What then? It was for love of you that we contended, for possession and enjoyment of you that we trampled down our rivals on your bosom; and now that the nuptial knot is tied and consecrated between us, nothing save the sword of an Alexander shall dissolve that Gordian consummation! But who would be the jealous Turk to say, that

those amorous Irishmen, whose love has been as constant as our own, and more legitimate by ages of possession, should not be admitted to all the privileges of a national panogamy? May we never again behold the Curragh of Kildare if we would be that sordid tyrant for all the wealth and power of the British empire. The only emulation between us shall be in the honest endeavour of each to benefit and protect the common object of our affection; and, scorning the rancour of low rivalry that would contend with misrepresentation, detraction, or suppression, we will be the first to tell to the world what genius, what bravery, what loyalty, what pious love of country and kind has been vindicated to the mere Irish by Mr. Hardiman, in his collection and preservation of their national songs. Mr. Hardiman's collection is truly a boon to the Irish reader. But the Irish reader is, in general, a being who exercises little influence on the book market; for, however highly he may appreciate the service done him, he must confine the expression of his thanks to the few who have been hitherto supposed to sympathise with a poor scholar, a Papist, and a Connaughtman. Much as the announcement may mortify some who would usurp the exclusive right to Catholic good-will, we declare ourselves one of the number of those who can feel for, and sympathise with, the poor Papist whether drudging on the wharfs of London, or eating limpets and sea weed on the rocks of Erris, or toiling homeward from the harvest of rich Britain, lying poorly in barns or ditches by the wayside, or herded like one of a drove of swine on the wet deck of a collier; or, when he has returned, sitting perhaps on the bleak hill side, and looking back, with wife and hungry little ones, on the roof he has been forced to relinquish at the bidding of a cruel landlord; nay, to the most dis-

* Irish Minstrelsy; or, Bardic Remains of Ireland, with English poetical translations; collected and edited, with notes and illustrations, by James Hardiman, M.R.I.A. London: Joseph Robins, Bride-court, Bridge-street. 1831.

tant dens of squalid and savage barbarism, where burnings, housebreakings, rapes, assassinations, are to the ruffian conspirator familiar as the glass he drains; and to the very files of the marching marauders, as they line the road by which their victim is expected, we are not ashamed to declare that we can extend our indignant commiseration, and are not yet hopeless of obtaining the grateful confidence of an undeceived and rescued people in return. We will not suffer two of the finest races of men in the world, the Catholic and Protestant, or the Milesian and Anglo-Irish, to be duped into mutual hatred by the tale-bearing go-betweens who may struggle in impotent malice against our honest efforts, even though the panders of dissension should be willing to pay out of their own pockets—as some, who may look to their backs and shoulders, have done—for the satisfaction of setting us by the ears. But let it first be our task to make the people of Ireland better acquainted with one another. We address in these pages the Protestant wealth and intelligence of the country, an interest acknowledged on all hands to be the depository of Ireland's fate for good or evil. The Protestants of Ireland are wealthy and intelligent beyond most classes, of their numbers, in the world: but their wealth has hitherto been insecure, because their intelligence has not embraced a thorough knowledge of the genius and disposition of their Catholic fellow-citizens. The genius of a people at large is not to be learned by the notes of Sunday tourists. The history of centuries must be gathered, published, studied and digested, before the Irish people can be known to the world, and to each other, as they ought to be. We hail, with daily-increasing pleasure, the spirit of research and liberality which is manifesting itself in all the branches of our national literature, but chiefly in our earlier history and antiquities—subjects of paramount importance to every people who respect, or even desire to respect themselves. Let us contribute our aid to the auspicious undertaking, and introduce the Saxon and the Scottish Protestant to an acquaintance with the poetical genius of a people hitherto unknown to them, as being known only in a character

incompatible with sincerity or plain dealing. The present century will not answer the conditions of our enquiry. We will look nearer to times when they who had high treason in their hearts had arms in their hands, and honest defiance on their faces—when the game of nations was played boldly and won fairly—when victors and vanquished could afford to seem what they really were, and genuine feeling found utterance undisguised, in the passionate sincerity of exultation or despair. We will leave the idiotic brawler, the bankrupt and fraudulent demagogue, the crawling incendiary, the scheming, jesuitical, ambitious priest—that perverse rabble, on whom the mire in which they have wallowed for the last quarter of a century, has caked into a crust like the armour of the Egyptian beast, till they are case-hardened invulnerably in the filth of habitual impudence, ingratitude, hypocrisy, envy and malice; so that it were but a vain defilement of aught manly or honorable to advance it against such panoply of every foul component—we will leave them to their employment of reproach and agitation, and sing the songs of men who might well rise from honourable graves, and affright the midnight echoes of Aughrim or Benburb with their lamentations, if they could know that their descendants were fools enough to be led by such a directory of knaves and cowards. But to the work in hand.

The Protestant's idea of a mere Irishman, even of the sixteenth century, is still an ill-defined and dim delineation of fancy. The very costume is uncertain. The mustachiod and long-haired savage, with conical cap, close jerkin, trows, brogues, and a wide cloak, rudely fringed at collar and skirt; herding or hunting, or it might be, robbing for a livelihood; filled with undying hatred of the English, and scrupling nothing for its fullest gratification—known but as the uprooter of orchards, or firer of corn ricks and dwelling houses on the borders of the Pale, associates himself with our feelings only of dread, detestation, or contempt. Could we accompany him, however, with his prey to the woods or mountains, and see him among his own people, listening to the music of harps and voices—feasting, and quaffing,

and making merry; all his indignant anger and revengeful malice forgotten, and in their place, his heart swelling with natural affections and pardonable pride; in the society of brothers and sisters, or wife and children; or, perhaps, recounting his adventures and making love to his sweetheart among the dewy pastures of his cows—could we overlook and overhear him there, we would feel inclined, we think, to give ourselves credit for having vanquished a foe not so unworthy as we now too generally believe him to have been. Could we also be transported to the dwellings of their superior lords, to Edenduffcarrick, or Ballyshannon, or Dungannon, or Portumna, we would witness, we doubt not, a degree of barbaric grandeur as gratifying as unexpected. An establishment, the cellars of which contained a constant stock of four hundred pipes of wine, and from the larders of which seven hundred men received their daily provisions, such as that of O'Neill, at Dundrum, must have corresponded in other respects to this noble scale of living, and would, we are convinced, could our retrospect be granted, exhibit a princely liberality and splendour which might, perhaps, vie with the better known magnificence of a Vere or Percy of the same times. At present we know only of a few sources of information on the domestic manners of the mere Irish, and these, on this occasion, not available; but whatever we have, touching the habits and mode of living of the Anglo-Irish, will affect that subject intimately; for it has been the most abundant fountain-head of Irish disorders, that the early English, unable to resist the vicious influence of Irish example, have ever become *Hibernis Hiberniores* ere a single generation had breathed the infected atmosphere of lawless domination; so that from the time of Maurice Fitz-Thomas, the first Earl of Desmond, who, in the reign of the third Edward, raised himself by Irish exactions (which he spent in Irish prodigality and treason,) from a poor nobleman of a thousand marks a year, to the state of an independent prince, receiving an annual revenue of ten thousand pounds, and standing on terms with his neighbour of England as well as of Kildare or Tipperary, to the time of his remote descendant,

the unhappy Lord Edward, in whose person was consummated the last Geraldine rebellion, and that within our own days, there has scarce been a single English family of early plantation which has not fallen away from its allegiance, through love of the Irish customs—fostering—gossiped—black-rent—coign and livery. Yet although they had “drunk of this Circe's cup,” as Sir John Davies says, we cannot agree, even with that admirable writer, that they were “turned into very beasts;” for, granting that “they not only forgot the English language, and scorned the use thereof, but grew to be ashamed of their very English names, though they were noble and of great antiquity, and took Irish surnames and *nicknames*—namely, the two great families of the Bourks in Connaught (after the house of the Red Earl failed of heirs male,) calling their chiefs Mac William Eighter, and Mac William Oughtier, &c.,” yet we are so far from seeing any thing beastly in being head of Clan William and Lord of Castle-Bourk, that were we Marquis of Clanrickard at this day, we would style ourselves MAC WILLIAM BOURK, and let the Norman burghers claim kindred with the Irish Tighearna More. And here we have a glance at the domestic life of the Mac William Lord Mayo. Imagine the hall of Castle-Bourk (now, alas, a green-gabled ruin,) all resounding and alive with the festivities of Christmas; Mayo himself, his lady, and their six children looking on from the dais, or perhaps mingling benignantly in the sacred saturnalia; the tables removed; and round the huge fire, gathered on oaken benches, the delighted household. Yet in the midst of all their mirth, they look round with involuntary eyes, enquiring in vain for one of the accustomed number that used to make the Christmas night complete in happiness. It is for David O'Murray, their blind harper, who for a year has been exiled under his lord's displeasure, but who, unseen of all, has crept in on this the anniversary of his disgrace, and is even now stealing from his hiding-place behind the faggots, and, harp in hand, kneeling down on the broad hearth-stone, his blind visage raised in supplication, and his fingers beginning to draw from the wires a melody—of all the sweet,

plaintive, passionate melodies of Ireland, the first—while his voice, shaping itself to the time, and in its own unaided pathos of language and expres-

sion, self-sufficient to melt the sternest Baron of his master's blood, had Rickard Iron himself been bodily present, pours out the *Ṭṛḡearna Májeo*:

There is a desire upon me henceforth to go
Unto the right harbour of wine-drinking :
And may the protection of Him who is above be on you,
Oh, Lord Mayo :
Oh, true marrow of the flowers of heroes,
That won victory and fame in every encounter,
I am coming in this hour
Under the shelter of your hospitality.
I am your poor blind (poet,)
Who am returning to you, loved (Lord,)
To whom—to me—happened long delay
For a long year under sorrow.

On account of Him who is present,
And the only Son of the God of Grace,
To-night, the night of Christmas, be appeased the ire
Of Lord Mayo.
Henceforth do not reject me,
Oh, branch of the blood most noble—
(I pray you) by all that are of the great bells
Of the saints in Reme.
I shall not be that length (of time again) from you,
Oh, branch of the true ones noble,
Until shall go the clay of the earth, down
On my old body blind under the sod.

It is the Lady Mary,
Above women, that won the palm in form,
In disposition and attitudes pleasing,
In every quality as is proper :
Bright sun she is in each assembly of women,
In gentleness and in prudence very eminent.
(Please, oh, Lady,) to obtain peace for me at this time
From yourself and your Lion.—
It is Sir Tibbot Oge De Burk,
The branch fragrant that is greatly powerful,
Under the protection of the God of elements to him—
And may it be long that he may be living.

It is fair Judith of the gentle eyes,
Of the most accomplished and most liberal speech—
And may you be about a solicitation for me
For reconciliation to obtain (it) from my Lion.
Come, ye fourth, ye five,
That would put grace on the sons of a province,
And language use ye with diligence
On my behalf as is fit.
May the King of the Elements be your protection ;
That ye may be long-lived—in health—the five,
Martha, Nelly, Tom, and Betty,
And the Pearl of the golden hair.

Is not this better than a version? Here are the words, and unmutated thoughts, and turn, and expression of the original; only observe, that the idiomatic differences of the two languages give to the translation an uncouth and difficult hesitation, which in the original did not affect the Irishman, for he poured the persuasive appeal with such loyal and affectionate fervor of devotion that the doors of Castle Burk were never after closed on his familiar footsteps. This is a pleasing and amiable trait of the old romantic life of the Irish nobleman. To which of the Lords Mayo it is to be attributed is matter of uncertainty. Mr. Hardiman mistakes the son, young Sir Tibbot, for the father, and thus attaches our interest to Theobald the sixth viscount; and indeed it is an interest for which we would rather find an object, than for that excited by the story of the Bridge of Shrule. We regret that there are not more songs of this character preserved, for although Mr. Hardiman tells us that Carolan composed the "Hawk of Ballyshannon" on purpose for young O'Reilly, who went out armed with his harp, and brought O'More's daughter to reason with the moving melody, we hardly think that a harp, in the hands of a country gentleman before dinner, was quite the thing so short a time back; and we are sure O'Reilly was a fellow of too much *nous* to do any thing incorrect. But before we proceed with our translations, let us get a farther glimpse, if possible, at the household of an Irish or Anglo-Irish gentleman of the end of the 16th century. We know none so likely to gratify us as our friend Sir Josh Bodley; who, when captain in Elizabeth's army, paid a Christmas visit to Sir Richard (brother, if we mistake not, of the travelled Fynes) Morrison, at that time governor of the ancient city of Downpatrick. We have an account of it in manuscript. The curious reader may find the original, which is in a very Ciceronian latin, in the Cotton MSS. (Ayscough's Cat. 4784. p. 187, entitled "Descriptio itineris Capitanei Josiæ Bodley in Lecaliam apud Ultonienses, anno 1602.") "Truly," he significantly begins, "I am an ass, else never would I have undertaken a task so heavy, as to tell all the fun which befel us in our journey to Lecaile;

that is, to Captain Caulfield, Captain Johnson, and myself, companions on a visit to our friend 'Sirrus Richardum Morrisonum,' which visit was for our recreation in those parts. Sir Richard, by certain Irish soldiers—which is the worst sort of mankind, (if men you can call them that feed on grass, and are in mind foxes, and in action wolves,)—but to the point—the aforesaid Sir Richard by them sent to us exceeding humane letters, whereby he gave us invitation to come and spend our Christmas with him. But inasmuch as 'Sirrus Arthurus Chichesterus,' serjeant major of all our army, summoned us at that very instant of time against Tyrone, who was then in the woods of Clan [] with a strong detachment of cows, although not encumbered by a numerous force of men, we could not go into Lecoile for that bout, but to the said Sir Arthur we went, and with him remained sixteen or seventeen days without doing any thing of note against Tyrone. For that Tyrone is a 'pessimus nebulo,' and will not be knocked unless 'on his own terms. Nevertheless, we fought him twice in the woods, and made him run to his fastnesses, &c." We shall not accompany the captain further on that route, but bringing him and his companions, on leave, to Newry, start with them early in the morning, on their way to the hospitable mansion of Sirrus Richardus. "Therefore on the morning following we four take horse and set out. Guide we had none, save Captain Caulfield, who promised that he would lead us finely; but before we had ridden three miles we were off the road, and forced to go on foot, leading our horses over bogs and marshes, "quod fuit valde molestum," and there were not wanting among us some who silently, between their teeth, did wish our guide at a thousand devils. At length we came to a certain small village, of obscure name, where, for two brass shillings, we hired the services of a rustic to carry us to Magennis's Island, distant ten miles from the town of Newry, where the said Sir Richard promised to meet us. The day was desperately cold, and it began to snow most furiously, with a huge wind right in our teeth, just as we got to the top of the mountains, where there was neither house nor tree.

But, remedy save patience, we had none. Captain Bodley alone had a long cloak and capuchin, into which he prudently thrust his head, and ever and anon laughed to himself to see the rest contending at such odds against the tempest. And now we came to Magennis's Island, where, alighting from our horses, we found my Lord Morrison and Captain Constable, with divers others, whom for brevity's sake I omit. They had there remained three hours at the least, expecting our arrival, drinking in the mean time usquebaugh and ale with my Lady Sarah, Tyrone's daughter, the aforesaid Magennis's wife—truly a most lovely woman; so that I well believe these three hours seemed to them no more than a single minute, especially to Master Constable, who is by nature of a disposition most amorous of ladies, as well as of dogs and horses. Meanwhile we took a pull or two at the flagon, and having kissed all round in order, girded ourselves up for the remaining journey. From the island to Downpatrick, where Sir Richard lived, was ten or twelve miles, and the road seemed much longer by our anxiety to get to its end." At length they arrive—"And here," the captain proceeds, "here begins that 'tractatio plusquam luculenta,' which neither Cicero himself (whose style, in spite of Horace's reviling of the *servum pecus*, I chiefly do affect), nor any other of the Latins or Greeks could in phrase sufficiently apt compose." But to proceed. "When now, at length, we had arrived within the stone-walled courtyard of the house, or rather palace, of my Lord Morrison; forthwith appeared attendants without number, of whom some with torches and links gave light to us, because it was dark, and others, as we alighted, snatched from us our horses, and led them to a fair and spacious stable, where was lack of neither hay nor straw. My Lord Morrison himself, with large steps, leads us into a great hall, where was already kindled a fire, chin high, as they say, and afterwards into a bed-chamber. Here we all rested, having unbooted, and then sat down and chatted on divers subjects. And now my Lord Morrison orders to be brought in a bowl of Spanish wine, with toasted sugar, marvellously musked and gin-

gered, and made us all drink, each one good draught thereof, which was exceeding grateful to the palate, and potent also in creating an appetite for dinner, if any one might stand in need thereof. After the space of an hour, we heard one from the lower story, with a loud voice, crying, 'to the dresser.' Forthwith we beheld a long file of well clad servants, bearing in dishes of most excellently concoited cookery, which they in fair order ranged upon the table. One then presents a silver ewer with the purest water, another hands a dainty napkin, another sets the chairs and stools in their proper places, and in fine, (what need of words, 'spectemur agendo,') after grace said, we began (with drawn knives) to cast fierce glances on the covers; and then indeed you might have seen a Belgian banquet, 'ubi in principio est silentium, modo stridor dentium, in fine rumor gentium.' For at first, taken with the variety and delicacy of our fare, we sat captive as it were, and thunderstruck, like the German whom we have seen in pictures painted standing betwixt two flagons, one of Rhenish wine, the other of claret, with this motto, 'quo me versam nescio;' but after a little time we fall to roundly with the dishes, one by one, calling ever and anon for wine, and every man asking to be helped at his discretion. In the middle of the dinner, my Lord Morrison ordered in a glass jug full of claret, which contained, as I conceive, about ten or eleven 'pollices,' more or less, and drank to all our good healths and welcome. We freely receive it from his hands, giving him thanks, and drinking, one after the other, as he had desired. Thereafter were proposed four or five other healths of very excellent fellows, our absent friends; a custom which my lord, the present treasurer of Ireland, useth much at his dinners. A practice it is, indeed, very praiseworthy, and one which has more in it than any one would think; and there was not a man of us who did not do reason to him and to the rest, one with another, without any scruple or contradiction, which I much rejoiced to see, because it was an argument of unanimity and confirmed good fellowship." And now that the Captain has drunk wine with all at table, he

becomes so garrulous, telling us a long story of a shy cock on the Continent whom he once saw kicked down stairs because he would not drink fair, and yet would remain ("which is," says he, "of all other things the basest,") among them that did; and of another who could not speak Latin so well as himself, but who, arguing with the secretary of a temperance society in that learned language, and being hard pushed, at length exclaimed, "*si tu es plus sapientes quam nos sumus, tu es plus beeholdinge to God-amightie quam nos sumus,*" which, he observes, was most egregiously well said and to the point—We say the captain gets so garrulous on the claret, that we must make a forced march to the bedchamber, whither, immediately after the removal of the dinner things, they adjourned. Here "there was a huge fire, (for it froze vehemently out of doors,) round which were seats prepared for us, with great store of tobacco and dainty pipes. And now, the wine beginning to operate within us, there began a marvellous development of the "*mens divini*or," all prating together, and all at once beseeching audience—which Sir Robert Williamson, of worthy memory, was wont to call his Academy, where all were talkers and none listeners. And here I protest against a common opinion, viz. that when wine is *in*, wit is *out*, unless by this they would signify that when a man is well lined with good drink, then his wit begins to show itself forth, and make manifest what previously had been recondite and unknown: for, had any one, being sober, been present then, in that company, in any unseen corner of our chamber, I doubt not that he would have heard things very memorable and ingenious, which I myself can hardly recollect. Nevertheless, I do remember that we discoursed of matters politico-economical, philosophical, and general, with much profundity and eloquence; and amongst other good things that we said was this—that times were changed, not for the worst, since last year's Christmas, which we passed before Kinsale, enduring dreadful toil and cold intolerable," with much more excellent discourse over his bottle, until he comes to the "*denique*." "In fine, then," says he, "after ratiocinating, '*de omnibus rebus,*' we conclude with that

ode of Horace, lib. 1. 37.: '*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus.*' And shortly after that, Captain Johnson calls for *usquebagh*, which we with one consent approve, vociferating '*usquebagh, usquebagh,*' for we were as bold as if in garrison—and besides, it was a thing not unreasonable just then, to drink that liquor, for it is a present remedy against the very cold of approaching death, and, moreover, an excellent draught for carrying off the crude vapors of that French wine: but above all, it is especially wholesome in those parts where the clergy themselves, who are holy men, as the Abbot of Armagh, the Bishop of Cashel, and others; nay, even noble persons, such as Henry Oge Mac Mahon Mac Henry, and, in fine, all men and women of every degree, by day and night, are accustomed to pour *usquebagh* down their throats, and that not towards the procuring of hilarity, which were commendable, but for the purpose of continual intoxication; a thing exceedingly detestable. Therefore, after each one had drunk two or three healths, discoursing still between whiles, of weighty matters touching the commonwealth, amongst which was much learned handling and grave and subtle disputation about Marius and Scylla, Cæsar and Pompey, and some little also as to Marcus Coriolanus, we all at once grew of opinion that it was time to go to bed. And now behold a great civility which my Lord Morrison shewed to us; he left his own bed, good and soft, and laid himself to sleep on a pallet in the same chamber, and would not be persuaded for all that we could say, to lie in his own bed:—and that pallet was both thin and hard, such as they use to have which are called great folks' valets. It is not for me to declare whether or no we slept well, '*usque ad auroram,*' for it is easy for any one to judge, '*consideratis considerandis,*' especially if that syllogism of the old fellow be true, '*qui bene bibit bene dormit.*' Nevertheless, we did not pass the night altogether without molestation; for those dogs of Captain Constable, which were ill educated curs, ('more septentrionali') were for ever jumping up on our beds, and would not let us alone, ('*non sinebant nos solos,*') although we gave them many a trounce-

ing, which the said Captain Constable took in ill part, particularly when he heard the brutes making their moan. But it was all one ; for dogs, which are of the number of beasts, have no business sleeping with men, who are '*animalia rationalia et risibilia*,' according to the philosophers." At nine next morning, the servants came to light the fire, and our captain, awakened by their entrance, begins to make enquiries after his tongue, which finding at length in a remote corner of his mouth, he gives and returns the morning salutations of his friends, '*sicut decet bene educatis*.' "And now," he proceeds, "before we got out of bed, they bring us a certain aromatic posset, concocted of burst barley, with eggs and sugar, (Anglice '*Caudel*,') for the comforting and corroborating of the stomach. Ale also (if any chose it) with toast and nutmeg, for allaying the thirst, confirming the head, and refrigerating the liver : pipes, likewise, of the best tobacco, towards expelling rheumatisms and catarrhs.

"And now, one and all, we briskly bounce out of bed, dress ourselves, and come to the fire. Then when all were ready, step forth together to take the air, which is, in that region, most wholesome and delicious ; so that did I desire to enumerate all the convenient qualities of that country, not only ability, but time itself should fail me. That, therefore, I leave, as being a thing well known, and return to ourselves, who having stretched our limbs sufficiently, came back to the house, for it was almost dinner time. But what now shall I say '*de apparatu rerum omnium*?'—what of the dinners—what of the suppers—what of the whets ? For it seemed as if we were present at a royal banquet, so that you would have thought some Cleopatra had invited her Anthony, so many were the varieties of foods, so curious the sorts of condiments, concerning which, separately, I would willingly treat, did I not dread being tedious. By a single dinner, therefore, I shall demonstrate to the imagination, materials for an idea of the rest. We had there a great and fair collar of brawn, with its garnishings, mustard, to wit, and wine of Muscadell ; geese, with puddings in their bellies, such as my lord bishop used to have at Ardracan, the drum-

sticks of which Captain Caulfield marvellously affected. Pies there were of venison and various fowls ; patties also, some of marrow, with stewed prunes innumerable ; others of eggs and curd, such as my Lord Mayor and the sheriffs are ever wont to have at their feasts ; others, again, which they call tarts, of divers forms, of divers materials, and of divers colours—of beef, of goats-flesh, and of veal. In one word, everything was served up in the most liberal and handsome style." Now for their entertainment out of doors, and through that yearning blank between dressing and dinner. "It would have made your teeth water, had you forthwith seen ten or twelve fair horses, with trappings of the best, and other ornaments, prepared for us. We mount, and ride about ; visiting the cathedral and the well of St. Patrick, then returning, amuse ourselves with prints, pictures, the dice box, and between whiles with a pipe of tobacco." And here the captain enters into a long and learned disquisition on the Virginian leaf, which we reluctantly postpone, although we, in the meanwhile, proceed with something exceedingly new and interesting. "I remember amongst other things conducing to our pleasure, that there came one night, after supper, certain maskers of the Irish nobility, in number four, if my memory serve me aright. They, in the first place, sent to us letters of most fustian sort, commending them heartily to us, and saying that they were certain pilgrims, lately come to those parts, and very desirous of passing an hour or two in our company. After our acceptance of which proposal, they introduced themselves in the following order. First, a boy with a lit link, then two drummers, next the maskers themselves, two and two, and then another torch. One of the maskers carried a soiled handkerchief, with ten pounds in it, not of bullion, but of the new money lately coined, having the harp on one side and the royal arms on the other. They were dressed in slips, with many ivy leaves here and there stitched on, and over their faces they had masks of rabbit skin, with holes for looking through, and the noses were made of paper. Caps they had also, high and conical, after the Persian fashion, made likewise of paper, and adorned with

the aforesaid leaves. I will conclude in a word. We played at dice with dubious fortune for a while, their drums ever and anon beating. At last the maskers lose, 'et vacui dimittuntur.' And now if any one hath ever beheld a dog, stricken with a staff or stone, running out of doors, with his tail between his legs, he has had sight of our maskers homeward bound, without money, without [], without so much as saying fare you well. They say that every one of them had five or six miles, at the least, to go, and it was then full two hours past midnight." It was not fair to win the poor fellow's money and then send them away empty. My Lord Morrison should have given them a skin-full at the least, and a bed. It is most probable they were some of the Magennisses, or Savages, or possibly the young Whites from Dufferin: and the ten *brass* pounds, which they lost to the English captain, had, in all likelihood, come out of the district military chest, for ten pounds *sterling's* worth of their own beeves or forage. But to quit an unpleasant subject, the raking up of which can do no good now, let us entertain ourselves with the captain's

description of a Christmas gambol among the servants in the hall. "Two servants sat down on the ground, 'hunker wise,' whose hands were tied over their knees in front, while a staff was inserted between the bend of the arms and the hams of each, (a regular skewering) so that they could by no means budge an inch. Between the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, each one held a little stick of about a foot in length, sharpened at the point; and so they were placed at the distance of about a yard from one another. Things being thus arranged, the sport commences, for, setting their feet together, they mutually struggle for one another's overthrow, and here is the joke, whoever goes down is utterly unable to regain an upright position, but lying helpless, exposes his tenderest part to be poked by the aforesaid little stick of his overturner; which made us so to laugh for the space of an hour, that the tears streamed from our eyes; and Philip the cook his wife did laugh till you'd have sworn some village barber had been there, to whom she showed her teeth for dental surgery."^{*}

* Whether or not this be the true *Chrytrindra* of Julius Pollux, we do not venture to affirm, but it is a game we know well in our own country by the name of *Muddletygy*. The household of a dear and much respected family were one night riotously merry in their preparation for a set-to of this kind, between one of the stable boys and a sort of male scullion, who was already skewered with the long 'brush, and placed in the middle of the kitchen floor, when the unwonted steps of the "auld master himself—a fearsome carl when angered"—were heard along the passage; and groom and gardener, dairy wench and cook bolted—in their extacy of consternation, putting out the lights, and leaving luckless Robin Strange to bide the brunt of the old gentleman's indignation as best he might. Rob, although a natural, had wit enough to keep a dead silence, hoping the enemy might pass him in the dark, and wreak his vengeance on the delinquents without. But as ill fortune would have it, one end of the long brush (on which, as we have said, he was spitted like a lark,) caught the old man a crack on the shin-bones as he hurried by, tripping him up among the potato baskets in the corner, and setting Rob himself a spinning on his breech, like an eastern Fakir. "Who's that?" cried the old gentleman, jumping up in inconceivable fury. Rob did not say a word. "Who's that, I say?" shouted the enraged ancient, letting fly his staff in the direction of the unaccountable noise which Robin's gyrations excited over the floor. The culprit uttered a yell that reached the farthest skulkers in the hayloft; the conscious cook crept closer into the coal-hole, and the stable boy involuntary began to rub down Mr. John's horse. "Who are you, I say, or what are you—beast or body? Answer or I'll brain you!" exclaimed the old man once more, seizing whatever came to hand, and striking right and left, till he communicated a new impulse to poor Robin, whose north and south poles alternately fetching him a couple of furious raps over the ancles, made him begin to think at last that he was fairly bewitched; but he grew only the more savage on that account, and thrashed away like a madman between his falls, (for every trip upset him) till Robin spun like a top, and would have been right fain to confess himself, but he had now

It does not appear that Sir Richard had any other beside the Ciceronian captain to celebrate these heroic passages, but we doubt not that the masker's bards did justice to their share of them, in reproachful lamentations which would hugely delight Mr. Hardiman. Some minstrel of Iveagh has left a song in praise of Magennis's lady, but this was more than a hundred years after the captain's interview with

fair Sarah. We do not understand his charge of drunkenness against the Irishwomen. We do not believe it. The captain is a bigoted Saxon. We denounce him to the Freeman's Journal and the Northern Herald as a *churl*. Yet we protest we do not know what to make of the tippling allusions in the Irish love songs. Kitty Tyrrell savors strong of whiskey in the third stanza—smell her.

It is a pity that I myself am not, and fair gentle Kitty,
At the back of the holly tree, till we would drink a drop ;
In hope with God faithful I would raise her heart,
And that I would bring her home from her mother with me.

Fy—the hussy reels off with her cully, steaming like a rum puncheon—
but stay, what have we in the next line ?

I have read your letter, without, on the mountain ;
It was sweeter than much of fairy music !

Forgive us, fair, gentle Kitty ; we were a beast to call you hussy ; for you smell of nothing save dewy meadowsweet and the breath of the cows, and those ripe lips have this bright morning tasted nothing stronger than the milk from the pail. But Kitty dear, beware of the flattering boy to whom you wrote that delightful letter, for he is idle, we fear, and drunken, else would he not have sung a wish so gross ; he is unworthy of you, Kitty, or he could assure himself of raising your heart without drinking at the back of the holly tree. We are convinced that were you there beside him,

you would "drink to him only with your eyes," though he should pledge you till he had broken every string on his harp. Yet after all he has sung as sweet a song as ever did Allan-a-dale, and the wish was framed more in a certain conscious daring of the burlesque, than in any base impotence of thought or feeling. Can we thus excuse him ? we fear not altogether. The apology would stand, were this a solitary instance, but what shall we say in exculpation of the "boy that was turned out by the twisting of the rope," and *his* sweetheart ? For thus he sings :

It was below in Sligo that I became acquainted with my love,
It was above in Galway that I drank with her enough.

Yet has the assurance, drunken dog, to swear in the next line—

By virtue of my baptism, unless they bear with me as I am,
I will play a trick will take walking out of the girls.

Or what in mitigation of punishment shall we plead for the rogue who, pretending to be in love, can only say

If I were in the town where are jollity and mirth,
Or between two barrels full of ale,
My little darling near me, and my hand under her head,
It is pleasantly I'd drink her health.

got into utter despair and could articulate nothing, save "Muddletypog, Sir, Muddletypog !" "Muddlety what, you rascal ?" "Muddletypog, Sir, dear ! Muddletypog !" "Muddletypog ! you villain !—I'll peg you !"

Then vourneen come with me—come with me—come with me,
And vourneen come with me—damsel beautiful, brown;
And vourneen I would go, if you would go with me!

Mr. D'Alton, blushing to think of the figure little Pastheen Finn would make in English between the barrels, and in the drunk fellow's embrace, staves off the ignominy in an egregiously grand translation. He sings of her health.

"With what rapture I'd quaff it were I in the hall,
Where feasting, and pledging, and music recall
Proud days of my country! while she on my breast
Would recline my hearts twin one! and hallow the feast."
Then vourneen, fly with me, &c.

But it all won't do. It is in vain to deny it. The Irish girls did take a *leetle* drop with their sweethearts. So did the English before the times of tea. Besides, the Spanish ale was a dignified brewage, and we are sure made its fair votaries neither sleepy nor savage. There is not in the whole collection a sweeter song than the un-

translated lament of Thomas Flavelle, where among other sad changes he deplores the altered manners of the girls of his own day, yielded to the harlotries of dress and fashion, and forsaking their old decent attachment to drinking in his company. We offer Mr. Hardiman a translation of this really touching and manly piece.

THE COUNTY MAYO.

On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sit in woful plight,
Through sighing all the long day, and weeping all the night;
Ah! but that from my people in sorrow forth I go,
By all that lives! 'tis bravely I'd sing thy praise, Mayo!

When I was with my people and my gold did much abound,
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went round:
Ah! but for too much drinking of that strong Spanish ale,
And for these wrongful English laws which overmuch prevail,
I had not now—I had not now to Santa Cruz to go,
To leave my bones beneath the sod far from my own Mayo.

The Irrul girls are altered—'tis proud they're grown and high,
With their hair-bags and their top knots—for I pass their buckles by—
Bet if I were back in Irrul, for all their haughty airs,
I'd hold them for no better than harlot foreigners—
But Irrul I shall never see, my God will have it so,
For I must fly to foreign lands, and leave my own Mayo.

But ah!—if Patrick Loughlin were Earl in Irrul still,
If Brian Duff, his son-in-law, were lord upon the hill,
If yet black Hugh MacGrady rode a colonelling in Clare,
I'd not be here—I'd not be here, and my sweet masters there!

But alas! these gallant gentlemen are lying dead and low,
And I am sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo.

The Irish ends in a burst inimitable.

Óodh dubh Mac Zrjada
'Na chorinéal a z-Cbana
Iy an rjn bhejdh mo thjall-ya zo Conbae Whaġgheō.

This casts an honest air over what no longer at a loss to understand
at first appeared revolting, and we are Carolan.

It is a pity that I and the branch of the curls are not
On the island of the berries, and no one near us,
And we drinking from night to day,
And playing skilfully on the harp ;
(She) to be playing with me at chess,
— cheerfully and gracefully,
Without contention, without ill-humour, without shame.

Thus longed old Turlogh for "the
cousin of the king's," by proxy, of
young O'Reilly. He would have been
a bad hand at chess, but blind as he
was, he would, we think, have played
his part at harping or drinking, to her
satisfaction. He was the first harper
of his age in the land of song, and
Stafford himself, the apothecary, failed
in putting him under the table, though
they were a night and a day at it
without once drawing bridle. The
ugliest feature of the business is that
Turlogh was *sworn against drink* at the
time, a circumstance which Mr. Hardi-
man takes good care to say nothing

about, but honestly confessed by
Walker. The story is, that Carolan
came one day, during his vow of absti-
nence, to his friend John, whom he en-
treated to gratify him with a *smell* of
his bottle. The minute after he had
put it to his nose, its neck was fast
between his teeth, and its contents
rapidly making their way to his inter-
ior. He laid hold of his harp in an
extatic conception just then developed
to his fancy, and began the modulation
of his delightful air, the receipt for
drinking. This, with its words, he had
completed by twelve o'clock next day.

PLANXTY STAFFORD, OR CAROLAN'S RECIPE FOR DRINKING.

Whether I happened to be sick or sound,
I once took a journey and I was the better of it,
On a visit to John, in order to find ease ;
The noble Stafford, cheerful and never without sense.
And at the coming of the middle of the night we were drinking.
And in the morning again, the cordial ;
For this was what he thought in his kind heart—that that was the way
To enliven blind Carolan.
Sometimes in drunkenness, sometimes in rage,
Breaking chords and running on madness ;
This custom we have practised, we part not with for ever.
I say it once more, and I tell it to the world,
If you wish to be long-lived, be always drinking.

It would be treason to John Barleycorn to separate this and

WHISKEY THE POTION.

Before that you rise in the morning, be your right hand stretched out from you,
Where you will find the bottle of the strong liquor :
Before you dress yourself put a sup of it under your heart,
If you wish in this world to be long lived, sound, sprightly—
Rise quickly and squeeze on your breeches ;
Wait not to shave yourself, to wash, or comb your head,
Until you put a tender pull under your lungs and in your throat,
Of the whiskey like nectar, that quenches every thirst,
And from morning to night it will put sweetness in your voice.

The whiskey is a cordial that heals and cures
Every sickness and disease to which Adam's seed is subject ;
There is no need of doctors nor of English apothecaries,

But drink a bowl full of it every morning and every night :
 The holy liquor that Saint Patrick has blessed,
 Put it not in comparison with the wines of Spain,
 With the burgundy of France, or with the hock of Germany ;
 With the rum, or with the arrack that comes over the sea ;
 Since they are great expenses and burn our hearts.

If there be defective eye-sight with you, or noise in your ears,
 A colic in your stomach, or a hot burning,
 The gout in your foot, or a stitch in your shoulders,
 Drink nine times a draught of the whiskey in the day :
 It will clear your eyes, you shall be courageous, fresh-hearted,
 Cheerful, active, and cold will not come upon you.
 You shall have sleep and rest ;
 You shall not incline to distemper, sickness, or trouble,
 Till you be ten times as old as the mist.

Carolan was a drunkard. So was Burns. Both had their apologies ; but Carolan's was the stronger. He was a poor Irish gentleman born, and therefore above either work or professional pay. Had he not been able to command entertainment wherever he went, he might, and possibly would, have died in a ditch—as it was, after a life exposed to the inevitable contagion of most pernicious habits, he died upon a bed spread by charity. Mr. Hardiman's theory of Irish drunkenness (viz : that it was the consequences of English spoliation,) holds good in Carolan's case, if in any. All his family patrimony went in James the Second's time. His father was a beggar, but one generation of paupers could not bend the fools to work. Drunkenness, however, is not the strict consequence of penury and degradation in other countries ; a

poor gentleman is not necessarily a drunkard in England. But for the old taint of ancestral habit Carolan might have been a sober clerk in a counting house. In this particular instance, such a life, although possibly a happier one than that he actually led, would have been a loss to posterity ; but had all those who, without Carolan's genius, experienced his circumstances and died drunken beggars, been even sober clerks in counting houses, Ireland would be by ten millions of money richer at this day—an advantage for which we would willingly sink her musical recollections of the seventeenth century, Planxty Stafford and all. We cannot think Carolan's life a happy one. A perambulating adulator, even among his kindest patrons, must feel the baseness of his praise's prostitution. One who swore

—By the blessed light that shines above,
 To this one rule I'll hold through good and ill :
 True to my host and to his cheer I'll prove,
 And as I find them I must praise them still—

can have known little of the pride of independence, even in opinion. But was all this Carolan's fault. No. It was the spirit of the times ; and had he been the proudest man of genius that ever scorned a fawning dedication, he must have either denied himself the exercise of the bard's office, or the enjoyment of his due reputation. The bard was a familiar necessity to the Irish still, although there remained few households rich enough to bring up a dozen *comrads* as private students of music and poetry, without which preparatory college, a *Duine Uaisle* could not make

sure of having one of talent to himself. They clubbed for the bard, in many a coalition, which their founders would have risen out of the grave to denounce, if they could ; and thus when a youth of genius celebrated the beauty of one patroness, or the liberality of another, he came in for a round of adulatory employment through the gentry of a whole county ; perhaps of two or three, as was Carolan's case, who could hardly have done tickling the vanity of O'Kelly, in Galway, till he would be called off to Maguire in Fermanagh, or O'Connor and Mac Dermott Roe in

Banaghamon. Here let us correct ourselves. It must rather have been from the decrease of the fashion, than from want of means, that the Irish gentry did not keep up the household bard—O'Connor or O'Rourke would have died of starvation, rather than give up the custom, had it still been considered indispensable to the character of the *The*—but it was not so considered; probably from the slow necessity of decreasing means outlasting the memory of whatever mishap had prevented the election of their last minstrel's successor. Fearflatha O'Gnive, (Agnew) was the last hereditary bard of O'Neill Claneboy; Fergal Ward of Magennis Iveagh; O Hussey of Maguire Tempo Owen Ward of O'Donnell Tir-Connell. After their deaths, the wandering minstrel was welcome, but security of celebration there was no longer for these great families, unless by invitation and praiseworthy entertainment of some itinerant panegyrist. It will at once be perceived that promiscuous praise must have been the cue of any man who knew his business, and if he did not feel heartily inclined to exert himself in seeking novel or striking expressions for its vehicle, there were always at hand the conventional appliances of numberless laudatory scraps, which he could tack together as occasion might demand. The music to which these were sung, was the only real test of superior genius. This was uncorrupted by the conscious meanness of parasitical expression; and the

singer, although his heart might turn within him in disgust at words with which he had too often to belie his feelings, could still, in some degree, abstract himself from self-reproach in his enjoyment of their accompanying melody. In how vast a majority of the *two hundred* pieces of this description, which Turlogh O'Carolan is said to have composed, must the pain of his heart have overbalanced the enjoyment of his ear? What wonder that he drank, then, till pain and pleasure were alike forgotten? Far be it from us to say, that Carolan was the county laureat who understood his business, as we have pictured him above. He was the first and best of that class; and we would but expose the vile life of the lowest and worst of the same family, that we may understand the rational apology which to their great leader and immortaliser, should be accorded for his failings. There is scarce a song of Carolan, which we have read, that does not somewhere exhibit hearty good will, and earnestness of sincerity. To find some subject for unfeigned praise, in each of the almost innumerable claimants of his celebration, would evince as much ingenuity and clearness of perception, as the motive which prompted that amiable enquiry would argue benevolence and integrity. What varieties of character and pretension—what differences of taste and foibles he must have studied. Hear him in praise of Squire Toby Peyton.

Near to Cuish there lives a young fellow,
Young Toby Peyton is he that I speak of;
He is noble, he is jovial,
He is heroic, he is graceful,
And he would not suffer an affront to be put off.

That he may be constant and long lived in health,
Since he has got victory over his enemies,
Scourging them, thwacking them,
Thumping them, smashing them,
Whether he had got a sword or a stick in his hands.

'Tis he has colts a-carrying by day and night,
And he would take leaping out of the wanton bucks:
A hundred sorts of wine
If the learned would drink,
It is young Toby Peyton would pay for them all.

He makes but two points in the first stanza. "Toby, the young fellow"—(he wrote a song in praise of Toby's marriageable daughter)—and the hint

about the affront. The rest is all of course. But in the second he lays it on thick and three fold, and from the particularity of the allusions, seemingly with some foundation. That must have been the one that killed Toby. Turlogh now begins to get conscientious, and wont have done till he satisfies himself and his hearers that it was not for nothing he handled the honest gentleman so unsparingly, and so, remembering the reckoning, he gives Toby his revenge handsomely. George

Brabazon was more of the squireen than Toby. He seems never to have *blazed*—we are wrong, the small sword was the weapon then—at all events, George seems to have been, although to the full as good a fellow as Toby, hardly as stout a gentleman. Yet Turlogh, the rogue, is nothing at a loss. Hear how he tickles George's gills, and endeavour at the same time to imagine the Irish going it to the tune of Paddy O'Rafferty.

GEORGE BRABAZON.

Oh, George Brabazon, that you may live long and well!
 The love of every one, oh son of happiest repute,
 Oh hand of generosity, from whom it were easy for us to obtain wine,
 Jovial is the company in the place where your friends may be.
 Heigh-ho!—there he is, the hearty fellow,
 Hóm-bó—the flower of brave fellows;
 Our sport, our mirth, supplying our necessities;
 Our meat, our ale, our music, and our bread and butter,
 Our harp, our fiddle!
 He is the mirth of Kinratty in the middle of his own country.
 The top-branch of Gallen—the love of my heart is with him,
 He is noble, free, graceful, friendly and true.

I'd rather than the cattle and the gold of the king of Spain,
 Than the horses and coaches of Rome and the Pope together,
 And than Mac Yoris's* Dunmore, and Mac Rannal's Norral,
 Be looking on George scattering gold in handfulls from him.
 Heigh-ho—there he is, the gay fellow,
 Hóm-bó—with his black farewell to every one:
 Him-ham!—Planxty merriment!
 Sing, dance, drink his health about!
 He is gentle, he is calm, he is courteous,
 He is the flower of his name—we will go with him to his estate,
 A world of prosperity on him! luck and liberality on him!
 And may a good increase of every noble quality fall on him!

How Turlogh sticks to him—redoubling the compliments, too, by implication—"jovial is the company in the place where your friends may be." You are a fellow of such exquisite judgment, George, that to have but him whom you honour with your friendship in one's company, is in itself a treat. It is a black business, saying farewell to you, George. Heigh-ho! hóm-bó! him-ham! Planxty merriment!—that will do, Turlogh, you touch

him on the raw; you will have his heart as soft as butter if you go on flanking the flies upon it in this bang-up style any longer. Three hundred sorts of wine if the learned would drink, George would pay for them now; and that's two hundred more than you could squeeze out of the young fellow, Sir Toby Belch. George and Toby were both of English extraction, and with all Carolan's good-will, and no doubt, hearty efforts in their praises,

* The Hibernicised Bretingham, Lord Athenry.

there is something wanting—something and reiterated protestation. How different his tone in there is too much also of forced glee

THE CUP OF O'HARA.

If I were abroad in Arran,
Or in the pleasant vale of quarts,
Whence sails every great ship
With claret and mead ;
It were better (than that) with me for satisfaction,
And I to get it for me,
The white cup of O'Hara,
And to have it full near my mouth.

But why need I describe it [*literally*, what pleasure to me to put you in the sense of it ?]

And the varieties of good fortune which attend it,
Seeing that the doctor of the place says,
(By my head it is not a lie).
"Turlough, son of fortunate Brian,
Come sometimes to my presence,
That we may drink from this mighty cup
The good health of Kian."

This is all fair and natural—we could hardly wish it otherwise. We would not wish the debt of board and lodging to be paid in the same coin with that of loyalty. Sordid abuse is now-a-days the meed of anything recalling the people's old affections among ourselves: still the patriarchal spirit is dear to us, even in those whose attachment to that unphilosophic allegiance has been a great obstacle to the thorough conquest of Ireland. We won Ireland because we ourselves were still in the darkness of feudalism; *the penny potentates might find it no such easy matter now.* George's cut-glass

rummers certainly cannot stand by the side of the mighty cup of Kian; and we will venture to say that had he and Toby got astride the best butt of claret in the cellars of Laheen, with a supply of devils hot from the brander, sufficient to have created thirst in the gullet of Thaumaturge Fitzpatrick himself, after tooming the tun of Heidelberg, they would not have made the arched roof ring to such a carouse as dinnied the rafters over Shawn and Turlough. Let us do Carolan the justice of giving another unbought and hearty sally of his humorous goodwill towards that broth of a boy

GREEN JACK (SHANE GLASS.)

If you had seen Green Jack, and he going to the fair,
And a favor from every damsel in the breast of his shirt:
Ah, girls of the mountain, there is Green Jack for you.
This is what says every one of the prettiest girls that see him,
'May I get my spoiling but he is the boy for me.'
Ah, girls of the mountain, there is Green Jack for you.

There is no poet without verses, no harp without strings,
There is no rib in his bones without a smashing for lies.
He is but a vagrant vagabond, that has been left without a penny;
If his bones have been broken he need not deny it.
Ah, girls of the mountain, there is Green Jack for you.

Had you seen Sally, and she going to the fair,
Coloured shoes on her, and a white apron;
Ah, girls of the mountain, there is Green Jack's sweetheart for you.
She is the picture of Venus, the branch of azure eyes,
And her face on the blush, and her cheeks like the berries;
Ah, girls of the mountain, there is Green Jack's sweetheart for you.

A pair of round breasts that have not been spoiled or handled—
 Oh, that she and I were in one place,
 Under the green bough in the wood, that we might make up friendship.
 Oh, love of my heart, is it not there the delight would be?
 Ah, girls of the mountain, there is Green Jack's sweetheart for you.

"In every Jack there is a *meat-roasting* quality," says the society of Freethinkers; but in Green Jack there is *rib-roasting* quality, as inherent as sound in a fiddle; and, as the several modes of meat-roasting consist in "roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkeys, &c." so do the several modes of rib-roasting likewise consist in smashing of liars, smashing of bullies, smashing of puppies' legs, buckeens, &c.—But here Turlogh and the society are at issue; for whereas they would say that as "the *meat-roasting* quality resides neither in

the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the Jack, but is the result of the whole composition," so neither does the *rib-roasting* quality reside in any particular bone, muscle, or artery of Green Jack—but Turlogh holds that it does—namely in his ribs. What says Sally? Sally says she's sure she doesn't know; and we hardly know what to say ourselves. So, lest we fall into a scrape, we will adjourn to the drawing room, and see how bold Tordelbachus gets on with the ladies, and first-place for

MADAM CROFTON.

It is my desire to treat of a young damsel,
 And it seems to me that it is right:
 Madam Crofton, cheerful and graceful,
 A lady to whom music was dear.

'Tis she that would fill up a dram for me
 Every night, every hour, and every fit occasion:
 Fair child of the curling locks,
 Of the noblest and gentlest disposition.

That is Betty the gentle, of the beautiful branching hair;
 It is white her neck, and her fair breasts,
 Her teeth are fair, her features mild, it is what Elbher's descendants would say
 That sweetly, correctly, skilfully, fitly she'd sing all music.

A damsel graceful, pious, of high repute,
 A lady who prefers cheerful friends:
 No one will find death by thirst
 Who may be near to her.

Oh, it is true that happy is the man
 That got her for a companion:
 And when charming Bess will be laid on her bed,
 God's protection be over the gentle couple every day and night!

Master Crofton here stands most unhandsomely in Turlogh's way, else he had given half a gale of sighs, and a cap full of wishes, on his own account. As it is, he is forced to the petty particularizing of his drama—yes, he turns up his little finger with an air, and smacks his lips upon a small venture

round fair Mistress Betty's boddice; but the fear of Master Crofton makes him bolt like a boy from a sugar barrel, and he has nothing for it, save lauding the lady liberality of her liquor again. If the song be spoiled, it is Master Crofton's fault: but Turlogh bears no ill will, and wishes him joy in the

most gentlemanly manner. We regret the fair sex. But it could not be exceedingly that he should have helped: the married ladies must have laboured under such disadvantages, the pas. However, to make amends, (yet charming Bess is touched considerably) on his first introduction to with

GENTLE MABLE KELLY.

Whoever he be to whom it is in fate
To have his right hand under your head,
'Tis certain he is in no danger of death
For ever, or during his life to be sick.
Oh Coolin beautiful of the curls in circles fair,
Oh thou body like the swan swimming on the lake—
She is the love and desire of every youth, gentle Mable Kelly,
She of the fairest teeth that have been placed in the mansion of the head.

There is no music of the sweetest that has yet been played
That is not intelligible to her for understanding to sing in every degree :
Her cheeks are as the sparkling rose ; and, ever in their neighbourhood, the lily.
Her eyes more softly azure than the blossoms of the branches :
It is this, say the approved doctors of the land of Clan O'Neill,
That the cranes would be put to sleep by the sweet voice of her mouth.
There is no deceit in her beautiful bright eye—
But let me drink discreetly your own good health.

There are none who see the noble graceful lady,
That spring not up like a wild man to the tops of trees,
And that lose not sight of the candle, full of love of the child.
She's of the best qualities and understanding of the nations of the Gael :
She is of the foot most beautiful, palm, hand, and mouth,
Pair of eyes, and hair growing with her down to the grass.
The goat is with me in respect of delight, excelling all persons,
For having to say I had this opportunity ; (of honoring my song with such a subject ;) it is fortunate for me.

He is here more at home ; but still the awful distance of rank puts him to his figures of speech, and he must be admitted to have used some expressions in the first stanza not altogether borne out by the fact. For the husband of gentle Mable, although every night of a long life he may have lain with his hand under her head, has died the common death, and his skull is now as bare as Turlough's own. There is great probability, too, that gentle Mable mixed many a posset for his morning head-aches ; and if she treated him as tenderly as Sirrus Richardus did his friend the Captain, when his liver broiled after the usquebagh of Iveagh, it was as much as any reason-

able man could expect. Anticipations so melancholy, however, did not perplex the brain of the Coolin beautiful, as she listened to the pleasing extravagance. We are bold to say, she was as much delighted with the hyperbole as with the aposiopesis, and the change of persons in the end of the next stanza is indeed very creditably brought off. Where did the Irishman happen on his fancy of the enchanted fellows running up trees ? He was not read in the Spectator, and knew nothing, we should incline to think, of the poetry of the Lapps—yet we never saw the image elsewhere than here and in the misnamed Orta Moor. He is so original and amiable he must have

another opportunity of showing him- what he has to say for himself to self to advantage. Let us hear, then, sweet

GRACE NUGENT.

It is my desire to treat of the blossom of whiteness ;
 Grace, the sprightliest damsel :
 And she it was who had excellence in qualities and understanding
 Over the beautiful accomplished women of the province.
 Whoever would be near her by night and by day
 Need not fear ever long sorrow or suffering,
 With the gentle queen of happy dispositions.
 She is the Coolin of the branches and circles.

Her side is as the lime, her neck is as the swan's,
 And her aspect is as the summer's sun :
 Is it not happy for him to whom was promised in his portion
 To be with her, the branch of bending tendrils ?
 They are pleasant and gentle, your graceful expressions,
 It is delightful and beautiful your azure eye ;
 This is what I have heard every day with those that speak of you,
 That circling and curling is your fresh head of hair.

This is what I say to the young lady gentle,
 With whom is a voice sweeter than bird music,
 There is not delight or entertainment of which a head has thought
 That is not found certainly with Grace.

Oh fold of jewels, of close fine teeth,
 Oh Coolin of the branches and tendrils,
 Though you are dear to me, I will quit my story ;
 But I drink without a lie your health.

Ah Turlogh, Turlogh, what will you say to the beautiful accomplished women of the province of Connaught, after putting the Coolin of Balanagare above them all in qualities and understanding ? Yet what is it but reasonable that each should have her turn in the ascendant ; Peggy of the pearls now shining in the company of Spanish princes,

A branch of happiness all under blossom !
 And presently the Phoenix of Mannin, the brilliant Fanny, rising like an uncontrolled meteor from the west, and showering light and love upon the barons of broad Mayo ? There is

room enough in heaven for all the stars ; and Fanny, and Peggy, and Grace, and gentle Mable will not cross each others orbits, till their common scroll be shrivelled up, and the lights of Irish song extinguished for ever. Therefore let us hail their successive culminations as befits an adorer of the celestial houses of Connaught ; than which to us the brightest families of Aldebaran, Rigel or Mizar could not shine more mystically glorious, even had we the pale eyes of Paracelse or Albert More. First, then, from the misty banks of Shannon, leading the starry train, our Hespera

PEGGY O'CORCORAN.

Is it not happy for the youth that will be caressing her,
 The flower of a child of the smooth white hands ?
 She is the love and delight of sage nobles, the sweet girl of the fair hair.
 This is what I say—and is it not of it I was to treat ?
 Were the habits of us, the Irish, as they were wont to be,
 We could not sleep by night or day.
 Oh bright eye modest, of great beauty, sweet mouth, teacher of all learning.
 Beautiful Peggy of the pearls, felicity and fortune on you !

Oh, comparison of Spanish princes, fold of the curling thick locks—
 Let now drink be filled, and let us be always drinking her health.
 Is he not happy for whom was assigned the ornament of a child
 That obtained superiority of beauty over the world? Is she not of the
 amiablest qualities?
 The branch of happiness, and it all under blossom, a face without gloom, she is
 the fairest and wisest.
 Oh fold of happiness, and flower of the Gael in nobleness, discretion, and
 memory,
 Are there not their princes from every region encamped near one another
 For the fair damsel, gentle O'Corcoran?

Next soars the Phoenix, long since inserted far beyond the Zodiac—Dillon's
 daughter

FANNY BETAGH.

If it be asked of me whither I shall go, I shall go to Mannin,
 To visit the damsel of the best repute,
 That is the Princess Fanny, the beautiful daughter of Gerald,
 A plant the sweetest, discreetest, and most faithful of women.
 It is this thinks each Baron of country and land,
 When she is not in their presence that they will find death.
 Again when she is in their company their hearts and spirits rise,
 And they tell me they are well of a sudden.

She is the Phenix of beauty, and the fine pearl of a child;
 And let me consider the case as is right,
 That it is in her face is the lily, a winter of whiteness,
 And every part wins superiority and excellence over the rose.
 I will try my skill, according as is my science—
 I give it up—and I say nothing but the right thing:
 Let the can be filled up—here! to the health of Fanny—
 The health of Captain Gerald we shall be drinking for ever.

Fanny must forgive us; we dreamt not she was a married woman. Good Shamus Betagh will not, we trust, take it in ill part that we have innocently erred in postponing her to Mistress Betty. Shamus, we are convinced, is a much better fellow than Master Crofton, else Turlogh had not sung so hearty a stave in his lady's honour, and will let the daughter of Captain Gerald twinkle here among the single stars for one evening. They will be discerned to-morrow night in closer company, a double planet in a nebula of little Betaghs. But now for the Morning Star, the Daughter of O'More, the Cuckoo of the Hill of Howth,

THE HAWK OF BALLYSHANNON.

She is the flower of beauty's fine damsels,
 Of Clan Connor O'Reilly of Sletty O'Maile;
 The young queen-girl of the sweetest kiss—
 It is of the daughter of O'More I treat,
 A Gael, the daughter of the strong, royal man,
 Who would longest let his rent be put off.
 Oh plant of happiness, and of the branching, coloured hair
 It is you I mention in my verses.
 It is a pity that I and the branch of the curls are not
 On the island of the berries, &c.

Thou art the Hawk of Erne and of Ballyshannon,
 And the desire of each desire above woman thou art.—
 Her gentle white body is of the colour of the swan,
 And her thick branching hair is to the ground
 Bending and twisting in ringlets ;
 Her eye like the dew, and her face fair, bright,
 Like Venus coming from the briny waves :
 It is my opinion that she is the morning star,
 And that every one is in love with her.

The Hawk of Erne is with us.
 In her wisdom, in her sprightliness, in her contentedness,
 Who never yet has made a hoard,
 But bestowing gold in handfulls.
 Her eye is as the dew fresh on the lily.
 And her face is as the white shape of Paros (stone),
 Look behind her she never did,
 But (is) always bringing into action good qualities.

The Cuckoo of the Hill of Howth accompanies us
 Down to Ballyshannon,
 And the Hawk of Erne comes to meet us,
 Like the sweet store of the bees of May.
 Oh, gentle lady, moralled, mild, easy,
 It was your journey that brought love and grace ;
 There is not a bird on the branch who sings more sweetly
 Than the Cuckoo [of the Hill of Howth.]

You are no astronomer, Turlogh ; she is neither hawk nor cuckoo, but the olive bearing dove, which southern star-gazers see sometimes winging her way upon the larboard bow of the good ship that labours hard betwixt the rugged justling Symplegades. There leave her with her bright sisters, smiling over the line at Pleiades and Hyades, and let us return to Turlogh, no longer racking his imagination for new terms of distant flattery, but pouring out the spontaneous overflow of his own full heart—full of honest affection and pure desire for his own loved

MARY MAGUIRE.

It is my sorrow and pain that I and my love are not
 In a delightful little valley of a mountain,
 And not one of our friends to be found
 In any place in our presence there.
 King of Grace ! what need for me to speak to you,
 Oh mild, modest, and well-positioned lady ?
 And oh, it is your love that is through my middle
 In the painful sharp quality of a dart.

It was early in the morning the damsel proceeded,
 And her Coolin curlingly with her ;
 Like a sparkling rose is the beauty of the girl,
 And every member of her consorting one with another :
 Her side is crystal, her mouth of honey,
 It seems to me sweeter than the voice of strings,
 Mildness is on her cheeks, her neck is like the swan's,
 And her countenance of the colour of the dogberries.

Barrenness, and sorrow, and want of sense
 On the smart, right, pretty boy,
 That would ask portion at all with (such) a match of a mate,
 But to stretch down kissing her !

Mary was of the best blood of Fermanagh, but she became the blind bard's companion, as was fit. "She proved a proud and extravagant dame," says Walker, and it was right (Hibernicé) that she should. Turlogh loved her all the better for her spirit, though we are base enough to fear, at the expense of his shirts and stockings. We may now, we think, assure ourselves that we are on earth again, and look

up without fear of knocking our head against either pole. Dove and phoenix are no longer distinguishable; but a new constellation has appeared above the lyre which momentarily assumes a more triangular aspect. We know the bright sisters still, though all of one magnitude, and all together conspiring to adorn the Irish harp in the fair proportions of a royal crown—

"Not such a golden jewelled one as haughty Cæsar wears,
But such a glittering starry one as Ariadne bears."

We will not say that Madam Crofton is the richest ruby of the diadem, but Mary Maguire is certainly its purest pearl.

With all his faults, and circumstance had given him share, Turlogh O'Carolan was a man not unworthy to be the last bard of Ireland, for since his day the character has been extinct. The office of the bard had undergone a sad decline in the two generations immediately preceding his. He was the last flicker of the expiring light, and all has been darkness since. A new order of things (as the little fifers of the march say,) has arisen.

The harp that once through Tara's hall,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's wall
As if that soul were fled.

The bagpipes are drawing their last breath from a few consumptive lungs, and French-horns have been heard "in the street of the cuckoos."

Our readers have, in the translated parts of these pages, read such writing as they never read before; and many, we would hope, have obtained some glimpses of the character of a people, such as they never before knew or cared for. If we have succeeded in gaining their interest so far, we are secure of it much farther; for we have now done with the adulatory, and approach the amatory and lyric portion of our materials. But it were foul shame to leave Carolan upon his death-bed,

"Without the mood of some melodious tear."

Mac Cabe has sung *(Mo bhídhin! mo mhílleadh!)* and let that be enough; for since in wailing is nought

availing, we will leave the song of sorrow untranslated, and ask Mr. Hardiman himself to give us an account of the wake and burial. "When his death was known, it is related that upwards of sixty clergymen, of different denominations, a number of gentlemen from the surrounding counties, and a vast concourse of country people assembled to pay their last mark of respect to their favourite bard. All the houses in Ballyfarnou were occupied by the former, and the people erected tents in the fields round Alderford-house. The harp was heard in every direction. The wake lasted four days. On each side of the hall was placed a keg of whiskey, which was replenished as soon as emptied. Old Mrs. Mac Dermott herself joined the female mourners who attended, to weep, as she expressed it, "over her poor gentleman, the head of all Irish music." On the fifth day his remains were brought forth, and the funeral was one of the greatest that for many years had taken place in Connaught. He was interred in the Mac Dermott Roe's vault, in their chapel, at the east end of the old church of Kilronan." And who was old Mrs. Mac Dermott, and where was Alderford-house? asks the gentle reader. Alderford, we fancy, is somewhere on the banks of the Suick, a pleasant stream of Roscommon, and the family seat of Mac Dermott Roe, to whom, for his grandmother's sake, we would say, *γλαυκὴ γολέον*; and his grandmother was this old Mrs. Mac Dermott, who, in her eightieth year, turned Alderford House inside out for the honour of Irish music. "By her," says Mr. Hardiman, "Carolan was supplied with

his first harp and his first horse; and to her, in the decline of life and health, he turned for a sure asylum and a kind and affectionate reception." We are reversing the order of things, and returning to the sick room of the buried man. But we cannot resist another quotation from Mr. Hardiman, who has been touched into considerable manliness and candour throughout this part of his book:—"At Alderford he was received with the warmth and welcome which have ever characterised Irish friendship. After he had rested a little, he called for his harp. His relaxed fingers for a while wandered

feebly over the strings; but soon acquiring a momentary impulse, he played his well known 'Farewell to Music,' in a strain of tenderness and feeling which drew tears from the eyes of his auditory. This was his last effort: nature was subdued; and the dying bard was carried in a state of exhaustion to his room."

Now, then, that Turlogh is buried and embalmed, let us dry our eyes and comfort ourselves with the prospect of No. II., in which we will sing things "paulo majora."

*Carmina non prius,
Audita—virginibus puerisque.*

A RHYTHMICAL RHAPSODY;

ADDRESSED TO ROBERT GILFILLAN, LEITH.

To be sung to a new tune, called "The Social Three."

"On *Rhyme's* two stilts I'll crouch it up Parnassus."—TENNANT.

Blythe Robie Gilfillan, there's nae man mair willin'
To toot aff a tankard, or skreed aff a sang;
An' cou'd I but spare it, I'd treat you wi' claret—
You're a Poet o' merit whase name shall live lang.

There is Peter M'Leod, o' whase friendship I'm proud;
He's Knight o' the fiddle, an' Lord o' the bow;
Of notes he'll no scrimp us, frae bank of Olympus—
Of these, he'll ne'er jimp us wharever we go!

An' cou'd Willie Millar but change them for siller,
As fast as frien' Peter can set them to sang;
We verse-makin' callants, o' blethers an' ballants,
Lang hid behin' hallants—say whar wad we gang?

If safe you shou'd deem it, away we wou'd *Steam* it—
For Steam is the magic o' modern times;
That nane might surpass us, we'd aff for Parnassus,
And touzle the lasses, an' kiss them for rhymes!

But Poets, poor deevils! are heir to some evils,
And aff times their purse is as light as their head;
Wi' bare scowry coat, man, thro' life they maun trot, man;
That sic is their lot, man, is a pity indeed!

Yet what wad I gie, man, to meet wi' you *Three*, man,
In some cozy corner unkend o' by care?
We'd prose it, an' rhyme it—wi' friendship we'd prime it
Do ilk thing but *time* it;—I wish I were there!

ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

BY TERENCE O'RUARK, A.M.

Little George-street, St. Giles's, London,
13th March, 1834.

DEAR ANTHONY,

I date to you from this classic neighbourhood, full of dirt and devilment, and except for the pollution of the air (none of the sweetest at the best) with the stench of gin, instead of the odour of whiskey, as Irish a neighbourhood as the heart of Munsterman could wish. I suppose you know a genteel avenue called Hanover-lane, in your city, lying between Francis-street and Patrick-street, or a continuation of the same, which, by a series of elegant sinuosities, leadeth into Bride-street, and is called Bull-alley. If you do not know these places, you ought, for the memory of them comes pleasantly over the soul in a foreign land, which, in spite of the *unrepaied* Union, I must consider this to be. Well, Sir, the place I now inhabit is as like a lodging on the second floor in Hanover-lane, or Bull-alley, as one pig rolling in the mud and grunting forth its exquisite sensations of delight, is to another pig, under similar circumstances of felicity, and I am persuaded, that if a Dublin boy of that locality, were made reasonably drunk, and kept so during his journey, and then put to bed here, to sleep himself sober, it would be some days before he found out (always barring the smell of the gin,) that it was not his own place he was in. Now, notwithstanding this, a walk of three minutes brings me into Oxford-street, which may be compared to the Castle-street of Dublin, only it's a mile and a-half long—seven minutes' walk takes me to Regent-street, with its showy shops, and showier pedestrians, and a thousand things to

"Brighten the gay, and kindle the loving:"

and ten minutes will take me to the proud and calm magnificence of the aristocratic squares, every house looking grim and grand, and containing some five-and-twenty rascals in plush breeches, who enjoy the good living that their

masters pay for, but do not enjoy. This St. Giles's, then, is the place for a philosophic politician, such as I boast myself to be; for there is an easy opportunity of seeing all sorts and conditions of men, to say nothing of the *contrasts* which, as all artists with pen or pencil know, serve to place that which is to be studied or exhibited, in more conspicuous points of view. Then for meditation—though there is a bit of a row every half hour or so, there is a police station near at hand, which soon makes all smooth again, and one's attention is thus kept awake. As for drink, I confess I am not yet Byronic enough to relish the gin and water, but I doubt not I shall come round in time. In the mean time (which means while the cash lasts), there's an Elysium here in the matter of drink; for *raal* poteen may be bought in abundance, from certain hard-hearted villains, who buy it at the Custom-house, and sell it as dear as dissolved diamonds. To be sure, it is worth any money, but a pound a gallon, by Jupiter, is no trifle, and one gets to the bottom of the jar so confoundedly fast. But of this, more at large another time.—You desire my opinion upon the present state of political affairs.—So here goes.

The Whigs have outlived every shred and tatter of character that ever belonged, or was supposed to belong, to them, and now they flounder on in naked iniquity, and are not ashamed. The universal public has but one notion of this party, and that is, that the Whigs are determined to stay in. No one is so extravagant as to give them the least credit for principle, sagacity, or spirit. The end and aim of all they do is to grapple more closely to office, and the official power, and pay thereupon attendant. To do this, and to do nothing else, is evidently what they wish; but if the English radical dissenters, or the Irish radical papists, kick them forward, towards demolition of esta-

blishments, and ultimate revolution, they will take the kicks very quietly, so as they get the half-pence along with them. No human being looks upon the Whig Ministry as having any distinct principles of action, or any distinct views of policy. It stands between a *movement* party and a conservative party, leaning now on the one, and now on the other, and thus contriving to shuffle along, so as to reach the Treasury, and hold out their hands at quarter day.

Lord Althorp is a curious instance of the sort of success which even stupidity may command in England by dint of dogged perseverance, and heavy imperturbableness. It is impossible to disturb the man, because he does not feel, and cannot be made to feel. Let the most fiery orator attack him—it is like casting a burning brand into a pond from which the water has been drained, and nothing but the stiff mud remains. The brand is extinguished, without even a bubble or a hiss, and the mud lies dark and sluggish as it did before. Of late Lord Althorp has lost ground very much—he is thought too stupid to be dishonest, with any ulterior design of tyranny; he is therefore contemplated with a sort of pity, even by the coarse multitude of the reformed parliament. Lord Palmerston is now regarded absolutely with contempt. He does not venture to speak of foreign affairs, and when he attempts to speak of other matters, he is not listened to. As for the Grants, no one knows any thing about them; and it is conjectured by many, that between quarter days they sleep. After having gorged the public money, like a sloth on a tree, they drop down in a state of torpor—the cravings of nature arouse them into *receiving* activity about the beginning of every third month. Mr. Littleton's blundering clumsiness, and cringing dread of Mr. O'Connell, have become subjects of general reproach and derision. The world is weary of Mr. Poulett Thomson's impertinence, and *cunning* Mr. Edward Ellice is regarded as almost as honest a person as his friend, Mr. Joseph Hume, to whose arithmetical acumen he constantly defers. There are but three men on the Treasury bench, whose abilities, and general character, command attention; and these are, Mr. Stanley, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Spring Rice.

The first is known to be independent of every thing but his own opinion and temper; and the two last have recently shewn, that they hold themselves tolerably independent of the Whig cabinet.

Never did a government so loosely hang together. Never did a set of government men come into the field of parliamentary conflict so ill prepared, and so undisciplined. Nothing but the strangely confused and unsettled state of national affairs which they have produced, would keep the government from falling asunder; but while affairs remain thus, who but the Whigs would undertake what none can hope to manage without great danger, or great disgrace? What could be more absurd than the position of the government on the corn-law question?—a question affecting the most vital interests of the country—one upon which the upholding, or the annihilation of the prosperity of Ireland, evidently depends. Upon such a question, we find some members of government voting one way, some another; and the leader of the ministry in the House of Commons voting in favour of protection to agriculture, not out of favour to the principle, but because to do otherwise might have produced *inconvenience*! The affairs of Mr. Sheil, and of Baron Smith, may be thought of too old standing now to be dwelt upon in detail; but the originating of the accusation in the one case, and yet more, the supporting of the accusation in the other, how flagrant they were in injustice—how wretched in policy—how disgraceful every way! And yet the men who do these things are the *liberal* administration!—the *wise* administration! the *reforming* administration! The administration of the Whigs! What a memorable lesson have they given mankind, of the shallowness of prating and scribbling, and the inadequacy of even adepts in *display* of this kind, to do practical service to the country. What a pitiful figure does Francis Jeffrey, the great Edinburgh Reviewer, make as a practical politician! Why the meanest of those whom he once affected to scorn, and perhaps did scorn, when he presided over the “Blue and Yellow,” were able men, compared with what he has turned out as a government officer, and a member of the House of Commons.

The ebbing away of popular support from the Whig administration is made painfully evident to the members thereof, both in the house and out of it. There is no record of an administration *holding on* with such reverses in the House of Commons, and the certainty of an adverse majority in the Lords, whenever the peers of Great Britain think proper to put forth their political strength. In the Commons they were within eight of being beaten on Mr. Harvey's motion respecting pensions, within four of being beaten on the Marquis of Chandos's motion for agricultural relief, and they were actually beaten by six in the monstrous attempt to sacrifice the independence of the bench, and Mr. Baron Smith, to the vulgar enmity of Mr. O'Connell. By the by, Anthony, the Dublin University Magazine ought to have given the speech of Mr. Shaw, the Dublin University member, upon that occasion, in letters of gold, emblazoned with shamrocks. It was beyond all question the finest speech delivered in the House of Commons for several years past. It was a noble vindication of what is right in reason, and admirable in feeling, and a tremendous castigation of the rancour and the wrong which led to the accusation of Baron Smith. But this is *par parenthese*.

Out of the house, the Whig administration has been even more scurvily used than within it. At every election where the public voice is powerful, we find either a radical or a Tory triumphant—anything but a Whig; and as for the radicals, they seem to be losing ground, and conservative feeling getting more into public favor. Still we are far enough from being "all right" again, and I much doubt, that under the present parliamentary system, the monarchical principle can very long survive in these kingdoms.

No Whig defeat that has taken place for a long time, has given me so much satisfaction as the decisive turn out given by the constituency of Dudley to the Whig attorney-general, Sir John Campbell. I look upon him as one of the hatefulest of the Whigs, a narrow-minded creature; servile to those above him, imperious to those below. It is the fashion to talk of his professional attainments as something beyond the common, but I think this is the mere

cast of party, caught up by some who are not of his party. I have too much respect for his profession to believe that he can be a man of attainment in it. Did you ever hear him, or see him? You would set him down as a cross between a lanky, high-shouldered, disputatious Scotch weaver, and a pertinacious, sycophantic French barber. Nothing profound or elevated in the matter of what he says, nothing manly or straight-forward in his manner of saying it. Yet this is just the sort of man to rise, among the persons who now direct public affairs. You may have observed a rotten old wall or paling in a garden, to the top of which a filthy snail or slug will work its nasty slimy way; but if any creature of more strength or agility should essay to climb it, down it would come with a crash, and great would be the wreck of rubbish, while earwigs, woodlice, jacks-with-forty-legs, and I know not what of vermin, would be set running about, and at their wit's end. I leave you to make out the application of this to the rise of such men as Sir John Campbell, where better men would do no good for themselves or any one else.

The whole business connected with the attorney-general's promotion is beautifully illustrative of the way affairs are managed at present. Sir W. Horne, who held the place, was rather dull and impracticable. The man is an equity pleader, and nothing else; but if you want to know more about him, you may go to the back-stairs of the castle, and ask Anthony Blake, who in days of yore was his pupil. Well, Sir, the Whigs wanted to get rid of Horne, and to make a vacancy in parliament for Cam Hobhouse. They thought they had secured Marylebone, as soon as Horne should vacate, by accepting a place on the Exchequer bench, which they declared it was necessary to fill with an equity lawyer. Thereupon Lord Brougham promises Horne certain privileges and immunities as an equity baron, and gives the attorney-generalship to Campbell, who vacates Dudley, and when he tries to get in again, is turned adrift with contempt. Lord Brougham finds that he *cannot* give to Horne the privileges and immunities he promised, because they were *contrary* to law. Horne refuses the place on the bench, and does *not* vacate

Marylebone; and to wind up the whole matter, the vacancy in the Exchequer, which it was so necessary to fill up with an equity lawyer, is given away to queer, ferret-eyed John Williams, an old crony of Lord Brougham, who knows just as much about equity law, as a County Meath cow does of grafting silk stockings.

So much of present affairs—as for future prospects, I have already given you a hint of what I think it must all come to at last; but how fast, or how slow, is another matter. If the corn laws are repealed, I take it that (politically speaking) we all go to the devil, smack; or what is the same thing, none but cotton-spinners and workers in iron, will have wherewithal to live like gentlemen, and you know that for *that*, something besides the wherewithal is necessary. But the corn laws, are, I think, now safe enough for one year, at all events. Not so the church, the dissenters are as sour, and implacable, and republican as they were in old Noll's time, without half the piety, fierce and coarse as it was. They laugh, or affect to laugh, at Lord John Russell's marriage bill, (a most absurd thing to be sure, it is) and regard it as a hungry powerful fellow, with a loaf in his eye, would regard a smooth-spoken little gentleman, who should offer him a single pea. They say out plain, that they will have church and state separated, and, by mine honor, if the Whigs continue in the government, I doubt not that they will in the end be frightened either into that, or something less astounding in *terms*, but coming to that in *fact*.

Besides this great source of revolution, there are very extraordinary schemes for what is called "social revolution," working away in the dark to a frightful extent. The trades' unions, with their unstamped gazettes, have arrived at a wonderful perfection of organization, and they threaten great things; but who can prophecy concerning that which, if it works at all, must work through the agency of that irrational, changeful, headstrong thing, a mob.

In the midst of all this, our economists are for breaking through all influences but those of capital and labour; they will have no more charity, no more benevolence; every one must take care of himself, and no one must give way to the weakness of *feeling* for his neighbour. This is all very fine; but these philosophers had better think a little upon what the security of capital depends. They may *prove too much*, for as able logicians as they are, and drive some of us to

The good old rule—the simple plan,
That he should take who hath the power,
And he should keep who can;

which the Lord forbid; but oppression maketh a wise man mad, so what can be expected of the foolish? These Emperors of capital are to my thinking the most abominable despots that ever existed, and what is worst of all, while they prove to us the hard heartedness of their practice, they deafen us with prate concerning the *liberality* of their *principles*. Addio, dear Anthony.

Always truly yours,
TERENCE O'RUARK, A.M.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN.

On the 22d day of February, 1834, the Faculty of Trinity College unanimously made the following regulations: the Provost, and all the Senior

Bachelor of Arts shall be entitled to sit *ad Examinandum*, for the Bachelor of Medicine, on production of his having attended during eight courses; if the candidate show that during each of Four years, he attended one, and not more than one, of the Courses which begin in the first year.

A degree may be conferred at the commencement of his *middle Bachelor*.

THE COURSES.

Four courses of Lectures, delivered according to *Act of Parliament*, in their respective departments, by the six Professors of the *School of Physic*.

Year's attendance on the practice at *Patrick Dunn's Hospital*, including the *Clinical Lectures* in the

course of Lectures on Midwifery, by the Professor of Midwifery, of the *School of Physicians*.

(Signed) ROBERT PHIPPS,

Regr. Trin. Col.

—The above resolutions do not differ from the former modes of granting the M.B.

Inference to the above, it gives us cause to notice the lead which the University has taken in establishing, as the best medical qualification, to be obtained in the British dominions, by a judicious combination of the arts with medical education. It is precisely what has heretofore been desideratum. In some colleges, an acquaintance with classical literature, would barely enable an apprentice to noviciate at Surgeon's or Apothecary-Hall, is yet considered as a sufficient passport to the full degree of doctor in medicine; whilst in others, the almost exclusively devoted to the arts, and that of medicine is *pro forma*.

L. III.

By the recent resolution of the Board of the University of Dublin, (which heads our present paper) students are permitted to graduate as bachelors in medicine, at the end of a period little exceeding one year from graduation in arts, provided proof shall be afforded of medical study during four years, according to certain prescribed regulations. One half of the medical study may thus be completed during the undergraduate course, instead of a probationary period of seven years being compulsory as hitherto, whilst the time that is deducted from the probation is added to the education.

In arranging the details of study, the Board appear to have engrafted their system on the basis of the *School of Physic Act of Parliament*, instead of splitting the subject-matter of medical education into some dozen or more departments, in order to raise incomes for professors, and heap expense upon students. Very negligent, indeed, must the existing professors be, if they fail in affording the necessary elementary instruction to the Tyro, without a further mystification of medical details. We are convinced indeed, that the course on Medical Jurisprudence, Pathology, and the various *et-ceteras*, might easily be comprehended among the existing department, provided proper attention be paid to economise the student's time, and not to consume it unnecessarily in discursive ranges, or irrelevant disquisitions—and we trust that the proper authorities will firmly withstand any proposal either to constitute new lectureships, or to increase the prescribed duties and emoluments of the present professors. Indeed a worse mode of teaching (if it deserve the name,) never was devised, than that of subjecting the pupil to the din of an incessant detail of conflicting opinions, harassing his attention to such a degree that no slight perspicuity and attention are requisite to extract some practical information from such a chaos of discordant principles.

Two tests of medical capability have been generally resorted to—examination, and—attendance on lectures. Were either of these singly sufficient, the

3 A

other might no doubt be dispensed with; but it is pretty universally conceded, that an examination is not in itself a decisive test, either of practical competency or the reverse—whilst certificates only prove *opportunity*, but not that it has been rendered available. Where, however, both tests are brought into operation, the chance of an incompetent practitioner passing muster, are considerably diminished.

A recent and very considerable error with respect to medical education in general, is the establishment of a rivalry among teachers, not as to the performance but the neglect of duty, founded on the preposterous principle, that inexperienced and (frequently) idle young men, mostly under age, are the proper persons to select their own preceptors. Every practitioner who conceives *himself* to be qualified as a teacher, is recognised as a professor. His conscientious scruples as to vouching for the presence of those whom he believes to have been absent from his lectures, and for the diligence of such as he knows to have been negligent, are silenced by the reflection, that what he refuses will be granted by another, and that undue strictness on his part, will be contrasted with the lenity of his competitors—whilst testimonials of equal (*Collegiate*) value, are to be procured according to the *discretion* of the juvenile auditor. Under such circumstances, the interest of the lecturer is continually warring with his duty; and it is needless to remark by which it is most consistent with human nature that he will be actuated in his conduct, if the latter is altogether *uncontrolled*.

We are convinced, therefore, that in the recognition of medical lecturers, very restricted limits must be assigned to competition; lest it should (as is unfortunately at present the case,) be regulated rather by the facility of procuring the certificate, than by the opportunity of acquiring information. The Board of Trinity College appear to have adopted an eligible *medium*, by establishing a *fair* rivalry between the professors in the School of Physic here and in Edinburgh. The certificates of the latter are, under certain limitations, recognised as qualifying for medical degrees in Dublin University. The competency of those professors can scarcely be questioned, and with respect to the diligence of their certified pupils, the Board have, perhaps, the best practicable security, in the control of an institution of established medical cele-

briety. We are also entirely of opinion, that the Board have judged wisely in looking not to the *number* of courses, but to the strict attendance on *each*, as a test of medical education; instead of requiring a mass of certificates, in too many instances little more trust worthy than the vouchers in a servant's discharge.

Were we to propose any alteration in the regulations relative to medical education, it would certainly be an increase of hospital attendance. At the same time, it is to be recollected, that general rules must be adapted to a great variety of cases, and to the circumstances of persons who are, as well to those of persons who are not, otherwise qualified than by the prescribed system of study. Should the latter in any instance prove deficient, there is still a strict examination in reserve, as a check on incompetency. Above all it is to be remembered, that no test can secure practical knowledge, and that the object of degrees and diplomas is not to coerce the selection of the public, but to constitute an eligible body of practitioners, from among whom they may choose with safety.

We have already mentioned, that according to the mode which the Board have superadded to the *other* methods, whereby a medical degree may be obtained, probably nearly one half of the medical studies will be completed during the undergraduate course. This we consider to be a decided advantage. So far from medical study interfering with that in arts, it contains much that is desirable by the *general* scholar, whatever his subsequent destination may be. The subjects of Botany and Chemistry, are scarcely less interesting to him than other branches of Natural Philosophy. Physiology, and even Anatomy, possess much that is attractive—and should he perhaps acquire some knowledge of the nature and treatment of *disease*, such information might prove far from superfluous to a country gentleman, or a parochial clergyman, to which occupations the great portion of collegians devote themselves in after-life. So that were even every undergraduate to act as if about hereafter to enter the medical profession, it would not, we think, present any objection to the intermixture of medical study with that in arts.

Another question presents itself—Is an education in arts indispensable for a physician?

This question we answer like Irishmen, by asking another—Should a phy-

scian be a *gentleman*, and educated like one? It is a matter of regret that both law and physic present but too many temptations to the low and unprincipled; and if the practitioner is to be extricated from the slough by receiving a liberal education, we ask where can he receive such, better or cheaper, than in such a University as that of Dublin? Where will he find a better selected course of scientific or classical literature, or a more salutary and yet mild mode of discipline—where more extensive inducements to application? It is also to be regretted, that free-thinking on religious subjects has long been an opprobrium to the medical profession. For so enormous an evil, we do not know a better correction, or one that *has* proved more effectual, than such an elementary religious education as that embodied in the undergraduate course, including the matchless works of Butler and Paley. A part of the medical press will no doubt call this (according to the O'Connell phrase) *come*, particularly that portion of it which advertises on the cover-sheets, an anonymous work, "On the human origin of Christianity," and which is loudst in its declamations against the University education of physicians.

Another question may be proposed—*How* is the time usually spent in the undergraduate course to be otherwise employed? Does not every physician and surgeon know, that in four instances out of five, it is with the utmost difficulty that he can direct the attention of his pupils (not collegians) to their business, till the better half of their probation is expired, and they begin (having a few more years over their heads) to mind interest rather than pleasure? Remove the college course, and will not the time be spent in idleness at best, if not in profligacy? It is scarcely necessary to add, that there is much connected with medical study, which it is well to reserve for as advanced a period of youth as possible.

Study in arts, therefore, seems to be useful as an adjunct to medical education. 1st. By enlarging and refining the faculties preparatory to their future professional exertion. 2dly. By affording useful if not indispensable information. 3dly. By engrafting sound religious principles, at the time of life at which they are most likely to take root—and lastly, by, to say the least, employing time that would otherwise be worse occupied. On the whole we think the public owe a heavy debt of gratitude to the Provost and Senior Fel-

lows, for a resolution so much in accordance with the circumstances of the times, and which was adopted by them, we understand, *unanimously*.

OXFORD.

February 15th.—Yesterday evening, the 7th instant, the installation or admission of his Grace the Duke of Wellington in the office of Chancellor of the University of Oxford, took place at Apsley House, in London.

The Vice-Chancellor and Proctors, together with the several Members of Convocation who had been nominated as Delegates for the occasion, assembled at Rattle Hotel, in Dover-street, where they were joined by Mr. Estcourt and Sir Robert M. Inglis, the Representatives for the University, and the whole party proceeded in carriages to his Grace's residence in Piccadilly, about six o'clock, p.m. and in the following order:—

The Esquire Bedel in Theology.
The Yeoman Bedel in Arts and Medicine.
Dr. Rowley, Master of University College, *Vice-Chancellor of the University.*

Dr. Jenkins, Master of Balliol, } *pro*
Dr. Jones, Rector of Exeter, } *Vice*
Dr. Gilbert, Princip. of Brasenose, } *Chan.*
Dr. Wynter, President of St. John's.
Dr. Cramer, Principal of New Inn Hall,

Public Orator.

Dr. Kidd, Regius Professor of Medicine, of Ch. Ch.

Dr. Ashhurst, Fellow of All Souls.

Dr. Blin, Registrar of the University of St. John's.

Mr. Bellas, Scholar of Queen's, } *Prop.*

Mr. Lightfoot, Fellow of Exeter, } *vars.*

Mr. Wintle, Fellow of St. John's.

Mr. Rigaud, Savilian Professor of Astronomy, of Exeter.

Mr. Maude, Fellow of Queen's.

Mr. Plumptre, Fellow of University.

Mr. Ogilvie, Fellow of Balliol.

Mr. Wilson, Fellow of Queen's.

Mr. Glanville, Fellow of Exeter.

Mr. Estcourt.

Sir R. H. Inglis.

The Delegacy, having alighted, passed through the several apartments, which were brilliantly lighted, to the Waterloo Gallery, that splendid room having been selected for the ceremony. The Vice-Chancellor took his seat at the upper end of the gallery, in a chair placed in the centre, having a table before him on which lay the instrument of election and the other insignia of office, a vacant chair being left on his right hand for the Chancellor, and the Registrar taking his seat

on the left of the Vice-chancellor, who opened the convocation by announcing that the cause of their assembling was the admission of his Grace the Duke of Wellington to the office of Chancellor of the University, vacant by the death of Lord Grenville, and to which he had recently been elected by the unanimous voice of the Doctors and Masters of the University in Convocation assembled.

Upon this announcement the Bedels left the room, and immediately returned, followed by the Chancellor elect, habited in his robes of office, who advanced uncovered, to the seat on the right hand of the Vice-Chancellor, the whole Convocation rising upon his entrance. His Grace was accompanied by the following Royal and Noble Persons, who occupied seats at the lower end of the room, and who were present during the whole ceremony:—His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, Chancellor of the University of Dublin; His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Duke of Beaufort; the Earl Talbot; the Earl of Eldon; Viscount Sidmouth; the Bishop of Exeter; Sir Henry Halford; Sir Charles Wetherell.

As soon as the Convocation was re-seated, the Bedels deposited their staves of office upon the table, and the Vice-Chancellor handed the instrument of Election to the Registrar, who having read it aloud, returned it by the hands of the Bedel to be deposited on the table. The oaths of allegiance and supremacy were then taken by the Chancellor elect, before the senior proctor, and immediately after the oath of office was administered to his Grace by the Vice-Chancellor, the Duke reading the former and responding to the latter in an audible voice and most impressive manner.

The oaths having been taken, the Vice-Chancellor then delivered into the hands of the Chancellor the instrument of Election, the Statute Book, and the Keys and Seals of Office, at the same time addressing his Grace in a speech which, although concise, was admirably adapted to the occasion, and delivered with great feeling and emphasis. The Vice-Chancellor then solemnly admitted the Chancellor to his high office, and, placing his Grace in the Chair he had himself previously occupied, took his seat on the right hand, and remained uncovered during the continuance of the

ceremony, the Chancellor putting on his cap upon assuming his official seat.

The Public Orator (Dr. Cramer) then advanced, and addressed the new Chancellor in a speech of congratulation, in which, after alluding to the degree of Doctor in Civil Law formerly conferred upon his Grace by Diploma, at the time of the visit of the allied Sovereigns to Oxford, which had already enrolled the Duke among the number of her most distinguished members, he took occasion to revert to his Grace's victorious achievements over the enemies of his country, nothing doubting but that his efforts in the defence of literature and religion would be attended with equal success; and congratulating the University on the election of a Nobleman, whose high principles, moral courage, and splendid talents, were the best security for her happiness and renown.

To this address the Chancellor replied in a speech which excited the warmest admiration in all present, as well for its pure Latinity, as his Grace's correct and emphatic delivery; and above all, for the high and honourable conservative sentiments that were expressed throughout the whole. His Grace modestly referring to the course of his early education and his career in after life as rendering him unfit to preside over an eminent literary body, but confessing that the same political principles in regard to Church and State, the same respect for the Royal authority, the same love for the Establishment, the same veneration for the laws and institutions of the country, expressed and inculcated by the University over which he had been called on to preside, rendered the office he had that day been invested with as peculiarly grateful to him, and engaging to use his best and most strenuous endeavours to preserve the reputation and the rights of the University unsullied and unimpaired.

At the command of the Chancellor, the Vice-Chancellor then directed the Bedels to resume their staves of office, and dissolved the Convocation; the members of the Delegacy retiring in the same order they had before observed, to the principal drawing-room, where they had the honour of being severally introduced to their new Chancellor.

In the evening the Delegates had the honour of meeting the same Royal and illustrious personages who had been present at the ceremony, at a splendid entertainment given by the Duke upon the occasion.

following list of the Oxford lords, from 1552, will be interesting to our readers:—1552, Sir Mason, Knt.; 1556, Cardinal Pole, Bishop of Canterbury; 1558, Earl of Arundel; 1560, Sir J. Mason, Knt.; Earl of Leicester; 1588, Lord of Hatton; 1591, Earl of Dorset; 1600, Bancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury; 1610, Lord Ellesmere; 1616, Lord Pembroke; 1630, Lord Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury; 1641, Earl of Arundel; 1643, Marquis of Hertford; Earl of Pembroke; 1650, Oliver Cromwell; 1658, Richard Cromwell; Marquis of Hertford, and Duke of Somerset; 1660, Earl of Clarendon; 1667, Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury; 1669, Duke of Ormond; Duke of Ormond, grandson of the Duke of Somerset; 1715, Earl of Arran; 1759, Lord Westmorland; 1762, Earl of Sandwich; 1772, Lord North, afterwards Lord Guilford; 1792, Duke of Portland; 1806, Lord Grenville.

CAMBRIDGE.

January 31, 1834.—The late year's annual prizes of 25*l.* each, to the best proficient in mathematics and natural philosophy among the common Bachelors of Arts, were on Friday adjudged to Philip Kelland, of Trinity College, the first and Wrangler.

January 14th.—At a congregation on that day last, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors of Arts—Rev. F. Duncan, Rev. J. P. Gurney, Queen's College; Rev. C. Woodhouse, Trinity College.

Trinity College Philosophical Society.—A meeting was held on Monday evening,

Dr. Clark, V.P., being in the chair. Among the presents was a *Proteus Anguinus*, offered by Mr. Lunn, with some observations on the history of our knowledge of the animal. Professor Miller communicated a notice of some optical experiments, by which it appeared that the lines seen in the vapour of Bromine and Iodine are identical in position; and that the vapour of Perchloride of Chrome exhibits lines apparently equidistant much closer and fainter than the Bromine lines, but occupying the same part of the spectrum. Mr. Whewell read a memoir "On the Nature of the Truth of the Laws of Motion;" tending to shew that these laws may be demonstrated independently of experiment, so far as their terms go; but that the meaning of the terms must be assigned by a reference to experiment. A general meeting of the Society is called for Monday next, at half-past one o'clock.

KING'S COLLEGE.

The following is the exhibition at King's College, and the names of the successful competitors in the Divinity examination:—Anderson, Arnott, Bensford, Busk, Capel, Chapman, Christie, Ford, Foster, Grinfield, Hare, Hey, Mathison, Morrice, Pitman, Skirrow, Spinks, Wilson, Winstanley, Wood, Brett, Boddy, Canton, Cotton, Delane, Dowding, Gandel, Girard, Nicholls, Ord, Parrot, Stedman, Winn, Woodthorpe, Hardcastle, Freeman. Juniors:—Brett, jun., Clark, Cumming, Haseltine, Kent, Newdigate, Peppercombe, Poole, Parrot, Wistinghausen, Baghot, Bellis, Bodkin, Cheere, Collins, Debarry, Duffort, Dunsen, Gant, Raester, Salmon, Stevens, Thompson, Wheeler, Williams, Collins, jun., Kays, Leyton, Murray, Robinson, Severne, Worner, Woodland.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF DUBLIN.

annual meeting of the society for election of officers, &c. took place on Friday, February 13th, at two

o'clock. Mr. Stokes being called to the bar, read that portion of the laws of the society which relates to the annual meeting was read, and the balloting commenced.

The report of the Council on the actual state of the society, and its progress during the past year, was then read by the secretary, and received by the society.

The treasurer gave an account of the state of the finances of the society.

At the close of the ballot the following were declared to be elected officers and

members of Council for the ensuing year:—*President*—Richard Griffith, esq.

Vice-Presidents—Archbishop of Dublin; Lord Chief Baron; The Provost; Colonel Colby; Professor Hamilton.

Treasurers—Henry Joy; Rev. Thomas Luby. *Secretaries*—James Apjohn, esq. M.D.; Rev. H. Lloyd.

Council—Lieutenant Bordes, R. E.; Maslere Brady, esq.; William Eddington, esq.; William Tighe Hamilton, esq.;

John Hart, esq. M.D.; Robert Hut-
ton, esq.; Arthur Jacob, esq. M.D.;

John M'Donnell, esq. M.D.; John
Nicholson, esq.; Captain Portlock, R. E.;

Richard Purdy, esq.; Rev. George S.
Smith; A. Smith, esq. M.D.; Whitley

Stokes, esq. M.D.; Isaac Weld, esq.

The usual monthly meeting of the
society took place at eight o'clock in the

evening of the same day—the Provost
in the chair.

A letter from Colonel Colby was read,
announcing, on the part of his Ex-
cellency the Lord Lieutenant, the pre-
sentation of a copy of the Ordnance
Maps of the County Antrim, in 70 sheets.

Specimens of Magnesian limestone,
found near Mountrath, Queen's County,
were presented to the society by A.
Smith, esq. M.D.

The Provost then read an address to
the society on leaving the chair, in the
course of which he gave an analysis of
the various papers which had been pre-
sented during the past year.

The thanks of the society were given
to the Provost, and the meeting then
adjourned to the second Wednesday in
March.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XVII.

MAY, 1834.

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DUBLIN
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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

' Umbra' has been received.

We beg to inform our correspondent from Garnaville, that we shall avail ourselves of his communications with pleasure. He is not to suppose, because our arrangements have hitherto prevented our inserting his favours, that we intend to decline them altogether. We hope soon to satisfy him of the contrary.

We cannot avail ourselves of the Ode to Melancholy; it gives fair promise, however, of future and more successful exertion.

The ' Physician's' favour has been received; we regret that it does not reach the standard which should insure its insertion.

We must decline the contribution of Ma Mac Dhue.

The Ode to Shakspeare is clever, but the subject has been long since exhausted; the paper lies at our Publisher's.

C. X. R. arrived too late.

Amator is inadmissible.

' Evenings with a College friend' will not suit our pages.

We beg to inform our numerous correspondents, that we shall reply as promptly to their several communications as the arduous nature of our occupations will admit.

Our notices of learned societies, &c. are unavoidably deferred until the ensuing month, when we hope also to offer our congratulations to the Oxford Quarterly.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XVII.

MAY, 1834.

VOL. III.

BURNS AND CRABBE.*

The course which has been now for some time adopted in the leading periodicals of the kingdom, by which a number of works on some particular subject, or of some particular character, are placed at the head of an original disquisition, without lending further aid to its writer, may warrant us in wandering from the bounds that were originally assigned to the reviewer, and making use of the biography of the interesting characters named in the title, only so far as they may be of use to us in furthering the object we have in view—an object distinct from criticism. The study of biography becomes useful when it is made to serve as a touchstone to which to bring the views or actions of others. It is eminently so, when our own lives are brought within its influence; and perhaps the best way of recommending this mode of turning it to advantage is by examining into the parallel periods in the existence of men who were remarkable in some profession or pursuit, in which they rose to eminence; and then forming conclusions for our own guidance from their bitter or happy experience. It is difficult to pronounce whether there be, after all, anything more really instructive in the biography

of men of genius and celebrity, than in that of persons holding a less prominent station in the world; but this is clear, that those who would deduce useful instruction from such sources, and lay that instruction before the public, have not a choice, but are under the necessity of taking their *materiel* from the actions and opinions of those with whose memory some well-known associations are interwoven, if they would give interest to their illustrations, and weight to their arguments. Hence the essayist on character naturally selects those best known, not those most estimable or most apt for his purpose; and, to say the truth, we felt justified in our present attempt more on these grounds than from the peculiar points of distinction and similarity having at first powerfully attracted our notice. When, however, our attention *was* directed to the circumstances of the two humble bards, by those who were first struck by their peculiarity—persons well qualified to offer advice—and we were shown the volumes lying together before us, (the twin-birth of the press, ushered into the world on the same day,) we saw something interesting in this casual relationship, and were not without

* The works of Robert Burns; with his Life, by Allan Cunningham. In six vols. Vol. I. London: Cochrane and McCrone. 1834.

The poetical works of the Rev. George Crabbe; with his Letters and Journals, and his Life, by his Son. In eight vols. Vol. I. London: John Murray. 1834.

hope that they might be brought to render each other and the public some service under the circumstances of their present union.

When we came, moreover, to consider the points of similarity, we found them more striking than we expected. The extreme humility of their opening career—a course winding, and often struggling, like that of a nameless stream, through the obstacles that were heaped together in the retired valley of their childhood, and the power of their resistless tide in manhood, when the tributaries of fortune and information swelled the main-stream of genius ;—we found all this favourable to comparison :—and then, as we followed them down, what a strange disparity ! the magnificent calmness of the one, in its rageless strength and tempered fullness, winding through the vale of life, with respect unto the ancient boundaries of morality and religion, deepening the green of the meadow with its fertilizing waters, and flowing past many a fair city, whence it swept away impurity without sulling its own clearness, and thence rolling majestically onward in its appointed course :—the headlong career of the other, a true fretful mountain-torrent, over rocks and through chasms—broken ever and anon into small and picturesque falls, and collecting after each in momentary calmness for another headlong bound ; at one time sweeping away the embankments of man in its fury, and at another, dry as throat of the traveller in the desert ;—still a noble river, loved by the lover of nature, the theme of the song, and the study of the painter ; and at last, when its stream was at its height, falling upon a barren, boundless sand, and sinking like a *mirage* from our eyes, when we were stooping to taste of its freshness : such was the other—how awful—how instructive is the contrast !

We propose, therefore, in furtherance of our object, to divide the poet's lives into three great periods, and to consider each in its turn.—We commence with their early youth—and here Burns without question had the advantage. Look at his “Cottar's Saturday Night,” and you have his own home described with unexaggerated accuracy. The farmer of Scotland belongs to a class

that can scarcely be understood by those whose observation has been confined to the peasantry of our own country. He has carried down with him into the humblest hovel, and connects with the most laborious industry, a mind improved in a sphere of information infinitely above him, and he unites the highest and most minute peculiarity of sectarian doctrine with the severest practice and humblest bearing. The birth-place of the poet was at Kyle in Ayrshire, where he first saw the light in the year 1759. The household of his father, William Burness, (or Burns, as the son chose to style himself,) was particularly noted for its poverty and its piety. The old man was himself well informed, and was anxious on all occasions to communicate to his family the information he possessed. In the words of his biographer, Allan Cunningham :—

“The peasantry of Scotland turn their cottages into schools ; and when a father takes his arm-chair by the evening fire, he seldom neglects to communicate to his children whatever knowledge he possesses himself. Nor is this knowledge very limited ; it extends, generally, to the history of Europe, and to the literature of the island ; but more particularly to the divinity, the poetry, and, what may be called, the traditional history of Scotland. An intelligent peasant is intimate with all those skirmishes, sieges, combats, and quarrels, domestic or national, of which public writers take no account. Genealogies of the chief families are quite familiar to him. He has by heart, too, whole volumes of songs and ballads ; nay, long poems sometimes abide in his recollection ; nor will he think his knowledge much, unless he knows a little about the lives and actions of the men who have done most honour to Scotland. In addition to what he has on his memory, we may mention what he has on the shelf. A common husbandman is frequently master of a little library : history, divinity, and poetry, but most so the latter, compose his collection. Milton and Young are favourites ; the flowery *Meditations* of Hervey, the religious romance of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, are seldom absent ; while of Scottish books, Ramsay, Thomson, Fergusson, and now Burns, together with songs and ballad-books innumerable, are all huddled together, soiled with smoke, and frail and tattered by frequent use. The household of William Burness

was an example of what I have described; and there is some truth in the assertion, that in true knowledge the Poet was, at nineteen, a better scholar than nine-tenths of our young gentlemen when they leave school for the college."

In addition to this, we are informed that a certain old woman, Jenny Wilson by name, had her share in the poet's early education. This old crone stored his mind with a large collection of "tales and songs," as he observes himself to Dr. Moore, "concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, can-traits, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery." Such a line of instruction may have served to draw his imagination from more serious pursuits, but could never have tended to corrupt his heart. Indeed, up to the time we first hear of his making verses, it is pleasing to look upon his life. His father was poor to actual distress. As his labour and his anxiety increased, Robert and his amiable brother Gilbert, set themselves with heart and hand to lighten the one and alleviate the other. This is touchingly described by Gilbert :

"My brother, at the age of thirteen, assisted in thrashing the crop of corn, and, at fifteen, was the principal labourer on the farm; for we had no hired servant, male or female. The anguish of mind we felt, at our tender years, under these straits and difficulties, was very great. To think of our father growing old—for he was now above fifty, broken down with the long-continued fatigues of his life, with a wife and five other children, and in a declining state of circumstances—these reflections produced in my brother's mind and mine sensations of the deepest distress."

Robert was sent to Irvine to work as a flax-dresser. "He possessed," says Currie, "a single room for his lodging, rented, perhaps, at the rate of a shilling a week. He passed his days in constant labour, and his food consisted chiefly of oatmeal, sent him from his father's family." A letter written when he was two and twenty, is worthy of insertion, from its both giving a picture of his situation and feelings, and affording an

example of the style of the half-starved apprentice :—

"Honoured Sir—I have purposely delayed writing, in the hope that I should have the pleasure of seeing you on New-year's day: but work comes so hard upon us that I do not choose to be absent on that account. My health is nearly the same as when you were here, only my sleep is a little sounder, and on the whole I am rather better than otherwise, though I mend by very slow degrees. The weakness of my nerves has so debilitated my mind, that I dare neither review past wants, nor look forward into futurity: for the least anxiety or perturbation in my breast produces most unhappy effects on my whole frame. Sometimes, indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are a little lightened, I glimmer a little into futurity; but my principal, and indeed my only pleasurable employment, is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way. I am quite transported at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains, and uneasinesses, and disquietudes of this weary life; for I assure you I am heartily tired of it: and, if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it."

"As for this world," he continues, "I despair of ever making a figure in it. I am not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I shall never again be capable of entering into such scenes. Indeed, I am altogether unconcerned at the thoughts of this life. I foresee that poverty and obscurity probably await me, and I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing to meet them. I have but just time and paper to return you my grateful thanks for the lessons of virtue and piety you have given me, which were too much neglected at the time of giving them, but which I hope have been remembered ere it is yet too late."

And his biographer remarks upon this letter :—

"To plough, and sow, and reap were poetic labours, compared to the dusty toil of a flax dresser: with the lark for his companion, and the green fields around him, his spirits rose, and he looked on himself as forming a part of creation: but when he sat down to the brake and the hackle, his spirits sank, and his dreams of ambition vanished."

His father died; and the melancholy

of the poet was increased almost to despair; but he did not wholly give way to grief, for we find him and his brother, in 1784, collecting together the little property which law and misfortune had spared, and taking the farm of Mossiel near Mauchline, consisting of an hundred and eighteen acres, at an annual rent of ninety pounds:—

“ Their mother superintended the dairy and the household, while the Poet and Gilbert undertook for the rest. ‘It was,’ observes the latter, ‘a joint concern among us: every member of the family was allowed wages for the labour performed; my brother’s allowance and mine was seven pounds per annum, and his expenses never in any year exceeded his slender income. His temperance and frugality were every thing that could be wished.’ ”

The picture may still be dwelt upon with pleasure: it represents the youth of an industrious, affectionate, and pious farmer, struggling against misfortune, and strong in resolution and virtue. But, alas for himself! here we begin to have intimation that he was known in the neighbourhood in another character—that of a *maker of rhymes*; and from this period we have to survey the dark career of one who delighted a nation at the expense of his own happiness.

We must now turn to a very different scene. George Crabbe was the son of a man of the same name with himself, who filled the humble office of collector of salt duties in the borough of Aldborough, in Suffolk. He was born in the year 1754, and was the eldest of six children. The salt master, as his father was called in the neighbourhood, was a man of vigorous intellect, but of fierce ungovernable passions, and while he attended in some degree to the instruction of his family, he failed in the most essential duty of a parent, that of affording a good exemplification of his precepts, in the practice of his own life. His conduct became at last so insupportable, that his wife, a mild and religious woman, was obliged some time before her death to separate herself from him, and to withdraw a portion of her family into retirement with her. Hence it may be concluded that our poet’s life at this time was by no means a happy one,

and that while his natural amiability of disposition led him to bear many humiliations unmurmuringly, a similarity of temper to his father caused his feelings of resentment on such occasions to be more commonly smothered than extinguished within his breast. It will be seen by the following extract, that while he had undoubtedly fewer advantages than Burns, his early education took somewhat of a similar turn. His son and biographer says—

“ My father was, indeed, in a great measure, self-educated. After he could read at all—and he was a great favourite with the old dame who taught him—he was unwearied in reading; and he devoured without restraint whatever came into his hands, but especially works of fiction—those little stories and ballads about ghosts, witches, and fairies, which were then almost exclusively the literature of youth, and which, whatever else might be thought of them, served, no doubt, to strike out the first sparks of imagination in the mind of many a youthful poet. Mr. Crabbe retained, to the close of life, a strong partiality for marvellous tales of even this humble class. In verse he delighted, from the earliest time that he could read. His father took in a periodical work, called ‘Martin’s Philosophical Magazine,’ which contained, at the end of each number, a sheet of ‘occasional poetry.’ The Salt-master irreverently cut out these sheets when he sent his magazines to be bound up at the end of the year; and the ‘Poet’s Corner’ became the property of George, who read its contents until he had most of them by heart. The boy ere long tried to imitate the pieces which he thus studied; and one of which, he used to say, particularly struck his childish fancy by this terrible concluding couplet—

‘ The boat went down in flames of fire,
Which made the people all admire.’

“ Mild, obliging, and the most patient of listeners, he was a great favourite with the old dames of the place. Like his own ‘Richard,’ many a friendly

‘ Matron woo’d him, quickly won,
To fill the station of an absent son.’

He admired the rude prints on their walls, rummaged their shelves for books or ballads, and read aloud to those whose eyes had failed them, by the winter evening’s fireside.”

In his eleventh or twelfth year

it was determined that he should adopt the profession of surgery, but some time elapsed before a situation as apprentice could be found for him, and the interval he spent partly in following his own solitary musings by the sea-shore, and partly in the abhorred labour of *piling up butter and cheese* in a warehouse on the quay of Slaughden, a drudgery in which his father not unfrequently shared. At length Crabbe, described as being at that time "a low spirited, gentle lad," was apprenticed at some distance from home, to a surgeon-apothecary; but owing to his master having thought fit to employ him for a much more considerable portion of his time at the spade in the field, than at the knife or the pestle at home, he was removed to another situation, about seventeen miles from his native town; and in the vicinity of his new residence it was that he first met Miss Sarah Elmy, a woman destined to be his chief source of happiness through a large portion of his after life.

He was now in his eighteenth year, and here we find him commencing his career as a versifier.—To what account was this nascent talent to be turned by the unconscious poet? It was destined to be his happiness and blessing, just as surely as a similar gift was to be the bane of Burns. And yet we cannot but be struck with the manifest advantage apparent hitherto on the side of the latter, viewing the youth of both with the eyes of speculators into their chances of success in life, moral as well as what may be termed worldly. The one formed a part of the religious household of a farmer, in a secluded district of the most moral and enlightened country upon earth. His disposition was ardent and affectionate, and both qualities were drawn out by the worth of his family, and the difficulties he had to encounter to minister to their support. The other was the puny, imaginative offspring of a rough-spun burgher in a smuggling village in England; discontented and unsuccessful, and seemingly unfitted, in talent or disposition, to combat with the difficulties of his lot.

The next act that opens upon us discovers each in his hour of trial; and here the points of similarity begin to be less apparent, and those of con-

trast to strengthen. We return to Scotland. Burns, now known in his neighbourhood as a "maker of songs," as well as a seducer of young hearts, had made an acquaintance with a lass of the name of Jean Armour, the daughter of a devout old master-mason in Mauchline, a young woman who, as his biographer says, "was distinguished less for the beauty of her person than for the grace of her dancing and the melody of her voice." He became attached to her after the loss of his celebrated "Highland Mary;" and their intimacy, which was private on account of the rigid religious prejudices of her father, ripened into such a familiarity, that in a short time poor Jean promised to become a mother before she had become a wife. In protracted courtships there is always danger, and in the poet's words:—

"Wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
Wha can prudence think upon,
And see in love as I am?"

Burns had no present fortune, and, no prospect of any; for his farm was disadvantageously situated, "lying," as Cunningham describes it, "high, upon a cold, wet bottom;" and his passion for rhyming had prevented his supplying this deficiency of natural advantages by labour and assiduity. His mind grew dark as he looked forward; and, to complete his distress, Jean Armour's father spurned his miserable child from his feet, where she had cast herself, imploring forgiveness; and in his anger snatched from her the written engagement the lovers had entered into, and cast it into the fire before her face, forbidding her at the same time to hold further intercourse with him she called her husband, and commanding her to consider the alleged marriage as totally void. Burns, when he heard that she had permitted the only evidence of their union to be thus destroyed, suffered a brief period of agony, such as can be ill described, and then resolved to set out for the western hemisphere, and court that fortune in a new world which he had so miserably failed of attaining in the old. He accordingly determined to publish a volume of poems to enable him to get across to Jamaica, to obtain there, if possible, some humble office on a planter's estate.

He mentioned the plan to several of his friends, and to their honour be it said, they supported him with zeal in the trying hour of adversity.

"There is little merit in discovering and befriending genius when Fame is sounding her trumpet, and crying, 'Behold the man whom the king delighteth to honour!' but to mark talents, and aid them when the possessor is struggling out of darkness into light, shews either great generosity or a fine judgment, or both."

He was enabled, through the assistance of these kind friends, to enter into terms with a printer at Kilmarnock; and with these unambitious motives it was that the future star of Scotland first struggled from obscurity. In the month of July, 1786, the poems were published.

"The whole impression was soon disposed of; the fears of 'Wee Johnnie,' the printer, a neat remuneration, were allayed, and twenty pounds and odd remained in the pockets of the wondering bard, after defraying all expenses. The first use he made of his good fortune was to renew his application for a situation in the West Indies, and lay aside a sum sufficient to waft him over the sea."

The little surplus was soon diminished to a sum barely sufficient to waft him across the sea; he was still strong in his determination to go; notwithstanding the entreaties of some of his friend,—and on the twenty-second of November he wrote "the last song, as he imagined, he was to measure in Caledonia."

"The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr."

At this critical moment a letter from a worthy man, a Dr. Blacklock, to a friend of his, which came into Burns's hands, decided his fate. It exhorted the poet, in animated terms, to attempt another edition of his works, passing at the same time a handsome eulogium upon them.

"'This encouragement,' says Burns, 'fired me so much, that away I posted to Edinburgh, without a single acquaintance or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star that had so long shed its

blasting influence on my zenith for once made a revolution to the nadir.'"

Here Lord Glencairn soon took him by the hand, and prevailed upon Creech, a bookseller of some celebrity, to become the publisher of the contemplated edition of the poems, on terms advantageous to Burns.

"The poet stipulated to receive one hundred pounds for the copyright of one edition, with the profits of the subscription copies. A prospectus was drawn out, a vast number printed and circulated over the island, and subscriptions came pouring in with a rapidity unknown in the history of Scottish genius."

In a few months no less than *two thousand eight hundred and odd* copies were subscribed for. He was now "*the poet*," and was introduced by his noble patron to the society of the great and the literary, where he became at once "the observed of all observers." The grand climacteric of his life was past, and from the poor neglected husbandman of Kyle, he found himself in a few months the cherished bard of his country.

"Of the manners and appearance of Burns in Edinburgh much has been written and said; every step which he took to the right or to the left has been noted; the company which he kept has afforded matter for philosophic speculation, and his sayings and doings have found a place in the memoranda of the learned, and in the memories of the polite. Even when weighed in the balance of acquired taste and artificial manners, the poet was scarcely found wanting: he was come of a class who think strongly, speak freely, and act as they think. The natural good manners which belong to genius were his: but accustomed to hold argument with his rustic compeers, and to vanquish them more by rough vigour than by delicate persuasion, he had some difficulty in schooling down his impetuous spirit into the charmed circle of conventional politeness. That he sometimes observed and sometimes neglected this, is natural enough; the fervid impatience of his temper hurried him into the van at times when his post was in the rear. He had too little tolerance for the stately weak and the learnedly dull; and holding the patent of his own honours immediately from God, he scarcely could be brought to pay homage to honours arising from humbler sources.

"But if he refused to be tame in the society of the titled and the learned, he was another being in the company of the fair and the lovely. His poetry at first sprung from love; and though ambition now claimed its share, the softness and amenity of the purer passion triumphed, and with the lovely he was all pathos and persuasion, gaiety and grace. His look changed, his eye beamed milder, all that was stern or contradictory in his nature vanished when he heard the rustle of approaching silks: charmed himself by beauty, he charmed beauty in his turn. In large companies the loveliness of the north formed a circle around where he sat; and with the feathers of duchesses and ladies of high degree fanning his brow, he was all gentleness and attention. The Duchess of Gordon said that Burns, in his address to ladies, was extremely deferential, and always with a turn to the pathetic or the humorous which won their attention; and added, with much naïveté, that she never met a man whose conversation carried her so completely off her feet. He who was often intractable and fierce in the presence of man, grew soft and submissive in the company of woman: this was neither unobserved or unrewarded. When, in his latter days, many men looked on the setting of the star of Burns with unconcern or coldness, the fair and the lovely neither slackened in their admiration or their friendship."

We now travel southward to George Crabbe, whom, as our readers may recollect, we left an incipient wooer, and surgeon. His father's habits degenerated into an irregularity more and more insupportable every day, and a weary ten months which the son passed in London, under the shew of improving himself in his profession, derived their only solace from holding him removed from domestic misery. He returned, however, to Aldborough, and after some time was induced by his friends to set up for himself as surgeon and apothecary. Here misfortune still persecuted him with the bitterness of a step-mother's hate, nor were his miseries substantially alleviated by the attentions of some officers of a temporary garrison in the town, who fancied they discovered in the youthful practitioner something above the ordinary intelligence of a provincial tradesman. He felt the misery of being incompetent to the duties of his profession. We can

scarcely conceive any thing more wretched than the state of mind described in the following passages:

"The sense of a new responsibility pressed sorely and continually on his mind; and he never awoke, without shuddering at the thought, that some operation of real difficulty might be thrown in his way before night. Ready sharpness of mind and mechanical cleverness of hand are the first essentials in a surgeon; and he wanted them both, and knew his deficiencies far better than any one else did."

"There can scarcely be a more severe trial than for one conscious of general superiority to find himself an object of contempt, for some real and palpable defects. With a mind infinitely above his circumstances, he was yet incompetent to his duties, both in talent and knowledge; and he felt that the opinion of the public, in this respect, was but too just."

It was under the pressure of these feelings that he formed a resolution of going up to London once more, and seeking his fortune there as a literary adventurer. He had published some trifles in a corner of *Wheble's Magazine* in the country, and was always sustained by the enthusiastic praise of Miss Elmy, now pledged to him heart and hand. What obstacles cannot genius surmount under such encouragement!

He entered the great metropolis without possessing a single friend within its vast circuit, having but one acquaintance there—a person of a rank too humble to assist him, and with but *three pounds* in his pocket—a considerable portion of which he expended without hesitation, in the purchase of a *fashionable tye wig*. As it may be anticipated, his little funds were soon exhausted, and actual penury and starvation began to stare him in the face. The hardships which he suffered at this period may be imagined from the following circumstance:

"On one occasion, he had walked farther than usual into the country, and felt himself too much exhausted to return to town. He could not afford to give himself any refreshment at a public house, much less to pay for a lodging; so he stretched himself on a mow of hay, beguiled the evening with *Tibullus*, and, when he could read no longer, slept there till the morning."

The reader will here be forcibly reminded of that most instructive piece of biography, perhaps, that has ever been written—the life of Savage. But he will not fail to observe that in the case of Crabbe, misfortune wanted the sting with which a consciousness of its being merited arms it, and accordingly it happened as a consequence, that instead of crushing and finally extinguishing the powers of his intellect, adversity only roused them to a vigour and activity that ultimately set its malignant influence at defiance.

The youthful adventurer, meanwhile, was industrious and regular. He felt a consciousness, although a modest one, of possessing talents, and he applied himself with the most unwearied assiduity to turn them to account. His friend, Mr. Bonnycastle, said many years after, in speaking of that season of adversity, in the difficulties of which he himself had been a sharer—

“He never suffered his attention to be diverted for a moment by the novelties with which he was surrounded at that trying period; but gave his whole mind to the pursuit by which he was trying to live.”

He made several attempts to induce publishers to accept of his performances, but was uniformly unsuccessful. In the mean time he perceived that he *must* have some speedy pecuniary supply, to insure him from the horrors of a prison. Having failed in his overtures to the printers, he turned his eyes to those eminent individuals who were generally considered as liberal patrons of literature. He applied in succession to Lord Shelborne, Lord North, and Lord Chancellor Thurlow, but without success. In the instance of the last named nobleman in particular, the cold rejection of his first application, and the still more chilling silence with which a subsequent remonstrance was received by the talented and discriminating Chancellor, smote him to the heart; and had we not the evidence of a journal which he kept at the time, and a private note-book, we should say that even Burns, for the last time beside the “bonny banks of Ayr,” was in an enviable situation compared with him. But our compassion becomes almost envy when we cast our

eyes over these interesting documents. The gay sincerity, the happy light-heartedness, the noble perseverance apparent in the one, and the deep but rational devotion breathing through the other, speak of a mind that was its own reward, and are prophetic of that day which was so soon to burst unheralded upon his career.

One effort more was to be made, and that effort was destined to be successful. Virtue was at last to be triumphant, and that talent which was spurned from the doors of the wealthy and the noble, it was reserved for *our own fellow countryman*, one of the first men of his time, and, “in capacity and energy of mind, one of the greatest of human beings,” Edmund Burke, to discover and reward. To him the young poet addressed the letter which decided his fate in life. It is too remarkable to be mutilated—we give it entire:—

“TO EDMUND BURKE, ESQ.

“SIR,—I am sensible that I need even your talents to apologise for the freedom I now take; but I have a plea which, however simply urged, will, with a mind like yours, Sir, procure me pardon: I am one of those outcasts on the world, who are without a friend, without employment, and without bread.

“Pardon me a short preface. I had a partial father, who gave me a better education than his broken fortune would have allowed; and a better than was necessary, as he could give me that only. I was designed for the profession of physic; but not having wherewithal to complete the requisite studies, the design but served to convince me of a parent's affection, and the error it had occasioned. In April last, I came to London, with three pounds, and flattered myself this would be sufficient to supply me with the common necessities of life, till my abilities should procure me more; of these I had the highest opinion, and a poetical vanity contributed to my delusion. I knew little of the world, and had read books only: I wrote, and fancied perfection in my compositions; when I wanted bread, they promised me affluence, and soothed me with dreams of reputation, whilst my appearance subjected me to contempt.

“Time, reflection, and want, have shown me my mistake. I see my trifles in that which I think the true light; and, whilst I deem them such, have yet the

opinion that holds them superior to the common run of poetical publications.

"I had some knowledge of the late Mr. Nassau, the brother of Lord Rochford; in consequence of which, I asked his Lordship's permission to inscribe my little work to him. Knowing it to be free from all political allusions and personal abuse, it was no very material point to me to whom it was dedicated. His Lordship thought it none to him, and obligingly consented to my request.

"I was told that a subscription would be the more profitable method for me, and therefore endeavoured to circulate copies of the enclosed Proposals.

"I am afraid, Sir, I disgust you with this very dull narration, but believe me punished in the misery that occasions it. You will conclude, that, during this time, I must have been at more expense than I could afford; indeed, the most parsimonious could not have avoided it. The printer deceived me, and my little business has had every delay. The people with whom I live perceive my situation, and find me to be indigent and without friends. About ten days since, I was compelled to give a note for seven pounds, to avoid an arrest for about double that sum which I owe. I wrote to every friend I had, but my friends are poor likewise; the time of payment approached, and I ventured to represent my case to Lord Rochford. I begged to be credited for this sum till I received it of my subscribers, which I believe will be within one month: but to this letter I had no reply, and I have probably offended by my importunity. Having used every honest means in vain, I yesterday confessed my inability, and obtained, with much entreaty, and as the greatest favour, a week's forbearance, when I am positively told, that I must pay the money or prepare for a prison.

"You will guess the purpose of so long an introduction. I appeal to you, Sir, as a good, and let me add, a great man. I have no other pretensions to your favour than that I am an unhappy one. It is not easy to support the thoughts of confinement; and I am coward enough to dread such an end to my suspense.

"Can you, Sir, in any degree, aid me with propriety?—Will you ask any demonstrations of my veracity? I have imposed upon myself, but I have been guilty of no other imposition. Let me, if possible, interest your compassion. I know those of rank and fortune are

teased with frequent petitions, and are compelled to refuse the requests even of those whom they know to be in distress: it is, therefore, with a distant hope I ventured to solicit such favour; but you will forgive me, Sir, if you do not think proper to relieve. It is impossible that sentiments like yours can proceed from any but a humane and generous heart.

"I will call upon you, Sir, to-morrow, and if I have not the happiness to obtain credit with you, I must submit to my fate. My existence is a pain to myself, and every one near and dear to me are distressed in my distresses. My connections, once the source of happiness, now embitter the reverse of my fortune, and I have only to hope a speedy end to a life so unpromisingly begun: in which (though it ought not to be boasted of) I can reap some consolation from looking to the end of it. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect, your obedient and most humble servant,

"GEORGE CRABBE."

When Edmund Burke received this letter, he was in the forefront of parliamentary opposition, and in no very affluent private circumstances; and yet the next day found him in his closet with the hitherto friendless adventurer, looking over and kindly criticizing his compositions, inquiring with interest into his circumstances and history, and offering him every encouragement that an appreciation of his talents and worth could excite. In short, in a few days a selection of his poems was carried to Dodsley the bookseller, and put into the press; he was himself taken to Beaconsfield, Mr. Burke's residence near London, where he was at once domesticated and caressed; was introduced to Fox, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and others of the leading men of the day, including the now obsequious Lord Chancellor Thurlow; and finally, at the end of a few months from the time of his despairing application to his patron, that friend had him *ordained and appointed curate of his native borough of Aldborough*. He went down with an overflowing heart to kneel for his parent's blessing, and to clasp in his arms the object of his constant and virtuous affection.—And here closes *his* scene of trial; a trial more arduous, as it appears to us, more undeserved, and more nobly borne than that of his brother bard of Scotland; but

leaving him in precisely a similar situation, that of a man suddenly raised from want to comparative affluence, from obscurity to some degree of literary fame.

We now approach the third act of our drama, extending over a long though unequal period in the history of both poets, and concluding with their lives. The outline must necessarily be brief. Robert Burns was the idol of society in Edinburgh. Another edition of his poems had a success at that time unprecedented in the annals of literary adventure. Its sale extended to the remotest regions of the earth where the English tongue was understood, and wherever it was sent, the meed of unqualified approbation was bestowed upon it. The author was courted and caressed, nor did this unparalleled *succes de société*, perhaps the most intoxicating draught in life's feast, ever cause him to discover in his most unguarded moments the uncultivated rudeness of his hereditary station, or beget in him that air of insolent superiority so often assumed by those whose sphere of life has been suddenly and unexpectedly exalted. With the choicest spirits of the north, he conversed on terms of perfect equality, and Lord Monboddo, the historian Robertson, the Duchess of Gordon and others, vied with each other in the expression of their sentiments towards him. In the instance of the latter—the accomplished duchess—it was even said that admiration had grown into a still warmer feeling. Certain it is, on the authority of Mr. Cunningham, that at a later period, when the sterner sex had begun to look cold upon him—to assert its own *caste* and condemn his intrusion upon it, the galaxy of beauty formed around him in his prosperity, still clove to him within the shadow of his misfortunes, cheering and illuminating his latest hours, as it had inspired his earliest lay.

Burns retired for a season to his native Mauchline, and on this occasion at least he shewed that however the society of the great and the gifted might have *refined his ideas*, as it is called, or disturbed his head, his heart and early feelings remained untainted with Edinburgh. He remembered with pain the grief and anguish he had caused to a poor country lass, and he determined to make her the only reparation in his power. He still saw the charms in

Jean Armour that constancy and suffering but enhanced, and he despised her not in his heart. She had gone through much tribulation since the days of his humility; and might say in the affecting words of one whose company had brought both joy and woe:

" My father put me frae his door,
My friends they hae disowned me a',
But I hae aye will take my part—
The bonnie lad that's far awa.' "

He re-married her, and immediately introduced her to his friends, both by person and letter. All his correspondence at this period breathes the spirit of virtuous affection and resolve, and we might augur well of him from dwelling upon this part of his history. But unfortunately—and here lies the moral of our drama—Burns wanted an *object in life*—and he was moreover destitute of that *religious principle* which his parents had laboured to inculcate, and which would have reconciled him to misfortune, if it had not the power to lend him that inward strength which would have raised him above its influence. He was no longer a husbandman—he was a rhymers, and dependent upon rhyming for his bread, and his proud soul could ill brook dependence of any kind, even upon *himself*. How different from poor Crabbe! His marriage was, I fear, the last act of his life on which the biographer can dwell with pleasure. From thenceforward the picture deepens in shadow, and our feelings are sorrow and commiseration to the end of the painful narrative.

He was placed in a well stocked but ill chosen farm in Nithsdale, and set himself with temporary assiduity to its cultivation. On every visit to Edinburgh he was less of a novelty, and consequently less noticed. A situation in the excise, which had been procured for him, gave colour to his absence from home. His habits of intemperance were not to be concealed even from those to whom such ignorance would have been the greatest blessing; and although some of his noblest effusions were the work of his latter days, yet in all but the spirit of song he was sunk miserably in the estimation of the world, his friends, and even of *himself*. If ever a fall could be excused, it would be in the instance of Burns. Full of headstrong passions, as well as of inspi-

ration, and conscious of the presence of both, even to glorying in them; haunted, besides, by a melancholy which yielded to nothing but the influence of social excitement; placed by fortune in the most dispiriting penury at home, while his talents found him welcome at the table of the affluent and the refined abroad; dragged by the solicitations of his admiring country from the plough to which he was bred, and by which he might have realized an honest independence, to the novel and seducing pleasures of cultivated society: and when he had yielded to the flattering entreaties of sages and nobles, and sacrificed to them his natural prospects in life, coldly repulsed from the door to which their inconsiderate selfishness at last dragged him; wounded to the very soul by the serpent-tooth of ingratitude, which was rendered more insufferable from his own stubborn pride and keen sense of wrong; wanting, moreover, that higher dependence from which he had too much shaken himself in his youth, and which alone would have had the power to bear him up above such accumulated troubles—when we consider all this, can we be surprised that the scene of his death, which a very few years brought round, presents little else but an unrelieved picture of bodily and mental suffering? Both, alas! we have to contemplate, with the additional pang caused by being obliged to acknowledge, in spite of the amiable extenuation of his biographer, that the first was sharpened by his own excesses, and that his reflections derived additional bitterness from the state of penury in which he was about to leave his family, and the loud knockings of an awakened conscience.

In the year 1796, Burns, now but in his thirty-eighth year, having given up his farm in Nithsdale, and established himself and his family in a small house in the town of Dumfries, found himself sinking in health; and, after many fruitless attempts to shake off the malady, was forced to confess, with darkened brow, that his disease was past mortal skill and mortal hope. In

July he was recommended sea-bathing. He tried it—and the result of the experiment may be gathered from the following letter to his biographer's father:—

“Alas! my friend, I fear the voice of the Bard will soon be heard among you no more. For these eight or ten months I have been ailing, sometimes bedfast and sometimes not; but these last three months I have been tortured with an excruciating rheumatism, which has reduced me to nearly the last stage. You would actually not know me if you saw me. Pale, emaciated, and so feeble as occasionally to need help from my chair—my spirits fled—fled—but I can no more on this subject. I beg you to use your utmost interest, and that of all your friends, to move our Commissioners of Excise to grant me my full salary. If they do not grant it, I must lay my account with an exit truly *en poëte*—if I die not of disease, I must perish with hunger.’ *The Excise refused this last humble boon.*”

The poet was reduced to beg for five pounds to pay the expenses consequent on his wife's* confinement. *The last letter, according to some, he ever wrote, contained this request.* How melancholy is the reflection, that he who was formed of pride, should die a beggar! Yet so it was; and the laureate yielded up the ghost without the expiring thought of other days leading him, like the Roman, even “to adjust his mantle” ere he fell.

“His little household presented a melancholy spectacle: the poet dying; his wife in hourly expectation of being confined; four helpless children wandering from room to room, gazing on their miserable parents, and little of food or cordial kind to pacify the whole or soothe the sick. To Jessie Lewars, all who are charmed with the poet's works are much indebted: she acted with the prudence of a sister and the tenderness of a daughter, and kept desolation away, though she could not keep disease.—‘A tremor,’ says Maxwell, ‘pervaded his frame; his tongue, though often refreshed, became parched; and his mind, when not roused by conversation, sunk into delirium. On

* Mrs. Burns survived her husband thirty-eight years, respected, and in easy circumstances; and died *within the last month*, in the town in which she had first entered upon her widowhood.

the second and third day after his return from The Brow, the fever increased and his strength diminished. On the fourth day, when his attendant held a cordial to his lips, he swallowed it eagerly—rose almost wholly up—spread out his hands—sprang forward nigh the whole length of the bed—fell on his face and expired.”

He was carried out, and, as belonging to a regiment of local militia, was somewhat inappropriately interred with military honours. Cunningham says—

“His interment took place on the 25th July; nor should it be forgotten, in relating the poet’s melancholy story, that, while his body was borne along the street, his widow was taken in labour and delivered of a son, who survived his birth but a short while.”

“I mingled with the mourners. On reaching the grave into which the poet’s body was about to descend, there was a pause among them, as if loth to part with his remains; and when the first shovel-full of earth sounded on the coffin-lid, I looked up, and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual.”

“Thus lived and died Robert Burns, the chief of Scottish Poets. He seems to have been created to shew how little classic lore is required for the happiest flights of the muse—how dangerous to domestic peace burning passions and touchy sensibilities are—and how divinely a man may be inspired, without gaining bread or acquiring importance, in the land his genius adorns.”

Such are the concluding remarks of a biographer, who is, in most instances, chargeable with over indulgence rather than severity. They are so just, and so precisely applicable to our present purpose, that we have adopted them in preference to any observations of our own.

In returning to Crabbe, our closing act extends over a still greater space.

We left him in the year 1781, a youth but twenty-seven years of age, and just raised from penury to comfort, from despair to confident hope. The short notice of his after life which we have to give, passes over a period of *half a century*. His youth was miserable, but it was not corrupt; his trial was severe, but it was short, and borne unflinchingly; and even in this world his long and happy career commenced his reward.

After a short time, his faithful friend, Burke, who conceived that he had not yet done enough for him, obtained for him the situation of domestic chaplain in the Duke of Rutland’s family. To this was added next year, by *Lord Chancellor Thurlow*, two small livings in Dorsetshire; and on the death of the Duke of Rutland, which happened shortly after in Ireland, the widowed Duchess procured for him, through the same interest, two livings of superior value in the vale of Belvoir. Mr. Crabbe was now united to the object of his early choice, and at this time experienced a happiness as much without alloy as it is possible for earthly happiness to be. He had published successively “*The Village*,” “*The Library*,” and “*The Newspaper*,” and increased his fame with each publication. A young family was growing up around him to enliven and cheer his home. He had sufficient leisure to pursue with ardour his favourite studies, botany and natural history, while he allowed nothing to interfere with what he knew to be his business—the spiritual and temporal relief of his parishioners. His ambition was so moderate, or rather so much above that of a hunter after popularity or publicity, that a space of *twenty-two years* elapsed after the publication of “*The Newspaper*,” before he again appeared in print as the author of “*The Parish Register*,” and *twenty-eight years* till he resumed his place in London society. His son, the author of the memoir, speaks with great good sense and good feeling of this interval, with the pleasing associations connected with his first consciousness of existence, and how reason only confirmed the judgment of his heart.

“How delightful is it to recall the innocent feelings of unbounded love, confidence, and respect, associated with my earliest visions of my parents. They appeared to their children not only good, but free from any taint of the corruption common to our nature; and such was the strength of the impressions then received, that hardly could subsequent experience ever enable our judgments to modify them. Many a happy and indulged child has, no doubt, partaken in the same fond exaggeration; but ours surely had every thing to excuse it.”

It is needless to follow the biographer through the many honourable years that rolled over the head of the parish minister at Muston, his first rectory—at Glemham, to which he removed—and at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, where he was finally settled. The happiness of this long period was alloyed but by the death of his amiable consort, which happened in London in the year 1813. His literary character was long established, and he communicated occasionally with the most eminent characters of the time. Mrs. Leadbeater, Sir Walter Scott, and others, appear on the list of his correspondents. He again visited London in 1817; and, as appears by a journal which he kept at that time, was the favourite companion of all the persons of eminence at that period. Rogers, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Canning, Brougham, Lady Caroline Lamb, Campbell, Kemble, Lord Holland, John Murray, and Lord Lansdowne, were proud to be amongst the number of his acquaintances; and he was noticed even among these choice spirits for the vigour and versatility of his talent, as well as for the amiability of his character and the simple dignity of his manners. In 1822 he accepted of a pressing invitation from Sir Walter Scott, to pay him a visit in Edinburgh, and was resident in his house during the sojourn of the late king in that metropolis. Here he met the *clite* of what was intellectual in the modern Athens. The “supposed writers, or symposiasts, of the inimitable ‘Noctes Ambrosianæ,’” led by Professor Wilson, on the one hand, and on the other, the formidable phalanx of critics marshalled under the banners of Lord Advocate Jeffrey, were among the number of those he speaks of as having entertained him.

From 1823 to 1832, the sun declined pleasantly over the venerable poet. His circumstances were what he considered affluent, and he was happy in the establishment of his family. The son, who has performed the last duty of filial affection in writing the memoir before us, was established in a curacy near him, and contributed, with the rest of his children, to smooth the pillow of his latter years.

Mr. Crabbe, preparing to visit Hast-

ings towards the close of the year 1830 writes thus—

“‘I feel, in looking forward to this journey, as if there was a gulf fixed between us: and yet what are three or four weeks, when passed? When anticipated, they appear as if they might be productive of I know not what pleasures and adventures; but when they are gone, we are almost at a loss to recollect any incident that occurred. My preaching days are almost over. On the Sunday evening I feel too much like a labourer, who rejoices that his day's work is done, rather than one who reflects how it was performed.’”

The following letter proves more than a volume of description what the poet was at seventy-five:—

“‘TO THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

“‘MY DEAR SON,—I write (as soon as the post permits) to inform you that I arrived in the evening of yesterday, in nearly the same state as I left you, and full as well as I expected, though a rather alarming accident made me feel unpleasantly for some hours, and its effects in a slight degree remain. I had been out of the coach a very short time, while other passengers were leaving it on their arrival at their places; and, on getting into the coach again, and close beside it, a gig, with two men in it, came on as fast as it could drive, which I neither saw nor heard, till I felt the shaft aginast my side. I fell, of course, and the wheel went over one foot and one arm. Twenty people were ready to assist a stranger, who in a few minutes was sensible that the alarm was all the injury. Benjamin was ready, and my friends took care that I should have all the indulgence that even a frightened man could require. Happily I found them well, and we are all this morning going to one of the churches, where I hope I shall remember that many persons, under like circumstances, have never survived to relate their adventure. I hope to learn very shortly, that you are all well: remember me to all with you, and to our friends westward and elsewhere. Write—briefly if you must, but write. From your affectionate father,

“‘GEO. CRABBE.

“‘P.S.—You know my poor. Oram had a shilling on Sunday; but Smith, the bed-ridden woman, Martin, and Gregory the lame man, you will give to as I would; ray, I must give somewhat more than usual; and if you meet with my

other poor people, think of my accident, and give a few additional shillings for me, and I must also find some who want where I am, for my danger was great, and I must be thankful in every way I can.' "

His death was lingering, but happy. His children and his childrens' children were about his bed, and derived instruction and consolation from the scene. He had done duty in his parish church up to the third Sunday before his decease.—He spoke little.

"Among the intelligible fragments that can never be forgotten, were frequent exclamations of 'My time is short; it is well to be prepared for death.' 'Lucy,'—this was the affectionate servant that attended along with his sons—'dear Lucy, be earnest in prayer! May you see your children's children.' From time to time he expressed great fear that we were all over-exerting ourselves in sitting up at night with him; but the last night he said, 'Have patience with me—it will soon be over.—Stay with me, Lucy, till I am dead, and then let others take care of me.' Then again he became exhausted, or his mind wandered in a troubled sleep. Awaking a little refreshed, he held out his hand to us, saying—as if he felt it might be the last opportunity, 'God bless you—be good, and come to me!' Even then, though we were all overpowered, and lost all self-command, he continued firm. His countenance now began to vary and alter. Once, however, we had the satisfaction of seeing it lighted up with an indescribable expression of joy, as he appeared to be looking at something before him, and uttered these words, 'That blessed book!'"

"When the incessant presents and enquiries of his friends in the town were mentioned, he said, 'What a trouble I am to them all!' And in the course of the night, these most consolatory words were distinctly heard, 'All is well at last!' Lucy, who could scarcely be persuaded to leave him, day or night, and was close by him when he died, says that the last words he uttered were, 'God bless you—God bless you.'"

Such was the end of the poet.—The following was the last tribute to his memory :—

"The shutters of the shops in the town were half closed, as soon as his death was known. On the day of his

funeral, ninety-two of the principal inhabitants, including all the dissenting ministers, assembling of their own accord in the school room, followed him to the grave. The shops on this day were again closed; the streets crowded; the three galleries and the organ loft were hung with black cloth, as well as the pulpit and chancel. The choir was in mourning—the other inhabitants of the town were in their seats and in mourning—the church was full—the effect appalling. The terrible solemnity seems yet recent while I write. The leader of the choir selected the following beautiful anthem :—

'When the ear heard him then it blessed him;
And when the eye saw him, it gave witness of him.

He delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless,
and him that had none to help him:
Kindness and meekness and comfort were in his tongue.' "

As we withdraw from contemplating the termination of this good man's career, and turn to the deplorable end of the Scottish poet, we cannot but be struck when we consider that in *genius* the unfortunate was immeasurably superior to the successful bard. The question we are all ready to ask is, *what is this genius* which avails not to give happiness nor insure even respectability to its possessor? From whence does it spring, or to what end is it given? Alas! ask the Burns and the Byrons, and they will answer in their miserable lives and untimely deaths! In order to insure an honoured and successful career, *talent* must go hand in hand with *virtue*; and when it does, no opposing influence can at this day prevent it from being appreciated and rewarded.

Having thus brought the third act of our dramatic view to a conclusion, we feel that we have an apology to make to the public for sacrificing two little works, useful and interesting in themselves, to a particular object. We recommend our friends to read these books, particularly the life of Crabbe, which is written in so good and simple a spirit that we cannot avoid seeing much of the father's character in the son who is his biographer. Many scenes are well described, particularly those wherein the peculiarities of old English customs are brought before us—some interesting particulars relative to the publication of Crabbe's poems

are given ; and we are led to expect a valuable addition to literature in the forthcoming volumes, in several pieces of his which have never been published, or are long out of print.

Of the merit of Burns's life, considered as a piece of writing, we are not quite satisfied. It is put together by one who had every means of obtaining the best information, and who is, besides, intimately acquainted with that class of life and those local peculiarities with which Burns was conversant. With all these advantages we cannot help thinking, nevertheless, that the writer has fallen too much into the modern system, such as was adopted by Moore in his life of Byron, and deserted the style that was natural to him, for one which is not successful even in the hands of those who best understand its use. An anxious and harassing pursuit of the wild poet into the minutiae of his every day life, a scrutiny which poor Burns could bear by no means well—a constant endeavour to account for ideas which were unaccountable, because flowing from the imagination and eccentric character of the poet—all this is calculated neither to interest the reader, exhibit the bard to advantage, nor to instruct the world ; and we cannot help thinking the elaborate description of every little song he wrote, a topic occupying more than half the volume, more than ordinarily tedious. However, in spite of a few Scotticisms, the style of writing is good, possessing considerably more of vigour than the English clergyman has displayed in his composition. Many of the descriptions breathe much of the spirit of poetry, and the moral reflections are appropriate and just.

Our readers may be surprised that we have not said so much as a word upon the subject of *the poetry* of the bards, and that we have thrown our legitimate burthen—criticism—overboard. But we beg them to observe, that, in the first place, we gave notice of what our object was in the commencement of this paper—an object

quite distinct from, and, in our opinion, above that of criticism ; and to recollect, besides, that such observations are more appropriate to a review of the subsequent volumes, than the first of each work, which is devoted solely to the *life* of the poet. We hope to return, ere long, to the province which is more peculiarly ours ; and in taking up the other volumes, to draw the attention of the public to the *writings* by which both the one and the other have been so celebrated. In this duty we hope to be found unprejudiced by any observations we may have been induced to make upon their lives, being fully aware of the necessity of examining poetry upon its own merits, and not as illustrative of character, or influenced by any personal likings or dislikings—a light in which it has been too exclusively viewed by some. We know that posterity will only look to the fruits of genius, not to the watering or pruning that promoted their growth ; and it was under such a conviction that we so studiously avoided touching upon the writings of the bards, anxious as we were that the *man* and the *poet* should be kept apart, and that *head* and *heart* should be brought to separate and distinct tribunals.

We ought, perhaps, also to apologise for the arbitrary nature of the comparison we have drawn ; but the power with which talent acts upon that portion of the world that does not possess it, is so often applied in a pernicious direction, that to press it into some good service appeared to us to be an object well worth attempting, even at the risk of finding ourselves chargeable with want of judgment in doing so. As genius enhances the pleasures, so it increases the responsibilities of its possessor. It is not given for individual, but for general purposes ; it is a talent which must not be hid in a napkin, but put out to interest ; and we know from the highest authority that we shall be answerable for its use at the great moral adjustment of all things.

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do ;
Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues : nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

RAPTURES OF RIDING.

“ I will not ride—a horse is my abhorrence—
 A snorting, prancing, capering quadruped—
 What were legs made for if a man must ride?
 Ride he that will; I tell you I shall not:
 No, no, good John! shank's mare's the beast for me.”

The Travellers.

“ A kingdom for a horse!” A thousand times would I have given a kingdom to be off a horse. I never mounted one of the species, were it only a hobby, without sensations of the most dismal nature imaginable. They may talk as long as they like of the pleasure and healthfulness of riding—it has but one good effect on me—it always makes me think of futurity: never, I frankly own, am I half so serious as when I find myself what is called “well mounted.” The parson's horse has ten times more influence on me than his sermons. I have been a regular auditor of the latter, for the last ten or a dozen years, and I cannot say that they ever induced me to amend my life in a single particular. I was on his horse's back *only once*, and I made a resolution *then* against profane swearing which I have kept religiously ever since; so that one ride was better than upwards of five hundred discourses, for I suppose the efficacy of a preacher is to be measured by the practical improvement of his hearers.” “Well mounted!” What a perversion of the use of words! “Well mounted!” In what does the “*well*” consist, I should gladly be informed. *Well dressed* I can understand; *well fed* is intelligible; but *well mounted* is altogether past my comprehension, unless it is to be taken as a parallel phrase to *well cudgelled*, or *well kicked*. To be “well mounted” means nothing else in the world than to have a remarkably fair chance of getting one's neck broken. A man is said to be better and better mounted in proportion as that chance is greater and greater; and he is consequently *best* mounted when the chance of being dashed to pieces is a *maximum*, or as near certainty as it is possible

for a probability to approach. Why, Sir, did you ever know an equestrian in your life who was not mad after *spirited* horses? Now in what does a *spirited* horse differ from a *tame* one, but this—that the latter will let you get on his back with little or no opposition, and carry you sedately, soberly, and in *comparative* safety—I say *comparative*, for tame or spirited, I place no trust in one of them—to your journey's end; while the whole object of the former is *first* by kicking, prancing, plunging, and capering, to prevent you from mounting him, and *secondly*, (supposing the first part of his plan to have been abortive, which in my case, at least, it seldom is,) to get rid of you in the least possible time, and with the greatest practicable detriment to your person? People shudder at bears and tigers. I will venture to say that not all the wild beasts of the forest, including the four quarters of the world, have occasioned one twentieth part of the mischief to society, or caused one twentieth part of the loss of life and limb, that is to be attributed to the horse. At the Zoological Gardens, one day, I saw a lady in a *riding-habit*, (she had but a few minutes before been on *horse-back*) express the greatest alarm at an innocent wolf in a cage. Now was there ever such inconsistency known? It is pardonable, however, in a woman; but there is no excuse for men whatever; they pretend to superior understandings, and they ought to show it in their conduct. The late Mr. Kean was consistent in this particular: he liked to be *well mounted*; but then he slept every night with a *lion at his bed side*—he was not guilty of the incredible absurdity of quaking at *one* description of savage

animal, and at the very same time, cultivating the acquaintance, and trusting himself to the mercy of *another*. The ingratitude of the horse is quite disgusting. All who have any knowledge of the brute *allow* that the higher he is fed, *the more spirited* he becomes; that is to say, the more kindly he is treated, the more likely he is to break your leg with a kick, or pitch you over his head and fracture your skull. A noble animal truly! Aye, "noble animal" is the phrase—what a compliment to nobility! I have no doubt it was some Jacobin or Benthamite first called a horse a "*noble animal*." It was intended as a cut at the House of Lords.

Glory be to the inventor of steam travelling! I anticipate with raptures not to be uttered, the day when a man shall order his groom to have the kettle at the door at a certain hour, and take his constitutional ride on a courser which shall neither kick, nor curvet, nor lash, nor capricole, nor execute any one of those horrid movements and evolutions which render the horse species, in all its varieties, so justly odious. All the kettle can possibly do in imitation of its predecessor, is to foam at the mouth; there is an apparatus called a regulator, to prevent it from running away; and then its career will be confined to a rail-road, so as effectually to secure the rider from the danger he continually incurs at present, of being swept away over walls, gates, ditches, hedges, pigs, and old women, exactly as it may suit the sovereign will and pleasure of the ferocious and ungovernable quadruped between his legs. Caligula styled his horse a *consul*; but for my part I think horses in general are *dictators*; mine, at least, (whenever misfortune elevates me to the "bad eminence" of a saddle,) is always invested with that dignity. When steam-riding, however, becomes general, it will be quite another thing. Once guaranteed against all irregular and capricious modes of motion, I don't doubt but that I may hunt, or even ride a steeplechase. I shall very soon be as bold a kettle-man as any other gentleman of my weight; at present my hair literally stands erect on my head at the bare mention of a trot. No wonder! the wonder would be, if my feelings were of an agreeable nature. There

is no tie whatsoever between my steed and myself. There is no sympathy, no principle of connection; we feel towards each other like man and wife; we have but one sentiment in common—a hearty wish to part company the earliest opportunity that may present itself. Judge, then, how I must enjoy a ride! Were paradise conveyed to me in fee-simple, it would afford me no gratification were the grant saddled with the condition that I should ride but one half-hour in the day. I would not enjoy an excursion through Elysium, in company with Shakspeare, Spenser, and John Milton, on the back of the mildest and meekest palfrey that ever carried a girl. The gentlest of the race will snort, and toss his head, and paw the ground, and show *some* indication or another of *spirit*. It is the vice of the whole species, from Bucephalus to a cart horse. To be *spirited* is the nature of the animal, as it is that of a leopard to be spotted, or of an hyena to be ravenous. It were just as impracticable to eradicate this detestable quality out of the horse, as to teach a vulture to eat his carrion like a gentleman. Get me a horse that has *no spirit*—warrant him sound in this particular, and you may name your price—he is really worth "a kingdom." I once advertised for a steed of this sort. The advertisement ran thus:—

"Wanted by a gentleman who happens to have no fancy for a dislocated shoulder or a broken neck, a steady, safe, horse; the animal must be warranted to stand perfectly motionless while being mounted, never to exceed in pace a sober walk, and perfectly free from what is commonly called blood. A liberal price will be given, should the advertiser meet an animal to his taste. Applications to be made by letter, directed to Cadwallader Craven, Esq., Panic Hall, County Down."

In answer to this advertisement, I had some dozen communications from millers, dray-men, proprietors of hackney coaches and jaunting cars, and persons of similar description; but I never saw any thing that *entirely* pleased me: there were, no doubt, amongst the animals submitted to my inspection, some remarkably fine jades as ever I saw in my life; there was one magnificent garron from Black

Rock, which I recollect struck me particularly; but every one of them, even the garron, had some blemish or fault which (being in *my own way* as hard to please in horse flesh as any jockey in Ireland) I could not possibly overlook: one snorted, another had a dangerous trick of suddenly starting forward in a frightful small trot; a third had an uncontrollable ambition to keep pace with every waggon or dung cart that passed him on the road, and so on; the very best had got *some* blood in him; not even the steed who had been for the last ten years dragging six or seven fat butchers and bakers daily from Dublin to Black Rock, and from Black Rock to Dublin—not even *he* was unexceptionable; and “the short and the long of it” was, that not being as fearless a rider as Bellerophon of old, or Mr. Astley of our own days, I bought none of them, although the prices were so moderate, that I believe I might have secured a very respectable stud for a few pounds.

I have envied Mazeppa often. He had an uncomfortable ride of it, no doubt, in many particulars; but then he had *one* satisfaction, which I never experienced in all my life—he was in no danger of being thrown; he was as secure in his seat as any cabinet minister could wish to be; there was *a tie* between the horse and his rider; though the connection was perhaps agreeable to neither, still *it was a connection*; and in horsemanship as well as wedlock, since the parties must travel in company, any kind of attachment is better than none at all. There was never any absurdity half so ridiculous as that of the rule in the equestrian art, which prohibits a rider from grasping the pommel of the saddle in order to preserve his seat. In fact, it is against the laws of horsemanship to take the only way which, in nine cases out of ten, can be effectual to save one's life! Not grasp the pommel of the saddle! Why, how the deuce, Lalouette! is a man to stick on the brute's back?

“With your knees, to be sure, Mr. Craven!”

“With my knees!—that's a good one—thank you for that, Mr. Professor!—I owe you one—with my knees!—just as if I had got coblers wax on my knees, or as if my crural apparatus was made on the principle of a vice.

Have I not peeped into print-shops; have I not seen in Allen's and Waller's windows, whole series of pictures illustrative of the nonsense, the idiocy, the madness of depending on the knees, the stirrups, the bridle, or anything else in the world but the pommel of the saddle? Why do so many horrible accidents happen in fox-hunting? Simply because the sportsman is thinking of adhering to etiquette when he ought to be thinking of adhering to his horse; simply, because he takes *your* advice, Lalouette! and relies on his knees, instead of following *mine*, and placing his affiance in the pommel. Faith in the pommel, ought to be the horseman's religion. He that trusts in aught else is an infidel, and merits the damnation of a broken neck as well as if he walked in the ways of Voltaire and Paine, and he hath his desert. Methinks I see before me, at this moment, spread out as in a chart, the thousand mishaps, calamities, and disasters that befall the rash equestrian—disasters that are the very corollaries of the science of the “*menage*”—legitimate and irresistible conclusions from the principles of Professor Lalouette.

“A field of the slain rushes *red* on my sight!”

The plain is strewn with riders in scarlet jackets or hunting-frocks. One hero is impaled upon a stake in a fence; acute are his pangs; he thinks of the pommel, but it is too late! Another dangles from a branch of an oak which has interrupted his career, and detached him from his steed; he no longer thinks a horse the noblest of animals.—A third is stuck inextricable in a quickset hedge; his head reposes on a pillow of thorns; his heels describe circles in middle air; who can describe his agonies?—A fourth is dragged by the stirrup (the last remaining link that binds him to his amiable courser) through the mire of fifty soils and the slime and slough of a hundred ponds and ditches; he dies amid the execrations of young ducks, and the malisons of millions of routed tadpoles.—A fifth grovels in the lowest abysses of a quarry-hole, where it has pleased his spirited hunter to deposit him, until the general judgment: having no taste for geology, he bethinks him of the punch-bowl, but he never shall taste punch more.—A sixth—but 'twere as

easy to count the waves of the Atlantic as it breaks on the shores of Connemara, or the leaves of Shillelagh Forest that fall in November, or the children of apple-women that daily resign their lives under the rapid wheels of Doctor Morass's chariot, or anything else that is beyond arithmetic, as to enumerate all the appalling shapes in which death presents himself to those who, endowed with two trusty feet of their own, prefer to embark the precious cargo of life on the back of that four-footed monster of ferocity and perfidy ye clept a horse.

The sum of the whole matter, then, is this—all ye who love life, and would grow old in your easy chairs, eschew riding as Job did evil. Ride not at all. Why need a man gallop, or even canter to his grave? Rely upon it, you will reach that goal soon enough, though you perform the journey on foot. The progress of the pedestrian may be tardy, but it is tranquil and safe. It lieth through no duck-ponds and quickset hedges; it is crossed by no deep ravines and sharp fences; it terminates in no quagmires and gravel pits. The pedestrian goeth forth in the morning, and he returneth at night with all his limbs perfect and in their

proper places: his wife and children *recognise* him; his domestics seek him not in the abodes of frogs or otters; his dogs do not bark at him; in a word, his identity is preserved, his unity unsevered; he has still occasion for a pair of boots; and he is not under the unpleasant necessity, in consequence of his neck having been violently wrenched through an angle of one hundred and eighty degrees, of turning his face to an enemy, at the very moment when he is most anxious to present him with the diametrically opposite part of his person. I say, then, again, eschew riding; let no body, mau, or friend, tempt you to mount horse, mare, pony, palfrey, cob, nag, steed, courser, charger, switch-tailed or bob-tailed, black, brown, grey, chesnut, bay, or sorrell. That is my first precept. My second is this—you may follow it, though you disregard the first: when you *do* find yourself, by any fatality, upon horseback, never mind Lalouette, but grasp the pummel of the saddle with both hands, and with all your soul and strength. Let the science of horsemanship go to the deuce: what is all the world to a man if he is carried home on a door with a broken neck?

THE SCOTTISH SYSTEM OF POOR LAWS.

Shut out from all the world by the dark waters of the ocean, but divided from each other by a barrier no broader than the silvery current of an inland stream, are the ancient kingdoms of England and Scotland. The same billows that lash the tall cliffs of the one, roll round the low-browed beetling rocks of the other. The sceptre of the same monarch aways benignly over both; to both are laws administered by the same senate; and yet, though united, as it were, in close sisterhood by the original fiat of nature, they are held together by a bond no stronger than the slender link of a federal union. In few of those characteristics which serve to mark the members of the same state, have they any community. In religion, in laws, in institutions, in customs, they materially differ. In national character they are proverbially opposed.

For this apparent anomaly, no one is at a loss to account. It is the result of long centuries of estrangement and hostility. We are prepared to find it as it is; we should have cause for wonder did we find it otherwise. One striking point of contrast, however, is neither so readily recognized, nor so easily explained. That the laws and institutions of the two countries should differ, we are naturally led to expect; but that those very laws and institutions which in England are deprecated as the curse of society, and subversive of the best interests of the nation, should be precisely those under which Scotland enjoys her most valued privileges, we are not, at first, so ready to admit. Such, nevertheless, is indisputably the fact. From one end to the other is England at this moment ringing with bitter and incessant complaints, that her capital is consumed, the earnings of her industrious citizens wrested from their hands to pamper indolence and profligacy, the energies of her farmers paralyzed, the profits of her manufacturers swallowed up, and that an hundred additional evils are daily occurring and increasing under the in-

quitous system of the poor-laws. Cross but the channel of the silver-stranded Tweed, and you will hear a note upon a very different chord. It is the boast of every Scotsman who knows and values the institutions of his country, that the Scottish System of Poor Laws is the most benevolent in principle, the simplest in practice, and the least burdensome to the people, that could possibly have been devised! In England, not a year passes but the table of the House of Commons is loaded with petitions containing furious tirades against the obnoxious system of tithes, which is deprecated as being ruinous to every interest in the country, both civil and religious;—in Scotland the management of this generally unpopular tax is so admirably regulated, that one would scarcely know that tithes exist there at all. From committee reports, and parliamentary speeches, and wool-sack lamentations, we learn, that the cause of half the evils under which poor England groans, and of more than half the crimes which of late have stained her annals, is to be sought for in the want of a proper and efficient system of public education. In Scotland more than a century has elapsed since the adoption of the celebrated scheme of parochial schools;—those admirable institutions where the children of the poor are not taught, indeed, to be philosophers and Atheists, but where they learn what is much better fitted to make them useful members of society—patience, frugality, industry, and religion.

To what fortunate circumstances Scotland is indebted for her advantages in these particulars, it is not our present purpose to enquire. To superior political sagacity we are not disposed to admit at once the claim of her early legislators; neither are we so much imbued with the principles of St. Simonism as to be inclined to attribute the matter entirely to chance. Perhaps the real cause may be found in a happy combination of fortunate though fortuitous circumstances.

It is, however, a coincidence not a little remarkable, that while in Scotland the institutions to which we have alluded have grown up to perfection naturally, as it were, and without any effort, a sort of blighting fatality seems hitherto to have attended them in England, where, though their defects have long been recognised and lamented, the most anxious exertions of individuals, and a most painful and tedious process of legislation, have been alike unavailing in producing any amendment.

With the Poor Laws this is the case in a peculiar degree. Committees of enquiry without number have been appointed; act of parliament has succeeded act of parliament; local and general regulations of every description and degree have been adopted, and yet, the evils of the English system have constantly been encroaching. It is truly fearful to contemplate the yearly augmenting mass of paupers that batten on the public vitals, and the yearly accumulating sum required for their maintenance.* The land is taxed to the last farthing;† and the diligent and industrious inhabitants who live by honest labour and the sweat of their brow, are constrained in many cases to give more than half their earnings to supply the wants of indolence and vice. Were this heavy tax exacted for the purpose of relieving the needy objects of legitimate charity, there would be less room for complaint; but when it is considered that the English poor lists are for the greater part filled up by the names of the idle and the prodigate, the case becomes one of peculiar hardship. "The industrious farmer," says Mr. Townsend, "rises early, and it is late before he can retire to rest; he works hard and fares hard, yet with all his labour and care, he can do no more than provide a bare and meagre subsistence for

his numerous family. He would feed them better, but the prodigal must first be fed. He would clothe them warmer, but the children of the prostitute must first be clothed. The little that remains is all he can bestow on those, who in nature have the first claims upon a father."

The system of Scotland presents a very different aspect. For nearly a century and a half there have been no new legislative enactments. Instead of increasing, the aggregate number of poor, which was always comparatively small, is generally diminishing; and the burden of supporting them is so light as scarcely to be felt.‡ The people are industrious, because there is no premium held out to sloth; they are frugal, because they know that on their own unaided exertions they must depend for the necessaries of life; they are religious, for religion generally goes hand in hand with industry and frugality.

When we find the two systems differing so widely in their results, we are naturally led to expect a corresponding difference in the principles by which the operation of each is regulated. It is, however, as much perhaps in practice as in principle that the difference really exists; and it is a circumstance well worthy of remark, that for nearly two centuries the legislative enactments of both countries on the subject of the poor, were not only analagous, but almost verbally the same. The point of separation, from which is to be dated the degeneracy of the one, and the improvement of the other, can be accurately marked; and it had been well for England, if, in the various schemes of amendment from time to time proposed, this circumstance had been more attended to. In endeavouring to remove an evil, the first step in sound policy is to search for its source, and begin the reforma-

* According to recent official returns, the increase of the sum raised for Poor Rates in England during the year 1832, over that raised in 1831, is 343,712*l.* 10*s.* The total amount for the year 1832, is 8,622,920*l.* 4*s.*—nearly NINE MILLION STERLING!

† In some parishes the Poor Rates amount to upwards of TWELVE SHILLINGS in the POUND of Rack-rent.—*Report of the Parliamentary Commission for 1828.*

‡ There is no accurate statement of the proportional amount of the Poor Rate in Scotland. We have, however, pretty generally heard it reckoned at ONE PENNY in the POUND of Rent: one half paid by the landlord, the other by the tenant. This calculation assumes the average of all Scotland.

tion there. To cut and carve at its after ramifications is always futile, and often mischievous.

To point out the various advantages of the Scottish system, and to trace as accurately as we can the line of demarcation that divides it from the English, shall be the object of the following remarks.

Over all feudal and Christian Europe the main features in the history of pauperism are nearly the same. In early times, when laws were lax and ill administered, and when "the good old rule prevailed" of every one taking what he could, we may suppose that poverty did not exist to any very great extent. The aged and infirm found sustenance and an asylum in the monasteries and other religious establishments; while those "who had the power," made no scruple of supplying any deficiency in their own means, by helping themselves liberally to those of others. Like the worthy Monks of Melrose,

They neither wanted beef nor ale
As long as their neighbours' lasted.

It is well known, that in former times this predatory system was carried to a great extent both in Scotland and England; and accordingly, the earliest enactments to be found, in what may be strictly called the Poor Law codes of both countries, are directed solely against "thieves and sornares." The first recorded Scottish act is one passed in the reign of James I., in the year 1424. It is directed to the sheriffs of the different counties, who are ordered to take cognizance of all persons or companies "who shall sojourn on the kingis lieges, and to arreist sik folk, and challenge them, and tax the kingis skaith (damage) upon them." Some years previous to this, in the reign of Richard II., a similar act was passed

in England. It proceeds upon the narrative:—"Ordeignez est et assentuz par reesteindre la malice des diverse gentz faitours, de lieu en lieu currantz * * * qe desore les justices des assizes en lour sessions, les justices de la paix, et les viscontz en chescun contée, aient poair dénquere des toutz vagerantz et faitours, et de lour malfaitz, et ser eux faire ce qe la ley demande."

The main object of both these acts, it will be observed, is the suppression of thieves and idle vagrants. No mention whatever is made of the regular poor. A most important distinction, however, between those able to earn a livelihood by their own exertions, and those who from age or infirmity are obliged to have recourse to the charity of others, is introduced in a subsequent Scottish act of the same century. This act bears on the rubric:—"Of the age and mark of beggars and idle men;" and directs that "nae thiggers be thoiled (no beggars be permitted) to beg between the ages of fourteen and seventy years, *unless* it be seene by the councelles of the tounes or the lande, that they may not win their living otherwise; and that then they sal be thoiled to beg, and sal have a certaine takinne (badge) on them: and all beggars that have na takinnes, sal be charged be open proclamation to labour and passe to craftis for the winning of their living, under paine of burninge on the chiekie, and banishing the countrie." This is the earliest Scottish act in which the infirm poor are formally recognized. Still, however, no legal provision is made for their support. A privilege to beg their bread from place to place, is all that is allowed them.*

Some time previous to the passing of this act in Scotland, a distinction of the same nature was introduced in

* The custom of granting "begging licenses" was continued in Scotland till within a very recent period. Not more than twenty years ago, the "King's Beggars," or Bluegownsmen, as they were generally called, from the circumstance of their wearing a large blue cloak, furnished annually by the parish, were by no means unfrequent. At their breast dangled the metal badge which entitled them to perambulate the country; and round their middle, beneath the ample folds of the cloak, were suspended a variety of "awmous pocks," or bags, in which they deposited the contributions of the charitable. The alms given consisted usually of meal, and scraps of bread and meat; with, perhaps, a penny now and then to pay for lodgings, or to procure the luxury of tobacco. Each of these "Gaberlunzies" had his own particular circuit, and stated terms of return; and in hall and cottage was invariably received with welcome.

England by another statute of Richard II. The similarity of the provisions of the two acts is strikingly remarkable. That of England is couched in the following terms :—"Item accordez est et assentuz qe de chescun qi va *mendinant, et est able de servir on laborer, soit fait de lui come de celui qi depart des Hundredes et autres liex susdits sanz lettre testimoniale; et qe les mendinantz impotenz de servir demutgent es citées et villes on ils sont demurrantz al temps de proclamation de cet statut.*"

Severe in their provisions, however, as these acts for the suppression of vagrant beggars were, they do not seem to have produced the desired effect. Towards the middle of the fifteenth century, we hear of these "most contagious enemies of the common weel" becoming more and more formidable and numerous, and of their infesting the country in bands, "with horse, houndes, and uther gudis." In consequence of this alarming state of things, a variety of new and more rigid acts were passed both in Scotland and England. In Scotland, "sornares and masterful beggars" are ordained to be put in prison, and kept there as long as they have any thing of their own to maintain them. Their means of support being exhausted, they are next to have their "eares nailed to the trone or any uther tree, and then cuttit off." Lastly, they are to be banished the country; and if afterwards found within the district, they are forthwith to be hanged without farther process. The analagous English statutes ordain that "valiant and sturdy vagabonds" shall first be whipped and sent to the place where they were born, or last dwelt: and if they persist in their roguish course of life, they shall have the upper part of the gristle of their right ear cut off; and if after that they be still found in idleness, they shall be taken, adjudged, and hanged as felons.

Owing to the low moral condition of the people, it was probably found that even these punishments, harsh as they were, had not the effect of suppressing the disorderly gangs who infested the country. In both the

Scotch and English statute books there are numberless subsequent enactments, each inferring penalties more and more severe, till at last public beggars are ordained to be summarily put to death, as thieves and rieviers. No farther notice, however, was taken of the infirm poor, till the reigns of James IV. in Scotland, and of Henry VIII. in England. The Scottish statute* ordains the sheriffs and magistrates of burghs to allow none to beg within their bounds, "*except cruiked folk, seik folk, impotent folk, and weak folk.*" The English one† is directed to the justices of the peace, who are desired to divide themselves into districts, and to licence to beg within their respective precincts, all such "*poor, aged, and impotent persons*" as they shall consider most in need. Still no mention is made of any legal provision. The licence to beg is the only indulgence granted in either country. It was not till after the lapse of another half century that two acts were passed, by which the line of distinction between the able-bodied and the infirm poor was definitively drawn, and a compulsory assessment, in favour of the latter, for the first time ordained. These acts are nearly of the same date; that for Scotland being passed in the year 1579, and that for England in 1572. The respective provisions of both are strikingly analogous. The Scotch act‡ is entitled, "An act for the punishment of strang and idle beggars, and for the reliefe of the pure (poor) and impotent." The English one,§ "An act for the punishment of vagabonds, and for the relief of the poor and impotent." By the former, "the strang and idle beggars" are ordered to be "*scourged and burnt through the eare with ane hote iron*, EXCEPT some honest and respon-sal man will take and keep the offender in his service for a whole year; and if he be founden a second time in his vagabond and evil course of life, then, being apprehended of new, he shall be adjudged, and suffer the pains of death as a thief." By the latter all "vaga-bonds" are adjudged to be "*grievously whipped and burnt through the gristle of the right ear, with a hot iron* of the

* Act 1503, c. 70.

† 22 Henry VIII. c. 12. Anno 1530.

‡ Act 1579. c. 74.

§ 14 Elizabeth, c. 5.

compass of an inch, UNLESS some credible person will take the offender into his service for a year; and if he fall again into his roguish course of life, he shall be adjudged as a felon." The provisions made for the aged and infirm are the same in both acts. The justices and magistrates are ordered to make up correct lists of all whom they consider unable to work, and who "must of necessity be supported by alms;" and to provide for them suitable lodging and sustenance. To meet the expenses incurred in making those arrangements, both acts ordain an assessment to be apportioned and levied on the inhabitants of each parish.*

In precisely the same terms, then, and at the same time, was the principle of a compulsory provision for the poor first introduced in both countries. This seed, originally sown in benevolence, has produced in the one soil the fruits of corruption and oppression; in the other, it has grown up to be at once an ornament and a shelter. The cause of this is to be sought for in its subsequent history.

Shortly after the final triumph of the reformed religion in Scotland, the renowned Book of Discipline was compiled. The main object which the fathers had in view, in the compilation of this important volume, was to prescribe a fitting form of government for the newly established church, and to point out the different subjects that came especially under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Among the latter, "the pure, the scullis, and the ministry of the kirk;"† the two former of which were ever objects of Knox's peculiar care—are particularly mentioned. Accordingly, when under certain modifications the provisions of this famous

book were sanctioned by the legislature, we find a statute‡ by which the power of carrying into effect the laws and regulations relating to the poor is transferred from the civil magistrates to the parochial church courts, or, as they are provincially denominated, Kirk-Sessions. This is the first step in the progress of the Poor Laws of Scotland, to which we find nothing analogous in those of England. Whether the episcopalian form of church government was not so favourable to a change of this nature as the Presbyterian, we do not presume to decide. Certain it is, that in England to the present day, a cumulative and controlling jurisdiction remains in the hands of the justices and other civil magistrates; and to this circumstance we conceive is to be attributed many of the grievances that attend the operation of the English system.

Onward from this period, the close analogy which we have hitherto traced between the enactments of the two countries entirely ceases. About six years after the passing of the last mentioned Scottish Act, a new principle was introduced into the practice of England, which changed the entire spirit of the law, and gave a totally different direction to all subsequent legislation on the subject of the poor. The statute 43 Elizabeth, c. 2,§ deserting the distinction hitherto so anxiously drawn between the able-bodied and the infirm poor, lays on parishes an express obligation to provide for the former; not indeed with money, but what amounts to the same thing, with work for which money was to be paid. It ordains that the churchwardens and overseers of each parish shall provide work for "all children

* Among the various descriptions of "vagabonds" enumerated in the Scotch Act, there is one of rather a peculiar nature, viz.—"Vagabound *Schollers* of the Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Abirdene, not licensed by the Rector and Deane of Facultie of the University to aske almes." In one of Richard the Second's Acts, we find a similar class of beggars alluded to. The 12th of that Prince, c. 7, enacts, "Qé les clarks des Universities qi vont ensy mendinanz, aient lettres de tesmoigne de leur chancellor sur mesne le peyne." The "Scholar Mendicants" of Spain are well known: indeed a similar class seems to have existed in almost every country in Europe. We refer our readers to a rare and curious work on this subject, "Thomasius de Scholasticis Vagandis."

† The poor, the schools, and the clergy of the church.

‡ 1597, c. 272.

§ Passed in the year 1603.

whose parents are not *thought able* to maintain them,* and for "all such persons, married or unmarried, who have no means to maintain themselves, and who use no ordinary and daily mode of life to win their living by." The evils of this unfortunate provision were speedily felt. As long as work could be provided, it was well; but the number of applications soon increased to such a degree that it was found impossible to answer them all. The practice of giving money instead of work was therefore of necessity adopted. This, by affording an additional encouragement to indolence, only rendered matters worse. The number of paupers maintained by each parish made yearly and rapid increase. So early as the reign of Charles II.,† "the necessity, number, and continual increase of the poor had become very great and exceeding burdensome;"‡ and in the year 1699, King William declared from the throne, "that the increase of the poor had become a burthen to the kingdom, and that their loose and idle life had in a great measure contributed to that depravation of manners of which they had so much reason to complain." To arrest the progress of this still growing evil, frequent and reiterated attempts have been made. None of these, however, have struck at the *mischievous principle* from which the evil originally sprung, and all of them, therefore, have necessarily proved unavailing. Step by step has the grievance advanced, until England pays for the maintenance of her poor, A SUM EQUAL TO ONE FIFTH OF THE WHOLE BRITISH REVENUE! Step by step it is still advancing; and unless some timely and efficient remedy be adopted, no one

can foresee to what results it may ultimately lead.

While the unfortunate statute of Queen Elizabeth was producing these disastrous effects in England, the enactments of the Scottish Legislature continued to be regulated upon the old plan, and by the old principle. Subsequent to the year 1597,§ a variety of acts were passed, of the same general tendency as those already quoted. We find the same heavy complaints and severe provisions against "these strange and idle beggars, who are for the most part thieves, bairds, and counterfeit limmers, and who vaig about all the hail countrie, living most insolently and ungodly, without marriage or baptism," and the same permission to be granted to the aged and infirm. The act 1672, c. 18, however, introduces two new provisions of great importance. By the first of these, the heritors|| in each parish are appointed to act in concert with the Kirk sessions, in "making up the lists of the poor," and "in deciding who are the proper objects of relief, and who of punishment." The other is the important provision, that those individuals whose names are inserted in the lists, and who therefore constitute the paupers properly so called, "shall be maintained from the contributions made at the parish kirks." Should these contributions be found insufficient, it is provided that a given number of the paupers shall be furnished with badges or tickets, and allowed to beg.¶ This act was followed by four proclamations of the privy council,** which complete the statutory law of Scotland on the subject of the poor. These proclamations provide generally, that one half

* Instead of providing *work* for the children, it has long been the invariable practice to pay to the parent a certain sum of money for each child he has. In some parishes the children are rated at one shilling and sixpence a head.—*Parl. Com. Report for 1828.*

† Little more than half a century after the passing of Elizabeth's act.

‡ Preamble to 13 and 14 Charles II. c. 12.

§ The year in which the act was passed which placed the jurisdiction in the kirk-sessions.

|| Landowners.

¶ For this right of begging, an assessment, as statuted by 1579, c. 74, was afterwards introduced. This assessment, however, comes distinctly in place of the right of begging, and cannot, therefore, be resorted to until after the voluntary contributions are exhausted.

** Of date, August 11, 1692; August 29, 1693; July 31, 1694; and March 3, 1698: ratified by Acts of Parliament, 1693, c. 43; 1696, c. 29; 1698, c. 21.

of the collections made at the church doors,* shall be appropriated as a poor-fund. Should this fund, augmented by such other voluntary contributions as the charitable may think fit to bestow, be found inadequate—the heritors and kirk-session are directed to make up the deficiency by assessments—one half to be levied on the heritors themselves, and the other half on the tenants and householders. There are other provisions, by which the jurisdiction of the heritors and kirk-sessions is finally confirmed; and all beggars found beyond the bounds of their own parishes are ordained to be imprisoned and fed on bread and water for the space of one month.†

From the above brief outline it will appear, that throughout the legislative enactments on which the Scottish system of Poor Laws is founded, a twofold object is constantly kept in view—the support of the aged and infirm, and the suppression of able-bodied vagrants and idle persons. Those who are alone entitled to a place on the parish lists as paupers, are distinctly defined to be the “poor, aged, sick, lame, and impotent inhabitants, who have not wherewithal to maintain them, *nor are able to work for their own living.*”‡ All others, no matter whether vagrant beggars, or “idle persons, being masterless and out of service,” provided they be “in any way *capable* of working for themselves,” are strictly precluded from all share in the parish bounty.§

Definite as those statutory terms

are, this fundamental distinction, on which, indeed, the advantages of the Scottish system in a great measure rest, has been rendered still more minute in practice. Every where are “the sick” recognized by the statutes as fit objects of parochial charity; but so anxious have the administrators of the law been to preserve entire this vital distinctive principle, that even “Sickness,” provided it be only temporary, and not of that permanent character which is likely to continue as an affliction for life, is not in practice held to afford a sufficient title to relief. Persons in this situation are still reckoned to come under the description of those “able to work for their living;” although, indeed, their ability to do so is temporarily suspended by the malady under which they labour.|| It is true that in such cases, when attended by circumstances of peculiar hardship, an alimient is sometimes granted; but when it is so, it is considered on the part of the parish, to be merely a gratuity to which the individual has no *legal claim*. He may receive it as a bounty, but he cannot demand it as a *right*. To able-bodied workmen, and others temporarily out of employment, the same principle equally applies; for though these individuals may be deprived for a time of the *opportunity* of “working for their living,” the ability to do so still remains with them. On this point, however, even in the face of the statutory terms, which seem explicit enough,¶ considerable doubt for some time existed; nor was it till re-

* The other half is chiefly employed in paying the church officers, and in defraying other necessary expenses connected with the several parishes.

† This last regulation has been found to work admirably in practice. The “jolly beggar” is too much accustomed to an unconstrained and roaming life, to relish the “narrow circuit of a prison-cell;” and the meagre diet of bread and water, contrasts but badly with the substantial fare which the alms of the charitable enable him to procure, and to which

The bonny black cock of the mountain,
And silver fish in flood and fountain,

are made so liberally to contribute. Accordingly, in those parishes where the law is carried fully into force, few or no mendicants are to be found; and it is to be regretted that the remissness of magistrates, and the want of room in the jails and bridewells of large towns, so frequently prevent its full operation.

‡ Act 1661, c. 38.

§ Act 1661, c. 42.

|| See Dunlop on the Parochial Law of Scotland, pp. 185, 186.

¶ The expression of the Act 1661, c. 42, is—“Idle persons, being masterless and out of service.”

cently that the occurrence of a case in which the question was involved, brought the matter to a legal issue. During the year 1819, a sudden and unexpected stagnation of trade took place, in consequence of which several hundreds of able-bodied men in the manufacturing town of Paisley, were completely thrown out of employment. The high price of provisions at the time, and extreme inclemency of the weather, rendered their case one of peculiar hardship, and they were advised to apply to the parish for relief. The heritors and kirk-session, however, justly considering that any accession on their part to a claim of this nature, under circumstances of such notoriety, might be referred to in future as a precedent of importance, refused the application. The ground on which they rested their judgment was the obvious one, that the applicants "did not fall within the class of poor for whom the law provided." From this decision an appeal was made to the supreme court, where, after considerable discussion, the judgment of the heritors and session was fully affirmed.* The question is therefore now considered finally settled. No able-bodied person out of employment is entitled to claim parish relief. A discretionary power of voluntarily extending their bounty to such cases as seem to them to be attended by circumstances of peculiar hardship, is left in the hands of the heritors and session.

To some of our House of Commons philanthropists, perhaps, these regulations may appear harsh. They have already, however, undergone the test of practice; and in their actual operation no hardship is experienced. On the contrary, in no country in Europe do the evils of poverty press so lightly on the people as in Scotland, and it is to these very regulations that we must in a great measure attribute this. They operate indeed indirectly, but their operation is not therefore the less efficient. They do not proceed upon the principle that the distress consequent

on the casualties of sickness and want of work, ought not to be relieved, but that private charity, and not a public tax, is the legitimate source of their relief. It may be imagined that to leave the cause of indigence to the unaided beneficence of private charity, is to trust it to a very uncertain and precarious stay. The experience of Scotland has convincingly demonstrated the contrary. We are no advocates for empty Utopian views of the perfection of "frail humanity." *Nisi fuerit unquam tam impar sibi* is to fallen man a maxim sufficiently applicable. But still, with all its faults, we believe the constitution of our nature to be such, that human suffering will ever find its safest asylum in human sympathy. Lightly kindled in the bosom, this generous emotion excites to deeds of kindness and humanity, and stepping forth in the active exercise of benevolence, assumes the form of private charity. To the unaided assistance of this benign principle is the cause of sickness and temporary indigence entrusted in Scotland, and the result is a theme on which humanity might be proud to dwell. Wherever the storm blows; wherever sickness lays her withering hand; wherever want in any shape appears, there the covert, the anodyne, and the dole present themselves—unasked, uncalled for. In winter, the poor are bountifully supplied with fuel and clothing; in times of dearth, with wholesome food. The cottage of the sick peasant is furnished with wines, nourishing viands, and necessary medicines. In numerous cases, medical men are employed by the rich, to give constant and gratuitous attendance on the poor. Nothing, in one word, is withheld or spared which can in any way contribute to relieve their wants or promote their comforts;—and the inexhaustible source from which all this bounty flows, is private charity! This is no theoretical assumption; it is a practical fact;—and we pledge ourselves that the statement is by no means over-

* *Abbey Parish of Paisley v. Richmond*, others, November 29, 1821.—*Shaw and Dunlop's Reports*, Vol. I. p. 189. An appeal was first taken in this case before the sheriff, who, waiving an objection to his jurisdiction, reversed the judgment of the heritors. It was as an appeal from the sheriff's decision that the case came before the Court of Session.

charged. A Scotch newspaper of the day, at present before us, contains within the brief space of half a column, no fewer than three paragraphs, all corroborative of its accuracy. One of these we shall quote; merely observing that similar announcements are constantly to be found in every provincial Scottish journal. "Mrs. Hamilton Nisbet Ferguson of Raith, when on a late visit to her beautiful seat at Archerfield, made her usual enquiries regarding the state of the poor in the village and neighbourhood of Dirlleton. Several families were supplied by her with suitable clothing, befitting this inclement season, and likewise with a bountiful supply of coals. To those families and individuals who are more immediately in want, she has humanely ordered in addition, a weekly supply of provisions to be given throughout the season.* The relief that comes in this way, unlike the niggardly pittance doled grudgingly out from a parish fund, comes from the heart, and addresses itself to the heart. Benevolence is the motive, and gratitude the reward. It endears the donor to the humble objects of his philanthropy; and establishes between them that mutual reciprocity of kindly feelings and good wishes, which tends so much to ameliorate and embellish society. It has, indeed, been foolishly maintained, that such a system is indefensible, because its natural tendency is to exempt the uncharitable, and to overtax benevolence. That the uncharitable should enjoy so unenviable a privilege will scarcely, we believe, form a subject of complaint with the humane. But as to benevolence, it can never be overtaxed! The more it gives, the higher is its reward; and human suffering will ever find it the surest and most inexhaustible source of relief.

In considering the comparative state of the lower orders in England and Scotland, nothing is more remarkable than the fact, that neither the encouragement of the legislature, nor the exertions of private individuals, have been able to establish among the former a system of benefit societies, or mutual assurance clubs; while among

the latter, these institutions spring up, as it were, spontaneously, and are at this moment to be found in almost every corner of the kingdom. The cause of this is so obvious as scarcely to require our animadversion. In Scotland, no prospect of parochial relief being held out to able bodied labourers either during temporary sickness or inability to obtain employment, they are forced to look out for some other means of providing against these contingencies. Institutions so exceedingly simple and equitable in their arrangements as the Benefit Societies, only required to be suggested in order to be eagerly adopted; and accordingly, since their first introduction, they have spread with amazing rapidity both in the agricultural and manufacturing districts. In England the same case does not operate. The labourer there looks forward with indifference to the time when he may be suddenly thrown out of employment, or disabled by sickness. He knows that for him there can never be seasons of destitution, as during their continuance the parish is bound to maintain him. Why, therefore, should he take any steps to provide for their arrival? His wages, as it is, are barely sufficient to procure him the necessities and comforts of life, and why should he diminish them by contributing to a fund which at best can do no more for him than what the parish is bound to do without his paying a farthing? If he have any spare money, he will rather spend it at the beer shop; he invariably *does* spend it at the beer shop.

To the aged and infirm alone, then, is the claim for parochial relief restricted in Scotland. Under certain circumstances, however, even they are excluded. Grounded upon the law of nature, the common law of Scotland has ordained that individuals within certain degrees of relationship shall, when in want, maintain and support each other. This principle extends to poor as well as to the rich; and no one, however destitute, can claim relief from the parish, if he have a father or son, a husband or wife, capable of affording him a maintenance. In this way, not only are the numbers actually

* Edinburgh Advertiser, Friday, January 31, 1834.

subsisting on the public fund kept much smaller than they would otherwise be, but those natural feelings of loving kindness which spring from the circumstance of consanguinity, are cherished and kept alive. In Scotland, any peasant who could permit his father, or son, or wife to apply for parochial aid, while he himself had the means of assisting them, would be held dishonoured among his neighbours. A system that produces effects like this, requires no panegyric.

"The efficacy of all the expedients which can be suggested for the improvement of the Poor Laws," says the admirable report of the parliamentary commission for 1817, in reference to the English system, "must depend upon the circumstances of those who are most interested in the welfare of the parish taking an active share in the administration of its concerns." Scotland affords a practical illustration of the truth of this well-grounded remark. There the individuals most interested in the welfare of the parish, not only take an active share, but are solely entrusted with the discretionary administration of the Poor Laws. To the heritors and kirk session is left the entire charge of making up the lists of the poor within each parish, and of fixing the nature and amount of the relief to be afforded.* By the term "heritors," in its strict acceptation, is understood every individual in a parish who is possessed of lauds or houses subject to public burdens. In practice, however, the principal land-owners take the management. The kirk-session is composed of the clergyman of the parish and his lay elders, the latter of whom are invariably selected from among the resident gentry, farmers, and respectable tradesmen. Two statutory meetings are held annually; but occasional meetings are summoned from time to time, as circumstances require. When an individual wishes to be put upon the poor's list, he signifies his wish to the clergyman, or to some of the heritors or other members of the session, any one of whom is entitled to call a meeting to consider the case. If the claim be found a just one, it is

at once admitted, and the nature and amount of the relief to be afforded is fixed. If it be considered not sufficiently well founded, it is rejected, *de peano*, without any cause assigned. From this judgment there is no appeal, save to the supreme court. No inferior judge, sheriff, magistrate, or justice of the peace has a right to interfere. In the case of the Abbey parish of Paisley, above referred to, the supreme court founded their decision on the following grounds:—"That by the acts of parliament and royal proclamations regarding the poor, the right of determining the two following questions:—1st. Whether any particular claimant belongs to the description of persons entitled to parochial relief? And 2d. If he do belong to this description of persons, what shall be the amount of the relief granted? is vested solely in the heritors and kirk-session of the parish; and that no controul of their proceedings and determination in these particulars is committed to sheriffs or other inferior judicatures." Should the heritors and kirk session use any undue delay in considering a claim, they may be forced to proceed with it, on the warrant of an inferior judge; but if the claim be once entertained, and judgment pronounced, such judgment can only be altered by application to the supreme court.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a body of men better fitted to employ a discretionary power of this description, than the heritors and kirk-session of Scottish parishes. The frank and liberal generosity of the country gentleman, the shrewd investigation of the cautious but upright elder, and the philanthropic benevolence of the Christian divine, form a most happy combination. Their extensive distribution over the parish gives them an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with every individual in it. Indeed so intimate and varied are their relations with the lower orders, as masters, advisers, and pastors, that in their unavoidable daily intercourse, they have ample and unsolicited opportunity of ascertaining the true character of each individual. The idle

* In burghs, the same discretionary powers are placed in the hands of the town-council.

and the industrious, the frugal and the dissolute, the honest and the vagrant, are all personally known to one or other of them. Thus it often happens, that those who are conscious of having no just claim to relief, but who under other circumstances might have been tempted to make application, are deterred from doing so, because they are aware that such and such an heritor, or such and such an elder, or the clergyman himself is acquainted with the particular circumstances that multiply his claim. Those who are really deserving are retarded by no such fear; their claims are invariably listened to, and generally admitted without discussion. Nay, when those feelings of delicacy which ever accompany suffering merit, prevent a deserving individual from applying in person, nothing is more common than for one of the members of the court to come forward and lodge the claim himself. Indeed such is the general character of these gentlemen for equity and benevolence, that it is very seldom their judgments are appealed from; and when a complaint is made, it is listened to by the supreme judges with extreme jealousy.* How different all this would be if the judgment of the heritors and session were liable to be controlled and reversed by the sentence of an inferior judge, the case of England sufficiently proves. The jurisdiction of any individual civil magistrate is too extended, and his means of observation too limited, to enable him to acquire the intimate personal knowledge requisite to his giving a correct judgment in each separate case. Applications from persons whom he never saw or heard of before, would inevitably be of frequent occurrence. His judgments therefore would often proceed upon incorrect information, or from ill judged motives of humanity,

or from a desire to shield the poor from what he might consider oppression and injustice. In England nothing is more common than for the justice to give an order of recommendation on the bare statement of the applicant, even though he have no personal knowledge of him.† There, indeed, the invariable rule seems to be—when in doubt, grant the claim—a rule which though sufficiently benevolent, cannot fail to be frequently very fallacious.

The element of compulsory assessments, is, we think, decidedly unfavourable to the efficacy of any system of Poor Laws. Experience has shewn how detrimental it is in England; the practice of Scotland proves how well it may be dispensed with. It seems to assume as a principle, that benevolence and charity have no longer any existence; but whatever legislators and lawyers may think to the contrary, these virtues are still to be found; and the more they are left to their own free operation, the better for the cause of humanity. Charity, like mercy, “droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven;” it comes at all times, a willing volunteer, but it is not to be “strained.” The niggardly dole exacted by the law, in the shape of an obnoxious tax, cannot be denominated charity; and as benevolence is not its motive, neither is gratitude its reward.

The Scottish Poor Laws may be said rather to be mild exhortations to encourage charity, than stern enactments to enforce it. The principle, that the poor, “who shall never cease out of the land,” *must* be maintained, is distinctly recognized; but the main fund pointed out as that from which their maintenance is to be derived, consists in the free contributions of the benevolent. These contributions, the greater part of which are collected at the church doors each Sabbath day,‡

* Every facility is afforded by law to paupers making application to the Supreme Court in Scotland. Four counsel and four agents are annually appointed by the court, whose duty it is to pursue, gratuitously, every case brought before them; provided there be a *probabilis causa litigandi*. All such processes are carried on without payment of the usual fees of court or other expenses.

† Parl. Comm. Report for 1817, p. 23.

‡ Besides the Sabbath-day collections, the poor-box is supplied from several other sources. Thus the dues received for the use of hearses and mortcloths form part of the poor's fund. The penalties imposed by certain statutes for breaches of the peace, such as the penalties for resetting vagabonds—for giving alms to beggars not within

are in the strictest sense of the word *voluntary*. There is no law by which they were originally appointed, or are at present enforced. By no law is their amount limited or prescribed. To the free will of each individual is it left, to give much, to give little, or to give nothing. It is purely and essentially an appeal to charity, and for this very reason it is seldom made in vain. These weekly contributions are in most instances found sufficient for the maintenance of the poor of each parish; and though the heritors are bound to assess themselves to make up any deficiency that may occur, it is but seldom that they are obliged to have recourse to this alternative. Can any stronger proof be wanting of the fact, that charity flows most freely when unconstrained.*

One practical good arising from this part of the Scottish system is of great importance. The poor have naturally little delicacy in drawing support from a fund which is raised for their behoof by the strong arm of the law, and to which they justly enough consider they have a legal *right*. But it is with a degree of reluctance that they find themselves obliged to become dependent on a sum arising from voluntary contribution. The greater proportion of the contributors are their neighbours and fellow labourers, and there is a feeling of shame attached to the idea of living on the gratuitous

offerings of people in the same rank of life as themselves.† Fully sensible of the influence of this feeling, it is the invariable practice of the heritors to do all in their power to encourage it; and accordingly, rather than have recourse to a regular assessment, they generally prefer making up privately among themselves, any deficiency that may occur in the contributions in order that the "poor-box" may still continue the ostensible source of the bounty. In some parishes, where from particular circumstances, the amount of the deficiency is too large to admit of an arrangement of this description, and where it has become necessary to have recourse to regular assessments, the number of applicants has invariably been found to increase with alarming rapidity. The idea of living on the offerings of the poor operates as a check; but very little delicacy is shewn if the fund of relief is known to be composed of what is usually denominated "gentleman's money."

We have said that in case of any deficiency in the voluntary contributions of the parishioners, the heritors are bound to *assess themselves*; and when an assessment has been deemed necessary, never have we heard of an instance where they failed to do so liberally to the last farthing. The circumstance, however, of their being left to *assess themselves*, and that too

their own parishes—for profanation of the Sabbath-day—for irregular and clandestine marriages—for acting plays without licence, and for several other similar offences, must all be paid into the poor-box. The act 1621, c. 14, declares that if any sums of money above one hundred marks shall be won within any twenty four hours, at cards or dice, or by wagers at horse-races, the surplus (above the hundred marks) shall belong to the poor of the parish, where "such winning fell out." This act is still in force, and has been held to extend to all game-debts.—See the case of Maxwell, July 14, 1774; of Dumfries, June 15, 1775; and several others.—In some parishes considerable funds have been *mortified* for the use of the poor.

* We are happy to be able to corroborate our opinion as to the superiority of voluntary contributions over compulsory assessments, by the authority so eminent as that of Professor Pöhlitz of Leipzig. In his admirable work, "*Die Staatswissenschaften im Lichte unsrer Zeit*," while alluding to a fund for behoof of the poor, he expresses himself in the following terms:—"Diese Beiträge, sie mögen nun im Gelde oder in Naturalien bestehen, werden *weit zweckmässiger durch freiwillige Unterzeichnung als durch Armentaxen* aufgebracht."

† This feeling is extremely prevalent. In one parish where an assessment existed, the paupers on the roll increased to an unprecedented number. The heritors, in consequence, had recourse to the expedient of placarding the list of names on the church door. The publicity given in this way had the effect of reducing the numbers, before next statutory meeting, nearly three-fourths.

without any direct control, has been taken advantage of by a certain set of agitating politicians, as affording a fair theme on which to pour forth their eloquent lamentations on "the unhappy state of the poor," who are thus, they say, left at the mercy of their capricious and self-interested oppressors. Of late, indeed, it has become customary for certain individuals to affect an extreme commiseration for the circumstances of the lower orders, and to be constantly harping about their "unmerited sufferings and wrongs." If we recollect aright, the patriotic Burke—that unflinching friend of true liberty, and dauntless maintainer of the rights of the people—has embodied his sentiments on this subject in something like the following terms:—"Nothing can be so base and so wicked as the political canting language. 'The labouring poor!' Let compassion towards them be shewn in action, the more the better, every man according to his ability. But let there be no lamentation of their condition. It is no relief to their miserable circumstances; it is only an insult to their miserable understandings. It arises from a total want of charity, or a total want of thought. Want of one kind was never relieved by want of another kind. Let patience, labour, sobriety, frugality, and religion, be recommended to them; *all the rest is downright FRAUD*. It is horrible to call them 'the once happy labourers!'"

"A man is poor," says Montesquieu, "not because he is possessed of nothing, but because he does not work."* Let industry and activity be encouraged in a country, and comparatively little poverty will be found. But whatever tends to weaken the natural impulses by which men are instigated to exertion, cannot fail in the end to increase the amount of misery which it was perhaps intended to alleviate. The lower orders know little of fame or ambition; the motives that chiefly stir them to action are the pride of independence, and the cravings of hunger. It is the legislator's wisdom, therefore, to nourish the one, and never to allow the legitimate awe

inspired by the other to suffer diminution. As long as a man feels a pride in independence, he will never cease to be industrious; he will labour early and late for the enjoyment of the mere consciousness that, for the necessities and comforts of life, he is indebted to no one but himself. It is a glorious pride, and cannot be too much cherished both among the high and among the low. Independence, even though linked with poverty, is freedom in the fullest sense of the word. Let a man but once feel this; let him only be of such a frame of mind as to glory in the noble sentiment so beautifully expressed by Beranger:

"Respectez mon indépendance,
Esclaves de la vanité;
C'est à l'ombre de l'indigence
Que j'ai trouvé la liberté!"

and he will find himself inspired by an incentive to industry so generous and spirit-stirring, that no labour, however severe, will be able to stay his hand from constant, indefatigable, exertion. The fear of hunger may be said to be a base, but it is, nevertheless, a strong and irresistible motive to action. The dread arising from the contemplation of the mere possibility of being one day deprived of the common necessities of life, will instigate the most indolent to industry. What then shall we say of a system of Poor Laws, which instead of allowing this fear to exercise its legitimate and salutary influence, makes want and misery the very conditions on which relief is to be obtained? When a man knows that the poor rates form an inexhaustible fund, to acquire a *vested right* to the unlimited use of which, it is only requisite that he should become *poor*, the prospect of poverty is not only divested of its terrors, but acquires a degree of fascinating attraction. The Scottish System has, as we have endeavoured to explain, an altogether opposite tendency. It distributes parochial relief more as a bounty of charitable alms, than as a matter of legal right. To the aged and infirm it holds out a helping hand. The indolent and the dissolute it leaves to reap the bitter fruits of their improvidence and sloth.

* "Un homme n'est pas pauvre parce qu'il n'a rien, mais parcequ'il ne travaille pas."—*Esprit des Loix*. Liv. 23, ch. 29.

"The history of times gone by," says the elegant historian of Switzerland,* "is a tree of the knowledge of good and evil." It is the wisdom of the legislator to apply the experience of the past to the exigencies of the present; to reject the empty speculations of theory, and study the instructive examples of practice. In recommending a system of Poor Laws analogous to those of Scotland, we do not urge the reckless experiment of any abstract and reclusé speculation. We refer to the experience of the past, and to the testimony of the present. For nearly a century and a half has the Scottish system undergone the test of practice. The result is at this moment before us. In Scotland the aggregate amount of poverty is extremely limited; nor is it ever to be found invested in that appalling guise of squalid wretchedness so common in other countries. The poor are fostered and attended to in a manner the most anxious and benevolent. Nothing is neglected which can in any way tend to soothe their sufferings or alleviate their misfortunes. Though needy, they are content; though the objects of compassion, they are respected. The tax levied for their support is so small as scarcely to be perceived. They are never complained of as a burden; never vilified as a grievance. The object of benevolence is achieved in the most efficient and satisfactory manner, and at the smallest possible public expence. These are no theoretical probabilities; they are the actual existing result of the operation of the Scottish Poor Laws.

We are aware, however, that it is much more difficult to amend a law originally vicious, than to establish one at first upon just and equitable principles. We do not, therefore, presume to say what would be the most eligible course for the legislature to pursue in their proposed alterations of the poor laws of England. We have endeavoured to point out where the evils of the English system lie; we leave it to others to say where the remedy ought to be applied. That there will be great difficulties to encounter, we can

easily foresee; but on this very account we would only urge the greater firmness and resolution. Whatever is done, must be done by degrees. It will, therefore, be a work of time, and the earlier it is commenced the better. The strong hold is not to be reduced at once by any sudden escalade; but the sooner the first trench is cut, and the first parallel drawn, the sooner will the banner of triumph float upon the battlements. By cautious, well-contrived, and vigorously executed measures, England may yet be rescued from the gulf into which her vicious system of poor laws is rapidly plunging her.

But for Ireland! unhappy Ireland! what course ought to be adopted? It is a question of absorbing importance and immeasurable difficulty! Unhappily we have but to cast our eye around us, to see that gaunt poverty "stalks the round" of our lovely and fertile island. We look in vain for the hardy and vigorous sons of the soil who once trod the emerald turf in peace and in happiness. Emaciated and in rags, the spectred images of what they once were, we see them skulking about in dogged despair, or flying into crime, urged by the desperation of hunger. What has caused so appalling a change, or where shall we seek for its remedy? Has it originated in circumstances which Poor Laws would at first have averted, or which Poor Laws would now remove? Alas! we fear not. We cannot venture to recommend any system of Poor Laws for Ireland, save one which proceeds upon the principle of providing solely for the aged and the infirm poor. Unfortunately, however, the aged and the infirm form but a small proportion of those who bear the brunt of poverty here. Young men, men who are able and willing to work, men who, in their eagerness to be employed, have torn themselves from their native land, and for a scanty pittance, laboriously earned and grudgingly paid, have "sojourned with the stranger," endured his taunts, and borne his upbraidings, until harshness and ill treatment have once more driven them back to seek a refuge in their native

* "Die Geschichte verfloßener Zeiten ist ein Baum der Erkenntniss des Guten und Bösen."—*Des Schweizerlands Geschichte, von Heinrich Zschokke.*

poverty; men who labour under no burden of years, and under no infirmity but want, form the great mass of Irish paupers. Any system of Poor Laws, therefore, which did not embrace a scheme for the relief of these unhappy men, would go but a short way in removing or alleviating the evil of poverty; and yet, ardently as we desire to see those individuals relieved; ardently as we wish to see them restored to that place which they ought to occupy in society, we would resist, to the very last effort of our power, any attempt to accomplish this through the instrumentality of Poor Laws. Their condition at present is indeed deplorable, but this would only aggravate the evil a thousand-fold.

What shall we say then? Have we no remedy, no scheme of relief to offer to our unhappy countrymen? Under other circumstances we might have been induced to look around for the fairy form of CHARITY, and to wonder

where she had lingered so long. But, alas! the hearths and halls are deserted of those into whose hands it has been given to watch and ward the welfare of their country, to stand by her in peril, and "assist her in the time of need." The "well waters" of charity have shrunk before the touch of absenteeism, and a small, uncertain devious streamlet is all that now issues from the once noble and exuberant fountain!

In conclusion, we would earnestly urge on our legislators the necessity of caution in whatever measures they adopt with regard to Irish Poor Laws. A system founded on the principle which regulates the law of Scotland on this subject, we should be glad to see introduced: it would have the effect at least of removing a part of the grievance. But we deprecate the idea of a system resembling that of England. It would but "accumulate evils upon evils!"

LES BOXEURS OU L'ANGLOMANIE.

FROM BERENGER.

Though their hats are absurd, I confess that I am
Very fond of a genuine Englishman's d—n;
In his manner and dress, like his own light dragoon,
Such a happy compound of the bear and baboon.
There's a magic that Frenchmen can rarely resist,
In the sledge-hammer thump of an Englishman's fist.

Here in Paris, if haply one gets up a fight,
Why no "badaud" can tell his left hand from his right!
So, with fingers and teeth, at each other they pull,
With a heat that quite shocks scientific "John Bull."
There's a magic, &c.

Change the scene to the midst of your beef-eating mob;
See two friends interchange counterbuffs on the nob—
In our streets at such sight how the garçons would stare!
They're "milords" that are boxing so lustily there.
There's a magic, &c.

Should our ladies approve such proceedings as these,
They'd abandon, I fear, all their efforts to please;
And extending to "fibbing" their penchant for fibs,
Lay their swains at their feet with a punch in the ribs.
There's a magic, &c.

Yes—in morals and milling, in grace and in grog,
Yield the sons of the vine to the sons of the fog;
Of our wit and our wine let us prate as we will,
In plum-pudding and port they out-rival us still.
There's a magic, &c.

G. C.

I'VE AYE BEEN FOU' SIN' THE YEAR CAM' IN.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Tune—"The Laird of Cockpen."

I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam in,
 I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam in;
 It's what wi' the brandy, and what wi' the gin,
 I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam in!

On yule night we met, an' a gay stoup we drank,
 The bicker gaed round, an' the pint stoup did clank;
 But that was a' naething as shortly ye'll fin',—
 I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam in!

Our auld timmer clock, wi' thori an' string,
 Had scarce shawn the hour whilk the new year did bring;
 Than friends, an' acquaintance, cam tirl at the pin,
 An' I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam in!

My auld auntie Tibbie cam ben for her cap,
 Wi' scone in her hand, an' cheese in her lap,
 An' drank—a gude new year to kith an' to kin—
 Sae I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in!

My strong brither Sandy cam' in frae the south,
 There's some ken his mettle, but nane ken his drouth;
 I brought out the bottle, loosh! how he did grin—
 An' I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in!

Wi' feasting at night, an' wi' drinking at morn,
 Wi' here, take a caulker, and there, tak' a horn,
 I've gotten baith doited, and donner't, an' blin'
 For I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in!

I sent for the doctor, an' bade him sit down,
 He felt at my hand, an' he straicket my crown;
 He ordered a bottle, but it turned out gin!
 Sae I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in!

The Sunday bell rang, an' I thought it as weel
 To slip into the kirk, to keep clear o' the diel;
 But the chiel at the plate, had a groat left behin'—
 Sae I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in!

'Tis Michaelmas-time, an' the wee birds of spring
 Are chirming, an' chirpin', as if they wad sing;
 While here I sit bousing—'tis really a sin—
 I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in!

The last breath o' winter is soughing awa',
 An' sune down the valley the primrose will blaw;
 A douce, sober life, I maun really begin,
 For I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in!

A JOURNEY INTO COLOMBIA,

AND OBSERVATIONS MADE DURING A RESIDENCE THERE OF UPWARDS
OF SIX YEARS.

CHAPTER I.

Sometime in November, 1825, after a passage of seven days, from Kingston, Jamaica, on board the *Lady Queensbury* packet, we came in sight of land a little to windward of Carthagena, and in a few hours we were off that city. There is something exciting to all men I believe in coming in sight of land, even although the passage may have been a short one, and their stay perhaps not to be very long. But to a person who first sees a foreign country, which is likely to be his abode for a length of time, every object is a matter of interest in an intense degree; such at least were the feelings I experienced on coming within view of Carthagena; and whatever might be my fortune in the country afterwards, the first impression was an agreeable one: indeed the view was very beautiful. There is something graceful and symmetrical in the outline of a fortified place, and that of Carthagena was seen the more distinctly from the contrast of its white walls with the deep blue of the sea, which rose in slight undulations, and broke gently along the foot of the ramparts, in a bright sparkling line. The number of towers, domes, and steeples of the different churches, all dazzling white, rising from among the bright red-tiled roofs of the houses, gave an exceedingly gay appearance to the city. The precipitous hill of *La Popa*, with its ruined convent on the top, and the castle of San Lazaro resting on its base, and seen above the walls of the city as if watching over it with its hundred armed eyes, formed a fine back ground to the picture.

The breeze which had brought us before the town, had died away—the smoke from our signal gun still rested on the water, like a light cloud on a summer sky—and the report had scarcely ceased to reverberate from the land,

when we saw a boat leave the shore, and make towards us: it brought us a pilot, a black man dressed in white cotton trowsers and shirt, shoes without stockings, and a black glazed hat with a narrow rim: thought I, if this fellow had any brains, they must have been fried up long ago, with so strong an attraction of such a dreadfully burning sun's rays. But he seemed not only to suffer no inconvenience from it, but to consider himself a very fine fellow, and towards evening, by bringing us into the harbour at Boca Chica, showed he had sufficient brains left for our purpose. We cast anchor close to the castle of San Felipe, a very strong fortress on the left side of the entrance to the harbour: there is another on the opposite side, almost level with the surface of the water, and the space between them is so narrow that I would suppose, if properly garrisoned, it would be a difficult matter to pass them, unless it should happen as it did once with the commandant of the city, on the arrival of one of the British representatives. In this instance the captain of the vessel of war in which he, the representative, came, was a good deal surprised that his salute was not returned: after waiting some time, there were two guns fired, and a messenger came off to apologize in the name of the commandant, who found he could not answer the courtesy until he would send up to *La Popa* for powder, as they had none in the city—that he had collected all the cartridges in the cartouch boxes of the guard, but they only amounted to two charges, which had been fired. He begged that they would give him time to get down the powder, and that he would then return the salute, which was agreed to of course, and next day the promise was kept with all due punctuality.

We were highly amused during the evening, watching the various kinds of fish (which from the clearness of the water we could see at a great depth) and the pelicans and albatrosses which fed on them.

Some of the officers from the castle came on board to visit two of their countrymen, passengers from England, and while pledging them in a glass of wine, I was struck with a peculiar gesture which they used in raising the glass to their heads. I found out afterwards that it was a masonic sign, that institution having been lately introduced among them, and as a novelty, of course very popular. It did not retain its popularity long, however; for the priests (who did not join the brotherhood) were annoyed that there should be any secret kept from them, and it found no favour among the women, from the same motive, and their combined influence has pretty nearly extinguished it. When I arrived in the country there were many lodges publicly established, and large subscriptions had been raised towards providing the necessary paraphernalia. It was, however, only the first burst of freedom of thought and action, for the church (although many of its members were of the brotherhood) had set her face against it, and has so completely overthrown the establishment, that the members never dared to claim the money paid to the treasurers; many of whom (some people are wicked enough to say) assisted in overturning it, in order that they might keep the funds.

As soon as the sea breeze sprung up, we left our anchorage, and beat up the beautiful harbour, as far as the "Estacada," which is intended as an obstacle to the too near approach of vessels to the city.

The original entrance to the harbour, called Boca Grande, was destroyed by sinking two or three vessels in it when attacked by the English, an account of which is given in Smollet's novel of Roderick Random; and the only entrance now for large vessels is by the circuitous route of Bocha Chica.

Our luggage was examined as we passed through the custom-house-gate, and while waiting my turn, I had the first opportunity of seeing a Colombian guard of soldiers, and certainly they appeared a strange set. The sentinel,

who was pacing up and down the piazza, was a little, squat Indian, little more than five feet high; on a stone bench which ran along one side of the piazza, the rest of the soldiers of the guard were variously employed—one or two were sleeping—another mending his alpargata, or sandal, and two or three playing dice on a blanket spread on the ground. Those of them who had not their heads thrust through a hole in their blankets (in which way they make it serve as a cloak,) displayed what was intended for a blue jacket, faced with scarlet, white calico trowsers, and a rude imitation of a "*chaco*" or soldier's cap, made of half-dressed leather, and on their feet they wore alpargatas, or a kind of sandal made of platted cord. The officers were as odd-looking creatures as the soldiers, although richly dressed, as far as gold lace could enrich them; a large cocked hat with a tricoloured feather of huge dimensions; a blue coat, the waist of which was placed between the shoulders, and skirts so short that from the collar to the extremity of the skirt did not exceed eighteen inches; a pair of white trowsers that really appeared to be fastened about the neck, wide enough in the legs to hold the whole body, and only reaching to a little below the calf, so that they scarcely covered the top of ill-made Wellington boots; immense epaulettes, and frequently aiguillettes, with a profusion of gold lace, and mustachios, seemed to be the *ne plus ultra* of finery in their conception.

Understanding that there was an English hotel (or at least one kept by a person who spoke English,) we had our luggage carried there. As there is little variation in the plan of the houses here, I may as well describe that of our inn, which may in a great measure serve as a description of the houses generally.

We entered by a gateway leading into a square yard, round which the house was built, two stories high; the lower apartments were either used as store-rooms or servant's bed-rooms, the door of each opening from the yard; we ascended by a flight of stone steps to the upper story, where there was a broad landing with folding doors opening into a room which occupied

the whole front of the house; two folding doors served as windows to this room to admit light and air, and led into a balcony, which stretched along the entire length of the house, towards the street; this balcony is the pleasantest part of the house, and is always the favourite lounge, where the people sit to chat and smoke their cigars, and at the same time see all that is going on. This large front room is termed the *sala* or hall, and is intended as the principal sitting room, as well as breakfast and dinner room on great occasions, but the landing at the head of the stairs is generally preferred when there is less ceremony, as it is cooler and has better light. The *sala* being the principal room is generally the best furnished, but even when most so, it has a bare appearance to a European; they are never ceiled, and in the best houses the beams are only ornamented with some fancy wood-work, and they, as well as the rafters, are merely white-washed. What struck me as the greatest peculiarity was the floors being all formed by square tiles; however, this gives an idea of coolness very agreeable, particularly when occasionally sprinkled with water, as they are. At the time I first visited Carthagena, the intercourse with Europe was only begun, and very little of the European furniture had yet reached them, so that there was a great scantiness in all the houses—a few of the old fashioned Spanish chairs, with leather backs and bottoms, two or three low stools and rocking-chairs, one or two small tables, and perhaps a sofa and looking glass, frequently formed the furniture of the *sala*. This scantiness of tables and chairs, the large size of the room, and the bare red-tiled floor, gave one the feeling of a great want of comfort or luxury, until reconciled from habit. There is generally a latticed press placed where the greatest current of air is, in which is a large earthenware jar of water, with a ladle and silver cup for drinking: as these jars are all

more or less porous, the water oozes slowly through, and falls, drop by drop, into some vessel placed below to receive it—the noise from this drop sounding through the great empty room at night, when all is still, causes a strange sensation on the ear of one unaccustomed to it.*

The day after our arrival, four of our party being desirous to visit the height of La Popa, hired a couple of *volantes*, a kind of gig which supplies the place of hackney coaches. These vehicles are drawn by one horse, harnessed so as to draw by the breast: instead of a collar and hames, there is merely a broad strap of leather across the chest; the shafts are supported by another strap across the saddle, on which the driver is mounted: there is a top to the vehicle, which projects from behind, and serves to shade the sun off, and is open at the sides. Our driver, I dare say, considered himself a very great beau. He wore a large straw hat, and by way of a coat or cloak, a small piece of green cloth, little more than a yard square, through a hole in the centre of which he passed his head. The edges of this little mantle were trimmed with scarlet tape, giving it something the appearance of a livery. He wore loose cotton trowsers, and an immense pair of spurs, (the rowels of which were as large as a half-crown piece) on his bare legs. When mounted he had the great toe only in the stirrup, and sitting erect as possible, flourished a long rod by way of a whip, and away we drove through the suburb called Ximeni, along a sandy plain of about a mile, when we came to what is called "*Pie de la Popa*," or fort of La Popa. Here there are a great many cottages belonging to the merchants of the city, where they frequently reside, in order to enjoy the fresh air, as within the walls it is sometimes oppressively hot. Many of these cottages are built on the Jamaica plan, and are fitted up with great taste and neatness.

On reaching the foot of the hill, we

* The bed rooms are generally in the interior of the square, each having a door opening from a balcony which is carried round the whole house, and serves as a passage to the rear, where the kitchen is generally situated. Many of the houses have a second yard behind, differing little from the front one in appearance; in this the offices, stables, &c. are situated.

found the ascent too steep for any kind of vehicle, so we left our volantes and set out on foot. The road was very steep and stony, winding up through a thick scrubby wood covered with the blossoms of the white convolvulus, the stems of which were so entwined and laced through the trees as to present the appearance of one impenetrable mass.

We were well recompensed for our toilsome walk by the view we had from the summit, where we also enjoyed a refreshing breeze. Immediately below us was the castle of San Lazaro, a place of great strength; beyond it the city, and the harbour, nearly enclosed by the neck of land which runs along from Boca Grande to Boca Chica, the vessels lying at anchor within, and to the left a great extent of the western coast. Behind the hill is a small lake, and beyond, landward, all appeared forest, covering a flat country as far as the eye could reach.

The convent was in a state of almost absolute ruin, and bore evident traces of having been occupied by others than peaceful friars. There was among other things indicative of such occupation, a dismantled twenty-four pounder, which Morillo had used on one occasion to batter the town with. How it was brought there seemed to me a mystery, but I was told that it had been carried, or drawn up by force of men.

On our return to the inn we found breakfast ready, and a good substantial one it was. Fish, flesh, and fowl, and claret to wash them down. Those who preferred tea or coffee were supplied with them.

I cannot say I admired the women particularly on this my first visit to Cartagena, but I had no opportunity of seeing those best worth my attention. The climate is such as to destroy their colour. But in common with all the ladies of the continent, they have fine eyes, hair, figure, and beautiful feet, which are always dress-

ed in the most showy silk stockings and shoes. Their manners are free and easy, as is their carriage and style of walking; indeed to an inhabitant of the British isles, accustomed to the drill serjeant carriage of our ladies, the Carthagenians appear to border on the opposite extreme. They are passionately fond of music and dancing; few houses are without some one who can play the harp* or guitar, so that, go where you will of an evening, you will almost always find a party dancing.

Like most young travellers, I had my sketch book; and in looking out for subjects for it, had cast my eye on a church, which time had begun to invest with something of the romantic. I had gone out early in the morning, as well to profit by the cool hour about sunrise, as to be free from much observation, and had just begun to my sketch, when a soldier walked up and arrested me. I could not make out for some time what it was that he meant; but ultimately found that a friar had been observing me from one of the windows; and whatever notion he had taken into his wise head, he availed himself of the circumstance of the church being near the city walls, to make a charge against me of *taking plans of the fortifications*. Expostulation was vain, and I was marched from one authority to another for nearly two hours, with a guard of soldiers round me, and was eventually very near being thrown into prison by the *Commandante de Armas*, who insisted on it that I was a spy; which opinion he founded on a drawing I had in my book, of a coffee plantation of Jamaica. The barbicues (or terraces for drying the coffee on) he asserted were ramparts of some fortified place, and that he had no doubt I was a very dangerous person. I prevailed on him to bring me before the governor, General Montilla, who being a man of education and a gentleman, laughed at the Commandante's fears, returned me my sketch book, and kindly explained to me that it was

* Since I first visited Cartagena, the piano forte has nearly superseded the harp, and become the fashionable instrument. I almost offended a young lady the last time I was there, by asking her did she play the harp. She assured me that it was only used now by "*La gente Plebe*," or the Plebeians. I have often laughed at the old aristocratic terms still used in the republic. But although titles are nearly extinct, there is not a whit less pride of *caste* now than in the time of the Spaniards.

contrary to the laws to take plans of the fortifications, and recommended me in future not to lay myself open to similar charges; at the same time, he told me that a young Englishman had been taken up the morning before for a similar offence, he having gone out in a boat, to have a view of the city from the harbour. This, in some measure, accounted for the difficulty I got into, as the good people of Carthagena began to suspect we really had some design on them.

The evening of the second day after my arrival, I heard a strange noise in the street, and on inquiry found it was a rosario, or evening procession. At the end of the street I could discern a number of lights moving along, and, as they approached, found that they were paper lanterns, carried on the top of long poles by a number of little boys, ranged on each side of the street, and headed by a person bearing a kind of cross, each point of which had a lantern attached to it. In the rear came a man bearing some kind of painting, also hung at the end of a pole, which he carried like a flag. Along with him marched a priest, or at least some of the functionaries of the church, who prayed aloud, and at intervals chaunted some latin rhyme, in which he was joined by the little boys, all screaming at the top of their voices, as if to try who could make the most noise.

The manner of yoking the oxen in the carts or drays, used for moving merchandise from one place to another in the city, soon drew my attention. The plan has simplicity, at least, to recommend it, if it had no other. A piece of stout timber of about three feet long, slightly hollowed or curved in the centre, so as to sit easy on the bullock's neck, is laid on behind the horns, and fastened to them with thongs of leather; the points of the dray-shafts rest on, and are fastened to the ends of this stick, (which, by the bye, resembles that used in this country by milkmen to carry their pails.) The bullock is guided by a rope, which is passed through a hole in his nose; and this is all the harness used.

On inquiring as to how I should proceed to Bogota, I found that there was a steam boat plying on the Magdalena, which had already made one

trip, and would start on her second in about eight days. The place where the boat would take her cargo and passengers was the village of Barranca, the nearest point of the river to Carthagena (being about sixty miles distant.) I soon found many going the same route; and having agreed to go in company with two others, I set about procuring horses to carry my luggage. Having bargained for the horses, and bought some little things which I was told I would want on my journey, I thought I had nothing more to do; but on the morning that we were to start, I found that those who hire out horses, do not supply saddles. Here I was completely nonplussed: and after a good deal of delay, my guide, (*Old Mateo*,) provided me with such a saddle and bridle as I had never before seen. With the help of sheep skins and cloaks, we managed to make a sort of seat, but I was (however unwilling) obliged to put up with stripes of bark for stirrup leathers, and about four o'clock in the evening we sallied through the Puerta de Ximeni, on our way to Turbaco, the first town on our route.

Our road was the same by which we had gone to visit La Popa, and we found it level and dry all the way round the foot of the hill, and along the bank of the lake I mentioned as having seen from the convent; but we then got into a bad, miry part of it, and entering the wood, night came on, and it began to rain. This was my first journey in the country, and as we got farther into the wood, and deeper and deeper into the mire, avoiding a hole here, getting a blow of a prickly bamboo across the face there, now nearly losing my hat, and again knocking my leg against a tree as my horse brushed past it, avoiding some obstacle in the way, I thought it a very rough beginning. It soon became quite dark, and it was with difficulty we could keep together, the guides kept hallooing to each other, and chattering away in a language quite unintelligible to me. The crickets and grasshoppers over head kept a most deafening chirping and croaking, much resembling the noise made by a waggon when in want of having its axles greased. To fill up the chorus, there were myriads of bull frogs and toads, manifesting their de-

light at the rain, in a running bass of sonorous croaking. The darkness, the confusion of sounds, the perfect ignorance of the road, and of what the people about me were saying, combined to confuse me completely, and I at last followed on as well as I could, anxiously hoping for the termination of the journey. In about two hours we got out of the wood, the rain had ceased, and we had now and then a glimpse of the moon, that shewed us we were approaching some habitation. In a short time we reached Turbaco, and found that the inhabitants were all gone to rest. This caused us to have some difficulty in procuring provender for our horses, which being at last accomplished, we began to think of our own supper. One of our party being better advised, or more experienced, as to travelling in the country, had brought a couple of roast ducks with him, and another had a bottle of wine. I had some biscuit, and clubbing all together, we made out a very good supper. We had no time to unpack our luggage, so as to get out our hammocks or blankets; but wet and dirty as we were, we laid ourselves down to sleep as we best could. Day light found us splashing, slipping, and plunging along the muddy and deep roads; my wet boots and trowsers clinging to my limbs with a clammy coldness. As the sun rose, and my blood began to circulate, I got warmer, and had my attention engaged by the many new, strange, and beautiful objects that presented themselves. The wood was of a larger growth as we advanced, and enormous trees of strange shape and foliage were continually met with. One in particular called forth my admiration; the stem was covered with a greyish green bark, quite smooth, having the appearance of being painted with oil paint. At intervals of every three or four feet there appeared a circle like that of the joinings or over lap of the plates in a steam boat's chimney, to which the tree altogether bore a remarkable resemblance, being quite free of branches all the way to the top, where it spread out suddenly like an umbrella. These trees were frequently four or five feet in diameter, and seventy or eighty feet in height. Another peculiarity in it was, that it swelled out very considerably at about six feet from the ground.

Notwithstanding this slight want of symmetry, still the smoothness of the bark, and the regularity of the circles, made it so resemble a steam boat chimney, that if it has not yet got a name, I think it might reasonably take one from the likeness.

While making our way as we best could through a very bad place in the road, where the horses were up to the girths every step, I heard a splattering and plunging behind me, and on looking round, saw a man coming up at a canter, mounted in a very odd manner, having his legs crossed before him like a tailor. On coming up to us, he stopped and entered into conversation with one of the party, and finally determined to accompany us to the town of Mahates, where he lived, and where we intended stopping for the night. I was at a loss to know at first how he could keep his seat in the extraordinary position he had adopted. But on looking at his saddle, I found it was simply the frame of a common pack saddle covered with blankets and skins, and that the two sticks which rise in front over the horse's shoulder, where they cross each other, came just between his knees, and served to steady himself by. On the corresponding cross behind were hung two small net bags, one containing his linen, the other holding some bread and a bottle of aguardiente. This style of horsemanship had one great advantage, the rider's legs are kept out of the mud, and out of the way of the branches.

We found some parts of the road, as we advanced, rather dryer and firmer, and occasionally met with slight rises in the ground; but nothing meriting the name of a hill. In some places there was not much underwood, and the trees were larger and more scattered. The idea seemed to occur to all our party, that these places very forcibly reminded us of some great demesne in which the shrubs had been allowed to run wild, and the walks were neglected. Thousands of parrots and parroquets made the wood ring with their shrill chattering, and delighted us with the beauty of their plumage. But in this they were far eclipsed by the macaws, who really dazzled the eye with the brilliancy of their colours. The feathers on the

back and upper part of the wings were always of a light but bright blue, and the breast and under the wings either orange or crimson, with long pheasant like tails of the same colours, blue above, and red or orange underneath.

Our cross-legged friend, on reaching Mahates, offered us the use of his house, which we gladly accepted, and we were soon in the enjoyment of dry clothes, and a lounge in our hammocks. I had asked for a drink of water, and was rather surprised to have it handed to me in a massive silver cup. What surprised me was, that people having so little the appearance of wealth, or even comfort about them, should possess such costly ware. But when at dinner we were supplied with silver forks and spoons, although the only knife about the establishment was a kind of chopper, and as often served to break up wood for fuel, as to divide the meat, I could help thinking that there was little change effected in the country, even since the Spaniards first visited it; for here was a great want of useful commodities, and yet a profusion of more costly ones. A traveller may rest assured of finding silver cups, spoons, and forks in almost every house except the very poorest; but I would recommend him always to carry a knife. The natives almost invariably wear one, and in this, as well as in all other matters of equipment for travelling, hold it as a good rule, to do as the natives do, of whatever country one may travel in: long experience must have taught them to adopt customs which may appear to us as even useless or ridiculous.

We were told by the people in the house that there was a large party in another part of the village, who had arrived a short time before us, and who were also on their way to Barrancas, and that among them were Generals Padillo and Gomez. Commodore Daniels, with whom I was travelling, being acquainted with General Padillo, proposed that we should go over and see him. On reaching the house where they were staying, we found the whole party gambling. As soon as we were announced to the General, he had seats brought out to the corridor, and there had a long yarn with the commodore; for although Padillo bore the title of general, yet he was a naval

commander, and was more at home with a brother sailor, of course. When about to come away, he told us that he and his party were to start for Barrancas next morning, and invited us to breakfast with him, and all to set out together.

According to appointment, we were early at the general's lodging the following morning, and found the party all bustling about, getting horses saddled, cargoes laden, that is luggage, &c. tied on the horses' backs, and every one taking care of himself as he best could. Breakfast was soon ready. In the centre of a large table, without a cover, smoked a whole sucking pig, not set up on its legs, as I have seen them served, but reclining in a large earthenware pan. Round this centre dish were various minor ones; such as roast fowl, fried beef and pork, eggs fried and in omelets, with various other eatables, in the shape of plantains, yucca, bread, &c. General Gomez sat at one end of the table, and Padillo at the other: the rest of the party, consisting of officers, and two or three members of congress, were, some sitting, others standing round the table, and all making the most of their time, without much attending to ceremony. Fowls were divided without having recourse to a knife, and I believe the poor little pig was honored by being quartered with a sword. Some of the party had plates, and spoons, and forks; but many of them had to make a picnic of it, and use their fingers and teeth. In the same apartment the woman of the house was busy making chocolate at a charcoal fire, lighted on the floor for the time.

In a short time the whole party had managed to tranquillize the cravings of their stomachs, cigars were lighted, girths tightened, and all ready to start. Having finished my breakfast among the first, I had an opportunity of observing General Padillo, who I had not seen distinctly the night before. His appearance was most unprepossessing. Of herculean make, his head was apparently stuck on his shoulders without a neck, his colour very nearly black, with a great deal of the negro in his features, and an ugly squint of one eye. One of the party had called my attention to his sword, which was set aside until he mounted. It was a real Tole-

dano, straight, and double-edged up to the hilt, where it was, at least, two inches broad. This, whispered the person who shewed it to me, has done some execution in its time. Indeed, said he, it is said that the general used to try his hand on the Spaniards whom he happened to make prisoners in the campaign of the Magdalena, whether he could cut off a head at one blow. For this purpose he made them lay their necks on the gunwale of the boat; and indeed, said he, to judge from the man's appearance, and the weapon used, I believe he has effected it. If the impression made on me by his appearance was unfavourable, it was in no way changed for the better by what I had just heard; but circumstances which came to my knowledge afterwards made his character appear less unnatural. At the time that the revolution began, he was a pilot of Carthagena, and by his daring intrepidity soon brought himself into notice. It is at such times that the man of action rises above his destiny, while the thinking or scrupulous man is left far behind: when the end is looked to, and not the means, the man who dares most (if successful) becomes the favourite. Padillo was one of Fortune's most fortunate children, and he finished his naval career with great glory, by his victory over the Spanish fleet off Maracaybo, and his taking the forts at the entrance of that harbour. When the circumstances of the times, the nature of the war, (which was one of extermination on the part of the Spaniards, who committed the greatest excesses,) his being altogether uneducated, and the want of feeling generally displayed by both friends and enemies is considered, it is not to be wondered at that Padillo should have been the man he has been described, cruel and blood thirsty. His own death was a violent one. I saw him shot in Bogotá, for being concerned in the attempt to assassinate Bolivar. He met his fate like a brave man: there was no idle braggadocio in his bearing but cool and collected, he died as a stout hearted fellow should.

When breakfast was over, the whole party set off full tilt through thick and thin, and such plunging and splashing I never saw, every one making the best of his way without minding his

neighbours. While passing through a deep miry place, a branch pulled my hat off, and when I alighted to take it up, my horse broke away from me: by the time I got hold of him again, all the party were far out of sight or hearing, and there I was alone, without knowing which way to take; my sensations were anything but pleasant on the occasion, and various disagreeable thoughts of losing my way, robbers, wild beasts, &c. began to cross my mind. I followed the most open track, however, and in about half an hour (to my great joy,) came to a village where I found one of my friends waiting for me. We then continued our route at a pretty brisk pace, and got into Barrancas about mid-day, having travelled twelve Spanish leagues in little more than four hours.

As this was the depot for goods going up the river, and the rendezvous for the passengers who intended going by the steam boat, the place was full, and I was glad to join a party who had taken up their abode in a store house, among bales and boxes. Here I may say I first experienced the want of a public inn: there was no such thing, and our party consisting of six, were reduced to the necessity of doing every thing for ourselves. As none of us spoke the language, native servants would have been of no use to us, so we agreed to take it turn about to regulate our dining room, which was a space just large enough for our table, in one end of the store that was not covered with bales or boxes. To add to our troubles (from the number of strangers in the village,) provisions became scarce, and we were often on rather short allowance. We might have remedied this evil in some measure by shooting, as there were plenty of birds to be had, but as we were all alike strangers to the country, we did not know what was fit for eating and what was not, and then we were equally ignorant of the nature of many of the reptiles and insects, which sometimes caused us to run into danger, and as often dread it without cause. One day, two or three of us had gone into the wood along the bank of the Dique, and one of the party fired at what he conceived was a young alligator. While trying to get at it, we heard a great rustling among the grass by the water

side, when another of the same sort ran out among us. We could not fire at it, for fear of hurting each other, and just then we thought we saw something like the head of an old one rise above the water. We thought it better to leave the coast clear to them, and made the best of our way home. We found afterwards that what we had seen were iguanos, a large species of lizard, and very good eating, the flesh very much resembling that of a chicken. On another occasion I had gone out alone, and when at some distance from the village, was very much startled by a most frightful howling and grunting. Supposing that I had got near a drove of wild pigs, I thought the best thing I could do was to get away from them. This noise I discovered afterwards proceeded from the red apes. One day in the wood I had observed some pieces of rotten branches and fruit fall very near me two or three times, and on looking up I saw the apes, who had been pelting them at me. So soon as they saw I had observed them, they set off helter skelter, and set up such a dismal grunting and howling as I never heard; the noise they make more resembles that made by a drove of pigs, when some one disturbs them as they lie huddled together, and they all join in chorus of complaint at having their slumbers broken, than anything I know.

In our excursions into the woods, we became acquainted with what the plague of mosquitoes really is. What we had seen of them before, was scarcely a foretaste of their powers of annoying and giving pain. If we stopped for one minute, we were absolutely covered with them; every bush seemed to be an ambush for them: and while recharging one's gun, every vulnerable part, the face, hands, ankles, &c. were pierced by a hundred stings. In vain we attempted to drive them off with our handkerchiefs; they seemed to return in greater numbers, and with more venom every time. Our only safety, and that only partial, was in motion. Finding that smoking kept them pretty well off our faces at least, we were obliged to adopt that habit in our own defence. Speaking of smoking, we were all very much surprised at a cus-

tom among the women of the place, who smoked *with the lighted end of the cigar in the mouth*. One is at a loss to imagine why they do so; but it is a fact; and then they attempt to talk with it so. They cannot of course use the tongue very freely, for fear of burning it; but they make a horrid attempt at articulation; and their jabbering and chattering is only equalled by the flocks of parrots which keep the woods in an uproar from sunrise to sunset.

Although every thing about us was new, and strange, and full of interest; yet nothing we met with appeared more curious than the habits of the large red ant, whose paths are met with everywhere. The first time I saw them, they were crossing the road, and I could not conceive what the green line drawn across the sand could be. On coming close to it, I perceived that it was formed by the ants; and what made it appear green was the leaves they were carrying home to their nest. Their path was about nine inches wide, and worn quite bare and smooth. Every inch of this path was covered with ants—some carrying a piece of leaf towards home, others hurrying back for more, after having deposited a load in the nest. It appears that there is one particular shrub that they take the leaves of, and a party is employed to break them off, another to cut them to the proper size, and then the great body to convey them to the nest or ant hill. Some people are of opinion that they carry the leaves in order to screen themselves from the birds: but this I think an erroneous idea. If such were the case, they would all carry a screen. But it is not so; and those laden with the leaf are always seen going in the same direction, while the others without it are constantly seen coming in the opposite one. Indeed the circumstance of their carrying the leaf makes them more easily seen—as I observed above, it was the moving line of green which first attracted my attention, and the vision of birds is generally too acute to be deceived by so clumsy a screen. I have followed these paths for hundreds of yards, and always found them crowded through the whole length. In fact, what astonished me most was the regularity of their proceedings. There were no parts of their path

crowded and others unoccupied, but all covered just close enough to allow room to work. Some of them appear to burrow in the sand, making excavations, which prove dangerous to passengers, when they happen to be made under a road, which is often the case. Others raise conical shaped hills of three or four feet in height, the outside of which is formed of some kind of paste which is impervious to water. There is another species which fasten their nest to the branch of a tree,* generally a horizontal one, which it hangs down from as large as a bus-skep.

In the house next to our domicile, a fine little girl took ill and died, and we had an opportunity of witnessing a wake and funeral. The body was laid out on a kind of couch, and dressed in all its best clothes; a bright yellow satin frock, silk stockings, and red satin shoes. Its head was decked out with flowers, one of which was fixed in the mouth. Six large wax tapers were placed round the body, and a few of the relations joined in lamentations for the loss, and praises of the deceased.

In the evening the priest came, attended by the sexton, some musicians, and three or four little boys who carried censers with incense, the holy water, &c. The body was then laid in an open coffin and set on a kind of frame, having four feet, and two poles to carry it by, like a sedan chair. Wax torches were given to all those who were to attend the funeral; and after some prayers were said, the coffin was carried out, and the procession followed two deep, and all uncovered. The sexton chaunted the service for the dead, accompanied by the music of a fiddle, a flute, and clarionet. At about twenty yards from the house, the coffin was set down; the priest re-

peated a pater noster, took a silver instrument (which very much resembled a child's rattle on a large scale,) that was immersed in the holy water, and sprinkled the coffin cross fashion. The round nob of the instrument being perforated with holes, both charged itself when dipped into the water, and served as a rose to scatter it when swung in the way I have mentioned. The censers in which the incense was carried, were now waived back and forward, until the current of air created by this means, made it burn more quickly, and the coffin was enveloped in a cloud of perfumed smoke. This ceremony was repeated every twenty or thirty yards. I was told afterwards that the more frequent, or rather the greater the number of *parados* or stops, the shorter time the soul would remain in purgatory, at least the funeral would be considered *mas luxoso*, more grand and, of course, more profitable to the priest, who gets a certain sum for each *parado*. The child was daughter to a person who might be called an *hidalgo* of the place; and the same number of *parados* that would have served every body's children would not do for his. So we had more praying and music in the church, where the body was interred. We then returned to the house, where there was chocolate, sweetmeats, and cigars for such as chose to partake of them.

One evening, about seven o'clock, we heard a great bustle down towards the river side, and presently a crowd of people came into the square, dragging a young alligator after them. It was about six feet long, and had been killed in a house near the river, where it had entered in search of fowl, it was supposed, as many had been carried off from near the same place within a short time. The house where it was

* One of my companions (on the voyage up the Magdalena, in the steam boat,) proposed that we should go on shore at one of the wooding places, and try our hand at felling a tree. We found it very warm work, and had gradually disencumbered ourselves of all our clothes, except our trowsers. The tree began to quiver under our strokes, and at last fell a little to one side against another tree, the branches of which broke down an ant's nest, which we had not observed, in the top of the one we were labouring at. The ants came tumbling down on our naked shoulders, bit us most unmercifully, and held so firmly by us, that we actually pulled away the hind part of some of them, and yet the head remained sticking. Their bite caused the most intense pain, and gave us another lesson in natural history which we had not bargained for.

killed was built close to the water's edge, having a door towards the river, and another opening to the street. Two women were sitting at the street door, when they observed the creature enter the opposite one. They gave the alarm immediately, and the alligator having got into the house, its retreat was cut off by some boatmen who came to the women's assistance, and it was dragged off in triumph to the square. Although it was almost beaten to a jelly, it still attempted to lash with its tail and to bite. Their tenacity of life is very great. This was the first alligator I had seen; and when I was told that it had not attained a half of its full size, I could easily credit the stories I heard of their carrying off pigs, calves, children, and even horses.

Although the bats were not so numerous here as in Carthagena, they were much larger, and in the evenings were very disagreeable, as they came flapping their great leather wings close past one's head, and leaving a most unpleasant smell behind them. Besides their repugnant appearance, they are

to be guarded against at night, or (being of the vampire species) they will wound and suck the blood of any one they can get at. Their favourite point of attack is the top of the great toe, where they make a small hole, as if of a pointed instrument, or of a nail, and from this they manage to extract a great quantity of blood. I have known the boatmen of the river, when lying exposed on the banks, to awake so enfeebled from loss of blood, as to be unable to stand. This, one would suppose, could not be effected by one bat, nor without awaking the person bitten. On such occasions it has been observed that round where the person was lying there were quantities of clotted blood, and it is conjectured that as soon as the bat had filled itself, it had disgorged the blood and returned to suck again repeatedly. How it is that the person who is attacked by them does not feel them at the time, is not easily accounted for, but such is the case. In the villages along the Magdalena I have seen bats measuring eighteen inches from the point of one wing to the point of the other.

SONNET.

There was—or did I dream it?—a wide plain,
 White with thin sand, that seem'd as winnow'd there
 With fans of desolation—hot and bare,
 And shifting as the tide along the main,
 It spread, till its far limits seem'd to gain
 A union with the cloudless sea of air,
 From whence the sun shone with a parching glare,
 Upon the waste it looked upon in vain.

And in that plain a placid fountain slept—
 And o'er its clear and crystal depths there hung
 One tender tree, whose bending branches wept
 And kissed the waters whence its life had sprung.
 Methought there was instruction, as it kept
 Such changeless watch those arid tracts among.

ADVENA.

ON THE LEARNING OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

There are but two modes of forming a due estimate of the literary attainments and character of any ancient people, who, at a remote period of time, had been subjected to the ravages of war or the degradation of conquest. The first is a candid examination of such of their most celebrated writings as have survived the ruin of their affairs, and been transmitted to the present age. The second is an appeal to the testimony of such foreign authors as have either directly discussed, or incidentally glanced at the subject, and given favourable or unfavourable evidence respecting their literary character. In some instances it is wholly impossible to make use of the former criterion, because it has sometimes happened that conquerors, actuated by a spirit of hatred, jealousy, and revenge, have sought to obliterate every trace of the ancient glory of those nations who had, with manly but unsuccessful fortitude, resisted their ambitious projects. Thus *few, if any* genuine remnants of the literature of the Carthaginians have escaped the barbarous scrutiny of their Roman conquerors; and the history and character of that most interesting nation have chiefly descended to us through the polluted medium of their most determined and inveterate enemies. In Ireland, also, an unrelenting warfare was waged against the literature of the country by the Ostmen, Livonians, and other barbarous tribes of Pagans, who, though they did not absolutely conquer this entire kingdom, yet invaded and wasted it in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries. The first host of these savages made their appearance in the year 795, at the isle of Rachlin, in the county of Antrim, and devastated a considerable part of Ulster. About the year 815 another swarm of them destroyed the Abbey of Bangor, and the literary works which it contained. Armagh and its college, or academy—then the most celebrated one of the kind in Ireland—experienced the same fate.

In short, the Normans and Danes, as they were generally called, not only tyrannized most inhumanly over the people, but sought to annihilate every vestige of their literature, so far as their power extended. Many manuscripts, however, escaped their savage rage, and were either preserved in the libraries of private individuals, or in such *monasteries* as, through various causes, the Danes had been unable to destroy. It happened, however, unfortunately, that after the invasion of this country by the English, the natives were accustomed to deposit their provisions in those edifices and in churches, as places of refuge and of security. The Britons paid little respect to those sanctuaries, but pillaged them when in want of either food or raiment. Hence both churches and abbeys became the theatres of sanguinary warfare, and numbers of them were ruined by the contending parties. Giraldus Cambrensis informs us, that in pillaging or removing the provisions stored in churches, &c. the English acted under the authority of VIVIAN, the Pope's legate. At last the Irish themselves, in order to cut off the sources of supply thus opened to their enemies, set fire to those religious buildings with their own hands, and a new and boundless havoc was committed amongst their literary manuscripts. —*Annal. Anon. citante Leland, Vol. I. p. 123.*

Still, however, some remained in the hands of individuals. Of these, part have been lost, part still are to be found in Ireland, and part, it is said, were deposited in France by James II. and some of his followers. Carthage perished wholly as a nation, and with her perished, it is to be feared, all the original records of her literary fame. But Ireland, though harassed and conquered, had still a kind of distinct existence, a shadowy semblance of her ancient glory, which yet remains, and

“Stat magni nominis Umbra.”

Archbishop Peter Lombard, a very

learned prelate and antiquary, who lived in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, and of James I. states (*Analecta*, p. 562, 3-4) that many volumes of Irish manuscripts were deposited in the Royal Copenhagen Library, and that the king of Denmark had applied to Queen Elizabeth to procure him some able linguist and antiquary to translate them. Donatus O'Daly, a man perfectly qualified to execute the task, was willing to undertake it, but was prohibited by the court. Lombard also asserts that several Irish manuscripts of importance were consigned to oblivion in the tower of London. He complains, too, most bitterly, that the English governors of Ireland had laboured incessantly to remove from this kingdom every monument of antiquity which it was in their power to convey to Great Britain. O'Reilly, the Irish lexicographer, is in possession of several very valuable Irish manuscripts; and states that there yet exist, in different libraries of this kingdom, authentic copies of great antiquity, treating on history, law, topography, poetry, music, astronomy, and medicine; the most common are those on history and medicine. Respecting these he has published a quarto volume, giving a brief abstract account of some of them, in chronological order.

We shall now proceed to demonstrate, from the testimony of foreign authors, that the Irish literati, during a great part of what is called the dark or the middle ages, were remarkable for their sanctity and learning. And first, as to the testimony of our nearest neighbours, the inhabitants of Great Britain.

Gildas, the most ancient British historian extant, was first an alumnus, and then the chief master of the famous academy founded at Armagh, by his preceptor St. Patrick. He died about the year 512. After his decease, no historian of any moment appeared in England, till the days of the venerable Bede, who speaks in the most honorable terms of the liberality and learning of the Irish. He, indeed, distinctly informs us that numbers of the Anglo Saxon youth flocked from Britain to Ireland, to be instructed in religion and letters, and were supplied with lodgings and even with books, *gratis*. Bede lived in part of the seventh and

of the eighth centuries, and was a man whose evidence is never called in question, except when, like his contemporary authors, he intersperses tales of miracles (which no doubt he believed to be true) in his biographical works. (*Bede, Hist. Ecc. Brit. lib. 3 cap. 27.*) Again he tells us that many of the English nobles withdrew to Ireland, to cultivate letters or lead a life of greater purity. The same Bede affirms that when Bishop Aidan was sent to convert the Northumbrians, he preached in the Irish language, and King Oswin, who was acquainted with that tongue, acted as his interpreter. (*Hist. Ecc. Brit. lib. 2. cap. 3.*) In like manner, when Colman, the Irish divine, deputed from the Isle of Hi or Iona, and his companions, addressed the Anglo Saxons, Ceadda was appointed their interpreter. (*Ibid. lib. 3. cap. 23.*)

Alcuin, who also lived in the eighth century, in his life of St. Willibrord, Archbishop of Utrecht, bears similar testimony to the liberality and learning of the Irish. Willibrord was educated at Armagh, and his biographer, who was a man of eminent talents, has, in becoming terms, eulogized the preceptors under whom that prelate had studied twelve years. Nennius, the next British historian of any note, also corroborates the evidence of his predecessors, and English and British writers of a later date, such as Camden, Spenser, Hanmer, Lhuid, Roland, and many others, might be referred to, if it were necessary to accumulate evidence on this subject.

It is a curious fact, that in some of our ancient academical towns the former names of whole districts of streets were derived from their being the residence of the Anglo Saxon students. Thus, from a very remote period of time, one division of the city of Armagh was called *Trian Sassanach*—the Saxon division or district; and the road leading from it, *Bohar-na-trian Sassanach*—the road of the Saxon district or division, and this road led directly to the college or academy. (*Triad Thom. p. 300.*) It is yet called English-street. Amongst the Anglo-Saxons and others of high rank, educated in Ireland, we find the name of ALFRED, King of Northumberland, as is expressly vouched by Bede himself, lib. 3. c. 7—27, *et sequenti*; and of Aigilbert, first Bishop of the

Western Saxons, and afterwards of Paris. *Idem in vita S. Cudberet. et in carmen in S. Cudberet.* Camden testifies that Aldelm, an English author of the seventh century, and the first of that nation who wrote Latin poetry, was a pupil of the Hibernian Scot, Maidulph. Indeed when any man of eminence, either in Great Britain or the Continent, had disappeared, it was usual to say of him, "Amandatus est ad disciplinam in Hibernia." We must remind our readers that Ireland, in the second, third, fourth, fifth, and several succeeding centuries, was frequently termed "*Scotia*" and "the country of the *Scots*." Afterwards a distinction was made betwixt Albanian Scotia, and

Hibernian Scotia; or betwixt Scotia Major and Scotia Minor. Ireland is called *Scotia* by Isidor, Orosius, Jonas, Eginhard, (secretary to Charlemagne) Nennius, Gretsor, Canisius, Marianus Scotus, Ceolfred, (eighth century) Giraldus Cambrensis, and many others whom it would be tedious to recite. Donat, who was himself an Irishman, and Bishop of Fesulæ, near Florence, in Italy, wrote about the year 820, some commentaries on the Scriptures, and a brief description of *Ireland* or *Hibernia*, with a short account of St. Bridget, from which we extract the following lines in proof of what we have advanced :—

Finibus occiduis, describitur optima Tellus
 Nomine et antiquis, Scotia scripta libris
 Insula dives opum, gemmarum vestis et auri
 Commoda corporibus, ætère, sole, solo.
 Melle fluit pulchris et lacteis Scotia campis
 Vestibus atque armis, frugibus, arte, viris.
 Ursorum rabiès nulla est ibi ; sæva leonum
 Semina nec unquam Scottica terra tulit.
 Nulla venena nocent, nec serpens serpit in herba
 Nec conquesta canit garrula rana lacu.
 In qua Scotorum gentes habitare morantur
 Inclÿta gens hominum, milite, pace, fide.

Far westward lies an *isle* of ancient fame,
 The best of countries—Scotia is her name.
 An isle enriched with an exhaustless store
 Of gems, of garments, and of golden ore.
 Her soil prolific teems with native wealth,
 Her air breathes mildness and the gales of health ;
 Her verdant land with milk and honey flows,
 And Nature here her choicest gifts bestows ;
 Her cultured fields are crowned with waving corn,
 And arts and arms her envied sons adorn.
 No savage bear with lawless fury roves,
 Nor ravenous lion through her peaceful groves :
 No poisonous reptile wounds—no scaly snake
 Twines through the grass—nor frog annoys the lake.
 An island worthy of the Scottish race,
 In war illustrious—and unmatched in peace.

Such is the portrait which Donat draws, *con amore*, of his native country, before it had been greatly wasted by the Danes. The very recital of the poem, independently of its author's place of nativity, and express mention of Ireland (Hibernia) in its title, enables the reader to ascertain the *Scotia* of which he speaks, for he describes it to be free from poisonous creatures, snakes, and frogs. At this very hour

we have neither snakes nor venomous reptiles in this island. and we know, that for the first time, *frog spawn* was brought from England, in the year 1696, by one of the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, and placed in a ditch in the University park or pleasure ground, from which these very prolific colonists sent out their croaking detachments through the adjacent country, whose progeny spread from field

to field throughout the whole kingdom. No statue has yet been erected to the memory of the natural philosopher who enriched our island with so very valuable an importation of melodious and beautiful creatures. It is indeed greatly to be regretted that he had not brought the spawn from south Carolina, where frogs attain the magnificent length of twenty inches, and utter sounds which resemble the bellowings of the bull.

We shall now advert briefly to the testimony of some of the Continental writers.

Eric. of Auxerre has the following very remarkable passage: "Why, says he, should we mention Ireland. Almost the whole nation, despising even the dangers of the sea, resort to our coasts—a numerous train of philosophers, of whom the most learned, subjecting themselves to a voluntary banishment, enter into the service of our most wise Solomon," for so he styles Charles the Bald, who had invited to his court these Hibernian *literati*. In this respect the French Sovereign had imitated the example of Charlemagne, who about the year 792, had invited two eminent Irish scholars, Clement and Albin, to his court, one of whom he placed over his infant seminary of Paris—the other (Albin) over that of Ticinum in Italy. That they were both Irishmen, we have the direct evidence of their contemporary, *Nolker Balbulus*, (an ancient monk of the Abbey of St. Gall) in his historic sketch of the actions of Charles the Great. *Antiq. hist. tom. i. p. 360*, published by H. Canisius, 1601.

In this work he expressly calls them "two Scots of Ireland" (*duos Scotos de Hibernia*) incomparably skilled both in human and divine literature. To the tuition of Clement, Charlemagne committed (says Balbulus) a vast number of youths of all ranks and qualities, and furnished him with a convenient habitation and suitable provision. Albin he sent to Italy, and assigned to him the monastery of St. Augustine, at Ticinum, that as many

as thought proper might resort thither, to him, for instruction. Another Albin, an Englishman, having heard how kindly Charles had received men of knowledge, took shipping and went to him.

Further, there is extant a letter written by Albin to Colchus, an Irish Scot, and lecturer in divinity, in which he styles himself his (Colchus's) son, and informs him that all his friends who are with him in France are well.—*Vit. Epist. Hib.*

In the eighth century, the Irish were the only divines who refused to degrade their reason, by submitting it to the arbitrary dictates of authority. They even applied philosophy (says Mosheim) to illustrate the truths and doctrines of religion, a method which was generally abhorred and exploded by all other nations. Having also shewn that beyond all other people, the Hibernians were lovers of learning, distinguished by the culture of the sciences, and so eager to communicate their knowledge to other nations, that they travelled through the most distant lands for this benevolent purpose, he adds, "we see them, in the most authentic records of antiquity, discharging, with the highest reputation and applause, the functions of doctors, in France, Germany and Italy, both in the eighth and ninth centuries. But that they were the first teachers of scholastic theology in Europe, and so early as the eighth century, illustrated the doctrines of religion by philosophy, we are informed from the testimony of Benedict, abbot of Aniam in Langue-doc, who lived in that period."

The school of *Lismore*, in Munster, was famous throughout Europe, so early as the latter end of the fifth century, as may be proved by the works of Bonaventura Moronos, a Tarentine by birth, who gives a poetic account of the celebrated Catald, who presided, for a long time, over that seminary. Catald had been ultimately bishop of Tarento, and, from the records of that see, Moronos extracted the materials of his work, from which Usher quotes the following lines:

"Spargitur occiduas, sensim, vaga fama per urbes
Huic juveni primis—tantum conatibus omnes
Concessisse viros, eadem quos edidit ætas,
Quantum ignes, superat Phœbe jam plena, minores.
Undique conveniunt proceres; quos dulce trahabat

Discendi studium, major num cognita virtus,
 An laudata foret. Celeres vastissima Rheni,
 Jam vada, *Teutonici*, jam deseruere *Sicambri*.
 Mittit ab extremo gelidos Aquilone *Bóemos*
 Albis, et Arverni cocunt, *Batavique* frequentes
 Et quicunque colunt alta sub rupe Gebennas.
 * * * * *
 Certatim hi properant diverso tramite ad urbem
 Lismoriam—

And again :

"Jam videas populos quos abluit advena Rhenus
 Quasque, sub occiduo collustrat cardine Mundi
 Phœbus, Lismoriam venisse ; ut jura docentis
 Ediscant titulisque sacrent melioribus aras."

An account of Catald and his school was written, in prose, by Bartholemew Moronus, brother to the poet, and from this also we learn that the people who inhabit the borders of the Rhine and the Elbe, the inhabitants of Guelderland, the Bohemians, the Auverni, the Batavians, Genevese, Helvetians, Scottish Islanders, and many others, flocked for education to Lismore in Ireland.

We deem it unnecessary to accumulate much more evidence in proof of the fact that during a considerable period of the dark ages, the learning of the Irish was generally admitted by their contemporary nations ; and shall, therefore, rest satisfied with the following quotation from the French historian Mezeray, who, no doubt, derived his information from the ancient records and annals of his native country.

Mezeray (as has been already mentioned) having adverted to the piety, industry, and talents of the Hibernian and the Albanian Scots, who in the sixth and seventh centuries had visited and formed religious and literary establishments in France ; and having spoken of the Irishmen, *Columbanus* (who founded the abbey of Luxenville) and his countryman, Gall, who built the monastery at Stinaha, now Stinace, makes the following remark :—" It must be admitted that these troops of pious men were most useful to France, even in her temporal concerns. For the prolonged irruptions of the barbarians having totally desolated the country, it was, even yet, in many places, covered with thickets and with woods, and, in the low grounds, inundated with marshes. These benevo-

lent religious, who had devoted themselves to God, not merely to lead a life of slothful indolence, laboured with their own hands, to grub up, to drain, to till, to plant and to build, not so much for themselves, who lived in the strictest frugality, but to support and nourish (*pour nourir*) the poor. So that uncultivated and frightful deserts were converted into agreeable and very fertile tracts. Heaven seemed to favour with "its kindest influence, a country managed by hands so pure and disinterested. I shall say nothing of their having preserved to us, almost all that remains of the history of those ages."

The sciences and liberal arts, taught in the Irish academies, were theology, grammar, geometry, astronomy, music, (with which was connected poetry,) rhetoric, and logic. Of these a digest had been made by Martianus Capella, in the fifth century. Duncant, an Irish bishop, delivered lectures on these heads in St. Remigius' monastery, in the county of Down, and Johannes Erigena wrote comments on their works, all of which, Dr. Ledwich says, are still extant ; we, however, have never seen them.

As to theology, which ranks first in the above abstract, Irish authors gave very early proofs of their proficiency in that science, and their works, extant at the present moment, are at once honourable to their talents, their industry, and their religious faith. Sedulius, who wrote about the year 450, prefixes to the notes to one of his principal works, the words, "*Sedulii Scoti Hibernensis in omnes epistolas Pauli collectaneum*." About twenty-six distinct li-

terary works were written by Sedulius, chiefly on theological subjects, some of which have descended to the present generation, and have been repeatedly appealed to by Archbishop Ussher and other eminent writers, in proof of the religion of the ancient Irish Christians. And here it ought to be observed, that at the period when he wrote, the island of Great Britain *had not produced a single Christian author*, at least none whose works, according to the best of our recollection, have reached posterity. Some of his poems or hymns appeared at the end of Alcuin's offices on the festivals, printed in Paris, A.D. 1617. Of his prose writings some are to be found in a volume, printed about the same time in Paris. His works were printed in 1502 and 1564, and in Edinburgh 1701, and in the *Bibliotheca Patrum*, tom. 8. There was another Sedulius, who was eminent for theological knowledge about the year 710, who wrote various historical and religious works. We pass by several writers, such as Columba, who, in the sixth century, established the famous priory at Hi or Iona, because (with the exception of thirty poetic compositions) few of his works have reached our age; and Columbanus, an author of considerable repute, who erected the abbey of Bobio, near Naples, in the year 614, as well as his biographer Jonas, and many others, and proceed to notice Cumian, who was born in the county of Donegal, about the year 596. This learned man became, about the middle of the succeeding century, abbot of Hi. Some of his writings are yet extant which we mention merely on account of the literary research and talent which they display. He was the first Irish writer who openly advocated the opinions of the Roman See respecting the proper time of keeping Easter. In his letter on this subject to the abbot Segene, he fortifies his arguments with frequent appeals to the authority of accredited authors who had discussed the point at issue. He inquires into the sentiments of the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Latins, the Egyptians, and adduces the works of St. Jerome, St. Patrick of Ireland, whom he styles *Sanctus Papa noster Patricius*; Anatolius; Theophilus; Dionysius; Cyril; Mo-

rinus; Augustine; Victorius; Pacomius; (the Egyptian); the deacon of the Nicene council, and many other authorities. We mention these facts because they show the degree of laborious attention which the Irish literati bestowed on such subjects as they deemed worthy of investigation.

We omit a multitude of Irish authors who wrote in the sixth and seventh centuries, prior to the days of Adamnan, some of whose writings are yet extant in a published form, and some have perished. Bede, who made great use of Adamnan's writings, styles him a wise and good man, deeply learned in the Scriptures; and eulogizes in high terms his geographical account of the Holy Land.

In glancing briefly at Adamnan's published works, it may not be improper to observe that some of his unpublished manuscripts, partly in Latin and partly in Irish, are in the possession of John Mac Namara, a member of the Ibero Celtic Society—and others in those of the assistant secretary of that institution, Edward O'Reilly, the Irish lexicographer.—(*Transactions*, &c. p. 704.) Adamnan was abbot of Hi, about the year 679.

Claude, an eminent Irish divine, lived in part of the eighth and ninth centuries, and distinguished himself by his opposition to the use of images in churches, and the honor paid to relics and the cross, &c. as well as by his comments on the Scriptures, his Homilies, his Concord of the Evangelists, and some historic works. We learn from Pussievin that his manuscript commentaries on St. Paul's epistles are extant at the Cassinian library, in the fifth press on the left side. Some of those were printed at Paris in 1542, and are frequently quoted by Ussher. Contemporary with him was CLEMENT, who had written a summary of the gospels, and a treatise de evangelistarum concordia. Of this writer, Lupoldus, who flourished about the year 1330, uses the following expressions:—"The French may be compared to the Romans and the Athenians, through the works of Clement an Irishman who had settled amongst them." He had written some grammatical as well as theological treatises. An epistle, composed by his contemporary and countryman, Dungal,

and addressed to the Emperor Charlemagne, concerning two eclipses which happened in the year 810, with other tracts by the same hand, on religious subjects, is extant in Dacherius's *Spicilegium*.

Evidence of a similar nature might be adduced, *ad libitum*, on this branch of the subject, were it not that we are unwilling to trespass too much on our reader's time and attention.

Of the general scheme of astronomy taught in the Irish colleges, it is now perhaps impracticable to give any correct view. Vallancey, if we recollect aright, maintains that the Pythagorean system was adopted in those seminaries, and that he had in his possession a very ancient Irish plan or diagram of the heavens, in which the sun was represented as fixed in the centre of the revolving planets. How far he may be correct in his assertion, we presume not to say, because we have had no opportunity of examining any such ancient representation of the solar system, and because we only refer from memory to this author's works. It may, however, be very reasonably inferred, from the historic evidence which fortunately has descended to us, respecting the famous Irish mathematician FEARGAL, that they were perfectly well acquainted with the spherical figure of the earth, the existence of the antipodes, and the diurnal motion of our globe round its axis. Henry Canisius, Aventin, and Velsler, historiographers of Bavaria, have given a very full account of a warm controversy which was carried on betwixt Feargal (Latiné Virgil), and his irritable antagonist Boniface, Archbishop of Mentz, respecting the *antipodes*.—*Arant. Annal Boiorum*. But independently of their testimony, we have extant in various ancient works, an official letter, transmitted by Pope Zachary to this Boniface, in the year 748, in which, speaking of Virgil, he uses the following remarkable expression :—“*De perversa antem et iniqua doctrina, quæ contra Dominum, et Animam suam locutus est, si clarificatum fuerit ita eum confiteri, quod alius mundus et alii homines sub terras sint, et Sol et luna, hunc, habito concilio, ab Ecclesia pelle Sacerdotis honore privatum.*” “As to the perverse and iniquitous doctrine which he (Virgil) has spoken against

the Lord and his own soul, if it should be made evident that he professes that under the earth there is another world, and other men, and sun and moon—having called a council, expel him from the church, deprived of sacerdotal honour.” These are the expressions used by the Pope, according to the famous ecclesiastical historian Binius. The same letter is found recorded in a volume of Boniface's epistles, and in Othlone's life of that prelate, and in various other writers quoted by the accurate Primate Ussher in his *Syllage* of ancient Hibernian epistles. However, in Ussher's published copy of a considerable part of the letter itself, the words “*sol et luna*” are omitted.

If, however, those words were really contained in the original letter, they afford an additional proof of Zachary's perfect ignorance of astronomy. Having no idea of the earth's motion around its axis, he appears to have conceived, that if Feargal believed in the existence of our antipodes, he must also have fancied that there were another sun and another moon to afford them light—an idle conceit which never entered into the Irish philosopher's imagination.

Now that Virgil was an Irishman, of noble descent, and educated in this country, we learn from his biographer, a pupil of Eberhard, Bishop of Saltzburgh, in Bavaria, who was the philosopher's successor in that see. Besides a treatise on the antipodes, and a glossary which is quoted by Melchior Goldastus, he is said to have written some other works which are wholly lost. He is characterized as a very eminent mathematician, and a man of great piety. He died in the year 785.

Now I think it may be fairly inferred, that Virgil, who had been invited in the prime of life to reside in France by King Pepin, had imbibed his astronomical notions at the Irish academy in which he had been educated. Such ideas were indeed totally unknown to the literati of the continent at that period. Nay, they even held that the heaven (as if it were a tangible matter) was joined in some parts to the extremities of the earth, which they imagined to be a plain surface. Some interminable wood or impervious boundary made a durable line of de-

marcation betwixt the celestial and the terrestrial regions. Hence the lines of *Acitus Alcinus* (*citante Harris*)—

"*Ergo ubi transmisissis Mundi caput incipit Indis,
Quo perhibent terram confinia jungere celo
Lucus inaccessa cunctis mortalibus arce
Prominet,*" &c.

"Pass India once—and lo! earths confines lie
Mixed with the bending regions of the sky.
And there a wood, impervious to the tread
Of mortal foot, erects aloft its head."

The opinions promulgated by our Irish philosopher *Feargal*, were, it appears, deemed by his continental contemporaries iniquitous and derogatory from the honour of God; but those of *Philastrius*, respecting the stars, were listened to with great complaisance by his fellow bishops. "As," said he, "it is one heresy to call the stars by the names of living creatures," (such as *bull*, and *ram*, and *crab*, and *lion*, and *fishes*,) "so it is another to deny that they are *luminaries* arbitrarily moved and set out at night by angels to light the world, and at morning removed inwards, as men fix lamps in the streets and withdraw them as occasion requires."—*Baxter's Councils*, p. 212.

Thus the astronomical system of the continental bishops in the eighth cen-

tury seems to have been sufficiently simple. The earth was a circular plain, like king Arthur's round table, and apparently supporting the heavens which covered it, like a huge inverted bowl. The concave surface of this bowl was a solid firmament, with a sun, which moved along some particular track or groove, and probably a few convenient holes or hooks were so placed as to enable the angels to exhibit portable torches or lamps to light mankind by night. The intermediate space contained air and the other elements, and the confines of the earth and sky were fringed with impassable woods. Our mad poet, Lee, seems to have completely exemplified their idea of the solidity of the heavens by the following lines in his *Cedipus* :—

"O that, as oft I have at Athens seen
The stage arise, and the big clouds descend,
So now I might, in very deed, behold
This solid earth and all yon marble heavens
Meet, like the hands of Jove, to crush mankind."

This transmutation of *worlds* into *lamps*, and of *angels* into *lamp-lighters*, gave no offence to Pope Zachary or to Bishop Boniface. Yet what can be more ridiculous; what more unworthy of the glories of creation? The fact is, that several councils had forbidden the Christian prelates to study the works of the heathens; and even Austin, though possessed of considerable metaphysical subtilty, was in a great measure self taught.

It seems pretty clear from the premises, that *Feargal* must have either invented the system which subjected him to Papal censure, or have been taught it in the Irish academy of which he was an *alumnus*. The former supposition is scarcely within the bounds of probability, and therefore we are in-

clined to adopt the latter hypothesis, particularly as we find that there was something or other in the whole scheme of *Scoto-Hibernian Literature and Theology*, which gave great offence to the continental bishops.

In a council held at Valence, in the year 855, the people were vehemently exhorted to reject the *Aniles Pen fabulas Scotorum Hibernice*—"The old wives fables of the Scots of Ireland"—and to stick to the Scriptures and the councils of Africa and Orange.

Be this as it may, it is certain that Virgil recanted his supposed errors, possessing more of the sagacity of the philosopher than of the ardent spirit of the martyr. This conclusion necessarily follows, from the circumstance of his subsequent promotion to a

bishopric in the year 767, and his final canonization, as a saint, by the Roman see. That his works have perished is more to be regretted than wondered at, inasmuch as they were written in support of what was then held to be an heretical and iniquitous system, and it was deemed the bounden duty of the pious to destroy such dangerous books.

The following historic fact will prove that the Irish literati either recorded or calculated with scrupulous accuracy the time of remarkable eclipses. We have elsewhere stated that the Ulster annals inform us, that in the years 664 and 665, the people of this island were afflicted with a most dreadful pestilence. They further state that there had been an eclipse of the sun on the ninth hour of the kalends of May, in the year 664. In the course of the summer, the whole heavens appeared on fire; and in August an awful mortality swept off multitudes of the people, insomuch that two-thirds of the inhabitants of Ireland perished during the pestilence. Now the accurate Anglo-Saxon historian, Bede, corroborates every part of this statement, except the time of the eclipse, which he says took place on the 3d of May, at the tenth hour. Bede, who was born in the year 672, only eight years after the event which he thus records, might, one would suppose, be relied on in a matter of such notoriety, particularly as he states that the pestilence which followed the eclipse, depopulated the southern parts of England and the province of Northumberland. Curious, however, to ascertain which of the two accounts is the more accurate, a note of the facts was transmitted by us to a very eminent mathematician, professor THOMSON, of the *Belfast Academical Institution*, who was so kind as to calculate the exact time at which the eclipse in question really happened; and it appeared that its greatest obscuration was at 40 minutes and 17 seconds past three o'clock, on the evening of the *first* of May, 664. Now as the Irish annalist, in assigning the period of the eclipse, had evidently spoken of *Roman time*, it became necessary to ascertain whether his ninth hour coincided on the first of May, 664, with any and what portion of our hours of two, three, or four o'clock; for the commencement of the eclipse

at London was at twenty minutes after two o'clock, and the termination at thirty-six minutes after four. The day having been accordingly divided into twelve parts, commencing with sunrise and terminating with sunset, it was found that the eclipse must have been perceptible at the ninth Roman hour on the first of May, and of course the Irishman's calculation was perfectly correct. *Bede. Hist. Eccl. lib. 3, c. 27.*

Primate Ussher, who has adverted to Bede's error, accounts for it in the following manner:—Some of his friends, he presumes, had recollected the eclipse, and informed him generally that it had happened in May, 664. Aware that it must have taken place on the day of the new moon, the historian had recourse to Dionysius's cycle, in which the golden number XIX. indicated the 3d of May as the day required—and here his research terminated.

As to grammar—some treatises are yet extant on this subject, written by Irish writers of the middle ages, and many others have perished. The most important of those which have escaped the ravages of time is the Glossary of Cormac Mc. Cullionan, who about the year 900, was King of Munster. In this work he explains the more difficult words of his native tongue, and collates them with the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. Mr. O'Reilly, the Irish lexicographer, has asserted that this glossary is singularly enriched with names of plants, and that Irish dictionaries contain a fuller nomenclature of herbs than the lexicons of any other tongue in the world. This is the more remarkable, from the circumstance that our country, though styled "*The Green Island*," and though the term "*Emerald Isle*," originally given by PAUL RICAUD to St. HELENA, has been *furtively* applied to Ireland, does not contain so many species of plants as our neighbouring country England; a fact which we lately learned from an eminent botanist, Dr. Drummond, of this town. We conclude from hence that the Irish must have paid particular attention to the qualities and habits of plants, which probably they connected with the medical art, a subject which, from the treatises yet extant upon it, they appear to have very copiously discussed.

Joseph Scaliger (*de Europæorum linguis*) classes the Irish amongst the original or mother languages. Camden intimates that the Anglo-Saxon letters were borrowed from the Irish—and Dr. Johnson, in his *English Dictionary*, alleges the probability of the Saxons having no alphabet on their arrival in Great Britain. It seems clear indeed that they had not, because in the country from which they came, no such alphabet as the one which they used subsequently to their landing, can be found in any document or manuscript whatever. The circumstance of the Anglo-Saxons sending their children to Ireland for education, connected with the coincidence of their adopted alphabet with that of the Irish, sufficiently points out the source from which it was derived. The Irish themselves must have possessed this alphabet from some indefinite period of time—for they continued its use in many of their most important manuscripts—even when they were well acquainted with the Roman and the Greek characters. Now the Irish letters are very few in number—originally they were but seventeen—and it sometimes required a combination of several consonants to produce a sound which could have been better effected by one. Nothing could have induced a body of learned men, acquainted with a better alphabet, to persist in the use of so very imperfect a one as this, except the force of early habit and that natural affection, which the mind retains for such things as have been transmitted to us from our ancestors, and are associated in idea with our native land. But the Irish tongue, though deficient, with respect to the number of its letters, was copious in words. It abounded in terms of law, as is evinced in the writings of Judge Moran on legal subjects, a fine copy of which, with an interlined gloss, is extant in the hands of the assistant secretary of the Ibero-Celtic Society. Moran wrote in the year 90. The same observations may be made with respect to the writings of Cormac Mac Art (A.D. 250,) and Cearnadhe (A.D. 742) which, with many other treatises on law, are, we believe, extant in the Sebright Collection, Trinity College Dublin Library, Class. H. No. 54. The Irish language has also been found pe-

cularly well adapted to poetry, both of the humorous and the pathetic kind; and numberless unpublished manuscript poems, written in that tongue, are yet in existence.

It has been asserted by some modern writers, that many learned men were compelled, in the middle ages, to seek refuge in Ireland, from the persecutions excited against them by the barbarous hordes which then wasted the continent of Europe; and that from these banished sages, the Irish acquired their knowledge of the alphabet, and such information in the arts and sciences as they really possessed. Of the truth, however, of such an assertion we do not recollect to have seen any proof in the pages of ancient history. Is it credible that philosophers, conversant with the Greek and Latin languages, would have invented or communicated to the Irish, an *imperfect alphabet* comprising only seventeen letters, when they had it in their power to make them thoroughly acquainted with those more copious and complete alphabets used by the Greeks and the Romans? The supposition is eminently absurd.

We have elsewhere shown that Christianity was planted in Ireland by some of the apostles themselves. From this pure source of theologic knowledge the first Irish proselytes imbibed the doctrines which their successors so strenuously advocated, both in this island and on the European continent. Hence in the very midst of those scenes of confusion and bloodshed which agitated and distracted Christendom, and which, it is *pretended*, compelled the foreign literati to seek shelter in Ireland, many of the Hibernian divines had the boldness to pass over to the Continent, and preach the gospel *there*, with matchless zeal and intrepidity. Truly it seems to us evident that, in the middle ages, the foreigners who visited our island came here to *learn*—not to *teach* the arts and sciences.

Connected with poetry was music, which was scientifically taught in Irish academies. Ranulph Higden, who wrote in the 13th century, styles the Irish "*musica peritissimi*." GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, in the twelfth century, was quite enraptured with their *harmony*, and affirmed that in this respect

excelled all other nations. "Their
ations," said he, "are not slow
idious as in the instruments of
to which we are habituated ;
e sounds are rapid and precipi-
ret sweet and delightful. It is
ful that the musical proportion
served, amidst such precipitate
y of the fingers, and that the
y is rendered full and perfect, by
leviating art, amidst such trem-
nodulations, such organic tones,
nitely intricate, possessed of such
ble swiftness, such unequal parity,
iscordant concord. Whether the
s of the diatesseron or diapente
ruck together, they begin and
rate in dulce, that all may be
tly completed in charming sonor-
elody. They commence and
their modulations with so much
y, and the tinklings of the slender
s sport so freely with the deep
of the bass chords—so delicately
ng, so softly soothing—that it is
est the perfection of their art lies
icealing art," &c. &c.
is is a description indicating the
consummate skill and execution
performers. To prepare some
g discords (such as a ninth) in
to render, by their resolution
armony, the succeeding concords
strikingly delightful, is a proof of

masterly talent and invention, and on
such points the evidence of *Giraldus* is
decisively in favour of the Irish musi-
cians. We learn from the poet DANTE
that the improved harp and cithara
had been introduced into Italy by the
Irish ; and Fuller says, that at the
Holy War, all the concert of Christen-
dom would have made but imperfect
music, if the Irish harp had been ab-
sent.

Cambrensis also bears honorable
testimony as to the skill of the Irish in
painting. In alluding to a conceord-
ance of the four gospels which he saw
in the church of Kildare, he speaks of
the drawings with which it was orna-
mented, in terms of high eulogium,
alleging, if we rightly recollect, that
they could not have been equalled by
the pencil of Appelles.

We hope, at an early opportunity,
to resume and discuss the remaining
branches of this subject, which we
trust shall not be found devoid of
interest, for those to whom an ac-
count of our national literature may be
acceptable.

[The above essay was read in manu-
script, by its author, to the BELFAST
LITERARY SOCIETY, about eleven years
ago, but remained unpublished till the
present time.]

J. S.

fast.

TO * * *

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER.

You wish me to forgive—forget,
And would have kindness live,
But ah ! remembrance haunts me yet,
And what must I forgive ?

Must I forgive that only friend
That o'er my faults would grieve ;
But when they blamed me, would defend,
And wish to disbelieve ?

Can I forget life's sunshine hours,
Because those hours are past :
A month or two will wither flowers,
Must memory fade as fast ?

The wish, if such a wish can live,
Is uncomplied with yet :
Your virtues dare me to forgive,
My feelings to forget.

STORIES OF SECOND SIGHT AND APPARITION.

I beg to assure my readers that I am neither superstitious nor visionary on the subject of dreams or apparitions, but on the contrary, little disposed to place reliance on them, if not well authenticated. The difficulty certainly rests in the means of proof; but I would no more reject one history of a genuine apparition, because ninety-nine tales of deliberate imposture have been foisted upon human credulity, than I would refuse to give charity, upon the heartless principle that out of one hundred miserable mendicants, ninety-nine of them may be impostors. I would look with scorn upon the man who could refuse to assist even an impostor, when in a state of destitution and distress. With nearly a similar feeling would I contemplate your pompous philosophical rascals, who have neither the grace nor imagination to put faith in a good ghost story, whether it be authenticated or not. Such men, be assured of it, are infidels in more points than ghostship. I myself, as I have already said, am not superstitious, except where I have good grounds for being so; but, nevertheless, I never will be the man who would keep faith with such heretics on any subject. They are for reducing every kind of spirits to proof, and if you offer them a glass of weak whiskey punch, the fellows refuse to swallow it, until it be rendered perfectly philosophical by the addition of another glass, to give it, what they have not—consistency. They will hear of apparition after apparition, and drink tumbler after tumbler; but I could never observe that a round dozen of either one or t'other made any impression on their brain. In these cases they usually have the assurance to walk home sober and unconvinced. Such fellows are great sticklers for mechanics, and love all kinds of machinery but the supernatural. They never read poetry—or if they do, it is only to see where the

logic lies, like the worthy man who, after perusing Virgil with great attention, sapiently closed the book and exclaimed—"All very well, language grammatical and accurate enough; but what does it *prove*?" These men make excellent Fellows of Colleges, and are remarkable for bearing especially choice matter-of-fact faces. Let one of them hear of a patent invention for opening oysters or darning stockings, and he immediately boasts the advantages of mechanical science. They have excellent appetites, too, for every thing but that which is supernatural; love Monsieur Ude, and the transcendental philosophy, and are deeply devoted to more tables than the logarithmal. Some of them will undertake to resolve you the miracles of the Bible by the aid of German philosophy, concluding that because they cannot understand the philosophy, they ought not to believe the miracles. You might as well pull one of them by the nose as mention witchcraft seriously in his presence—indeed, better; for they bear the pull with much more patience than they do the witchcraft. They conclude, too, that because they are no conjurers themselves, there never must have been such persons in the world. In fact, they have usually a great deal of the sheep in them, especially after dinner; and any man who has had an opportunity of seeing them grapple with a leg of mutton, will easily believe me. One of this class reminds me of a turtle; being slow, fat, heavy, and contented under the shell of ignorance and unbelief which covers him; and, truly, I have seen them, when dressed and cut up, afford a very rich repast at several tables of my acquaintances. In Bracebridge-hall, the fat-headed gentleman who, like a slow-hound, eternally pursued the same joke against Master Simon, was one of these ungodly Sadducees, differing widely from the thin-faced, lively little gentleman so fond

of the supernatural, and whose head on one side had a delapidated look, like the haunted wing of an old mansion long abandoned by the family. Oh, what a luxury to sit on the haunted side of the little fellow's head, and come down with a history of the murderer who was discovered by the spirit of his sweetheart, and prosecuted by her, after seven years, in a court of justice. "It was one murky night in the middle of December, the tempest howled along the sky, like a Whig cabinet leaving office; the thunder, Sir, was of the choicest description, and the lightning peculiarly brilliant—" Tut! Excuse me, gentle reader—I was about to disclose the murder to the little fellow, who, I am certain is dreadfully disappointed. I have seen men, however, who were of far stronger faith in the supernatural than he. Poor Shamus Ewh! Commend me, after all, to a man who, like him, was haunted on *both* sides of his head. Nay, for the matter of that, his head was the sepulchral monument of half the parish; his eye, by the mere dint of faith in his own stories, had become cold and rayless; his face was worn away into the hue and hardness of a tombstone, that apparently wanted only the inscription; and as for his voice, nothing could be more decidedly apparitional. He was also afflicted with what is called a church-yard cough—but that made an excellent accompaniment to his narratives. Indeed Shamus, owing to the force of his own imagination, and the fact of his having had a leg and thigh buried in the grave of his predecessors, was frequently at a loss to know whether he should class himself with the living or the dead. Sometimes, it is said, he used to identify himself with his own ghost for the time being, and mentioned himself and the hero of his story by the epithet *we*.

They may talk about the invisibility of spirits; but I deny that doctrine, and bring forward Shamus to disprove it. The truth is, no ghost could escape him: if there was one at all any where secreted in the neighbourhood, Shamus detected it, and immediately informed the whole parish. As sure as you became acquainted with him, so certain was he to see your fetch in a fortnight. Shamus, in fact, had not only the gift of second sight, but of third sight, or

fourth sight, if I may say so. Fairies, fetches, banshees, lianhansees, will-o'-the-wisps, death-watches, white women, black men, and all the variety of the genuine supernatural, were familiar to him. No man living was so well acquainted with the other world, and with good reason; for he spent as much, and more of his time in it than he did in this. Some young wags in the village wanted Shamus to get a tombstone placed over his leg and thigh, to the expenses of which they offered to contribute. For some time he refused to embrace the proposal, but at length he was pressed into compliance. The tombstone was got, and the following epitaph furnished to Shamus by an imp of a schoolboy who owed him many supernatural obligations:—

Underneath this marble stone,
[*The villain, it was common limestone.*]
Lies Shamus Ewh, ochone! ochone!
*Except a single leg and thigh,
And all the rest of his body.*

Poor Shamus! he appears before me this moment; but whether living or dead is a point as doubtful to me as it often was to himself. God bless your coffin face, Shamus! It is longer I think than usual, and I very much fear that you have hopped to the grave, where you became a more perfect man than you had been for many a long year out of it. If you *be* dead, Shamus, I take it as an unfriendly thing in you, who were my old shanahas, not to have come and informed me of the time and manner of your death. That at least was due to *me*.

There are men, indeed, whom it would be a species of small infidelity to doubt on any subject. I allude especially to your adroit and imperturbable liars; yet it is amazing to think with what irreverence they are treated by the dull portion of society. I would rather, for my own part, smell my dinner through the bars of a tavern railing, in company with an able, fluent liar, than eat venison and drink champagne with a plodding villain, who speaks as solemnly as if he were giving evidence on a case of life and death in a court of justice. If there be a purgatorial settlement on this earth, it is to be planted at the elbow of such a person. Like the eel mentioned by the naturalists, he *torpedizes*

those whom he touches ; for he is not only dull himself, but the fruitful cause of dulness in others. A glance from his bullet, doltish eye, comes about you with something like the comfort of a wet blanket in December. Enter into a contest with him, and in five minutes you will not know on which side of the question you are disputing ; neither will he. All the embellishments of conversation, which I hold to be pure lying, he is wicked enough to lop off. The man has no more poetry in him than a black pudding ; is a most disagreeable companion, and only fit for death-bed conversations, or sifting evidence at a coroner's inquest. Yet notwithstanding the power he possesses of communicating his torpor to others, I am bound to state that I never knew him to succeed in quashing, or in the slightest degree affecting by his dulness the genuine and oily liar. No ; that respectable character always rises above all opposition, and indeed thrives in fiction the better for it. The original lie is always outstripped by that which he tells to defend it. Your thorough liar, be it understood, is never malignant—never slanders or defames. On the contrary, he is benevolent, and sometimes, by the dint of lying, succeeds in reconciling enemies who would otherwise never meet each other with good temper or kindness. Then his lies are always of such a description that they cannot be contradicted even by those who feel that every word is invention. These men are ornaments to convivial society, and possess a power analogous to that which is ascribed to fairies. Where a story from a common man appears nothing but a rude and ragged cave or a barren rock—they, by anointing your eyes with the oil of fiction, present it to you as a lordly palace, bedecked with light, beauty, and magnificence.

The most inimitable of this class that I ever had the luxury of meeting, was the late George M—ds, Esq. George was the Walter Scott of the convivial table. In fact I never knew a man who could lie with such grace, ease, and dignity. He, too, never told a lie to injure mortal. George could give you a romance in the style of *Ivanhoe*, in which he himself always bore a leading part ; or relate a fashionable novel of the New Burlington-street school, with surpass-

ing effect. The history of his hunting feats, and an enumeration of the immense sums he won at play, are the best things of their kind extant. If he won a thousand pounds, for instance, it was certain to be a thousand pounds, thirteen and five-pence three farthings ; thus always introducing the broken money in order to preserve the keeping, and to show you that the circumstances must have happened. How else could he have remembered them so minutely ? The man, however, who wished to hear George in all his glory, should have been present when he began to give his account of the Irish rebellion of '98, which he was well acquainted with from personal knowledge. Never have I heard any thing in the way of historical narrative, either on or off paper, at all to be compared to it in brilliancy and power. One inference, too, might have been clearly and justly drawn from it by the audience, which was, that the government must have treated him badly, shamefully, and with base ingratitude ; because, in point of fact, had it not been for George, the whole fortune of the campaign in that sad business would have gone against the loyalists. Then George's manner of relating his adventures was always equal, if not superior, to the matter. *Materiam superabat opus*. There he sat, his threadbare face and lively dark eyes beaming with something between an expression of complacency and a positive smile, both probably produced by the novelty of his facts and imagery, which, though described as having come within his personal knowledge, had, on the contrary, all been created at the moment. No fiction ever flowed on more freely or unobstructed. There was no putting him out of story or out of countenance. Indeed so much had his narratives the air and consistency of truth, that I have known men, who prided themselves very much on their penetration, to have often been taken in by them. Not the worst thing about George was his readiness to charge several of his friends with invention. One in particular he nicknamed "lying Alick," but upon perfectly fair grounds. 'Tis true, Alick was what a punster is to a wit, when compared with George himself. He was happy at a short monosyllabic lie, could invent a single

fact at one flight; but his wing soon tired, and down he came, until he gathered himself again, and concocted another small incident, in which no earthly being, except the narrator, could feel any concern. If you met Alick, for instance, he would tell you that he had just lunched with my Lord O'N——, and was asked to dine with him to-morrow. This was a lie.

Poor George was, notwithstanding his happiness at fiction, an inoffensive, honest man, who in the intercourse of life, but especially in the practical transactions of business, was strictly bound by truth. To be sure he had one failing, but that was more than overbalanced by his talent at lying. He gave cursedly bad suppers. Of this I am myself a living proof; and never will the man who gives bad suppers receive indulgence at my hands:—but what was worse, a good glass of whiskey punch I never drank at his table. 'Tis true, I might overlook the indifferent supper, but the bad punch never. On both these subjects, I often remonstrated with him, in a manner so earnest, that it must have showed him the deep interest I took in his reformation. George's standing supper was cockles, of which he was barefaced enough to serve up five courses! Now, I ask, who could stand *that*? Cockles, I grant, are very good in their place; but on George's table no such thing as a decent cockle ever made its appearance. The fact was, that the children and servants always picked out the cocks below stairs; and when you sat down, it soon became evident that you were digging in vain among a magnificent pile of empty shells. This was monstrous and deserved exposure. To a man like me, who am no conchologist, and love a good supper, it was altogether a bitter disappointment. George, when about forty-five, joined a debating society that had been got up by a set of young fellows who were anxious to improve themselves in oratory. He was, of course, admitted by acclamation, having been well known to most of them. The first night on which he spoke, I was present by his express invitation. They voted him into the chair; after which he arose and said—"In rising up, Mister Chairman, to express, without fear, favour, or affection——" Having proceeded thus

far, he was greeted with a "hear, hear," by some one in the corner of the room. George turned hastily about, and shouted, with something of alarm, *where, where?* In a moment all present were in convulsions, and George resumed his speech, still addressing Mr. Chairman, as if he himself had not presided. It was, however, a vile effort—that is the truth. Indeed he felt it to be such; for after pursuing his own meaning through a multiplicity of empty words, as if he had been hunting a stray cockle through a dish of unprofitable shells, he exclaimed—"Gentlemen, eloquence is ousted—but no matter—I'll sit down, and give you the rebellion." He accordingly took his seat; and from the moment he got on his regimentals until he overthrew the rebels, his audience were bound as if by the spell of an enchanter. Poor George! He died after a surfeit of cockles, eaten in town whilst his family were out at his country residence, Cockle Lodge. He made lying Alick his executor. In a little church-yard beside the "Lodge," he now lies buried; and what is not inappropriate, considering his character, an old sundial stands beside his grave, which, to tell the truth, is as great a liar as he was, for it never points to the right hour. A friend of mine was requested to write his epitaph, who, thinking it a pity that such talents should pass into obscurity, suggested a simple motto as a hint to his survivors—*De mortuis nil nisi VERUM*. This hint was taken; but the motto was rather a stumbling-block to the illiterate, although I myself am of opinion that all epitaphs ought to be written in a *dead* language. The following was added about a year after his death:—

Here lies George M——ds, no common dust,
of whom, although he
died
of a cockle-surfeit,
it is but just to state, for the benefit
of those who may come after
him,
that he was unrivalled at
INVENTING TRUTH.

This, to be sure, was rather disguising his talents than openly rescuing them from oblivion—Hilloa, our fancy! Easy, gentle reader; what is all this twaddle about? I set out with some-

thing relative to ghosts, and here I find myself describing men who were talented at conversational fiction. The two subjects have certainly no connexion, as I will prove, if you can muster patience enough to hear me. Away then, levity; I give you to the winds. Hush! hush! let me compose myself. I am now returning to a subject which lies on my heart in spite of the world, unfeeling as it is, with a solemn tenderness that touches it at once into happiness and sorrow. I go back to the scenes of my youth, to my native hills and glens, to the mountains, and the lakes, and the precipices, which turn my memory into one dreamy landscape, checkered by the clouds and sunshine of joy and tears. Why is it that the heart melts and the eye fills, when we think of our early home? Why is it that every dell, and shaw, and streamlet, how inconsiderable soever they may be in reality, draw back our hearts to them with a power so delightful and so melancholy? Simply because they possessed our first affections. They were the earliest objects on which our young spirits poured themselves forth. Our hearts grew into them, and the soul mourns for that which was dear to her. A friend, a brother, a sister, may assume a new character calculated to sever hearts that had been knit, one would think, never to be disunited. The mountains, however, of our native place cannot change, the river that wimples through the hazel glen cannot offend us; the broomy knoll is guiltless of a crime against the boy who sported and was joyful on it. We naturally love that which has made us happy, whether it be a man or a mountain, and we love that best which first won us to enjoyment.

The little story I am now about to relate, concerning second sight, is connected with the scenes of my early boyhood. The facts were precisely as I shall detail them, and I beg that the reader will do me the favour to dismiss all scepticism touching the truth of an occurrence which I am able to explain by no other theory than that of second sight. It occurred in the month of April. I, my brother, and seven or eight of our young acquaintances, were playing at the game of Wide-windows, which being one of pursuit, requires

fleetness of foot. The field in which we played was part of a large sheep-walk belonging to a respectable farmer named M'Crea. It was one of those level *holmes* that usually stretch along the margin of a river, as this in fact did. Around us swelled the smooth hills, lying in the fresh verdure of spring, covered here and there by flocks of sheep whose lambs frisked and gambolled in wanton mirth—now running in flighty circles around their dams, then starting off in mad little excursions, performed at the top of their speed, and instantly returning again, their swiftness increasing as they approached the mamma, thinking that they had actually performed something for the world to wonder at: the poor, foolish, old sheep, too, who was evidently of the same opinion, blessing her stars, all the while, that there was not such another lamb in the universe; but mothers are mostly fools in this respect. The evening was an evening which I have never seen equalled from that day to this. In fact how it strayed to our climate I know not; it certainly did not belong to this country. A man should travel to Italy or the south of France to get a glimpse of such an evening, and it would be well worth his while to trudge it every step, for the express purpose. I myself have been through Italy, France, Spain, resided at Constantinople for three years, supped on Mount Lebanon, came round with a sweep to Bagdat, where I challenged and killed three Cadis for abusing Dan O'Connell behind his back; escaped from that, and slipped over to Mecca, where I—but there is no use in going on any farther. At all events, I have been in every country under the sky, where any thing at all in the shape of a good evening could be come at, yet I am bound to declare as an honest man, and an Irishman, that I would match that Irish evening against any foreign evening in or out of Europe. The sky was one cloudless expanse of blue, from the western rim of which that pleasant fellow, the sun, who was in excellent good humour at the time, shot his rays slantingly, and in a very handsome manner indeed, upon the earth. It was certainly as genteel sunshine as a man could wish, and the whole thing did him infinite

credit. It was not, on the other hand, a flaring, vulgar, evening. No; there was a freshness and delicacy of light mingling in quiet radiance with the still beauty of nature, as it gradually developed itself in buds and blossoms and flowers, under the balmy influence of spring. Like a bottle of champagne, or what is better still, a good tumbler of whiskey punch, it was calculated to make a man's heart rejoice within him. The golden beams, resembling the light of a young beauty's eyes, fell upon the still earth with that trembling lustre to which modesty gives a character at once tender and exquisite. There they lay, earth and sky, like two young fools, silent and blushing, peeping at each other, whilst their hearts gushed with love, both apparently on the eve of a declaration. How still, how beautiful, how soft, how full of pathos to a bluestocking, was that celebrated evening!

"The forest seem'd to listen for the rustling of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of summer eves."

Down to the left, the river ran between two hanging hills, whose sides were covered with furze, now in full flower and fragrance. Up to our right, immediately on the banks of that blessed stream, stood the beautiful and sequestered homestead of Roger M'Faudeen, its white walls shining from among the trees, and its chimney sending up a straight column of blue smoke, undisturbed in its symmetry by a single breath of air. Give me, after all, the sweet, secluded spot of unpretending beauty, which, clothed with the charm of early love, the heart can take in at a glance. Let the eye lose itself upon the awful magnificence of the Alps, and the imagination be stunned by the grandeur of the Pyrenees—let any man who chooses, admire the voluptuous beauty of an Italian landscape, as he would the charms of a lovely woman without modesty—for me, I prefer the soft retreat that lies between the hills, every spot of which is bound to the spirit by some early incident or association,—in the same manner that I would a modest female with whose virtues I am acquainted. There are women, as there are landscapes, that do not strike the eye or heart, at a first glance, but who, upon a longer

intimacy, gradually disclose virtue after virtue, and charm after charm, until, before we are conscious of it, we find them irrevocably fixed in our affections, and wonder why we did not at first perceive their loveliness. In both cases the object holds its influence with more enduring tenderness over our hearts, and indeed generally lasts until they perish together. How sweet were the glimpses of the river, as it bended through the meadows that lay between the holme whereon we played, and Roger's house! How calmly did it flow between the banks from which the osiers dipped gently into its stream!

"Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain.
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring."

God bless you, Gray! you are worthy, if only for having written the elegy in a country church-yard, to be called "Twilight Gray," while the world lasts.

As we were engaged at play on the evening I have described, lighthearted and innocent as the lambs about us, each and all intent upon our pastimes, I at once felt such an elevation of soul, such serenity of mind, such a sense of intense happiness, as I have never since, even in a comparatively faint degree, experienced. I thought my physical gravity had been dissolved into nothing, and that I could absolutely tread upon air. Emotions, at first undirected to any object, but balmy, delightful, and ethereal, crowded upon me. I instantly abandoned my position in the game, the range of which I considered to be too limited for my powers. I bounded with shoutings of rapture and exultation over the fields, threw myself into a thousand antic attitudes, leaped, caprioled, and gamboled like a young puppy, and in fact felt precisely the same class of sensations described by Sir Humphry Davy, after having inhaled oxalic gas,—ineffable rapture and happiness, together with an inconceivably vivid reproduction in my memory of all the circum-

stances that had affected me with pleasure during the preceding two or three years. External objects I did not notice, nor had they any influence over me. I was actually inspired; borne away by an affluence so transporting, that description fails in giving even a feeble notion of it. At length I stood still near my companions, who having observed my countenance to change, instantly surrounded me; but I saw them not. They asked me why I got pale, and why my eyes were fixed. To this I could make no reply; my physical senses had abandoned me; I could neither see, speak, nor hear, for some minutes. Their power, however, seemed to have withdrawn from outward things, only to give a more piercing and intense perception to my imagination, for they evidently merged into it, until it became almost supernatural. In this state I remained for a few minutes, my face pale as ashes, and my eyes wild and fixed, but vague, sharp, and gleaming. A chasm ensued in my recollection, occasioned by my having lapsed into insensibility. On recovering, I found myself exhausted, full of wonder, and quite drenched with perspiration.

"John," said I, to my brother, "come home; our sister Mary is there before us." She was a favourite sister.

"No such thing," he replied, "we did not expect her. Did you hear she was to come?"

"No—but I know she is at home. I saw her this moment."

"You saw her! Where?"

I then described to him the vision I had seen during my ecstasy, which was precisely what I now relate. It appeared to me that I saw my sister, then only about three months married, coming down the road which led to our house, and what is singular, I felt not surprise at this, although I knew, or ought to have remembered, that the road was invisible from the *holme* where I stood. At first I observed in my mind's eye only a female figure, which presently became more defined in outline as it advanced. The dress, however, was new to me, and I did not for a moment suspect it to be my sister. By and bye the features began to develop themselves, until they were impressed clearly upon

my vision as hers. Henceforward my eye followed her for about eighty perches—he went down the village street—shook hands with a Mrs. Thomas—gave an apple to a neighbour's child that she met near our door, then entered our house—kissed my mother and youngest sister, who were the only two of the family at home, and having laid aside her cloak and bonnet, she sat at the right hand side of the hearth.

When I related this to my brother, I asked him to come home, as we had not seen her for a month.

He only laughed at me, however, and declined leaving his playfellows.

I replied that what I had said was true, that I had seen her, and that I would go home whether he accompanied me or not. On my own mind the impression was so strong as to leave no doubt whatsoever of its truth.

I remember that on separating from my companions, I heard my brother say: "Something ails him; I see it by his wild looks."

The boys assented to this, and one of them called after me to know why I cried, or if any of them had accidentally hurt me; for I should have told the reader, that after having recovered from the state of excitement in which I saw the vision, the tears flowed in torrents from my eyes. 'Tis true they were not accompanied by sorrow, but were evidently produced by hysteria, as they came involuntarily, and much to my relief. Altogether I felt, when this singular affection had passed away, that no consideration could induce me to undergo it again. The impression it left behind, notwithstanding the ecstatic transports with which it came upon me, were decidedly painful, if not agonizing. I immediately proceeded home, accompanied by my brother, who, fearing that I was really ill, overtook me. On entering the house, judge of what I must have felt, when I found my sister on the very seat, and in the very dress I beheld in the vision—a dress, too, which I had never seen on her before. I instantly asked her if she had spoken to, and shaken hands with, Mrs. Thomas?—*She had.* Had she given an apple to little James Delany?—*She had.* Everything, in fact, occurred literally as I had seen it!

Now before I speak to the philoso-

phers about this, let me inform them for their comfort that it is emphatically *no fiction*, that all the circumstances are accurately given, and that I could depose to its truth. I next beg to ask the infidels how they would explain or account for it. Let the scientific men attack it; let the physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, barbers, and resurrectionists, on the one hand, all have at it: Let the fellows of college try it, the doctors and bachelors of divinity, parsons, curates, parish clerks, and sextons, on the other hand, all grapple with it. Any man within the extremities of his profession, from the state physician and surgeon general, to the aforesaid resurrectionist—any man from a bishop to a grave-digger, who will undertake to solve it by any other theory than second sight, is welcome to send in his solution before the eighth day of next month, and if it be written in any thing like decent sufferable grammar, and contain one idea not already worn to tatters, I hereby pledge myself that Mr. Poplar will give it insertion.

I now proceed to another circumstance equally authentic, *quorum pars fui*. In the town of C——w, lived a man, whose name was F——r, a watch-maker, who, in consequence of having lost his sight, was compelled to retire from business. I had lodge in his house for some months before what I shall relate occurred. His sight did not fail him in early life, so that he was, at the period I speak of, about seventy years of age. One Saturday evening in the month of June, he and I were sitting in his own garden after the sun had gone down, where he told me that he intended in a month or so to go to Dublin, for the purpose of having an operation performed on his eyes. I never saw him in better spirits, and as he dwelt with manifest satisfaction upon the pleasure he contemplated by the restoration of his vision, I ventured to observe, that in case the operation succeeded, he himself would be a living witness of the reality of *second sight*. He smiled benevolently, and replied, that he hoped he would live to settle that difficult question. We then separated, each to his repose. The next morning about six o'clock, I had just shaved, and was proceeding to wash, when I

heard a shriek from F——'s wife, and immediately, in a loud cry, she called upon their daughter. "Your father," said she, "has fainted; come up for God's sake." I slept on the same floor with this amiable and respectable old couple, so that there was nothing but a lobby between us. On hearing the cry I hastily wiped my hands and ran to their bed-room. As I entered, the husband, half dressed, was lying on the carpet, his head and shoulders supported by his wife; he gave one deep sigh, then his under jaw fell, and I saw that all was over.

When the daughter arrived we attempted to recover him, but in vain; a few minutes convinced us that, whatever medical skill might do, we could do nothing. They then begged me to run up and acquaint his son with what had happened. I did so. Two or three minutes brought me to his house. On rapping at the hall-door, I found by the delay in opening it, that the family had not yet risen. It was then about twenty minutes past six of a Sunday morning. After waiting and rapping three or four times, the servant maid, with a cloak about her shoulders, opened the door without unchaining it, and putting out rather a frost-bitten nose, asked what I wanted. She instantly recognized me, however, and without more ado showed me into the parlour.

"Tell your master," said I, "that I wish to speak to him on the instant."

Ere she had time to reply, her mistress entered the room, exhibiting an unusual degree of agitation.

"Oh, Mr. W——," said she, "he is dead! he is dead!" and she immediately burst into tears.

"Dead!" said I, feigning astonishment—"who is dead?"

"You need not conceal it," she replied, "Mr. F——r is dead!"

"Which of them?" I inquired; "is it your Mr. F——r?"

"No, no;" she returned, "but my father-in-law; I know he is dead. It is not fifteen minutes since he was with me."

The husband now entered the parlour, and appeared to labour under amazement, doubt, and apprehension.

"What is this?" he enquired; "has any thing happened my father?"

"Your father!" said I: "why what

could lead you to suppose such a thing?"

"Mrs. F——r," he replied, "awoke me about fifteen minutes ago, and said that my father was *dead*!"

"Mrs. F——r," said I, "let me know the circumstances?"

She related them precisely as follows:—

"It is now," she continued, "about fifteen or twenty minutes since my father-in-law came to the bed side to me, and putting his hand upon my forehead, pressed it, until I awoke. On looking up, I saw him standing over me, with a countenance rather in sorrow and affection than otherwise. Before I had time to speak to him, he said in a solemn voice:—

"Margaret, tell Joe to get up and go down to his mother. She and Margaret (this was his own daughter) have none to take care of them *now*; they are alone." Having said this, she continued, "he stooped down and kissed me, adding—'God bless you, my dear, you were ever kind to me.' I could not understand such a scene," said the daughter-in-law; "it was so odd and strange. I looked up with an intention of asking what he meant, but I discovered that it was only *then* that I had awoke, and on opening my eyes, and rubbing them, I found that he was gone. I awoke my husband immediately, and in truth we were actually discussing this extraordinary circumstance when your knock alarmed us. I felt that it was a message to inform us of his death. Now tell us truly is he dead?"

"It is very strange," said I; "but I fear he is dead. Let us, however, get medical aid immediately."

"Yes," she replied, bursting again into tears, "he is dead!"

We procured medical assistance, but her dream was verified; he had gone to his rest. Now I was an actor in this melancholy drama, myself, and I protest as solemnly as man can protest, that it is a truth, without one atom of exaggeration.

Come on, ye Saddusaical rogues! here I take my stand. Resolve me this, if you are able; but I know you are not able, ye miserable creatures. I defy you in squadrons, and with my single arm I will undertake to crush you in platoons. No; I eat my

words. I will be assisted by a splendid array of genius. I range myself with Greece and Rome—with Herodotus and Livy: and if that does not satisfy you, then you must face the oriental Mollahs and Brahmins. But that is not all; here come Albertus Magnus, Cardan, Paracelsus, Francisus Picus Mirandola, Olaus Magnus, and Pontopopidan. Tremble again. Here come Bodinus, Debrio, Remigius, Gaffarel, De Loger, De Lanore—all good Catholics. Then come Lather, Melancthon, Camerarius, Perkins, Mathers, Glanville, Scott, Hopkins, Baxter, and Henry More the Platonist. Are you satisfied? No. I annihilate you by the names of Dr. Sam Johnson, John Wesley, and Adam Clarke; but there is no use in exhausting my learning upon you. I might quote Cornelius Agrippa, Mestinel, Delcampus, Julianus, Delampus, Melathusius, Prisculus, Trobantus, Melagrinus, and a whole host of others, every man of whom could not only beat you on the supernatural, but show you, that on any other subject connected with extensive learning, ye are little less than the very title pages of reading—so far at least as honest and substantial spirits are concerned.

I next proceed to my second and concluding history of authentic apparitions, for I do not look upon the case of my own seer-ship as one that comes under the character of a ghost story. In a certain part, then, of Ireland, which, for good reasons, I shall not mention, lived a man named Walker. As a farmer his circumstances in life were respectable, as were his conversations, his character, and education. He was one of those silent men who pass through the world blameless, and without offence. His disposition was mild, but marked by a firmness of character amounting occasionally to inflexibility. To unimpeachable honesty, he united a stern placidity of manner, that caused him to be respected almost at a first glance, and although peaceable, he possessed courage, both moral and physical, in a high degree. One observation more is essential to the completion of his outline; he looked upon all accounts of apparitions and supernatural appearances with the most profound contempt; but he lived to change his opinions. Such a person, in

consequence of his integrity and intelligence, is always useful at assizes, as a juror. In fact, ever since the thirtieth year of his age, he had served in that capacity, with the reputation of being a shrewd, honest, and humane man, who permitted nothing to sway him from the direct line of his duty. In a word he was respected and esteemed by all classes.

Walker had been about five years a juror, when a very delicate and distressing case of infanticide came on at the M— assizes. The persons charged with the crime were two females of rather respectable station in society. They were sisters; one of them principal, the other her accomplice. The trial, which excited deep interest, lasted a whole day. Walker was foreman, and displayed during its progress much discrimination and knowledge of character. The elder sister, who was the mother and murderess of the child paid the heavy penalty of her crime; but the younger, though she received the same sentence, did not share the same fate. There were strong circumstances of mitigation in her case, for her guilt arose principally from the affection she bore to her unhappy sister, and the sway the other had over her. She was young, beautiful, innocent, and, from the impulse of her own heart, utterly incapable of lending herself to the perpetration of such a crime. The jury, of whom, as I said, Walker was foreman, strongly, and with tears in their eyes, recommended her to mercy. The judge said he would back the recommendation with all his influence, but that he must, in the mean time, pass the sentence of the law upon both. Never, probably, was a scene so afflicting witnessed in a court of justice. Every face was convulsed, and every cheek drenched with tears. The judge was compelled to pause several times while he addressed them, and on coming to the specific terms of their sentence, his voice utterly failed him. When it was pronounced among the sobs and groans of a weeping court, the younger folded her sister in an agonizing embrace: "Emily," she exclaimed, "I will die with you."

"No," replied her sister with calmness, "the innocent must not suffer

with the guilty. My Lord, take compassion on her youth and inexperience. She is guilty of no crime, but too much affection for a sister who did not deserve it."

Walker, the next day, accompanied by the friends of these unhappy females, set out for Dublin to lay the case of the younger sister before the Lord Lieutenant. Their relations pressed him, as foreman of the jury, to plead for both; but this, with probably too strict a sense of justice, he absolutely declined to do. "Where there is guilt so enormous" he replied, "there ought to be adequate punishment." He had little difficulty in procuring a pardon for Lucy.

In due time Emily was executed; but Lucy's heart was broken by the ignominious death and shame of her beloved but criminal sister. She fell into decline, and ere the expiration of a year, she withered away like an early flower. Her beauty, and her sorrows, and her shame, passed from the earth, and were seen no more.

Fifteen years elapsed after the mournful fate of these beautiful but unfortunate sisters; their brief and painful history was now forgotten, or only remembered with that callous indifference which time gives to our recollections of guilt and suffering. Walker maintained the same excellent and respectable character with which he had set out in life. By industry and skill he had become wealthy. Some property to which he was entitled by the death of a relation, had, however, led him into the mazes of litigation, and he found it necessary to make a journey to Dublin. About six miles from his house passed the Grand Canal, by which, for convenience sake, he determined to travel. He knew the hour when it was to pass the next station house, and went to bed, resolved to be up in time to meet it. On awaking, he feared that he had overslept himself, as he concluded from the light that glinted in through the shutters of his bed-room window. In a few minutes he was dressed, and as he had sent his luggage to the station house on the preceding day, he walked briskly forward with a good staff in his hand. It appeared in a short time, that he had anticipated the progress of the night, and that what he

supposed to be the dawn of day, was only the light of the moon. The mistake, however, being on the safe side, he felt no anxiety, but proceeded leisurely along, uninfluenced by apprehension, and least of all by the dread of any thing supernatural.

The night was calm and frosty ; the moon, though rather on the wane, shone with peculiar lustre, and shot down her shivering light upon the sleeping earth, which now lay veiled in her dim, cold radiance, like a dead beauty in her virgin shroud. The whole starry host glowed afar in the blue concave of heaven, the arch of which presented not a single cloud. Over to his left rose the grey smokeless towers of B—, surrounded by its noble beeches, whose branches, glistening feebly in the distance, reposed in utter stillness. The lonely beauty of the hour lay on every object about him. The fields as he crossed them, were crisp under his feet ; the faint sparkle of the grass shone like new silver, and the voice of the streams and rivulets, as they murmured under the already formed ice, borrowed sweetness from the solitude and silence. On arriving near the ruined Abbey of H—, he could not help pausing to look at it. There it stood, mantled by the wing of old romance, its mullioned windows shorn of the oriel tint of past magnificence, its tracery partially defaced, and its architraves broken or overrun with ivy, that melancholy plant of ruin. What a finely tempered mass of light and shade did it present ! How admirably contrasted was the wing of its gloomy aisle, reposing in the deep shadow, with the southern window, through which streamed a gush of clear and lovely light ! There, too, were the old ancestral tombs, glittering in the grey churchyard, monuments at least of pardonable vanity, beneath which the haughty noble dissolves as fast into dust as the humble peasant who sleeps in the lowly grave beside him. There certainly is something grand and solemn in the memory of feudal times, when the pomp of the hall was rude but lordly, and the imposing splendour of religion swept before the imagination in the gorgeous array of temporal pride. Walker could not help standing to contemplate the monu-

mental effigies where husband and wife appeared to sleep before him on the old grey slab, like persons bound by enchantment—

“ Outstretch’d together were express’d
He and my lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast
In attitude of prayer ;
Long visag’d, clad in armour, he ;
With ruffled arms and boddice, she.”

Perhaps there is nothing on which the eye can rest, that fills us with so solemn an impression of the vanity of life, as these rude figures of lord and dame, that lie on our old tombstones. I do not mean to say, however, that they represent the shadowy side of existence only. On the contrary, they touch our spirits with sweetness even on the brink of the grave. Who can look on the husband and wife, stretched out in the decent composure of Christian hope, their hands clasped in affection, or raised in prayer, without feeling a crowd of sensations that knit him to his kind ? Imagination, too, wings her way back into the gloom of centuries ; reanimates the time-worn effigies that lie before us ; hovers in the dream of a moment over the checkered path of their existence ; witnesses their loves and sorrows ; sees them pace with stately tread upon the terrace of their baronial castle, or attended by their sons and daughters, sweeping proudly along their halls and galleries. On, on, they go, through all the stages of being, engaged in the bustle of existence, until age and decay lay their bodies side by side in their ancestral vault, and filial affection places their rude effigies upon the slab that covers them. For my part, I think that all these fine old feudal conceptions are not only full of nature and feeling, but actually constitute the very romance of death.

Having once more looked upon the dark ivy-covered porches and shaded windows, and probably thought of the times when mitred abbot, and priest, and monk, filled its now solitary and deserted walls with those puerilities which fascinate the imagination whilst they encumber religion, he passed on, and in a few minutes came out on the public road, which in this place ran parallel with the canal, until it entered

the village where he intended to meet the packet. Finding himself on the hard level way, he advanced at a tolerable pace, not a sound falling on his ear, except that of his own steps, nor any thing possessing motion visible, except the rapid train of a meteor as it shot in a line along the sky. When within about a mile and a half of the station house, he began to calculate the exact progress of the night, and to consider whether it might not be nearer the packet hour than he imagined. At this moment a circumstance occurred which led him to conclude that the approach of morning could not be far distant. This was the appearance of two shadows of females, which, although they followed him at a short distance, yet from the position of the moon, necessarily extended in a slanting manner past him, just as his own moved rather in front of himself, but sloping a little to the left.

"I perceive," said he, that it "cannot far from the hour, for here are others on their way to the station house as well as myself."

Good manners prevented him from looking back, especially as those who followed him were women, who probably might prefer avoiding a solitary stranger under such circumstances. He, accordingly, went on at a quicker step, but felt some surprise on seeing, by their motion, that *their* step quickened in proportion to his. He then slackened his pace: perhaps, thought he, they are anxious to have my company and protection into the village. This, however, could not have been their motive, for they also slackened their pace.

"How is this?" said he; "I can hear my own tread, but I cannot hear theirs." He then stood, with an intention of accosting them when they should come up. They also stood, and exhibited a stillness of attitude resembling rather the fixed shadow of statues than of human beings. Walker now turned round to observe them more closely, but his astonishment may be easily conceived, when he found no person of either sex near him, or within sight of him. The circumstance startled him, but nevertheless he felt little, if any thing, of what could be termed fear.

"This is strange," said he; "want of

sleep must have dimmed my eyes, or clouded my brain. Perhaps it was my own shadow I have been looking at all this time." A single glance soon convinced him of his error. There projected his, and there appeared the other two, distinct from it, just as plain as before. He turned again, and traced both the figures up to a particular spot on the road; but substance, most certainly there was none visible. He rubbed his eyes and examined the place about him with a scrutiny that convinced him there was not a living person present, from whom the shadows could proceed. The road before and behind him, for a considerable distance, was without shrub, hedge, or ditch. Nothing, in short, could be concealed from his observation.

Fear now came upon him; his hair stood, and his limbs shook. "God protect me," said he, "this is nothing natural. I will proceed to the station house as fast as I can."

On resuming his journey at a rapid walk, he observed that his shadowy companions were determined not to lose him. Hitherto they had kept at the same distance from him, quickening or slackening their pace according as he himself did; but now he saw that they approached him more nearly than before. His fear was then terrible, though far from being at its height, for, as he kept his eye upon them, he perceived the taller and more robust of the two using angry gestures that betokened an intention to injure him. The slender shadow, on the other hand, pushed her back, and attempted by interposing to divert her from her purpose. Walker stood; his strength was gone; to proceed was therefore impossible. A struggle that was enough to turn his heart into jelly, took place between them. The fury of the more robust appeared to be boundless; gleamy fire, barely perceptible, flashed from her eyes, and her breath, he thought, passed from her mouth like something between flame and smoke. The persons and features of both assumed a very remarkable distinctness; and by a flash of recollection he recognized their colourless features, although he could not tell how, as those of the unfortunate but beautiful sisters whose unhappy history the reader has perused. No human passion, no instance of mor-

tal resentment, could parallel the rage and thirst of vengeance that appeared to burn in the breast of the elder sister, nor could anything human, on the other hand, approach in beauty the calm, but melancholy energy with which the younger attempted to protect the man who was the object of her sister's hate. The struggles of the one were fearful, intense, and satanic; those of the other firm, soothing, and sorrowful. The malignant shadow frequently twisted the latter about like a slender willow, and after having removed her from between herself and the object of her revenge, rushed towards him, as if she possessed the strength of a tempest; but before she could reach his person, there was the benign being again calmly and meekly before her. For twenty minutes this supernatural contest lasted, during which Walker observed that the distance between himself and them was becoming gradually shorter. Nevertheless, he could not stir, no more than if he had been rooted into the earth.

It was now that for the first time he felt as if he were actually withered by a shriek of rage and disappointment that burst from the shadow of the murderess. She stood still, as if rendered for a moment impotent by the terrific force of her own resentment, and while standing, her hands clenched, and her arms raised, she poured forth shriek after shriek, so wild and keen, that the waters of the canal curled beneath the thin ice, by their power. These shrieks were rendered, if possible, more horrible by the echoes which gave them back as thickly as she uttered them, with that exaggerating character, too, which softens sweet sounds, and deepens those which are unpleasant. It appeared to Walker, as if there had been at that minute the shadow of a murderess shrieking on every hill and in every valley about him.

While the elder was thus fixed by her own fury, the younger knelt down, and, looking at Walker, pointed to the sky. He considered this as an injunction to pray, and in compliance with it, he dropped on his knees, and besought the protection of God in silence, for his tongue was powerless. From this forward the strength of the murderess seemed to decline, her exertions to injure him

grew still more feeble, till at length they altogether ceased. The gracious form, however, even then stood between her and him. The rage of the other appeared to have taken the character of anguish, for with a look that indicated torture, she gazed on him, placed her hand on her heart, and exclaimed:

"I burn, I burn!"

Having uttered these words, she melted from his sight, but although he could not any longer see her airy outlines, he could hear a melancholy wail streaming across the fields, and becoming fainter and fainter, until it mingled with, and was lost, in silence.

The benign being then looked upon him with an expression so mild and happy, that he felt both his strength and confidence return. She pointed again towards heaven, and said:—

"Be merciful. There was pardon on earth for my sister, but you refused to seek it on her behalf. She died without repentance, for she despaired. Time would have brought her repentance, and hope would have brought her to God. Be merciful."

Walker could not reply, and on looking about him, he found she had disappeared, and that he was alone. With feeble steps and a beating heart he proceeded towards the station-house, entertaining rather strong suspicions that he was scarcely safe even with his own shadow. On his arrival, the first thing he called for was a tumbler of punch, which he swallowed at a draught; after this he got another, which went the way of the first; but it was not until he had despatched a third, that he felt himself able to account for the terror which was expressed on his countenance. Even then, he only admitted that he had been attacked on the way by two women, one of whom he said was very near handling him roughly. Now as Walker's courage was known, this version did not gain credit, and accordingly an authentic account of the whole affair appeared in the next provincial journal to the following effect:

"On Thursday night last, about the hour of four o'clock in the morning, as Mr. Walker of — was proceeding on his way to meet the canal packet, he was attacked by two fellows dressed in female apparel, who robbed, stripped,

and then threw him, after a sound threshing, into the canal, from which he got out only because he was an expert swimmer. They left him, it is true, an old frieze jock, and a pair of indifferent trowsers, dressed in which he reached the station house in a very draggled, disconsolate, and ludicrous condition. The police, we are happy to say, have a sharp look out for these viragos."

Now, Sadducees, perhaps you will not believe this story. If you don't, I can tell you there is one who does, and that is myself. I had it from Walker's son, who is a good Methodist, and when a Methodist tells a ghost story, I don't know by what logic a man can refuse to believe him. The man is always sincere on such occasions, and sincerity is a virtue which we ought all to encourage.

A SUMMER STORM.

'Tis calm—some clouds hang low about the west,
Whence smiles the sun, in pallid glory drest—
And, close within his light, methought a stroke
Of deeper fire upon the horizon broke.
A moaning wind goes by, as from the tomb,
And nature darkens with unusual gloom—
Up roll the cloudy hosts, and wrap sad shade
Around the sudden night—all earth's afraid.—
A flash!—hush—all is mute—it speaks at last—
Low thunder rumbles on the rising blast!

Large drops fall slow—a flash—again—a third—
White sheets of flame disclose the screaming bird
That hovers near. Loud tolls the peal of heaven,
And wide out-pour its floods—its bars are riven—
The elements are present in their power,
And revel, reckless, in the unbridled hour.
Felled are great branches—for the winds are loose,
Like a hot charger broken from his noose—
With headlong fury through the earth they fly,
And prostrate woods and villages behind them lie.

Now, hurrying close upon the hissing flash,
Rolls down and roars the rattling thunder-crash;
And, stunned beneath that blasting bolt and thunder,
Rocks reel convulsed, and stagger, torn asunder.
Forth nameless springs are bubbling into light,
And ores unvalued gleam upon the night.
Disjointed Earth is trembling in the grasp
Of Nature's unrestrained and maniac clasp.
Long dried-up beds the unwonted flood refills—
A thousand torrents whiten through the hills:
A gleam is on them—not the lightning's play—
One sweeping rent hath oped the azure day:
That flash—that roar—was farther down the vale—
Returning mildness sighs upon the gale.
A ray! behold, the glorious God of Light
For one last look hath reared him up from night;
He smiles to see the troubled vision past,
And, peaceful, hides his radiant head at last.

ADVENA.

ODE

ON THE DEFEAT OF KING SEBASTIAN OF PORTUGAL, AND HIS ARMY,
IN AFRICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF HERRERA, BY MRS. HEMANS.

FERDINAND DE HERRERA, surnamed the Divine, was a Spanish Poet, who lived in the reign of Charles V., and is still considered by the Castilians as one of their classic writers. He aimed at the introduction of a new style into Spanish Poetry, and his lyrics are distinguished by the sustained majesty of their language, the frequent recurrence of expressions and images, derived apparently from a fervent study of the prophetic books of Scripture, and the lofty tone of national pride maintained throughout, and justified indeed by the nature of the subjects to which some of these productions are devoted. This last characteristic is blended with a deep and enthusiastic feeling of religion, which rather exalts, than tempers, the haughty confidence of the poet in the high destinies of his country. Spain is to him, what Judea was to the bards who sung beneath the shadow of her palm trees; the chosen and favoured land, whose people, severed from all others by the purity and devotedness of their faith, are peculiarly called upon to wreak the vengeance of heaven upon the infidel. This triumphant conviction is powerfully expressed in his magnificent Ode on the Battle of Lepanto.

The impression of deep solemnity left upon the mind of the Spanish reader, by another of Herrera's lyric compositions, will, it is feared, be very inadequately conveyed through the medium of the following translation.

"Voz de dolor, y canto de gemido," &c.

A voice of woe, a murmur of lament,
A spirit of deep fear and mingled ire;
Let such record the day, the day of wail
For Lusitania's bitter chastening sent!
She who hath seen her power, her fame expire,
And mourns them in the dust, discrowned and pale!
And let the awful tale
With grief and horror every realm o'ershade,
From Afric's burning main
To the far sea, in other hues arrayed,
And the red limits of the Orient's reign,
Whose nations, haughty though subdued, behold
Christ's glorious banner to the winds unfold.

Alas! for those that in embattled power,
And vain array of chariots and of horse,
O desert Libya! sought thy fatal coast!
And trusting not in Him, the eternal source
Of might and glory, but in earthly force
Making the strength of multitudes their boast,
A flushed and crested host,
Elate in lofty dreams of victory, trod
Their path of pride, as o'er a conquered land
Given for the spoil; nor raised their eyes to God;
And Israel's Holy One withdrew his hand,
Their sole support;—and heavily and prone
They fell—the car, the steed, the rider, all o'erthrown!

It came, the hour of wrath, the hour of woe,
 Which to deep solitude and tears consigned
 The peopled realm, the realm of joy and mirth ;
 A gloom was on the heavens, no mantling glow
 Announced the morn—it seemed as nature pined,
 And boding clouds obscured the sunbeams birth ;
 While, startling the pale earth,
 Bursting upon the mighty and the proud
 With visitation dread,
 Their crests the Eternal in his anger bowed,
 And raised barbarian nations o'er their head,
 The inflexible, the fierce, who seek not gold,
 But vengeance on their foes, relentless, uncontrolled.

Then was the sword let loose, the flaming sword
 Of the strong Infidel's ignoble hand,
 Amidst that host, the pride, the flower, the crown
 Of thy fair knighthood ; and the insatiate horde,
 Not with thy life content, O ruined land !
 Sad Lusitania ! even thy bright renown
 Defaced and trampled down ;
 And scattered, rushing as a torrent flood,
 Thy pomp of arms and banners ;—till the sands
 Became a lake of blood—thy noblest blood !—
 The plain a mountain of thy slaughtered bands.
 Strength on thy foes, resistless might was shed,
 On thy devoted sons—amaze, and shame, and dread.

Are *these* the conquerors, *these* the lords of fight,
 The warrior men, the invincible, the famed,
 Who shook the earth with terror and dismay,
 Whose spoils were empires?—They that in their might
 The haughty strength of savage nations tamed,
 And gave the spacious orient realms of day
 To desolation's sway,
 Making the cities of imperial name
 Even as the desert place ?
 Where now the fearless heart, the soul of flame ?
 Thus has their glory closed its dazzling race
 In one brief hour ? Is this their valour's doom,
 On distant shores to fall, and find not even a tomb ?

Once were they, in their splendour and their pride,
 As an imperial cedar on the brow
 Of the great Lebanon ! It rose, arrayed
 In its rich pomp of foliage, and of wide
 Majestic branches, leaving far below
 All children of the forest. To its shade
 The waters tribute paid,
 Fostering its beauty. Birds found shelter there
 Whose flight is of the loftiest through the sky,
 And the wild mountain-creatures made their lair
 Beneath ; and nations by its canopy
 Were shadowed o'er. Supreme it stood, and ne'er
 Had earth beheld a tree so excellently fair.

But all elated, on its verdant stem,
Confiding solely in its regal height,
It soared presumptuous, as for empire born ;
And God for this removed its diadem,
And cast it from its regions of delight,
Forth to the spoiler, as a prey and scorn,
 By the deep roots uptorn !
And lo ! encumbering the lone hills it lay,
Shorn of its leaves, dismantled of its state,
While, pale with fear, men hurried far away,
Who in its ample shade had found so late
Their bower of rest ; and nature's savage race
Midst the great ruin sought their dwelling place.

But thou, base Libya, thou whose arid sand
Hath been a kingdom's death-bed, where one fate
Closed her bright life, and her majestic fame,
Tho' to thy feeble and barbarian hand
Hath fallen the victory, be not thou elate !
Boast not thyself, tho' thine that day of shame,
 Unworthy of a name !
Know, if the Spaniard in his wrath advance,
Aroused to vengeance by a nation's cry,
 Pierced by his searching lance,
Soon shalt thou expiate crime with agony,
And thine affrighted streams to ocean's flood
An ample tribute bear of Afric's Paynim blood.

LEAVES FROM A GAME BOOK.—No. I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

Seafowl-Shooting.—The Dead Whale—Sweeney the Murderer.

Sept. 27.—Yes—the sea-coast, be the weather what it may, offers an everlasting variety. The rain falls incessantly; the wind blows a regular *sou-wester*; and though we be well sheltered by the bold hill which forms the entrance of the bay, the blast moans through the oak wood, and drives in gusts against the windows; the tide has been for some time flowing, and boats and hookers are running for the islands to shelter from the gale. Their appearance, as they pass the shoulder of the headland, is picturesque. Ha! the Cruiser, a sixteen-gun cutter, stands in under easy sail, and followed by a man-of-war brig! "Hazy weather, Master Noah, outside, I guess." This bodes badly for to-morrow—a whale within five leagues and I not see it! "Patience, cousin." South-west winds cannot blow for ever.

28th.—"A fresh hand at the bellows." In simple English, it blows a gale; and a gale on this coast! Here, where the Atlantic comes tumbling in, with every billow like a mountain. Heavens! how the spray flies over the ridge of rock which stretches seaward from the point, while the waves, in quick succession, rush up the sandy cove, and break upon the beach in thunder. The rain has ceased, and we are going to shoot: shoot what? Why, two servants can scarcely close the hall door. But time will tell.

Provided with an ample supply of heavy shot, and a couple of attendants with gaffs and boat-hooks, we set out for this novel 'chasse;' but from previous preparation I could not possibly conjecture what our pursuit should be. Westward, the hill which rises abruptly from the ocean presents to the eternal roll of the Atlantic a cordon of almost inaccessible cliffs. These vary in height from thirty to three hundred feet; a narrow goat-

path winds over the brows of these tremendous precipices, and leads to two or three inlets in the face of the hill, terminating in huge, black, and unexplored caverns, into which a human being has never ventured. Indeed to investigate them would be impossible; they are too narrow and irregular to admit the entrance of a boat; and in the calmest day the swell breaks with violence inside. Within these caverns immense numbers of wild pigeons roost and build; and in the face of the cliffs around, choughs and corvorants, particularly if the evening be stormy, occupy every point which can afford them shelter.

With some difficulty we descended to one of these caves; for the rocky path, rendered slippery by rain and spray, made a cautious descent necessary; and the roar of the surf against the rocks, with the feelings of insecurity in treading the verge of a giddy precipice, produced sensations any thing but agreeable. We reached the bottom safely, and then the work of death commenced.

On the first report of a gun, a flight of pigeons issued from the cavern; and these birds, once disturbed, continued occasionally returning to their holes during the hour we remained. Of them we shot some twenty; and by means of our gaff and boat-hook got them out of the surf, with only the loss of a couple. But the *black hags*, as the peasantry call the different varieties of the corvorant, afforded us constant practice; and while we remained we kept up a regular 'fusilade' upon those unfortunate birds. Flock upon flock continued, as the evening advanced, to come in rapid succession from sea to seek their usual resting places; and when we left the cave we had enough of *black game* to load a donkey. I understood the peasants who picked them

up, skinned and dressed them for food. Judging from their rancid smell, they must have been abominable.

29th.—The gale has moderated; it yet blows fresh, with a heavy, broken sea: not a sail upon the water; all safe within the islands; and there they seem determined to remain. We have held a consultation with Tom Rush, the skipper of the best hooker in the bay. He says we shall make the landing place of Innis Turk in half-a-dozen stretches, and have a leading wind home. Of course we must calculate upon wet jackets; but, Lord, a man would submit to be half drowned to see a 'veritable' whale—and so we will venture.

Under a close-reefed mainsail and foresail, and a jib not bigger than a pocket-handkerchief, we slipped our moorings and stood across towards Achil-beg. Reduced as our canvass was, it was all we could do to carry it. The sea was sadly agitated, as it ever is for some time after such a gale as yesterday's. The hooker made all fly; and from the commencement to the close of our voyage, we were under a sheet of spray. But putting our trust in Cata Mores* and Cognac brandy, we accomplished the passage gallantly, and were landed by a rowing boat in the cove where the dead whale was secured.

This inlet forms the only landing-place upon the island; and on the sand, at high water mark, the huge animal was hauled up. At a little distance it resembled the hull of a lugger; but afterwards the length was above seventy feet, and its whole appearance most extraordinary. It had been dead undoubtedly for a considerable time before it was discovered floating on the ocean, for it was putrid when towed in by the united efforts of every fishing boat in the island. It had been evidently harpooned, as a wound of several inches diameter and considerable depth, was in the side.

After cutting some of the laminæ, or thin whalebone, from the mouth, we walked once more round to view the mighty monster carefully. Our cicerone, as we paused to examine the wound, determining that all our senses

should be gratified, removed a wisp of hay which filled the orifice, and the most pestilential effluvia that it is possible to imagine, issued from the hole. I and my companion nearly fainted, while the islander, in broken English, seemed greatly gratified at the effect, observing with a grin, in his peculiar English, that "she was a great smell." Another puff of that infernal exhalation would have finished us on the spot—while *Denis*, with wonderful sang froid, replaced the plug, to keep the "great smell" in full force for the next visitor.

The whale was fated, even after death, to create a sensation. The defunct fish was claimed by the landlord, the captors, and the admiralty—and to whose lot it fell I forget; but it was purchased by a Liverpool merchant. Now, the "good easy man" omitted to ascertain its species; and after sending a vessel and multitude of casks for the blubber, discovered too late that it was not a sperm whale, and that the bone—for it had scarcely any oil—would not pay for the hoops upon his puncheons.

We had a splendid passage home, and landed safely in an hour and a quarter. This was a fine finale to our expedition; for to return from Innis Turk is rather precarious, and instances have occurred of people being weather-bound there, not for days, but months. A curious anecdote is told to illustrate the uncertainty of getting away.

A tailor, residing on the main, was brought one fine morning into the island to make a suit of clothes for a gentleman who had resolved on matrimony. When the boat came to fetch him, the artist was planting his early potato crop. The weather changed before his task was ended; the communication with the main was interrupted; and this continued so long, that when the unfortunate fraction of humanity was restored to his sorrowing household, he found them occupied in digging the very potatoes upon the planting of which he had been engaged on that unlucky day when he left Connemara for Turk Island.

When we were pulling off to the hooker, a man loaded with a pack pre-

* *Anglice great coats.*

sent himself upon the rocks, and begged to be accommodated with a passage. We consented, and took the stranger and his effects on board. He proved to be one of those travelling dealers who traffic with the islanders and mountain people, supplying them with all their finery and articles of 'vertu'—to wit, gilt rings, knitting-needles, looking-glasses and clasp-knives; and in return—for barter is the order of the day—receive stockings, rabbit skins, feathers, and dried fish. The wandering merchant, our 'compagnon du voyage,' was bound for the main, with a miscellaneous cargo of Connemara socks and whittings. It is a hard and adventurous life that these men lead. No island on this stormy coast remains unvisited, nor mountain glen or solitary sheeling escapes their trafficking researches.

A few days before our visit to Innis Turk, a foul murder was accidentally revealed. There is a bleak and expansive plain, stretching for several miles between the sea at Doohooma and the mountain of Shrike. Through it one of the tributary streams which falls into the estuary at Ballycroy, flows. A footpath crosses the waste, but it is rarely trodden by any, save herdsmen and the pedlars who periodically visit this wild and unfrequented district.

The moorland, notwithstanding its extent, is so very flat, that any object upon its whole surface may be seen distinctly, except in the centre of the plain, where the ground dips suddenly, and forms a green and lovely valley. The river flows gently through this dell; the grass is short and verdant; here the shooter will repose himself; here the wayfarer suspend his journeying. One hesitates to leave this oasis for the fens and wastes that encompass it. Upon its freshness the eye reposes. There is a holy calmness in its solitude that the heart feels; and the murderer must be dead to the voice of nature altogether who would desecrate this sweet spot by a damning deed of blood.

Rivers, dependent upon mountain sources, rise and fall with astonishing rapidity. In the morning a volume of discoloured water rushed through the channel of the moorland stream, tearing down its banks, and sweeping off

every obstacle that opposed resistance to its fury. At evening the peasant girl threw a glance around to see that no curious eye observed her, tucked her short kirtle above the knee, crossed the abated waters without difficulty, and merrily pressed up the bank, on her way to join the dance, which on that night was to be holden at the village beyond the moor.

But ere she proceeded many steps, an object met her view, which sent the blood to her heart, and changed her light carol to a shriek of horror. Close to the path a human hand appeared above the turf; it was bare, bleached by the recent overflow of the river, and encircled by a scarlet cuff. Averting her eyes, she fled from the little dell, hurried across the waste, rushed into the first house she reached, and fainted.

They recovered her, and she told the cause of her fright. Instantly a number of the peasantry repaired to the spot, disinterred the corpse, and recognized it by the dress (a soldier's slop jacket,) as the body of a pedlar, who, with a comrade of the same calling, had passed that way some weeks before. That he had been robbed and murdered was apparent; his pack was gone, his pockets rifled, and a dreadful fracture in the back of the head told by what foul means the wretched victim had met his death. After the deed was done, the assassin concealed the body in a hole, and covered it slightly with turfs, which the river, in its overflow, reached, removed, and thus betrayed the murder. Enquiries were made; suspicions, amounting almost to certainty, fell upon the companion of the deceased, and his absconding confirmed them. Sweeney—for so the wretch was named—had hitherto evaded apprehension.

The person we received on board knew the deceased and his murderer well, and his own escape from the monster was providential. He told us that he had been in Erris, disposed of his pack, and was returning to Castlebar to procure a fresh one. In a pass of the hills he met Sweeney, on his journey into the wild peninsula which he was leaving. After some conversation, the murderer declared that he would proceed no farther, but accom-

pany him to the town. This was a strange determination of one who had carried a heavy load for thirty miles, and now when within a short distance of his market, abandoned it for no cause, without making an attempt to sell his wares.

There are two routs from Erris to the town of Newport. That commonly taken runs through the lowlands, and skirting an inlet of the sea, emits itself to the main road at Dhu-hill. The other is a disused path, winding through the mountains—wild, difficult, and solitary beyond conception. None but smugglers and dealers in illicit whiskey travel by this deserted rout; and if any thing could render it gloomier, the frequent *cairns* that record fatal accidents and half-forgotten murders, would supply it well.

Our fellow-voyager spoke English but indifferently. Every body conversant with the habits and manners of the western peasantry, may have observed, that when they have a tale of passion or interest to narrate, their native language is preferred, as they feel that from its force, variety, and copiousness, they can convey their ideas more correctly and forcibly than if they used "the tongue of the sassenach." Our companion of course was no exception, and his escape from the murderer was thus told:—

"When we reached the point where the hill-path meets the road, Sweeney proposed that we should take the 'short-cut.' He had friends beyond the mountains; they would make us welcome; and we should have supper, and bed, and whiskey *galore*. This was great inducement; the rout was shorter by ten miles; and though the old road had a bad name, and I had four-and-twenty pounds in hard money in my pocket, yet as I had company I consented to take it.

"We proceeded for a mile or two; the last village was in sight, and the sun had a full hour yet before he would sink behind the hills; I don't know why it was, but my heart failed, and every step I took seemed heavy, as if my shoes were filled with lead; yet I was light, and Sweeney loaded. He urged me on, and seemed anxious to pass the village without stopping; talked from time to time of trade; and at last inquired 'if I had brought this

turn a large pack into Erris?' I had already taken alarm; I stole a side glance at him; murder was in his eye! He always carried a yard measure of heavy oak; it had worn a little at one end, and a copper strap was nailed upon it. Commonly he used it as a walking-staff, or to support his pack when light; but now he clutched it firmly in the middle, as if the hand obeyed the heart mechanically, and was prepared before the time to do the deed of murder!

"I took my resolution; the village was only a cluster of wretched cabins, but there I would be safe till daylight; and when I reached the first house, I told him I was tired, and would proceed no farther. He seemed thunder-struck; he argued, and he coaxed me; it was but three short miles to his cousin's; there was a warm bed, there was a good supper. But I was determined. Then his temper failed; his face—Christ pardon us!—looked like the devil's; and had we not been in the village, I'm sure he would have killed me on the spot. Just at that moment the poor youth he murdered came in; he was travelling into Erris, and had come by the mountain road. Sweeney declared at once that he would retrace his steps; and before his victim had time to sit down, he hurried him off.

"You know the rest, gentlemen. He kept with him night and day until his goods were sold, and then when they reached a proper spot, he did the deed of murder."

As I have mentioned this anecdote, I must become the chronicler of Mr. Sweeney. The murder occurred in my immediate bailiwick; and for a time the villain skulked among his clan in Achil and Ballycroy, and evaded several attempts I made to apprehend him. Finding, however, that it would be impossible to elude my efforts long, and trusting to the secrecy with which the foul act was perpetrated, he came in and surrendered.

I have seen some noted felons; I saw the *Burkers* on the scaffold—but I never looked upon a countenance where nature had written blood so legibly as on Sweeney's. He was an under-sized, bullet-headed, beetle-brained savage, with hair black and curled like a negro: his lips were thick, his eyes small, quick, and restless; his form

was that of a stunted Hercules ; such limbs, shoulders, and neck I never looked at ; and it is a curious fact, that to his surpassing strength, in a great degree, he owed his conviction.

Knowing the localities of the country, Sweeney chose the little dell as a safe place wherein to dispatch his ill-fated companion. The path was narrow ; the victim led the way ; the murderer followed. With one shattering blow the deed was done, and the pedlar's skull crushed as if stricken by a crowbar. But the violence detached the copper strap from the measure ; it was found beside the body, identified by the ship-carpenter who had nailed it on, and left no doubt by what means the murder was effected.

For three assizes Sweeney's trial had been postponed, as a material link in the chain of evidence was wanting. A beggarwoman, whose name and residence were unknown, had been by accident wandering in Erris ; she had crossed the moor the morning of the murder ; met the pedlars proceeding towards the dell ; saw both descend together ; had sat down to rest, and in a short time observed but *one* man quit the valley, and he was the shorter of the two. The very morning of the trial she unexpectedly appeared in Castlebar. She knew not even that a murder had been perpetrated until she

was ascending the table to assist in the conviction of the assassin.

Sweeney was not twenty years old when he suffered. For nearly two years, while he remained in prison, he steadily denied his guilt ; but the moment the jury returned their verdict, he confessed freely every circumstance attending on the murder. The memory of the foul act never appeared to have disturbed him for a moment. He spoke of nothing but what he should do when liberated ; he slept soundly, eat and drank heartily, and during his confinement became amazingly fat. He seemed a tiger-hearted monster, to whose wolfish nature pity or remorse were alien.

It was a lucky circumstance for society that he was so speedily removed from the world. He had tasted blood, and had he been unfortunately loosed again on mankind, he would have lived by murder.

I could have knocked down a puling sentimentalist who attended the ruffian's execution. He pitied the "poor young man," and reprobated the sanguinary code of Britain that consigned "a fellow-creature to the gallows." Pity a bloodhound, that for days had hung upon his victim, and done the ruthless deed to obtain a sum under five pounds ! I confess that I saw the monster hanged with pleasure ; but then, I am not a man of sentiment.

A FRAGMENT OF SENTIMENT.

"*Madame*," said I, taking my hat off—she was a person of perhaps thirty, leading a little girl by the hand. As I pronounced the word *Madame*, they both looked full at me, and I saw by a resemblance in their eyes that I had been right in calling her *Madame*; but there was a quiet look of resignation in her countenance—not resignation at that moment, but it *had* been there, and left its character on her features, with perhaps a line or two remaining of sorrow; yet I began to think she could not be thirty at most; I determined twenty-five, but a widow—"will perhaps have the *complaisance* to tell me the way to the hotel of the *Prefecture*," I continued, and then there was a slight pause, during which she appeared to be reading my history as I had read her own. When she began to answer, she did so without turning her head or pointing to any of the streets, looking full at me the whole time. As soon as she had finished, however, she cast her eyes first a little to one side, and then to the other, for I was standing right in front, which would oblige her to go aside in order to pass me. I retreated backwards out of the way, and she then went on without looking at me again, even whilst I thanked her; the little girl looked back and smiled. I folded my arms. It was a bright, broiling day. "Here," said I, half aloud, "I have been for four days at Marseilles, trudging over this hot pavement after these fellows, and cannot get away: the fleet will have sailed from Toulon, and then"—Just then the widow and her little daughter turned into another street, about a hundred yards off, and as she turned, I thought she looked back a little, a very little. "As for the *Prefecture*," said I, continuing my soliloquy, and beginning to walk slowly towards the corner where the widow had disappeared—"as for the *Prefecture*, if I had really come from Malta as a spy, the *Prefecture*, and the *police*, and the *Santé*, and *Monsieur le Président*, who is gone to his *maison de campagne*"—As I said the last

word I reached the corner, and there was the widow, not three steps beyond it. Her shoe had come untied, and the little girl was trying to fasten it again: it was a sandal shoe with long strings, and the child had no idea how to do it; nevertheless, the widow stood in a sort of reverie, with her foot advanced, whilst the child pulled the strings all *à tort et à travers*, making ropes of them. "*Monsieur est fort complaisant*," said she, when I had knelt down. "*Mais*"—and she was about to withdraw the foot, but my finger had hooked itself behind the heel, and prevented her. I began to flatten the strings; they were to be crossed in front over the instep, then drawn back, then forward again, and tied; now, in drawing them back I lost one, and had to feel for it with one hand, and in putting one hand past the other, the palm was a little squered against the soft part of her leg, just above the tendon of Achilles. "*Monsieur est un peu maladroit*," she said, and seemed again inclined to draw away her foot, but as that only increased the pressure, she desisted. "*He las*," said I, "I have lost the riband and cannot find it, *nulle part*,"—just then I found it; crossed them successfully behind; drew them round her ankle; and, whilst I was engaged in tying them, just looked at the foot;—the little slipper just covered the toe; I began to think of all the feet I had ever seen, with or without stockings on; this put it out of my head how to make a *bow*, (I always tie my own shoes in a *knot*) and then I was obliged to stop thinking about anything else, at last the widow burst out a laughing.

I don't know how it was, but when I had rubbed the dust off my knee, we walked forward together as if we had been acquainted for a century. The little girl came round and took me by the hand; the widow's arm was within mine; I scarce felt the pressure, so lightly did her hand rest upon it; we all walked on.

In a few minutes we came to the

port; it was crowded with vessels; some of them had been taken up as transports, to convey the troops to Africa, and had their numbers at the mast-head. There was great bustle and running to and fro, but when we came to that part which opens into the principal street of Marseilles, every one seemed to be going in the same direction, towards the further part of the port, and there was a murmur among the crowd that induced us to think that something extraordinary had taken place. We asked what was the matter? "Nothing—it was a steam boat going to sail for Toulon, and every one was going to see her put off." We went with the current: suddenly I recognized the man, Antoine, close by me, pushing along in the same direction. "Hola, Monsieur," said he, "*vous voici*, and I have been running over the whole town in search of you; there's the steam boat just on the point of sailing, and your luggage is all on board, and"—coming up close behind and whispering, "I've settled with the captain how it's to be done: he's to swear, and he'll swear every thing, and you're to give him a piece of twenty francs, and *au diable la Prefecture et la police et la Santé*." "Au diable, yourself," said I, "and the captain too. I won't give him twenty francs for perjurying himself." "But you promised."—"Well, never mind," said I, "it's very wicked and I won't do it; besides, I am not in a particularly great hurry to leave Marseilles." "Oh," said Antoine, "that's quite another thing," and he began answering the little girl, who wanted to know where the ships were going to. I turned to the widow; she looked first at Antoine, then at the little girl, then at me; we both smiled—I bent my head to whisper something, but had not thought what to say, so that when my lips were close enough to speak, I said nothing; she turned her head to see what I was about, her cheek touched my lips; she reddened, so did I; I thought I felt her heart beating against

my arm; Antoine was chatting with the little girl.

"But," said he, suddenly, "*comment faire? vos effets sont à bord*." "Run Antoine," said I, "and get them out." "It is impossible—there are forty-nine passengers, and your's are at the very bottom—I put them in myself." "Go and get them out," I repeated, "or some one's else instead—I'm neither tall nor short." Antoine ran off. "Do you intend to remain long at Marseilles?" inquired the widow. "The longer the better," said I, "I love Marseilles." We got to the steam boat. "Hola," said the captain, who was standing ashore, looking anxiously about, "here he is at last, s——. *Pardien*," he continued, wiping his forehead, "you've kept us waiting, *joliment*." "Waiting," said I; "what for?" "Ventre bleu," he answered, "don't you know we could not land at Toulon without our number; they'd make us perform quarantine?" He spoke so loud and vehemently that I had moved a step in front of the widow, in order that she might not be too near him. I was standing quite on the edge of the quay. "Come," said he, "get on board," and took my arm to assist me into the vessel. "But I'm not going, I tell you."—I believe it was that villain Antoine, that pushed me at that instant, and I was obliged to leap or fall headlong. I stumbled as soon as my feet reached the deck, and fell forward against a passenger who had a pipe in his mouth: we rolled over together, and he remained lying across me, vociferating, for he had lost his pipe, but not making the slightest effort either to raise himself, or to set me free. "Oh heaven!" I ejaculated, as I felt that the machinery was set a-going, and we were moving from the quay. I struggled—at last I rolled the man off, and stood upon my feet. I looked back; the widow was standing where I had left her; the character of quiet resignation was still upon her features.

PHRENOLOGY AND ITS OPPONENTS.—No. I.

We have long meditated a paper upon phrenology: not as the advocates or the opponents of the science, or the no science, as it may turn out to be; but, as the calm observers of the controversy that has been carried on concerning it, now for a period of more than thirty years; and with a sincere desire to act the part of unbiassed umpires in the contest. We know well the species of disrepute into which those individuals are liable to fall, who halt between two opinions. We know how little satisfactory their reasonings are likely to prove, either to the confident assertors of some peculiar system, or its contumelious revilers. But, nevertheless, we are well persuaded that the cause of truth must, ultimately, be a greater gainer by the labours of moderate and guarded investigators, who are not enlisted by prejudice in favour of, or arrayed by passion against the opinions and the principles which are the subject of enquiry, than by the more zealous and adventurous, or brilliant and sarcastic efforts of those, whose predisposition, upon the one side or the other, may have given somewhat more than a tinge to their convictions.

There are many who look upon phrenology, not as a system to be discussed, but as an absurdity to be exploded. By *any* grave consideration which may be bestowed upon it, therefore, *they* must be offended. To such we shall only say, that the individuals by whom the theory of Gall and Spurzheim has been adopted, are far too eminent to be treated with disrespect. They are gentlemen of very considerable ability, whose peculiar pursuits and avocations give their opinions a more than ordinary value. Their judgment has been formed, as they profess, after a rigid investigation of facts, founded upon an accurate knowledge of cerebral organization. This judgment may be right, or it may be wrong; but it is, we maintain, entitled to somewhat more of courtesy than it has yet received from its impugnors.

There are others who must be dissatisfied with us, because we do not enter upon the discussion of their favourite science with the zeal of advocates; and who, no doubt, consider that enough has been already done by the supporters of phrenology to satisfy every unprejudiced mind that it has a foundation in nature. To these we shall only say, that there are few candid and reasonable men who will not acknowledge, that a system which contemplates nothing less than a complete revolution in moral philosophy, cannot be too closely or rigidly investigated, before it is permitted to take its stand amongst the accredited sciences; and that, even admitting that the phrenologists have already made out a very plausible case, *that* only renders a careful enquiry into the mode in which they conduct their reasonings, and a searching cross examination of their testimony, the more indispensably important. If the system of phrenology be true, it can suffer nothing by this; and if it be false, it is right that the errors upon which it has been built should be detected. At present, neither its advocates will be induced to renounce their favourite persuasion by the revilings of its adversaries, nor its adversaries to repent of their contemptuous rejection of it, by what will be deemed the partial or unfounded statements of its advocates. But, if the whole subject may be treated of by those who neither come under the denomination of advocates or adversaries, we flatter ourselves that its *real merits* may be more fully and fairly canvassed, than could be expected in the case of individuals whose characters were already so far committed, either upon the one side or the other, that they could neither write nor speak concerning the matter to be examined, without evincing something like a personal interest in the issue of the contest.

The fundamental principle of the phrenologists is, that the mind acts by means of a material organ, and that that organ is the brain. If this propo-

sition were taken by itself, and without any reference to the theory of which it has been made the basis, there are not, we fancy, many, by whom it would be very pertinaciously disputed. In point of fact, it was maintained by the most eminent physiologists, long before phrenology was thought of as a science. The celebrated Dr. Cullen thus writes—

“The part of our body more immediately connected with the mind, and therefore more especially concerned in every affection of the intellectual functions, is the common origin of the nerves; which I shall, in what follows, speak of under the appellation of the brain.”

“We cannot doubt,” he says again, “that the operations of our intellect *always* depend upon certain motions taking place in the brain.”

The late Dr. Gregory observes, when speaking of memory, imagination, and judgment—

“Although at first sight these faculties appear to be so purely mental as to have no connection with the body, yet certain diseases which obstruct them prove, that a certain state of the brain is necessary to their proper exercise, and that the brain is the primary organ of the internal powers.”

To the same effect, a host of other writers might be referred to. Blumenbach, Majendie, Dr. Neil, Arnott, &c. &c., whose opinions were formed without any view to lend plausibility to the doctrine of Gall and Spurzheim; so that those who deny that the mind operates by means of a material organ, are not so much at issue with the adherents of phrenology, as with the most eminent physiologists both of this and of other countries, by whom the proposition was asserted as a fact, long before it became the foundation of a system. When, therefore, Mr. Jeffrey asserts, as he does in the seventy-eighth number of the Edinburgh Review, “that there is not the smallest reason for supposing that the mind ever operates through the medium of material organs, except in its perception of material objects, or in its spontaneous movements of the body it inhabits;” and again, that “there is not the least reason to suppose that any of our faculties but those which connect us with external objects, or direct the movements of our bodies, act by material organs at all,” he

makes a statement quite as much at variance with the opinions of the most approved physiologists, as with those of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim; and unless his authority as a philosopher be deemed sufficient to refute the one, his mere *ipse dixit* as an Edinburgh reviewer, will hardly be deemed sufficient to confound the other. It is also to be taken into account, that Cullen, and Gregory, and Blumenbach, and Majendie wrote without any design to uphold phrenology;—*he* with a distinct object to oppose it. So that while their coincidence with the doctrine is unsuspicious, his contradictory assertions cannot but be suspected. Mr. Jeffrey asks—

“In what sense is it said, or how is it proposed to prove, that certain portions of the brain, terminating in bumps on its surface, are the organs of different powers or faculties of the mind?”

He here asks two questions; first, in what sense it is said, and secondly how is it proposed to prove, that different portions of the brain are the organs of different mental faculties. To the first question Mr. Coombe replies as follows:

“Let us,” he says, “take the case of the eye as somewhat analogous. If the eye be the organ of vision, it will be conceded, first, that sight cannot be enjoyed without its instrumentality; secondly, that every act of vision must be accompanied by a corresponding state of the organ; and, *vice versa*, that every change of condition in the organ must influence sight; and thirdly, that the perfection of vision will be in relation to the perfection of the organ. In like manner, if the brain be the organ of the mind, it will follow that the mind does not act in this life independently of its organ; and hence, that every emotion and judgment of which we are conscious, are the result of mind and its organ acting together; secondly, that every mental affection must be accompanied with a corresponding state of the organ; and thirdly, that the perfection of the manifestation of the mind, will bear a relation to the perfection of its organ, just as perfection of vision bears a relation to the perfection of the eye.”

Now whether this be true or false, we cannot but think it very intelligible; and

we cannot, therefore, agree with Mr. Jeffrey, when he says, that the word *organ*, when employed by the phrenologists, with reference to our intellectual capacities, "is not so much used in a new sense, as used without any meaning at all:" the truth being, that whatever be its meaning in relation to the external senses, such, and no other, is its meaning when applied to the intellectual powers. Mr. Jeffrey observes :

"It is very true, that in our present state of existence, the mind is united, in some mysterious way, to a living and organized body; and that, when the vitality of this body ceases or is suspended, all the functions of the mind, and indeed all indications of its existence, cease and disappear also. Certain actions of the brain, too, we find, are necessary for the maintenance of this vitality; and not of the brain only, but of the heart and the lungs also: and if any of these actions are stopped or disturbed, even for a moment, the vitality of the body, and along with it, in so far as we can judge, sensation, consciousness, and all other mental operations, are extinguished or suspended. But this, we humbly conceive, affords no sort of proof, that the mind, when it is not percipient of matter, acts or is affected by material organs of any sort; and certainly no proof that those organs are in the brain, any more than in the heart or lungs. If the brain be greatly injured, or strongly compressed, all the faculties and functions will no doubt be destroyed. But the same effect will follow, and even more suddenly and completely, if the motion of the heart be stopped, or the cavity of the lungs be filled by unrespirable matter; although the brain remains perfectly sound and unaltered."

All this is true; but it does not appear to us to be very much to the purpose: no phrenologists with whom we are acquainted having maintained, that the brain is the organ of the mind, and that to its distinct compartments are allocated the functions of manifesting the various mental faculties, *merely because of the generally admitted fact, that mind is mysteriously connected with matter*. Phrenologists endeavour to adduce, in favour of their particular system, the same kind of evidence

upon which physiologists rely, when they endeavour to demonstrate the functions of the liver or the lungs. And it is against *that* evidence the reviewer should have directed his reasoning, and not against a position which never was taken up, and which could not, for one moment, be seriously defended. As well might Mr. Jeffrey say, it is absurd to suppose that the liver performs the function of secreting bile, because a fatal injury to the lungs will altogether destroy its action; or that the eye performs the office of perceiving colours, because such office will no longer be performed if a musket bullet pass through the heart; and that, therefore, the lungs may as well be said to secrete bile as the liver; or the heart to be endowed with the faculty of vision, as the eye. It is, no doubt, true, that the vitality of *every* member may be affected by injuries done to any *one*; but it is no less true that *each* member has its *peculiar* office. And while the action of the brain is liable to be suspended or destroyed by whatever operates injuriously to organic life, *that* no more disproves the position that the brain discharges a peculiar function, and is the instrument, as it were, by which mental affections are manifested, than it would disprove any other of the position maintained by physiologists, respecting the functions of any other of the members of our complex organization.

From the general position, that the brain is, in a peculiar manner, the organ of the mind, phrenologists proceed to the assertion, that the various faculties of the mind have their "local habitation" in different parts of the brain. This assertion must pass for nothing, unless it is found agreeable to matter of fact. And the only satisfactory mode of refuting the doctrine of the phrenologists must be, by taking up *their* mode of stating the question, and shewing that their allegations are unfounded. If this be done successfully, the whole system must crumble; and it would appear to us to be the shortest and the simplest mode of dealing with a theory which professes to be built entirely on observation. But, we lament to say, it has not as yet been adopted. The opponents of the system, almost with out exception, seem to have confined *their reasonings* to matters of speculation, and have not

thought it worth their while to bestow any thing better than invective and ridicule upon the alleged facts upon which it professes to be built, and by which alone it could be supported.

The reasons which have led phrenologists to suppose that the different compartments of the brain are subservient to the development and manifestation of different powers and faculties, are as follow :—

First—These faculties being in reality diverse from each other, it is but reasonable to suppose, that what may be called their physical instruments are diverse also. A skillful musician, hearing a band of instrumental music, would be led, although he did not see the performers, to the conclusion, that *various* instruments were employed in producing the effects of which his ears gave him evidence. He could not easily reconcile himself to the belief, that the *same* instrument gave rise to the tones of the flute, and also to the notes of the bassoon, and the sounds of the trumpet. But mental phenomena are still more diverse in their nature than even the most dissimilar affections of the auditory organs ; and if the conclusion of the musician may be allowed to be reasonable, that of the phrenologist can scarcely be deemed absurd.

Secondly—The various mental powers appear in *succession* ; (a fact not very explicable upon the supposition, that the *whole* of the brain is employed in *every* mental act ;) and the successive order in which they appear, corresponds in a remarkable manner with the changes which take place in the brain.

“ In infancy,” observes Mr. Coombe, “ according to Chaussier, the cerebellum forms one sixteenth of the encephalic mass ; and in adult age, from one sixth to one eighth ; its size being thus in strict accordance with the energy of the propensity of which it is the organ. In childhood, the middle part of the forehead generally predominates ; in latter life, the upper lateral parts become prominent ; which facts also are in strict accordance with the periods of unfolding of the knowing and reasoning powers.”

Thirdly—Genius is almost always partial. We have musical geniuses, mechanical geniuses, mathematical geniuses, poetical geniuses, &c. &c. ; all

exhibiting at a very early age, a remarkable perfection of their several distinguishing faculties, and no one of them capable of doing any thing extraordinary in the peculiar pursuit of any other ; the musician not being capable of attaining any eminence as a mathematician ; nor the mathematician of arriving at any proficiency in music. This would seem to intimate a plurality of faculties, and most assuredly lends some plausibility to the notion of a plurality of organs.

Fourthly—The phenomena of dreaming are not so consistent with the notion that the mind manifests itself by a single organ, as by a plurality of organs. Upon this we shall not dwell, as its whole force can only be admitted by phrenologists.

Fifthly—“ The admitted phenomena of partial idiocy and partial insanity,” observes Mr. Coombe, “ are so plainly and strongly in contradiction with the nature of a single organ of mind, that Pinel himself, no friend to phrenology, asks, if their phenomena can be reconciled to such a conception.”

Sixthly—Partial injuries of the brain, which do not interfere with the perfect discharge of many mental functions, are perfectly reconcileable with the theory of a plurality of organs, and not, as it would appear to phrenologists, at all reconcileable with the notion of a single organ. For, if the *whole* brain be necessary to the due performance of *every* mental act, any injury which it sustains should equally impair its efficiency in *all* its operations.

To those who admit that the brain is the organ of the mind, the foregoing reasons may appear conclusive. And, if the mind has an organ, it is not easy to suppose that it can be any other than the brain ; nor does the supposition that its several ganglions are the organs of the several faculties, increase the difficulties with which the phrenologist has to contend. On the contrary, there are many to whom such a notion must appear most reasonable, and by whom it will be thought to confer a kind of “ *prima facie*” plausibility upon the new theory, as affording a most satisfactory explanation of many facts, which, upon any other supposition, would be unexplicable or contradictory.

Mr. Jeffrey objects that we have no

consciousness that the brain performs the functions assigned to it by phrenologists. The answer is, neither have we of the functions of the external senses. Upon this Mr. Jeffrey becomes diffuse, and aims what he conceives to be a home blow at the whole system. He asks,

"Is it meant to be said, that we do not know certainly, naturally, and immediately, that we see with our eyes, and hear with our ears, and feel with that part of our bodies upon which an external impression is made? Is it by a course of experiments and observations that those recondite truths have been discovered? Did they remain hidden from mankind during the lapse of many ages, till some former Gall or Spurzheim, by a gigantic effort of intellect, revealed the wonderful secret to his admiring contemporaries? When a man is struck hard on the hand, does he not instantly refer his sensation to that part of his body? When he is dazzled with excess of light, does he, in any state of his reasoning or experience, stop his ears instead of closing his eyelids? When he is stunned with noise, does he, in his most infantine condition, ever take his chance of excluding it by turning away his eyes? We know that there is a metaphysical subtlety as to the proper province of consciousness, and the want of *locality* in the mere notion of sensation, by which the language, at least, of this part of the discussion may be perplexed. But it can never touch, or at all affect, the palpable fallacy of the allegation we are now considering, with reference to its intended application. We will not dispute about words. If there be any objection to saying that we are *conscious* that our *perceptions* of external objects are derived through the five external senses, we shall be contented to say that we universally, naturally, and immediately *know* and *feel* that they are so *derived*. Whether this knowledge be obtained by an observation and comparison of the intimations of the different senses, or be directly involved in the operation of each, is really of no consequence to the argument before us. The true question upon either supposition is, whether, knowing and feeling as in one way or other we do, with the most

perfect distinctness, that we see with our eyes and hear with our ears, and that it is by those organs alone that the mind performs those functions, it can be truly, or even intelligibly said, that we are as little aware of acting by material organs, when we see and hear, as we are that we love our children by a bump on the back of the head, or perceive the beauty of music by a small protuberance in the middle of the eyebrow? Can any experience or observation, any comparison or combination of the intimations of different faculties, give us such assurance of those latter facts as we all have, without experience, thought, or observation at all—that we do see with our eyes and hear with our ears, and that when we are wounded on the right arm, it is there, and not on the left leg, that the blow has been inflicted?"

Now this is undoubtedly very fine writing; so fine indeed that one could wish it were as sound in point of reasoning as it is excellent in point of composition. But we believe phrenologists might agree in all that is here said, and yet be as obstinate in maintaining their peculiar opinion as they were before. Mr. Jeffrey does not say that we are conscious of the *manner* in which the senses perform their functions; and phrenologists do not deny that we have something like a consciousness of the *mere location* of their material organs. So far there is no opposition between them. Had Mr. Jeffrey stated that we are *conscious*, or that we have *any kind* of direct and immediate knowledge of the particular apparatus necessary for the due discharge of the function of any one of the external senses, he would have stated that which might indeed be very much to his purpose, but which would not be agreeable to the fact. Had he said, for instance, that we are conscious that the eye sees by means of an image formed upon the retina, which produces an impression that is conveyed to the brain by means of the optic nerve, there is no philosopher or physiologist by whom the opinion would not be scouted: yet it is the *truth* of such an opinion which could alone give plausibility to his argument, by rendering it probable that we should be conscious of the functions performed by the several parts of the brain, even

as we were conscious of the particular instrumentality employed in the perception of external objects. Phrenologists maintain, and almost all men allow, that, generally speaking, we are conscious that the thinking principle is seated *in the head*—that it is *there*, and not in *the hand* or the *leg* that a process of thought originates and is carried on. Now this, we humbly conceive, is the whole extent of the analogy which can be insisted on between the brain and the external senses, as to the *consciousness* we have of the functions which they respectively perform; except, indeed, we fall in with the views of the phrenologists, and say, that *as* we are unconscious of the “modus operandi” in the one case, it is but reasonable to suppose that we should be so in the other also.

That the external senses are essentially different from those faculties of the mind by which trains of thought or processes of reasoning are carried on and conducted, has not, we believe, been ever denied; but we do not know any writer by whom the distinction between the one and the other has been more clearly pointed out than by Mr. Coombe, in the following passage, which we extract from his *Elements of Phrenology*:—

“The following,” he says, “appears to me to be a correct mode of ascertaining the limits of the functions of the senses. Whatever perceptions or impressions, received from external objects, *can be renewed* by an act of recollection, cannot depend exclusively on the senses; because the organs of sense are not subject to the will, and never produce the impressions which depend on their constitution, except when excited by an external cause. On the other hand, whatever impressions we are unable to recal, must, for the same reason, depend on the senses alone.

“These principles will be best elucidated by examples. For instance, when a bell has been rung in our presence, and the impressions have ceased, they cannot be recalled by an effort of the will; because their existence depended upon the apparatus of the ear being in a certain state of excitation, which cannot be re-produced by an act of mere volition. Hence those impressions belong to the ear alone. But if an individual is endowed

with an internal faculty of tune, and if a piece of music be played over in his presence, then, after the sound of the instrument has ceased, although he cannot recal the sound, he can with facility re-produce the internal impressions which the notes made upon his mind; in short, he can enjoy the tune internally anew, by an act of recollection. The power of experiencing the perception of melody, and of enjoying the impressions which it makes, appears, therefore, to depend on the internal faculty of tune, while the sound alone depends on the ear. Hence the perfection of the power of perceiving melody in any individual, is not in proportion to the perfection of the external ear alone, but in proportion to the perfection of that organ and the internal faculty. Without the external ear the internal faculty could not receive the impressions; but the external ear, could never of itself produce the perception of melody. Accordingly, we see every day, that many individuals enjoy the sense of hearing unimpaired, who have no perception of melody. The same principles, applied to the other senses, will point out distinctly the precise limit of their functions. We may take an example from the sense of touch. If we embrace a square body with the hands, certain impressions are made on the nerves of touch, called sensations, in consequence of which the mind forms an idea of the figure of the body.” (?) “Now we can recal the conception of the figure, but not the sensation which excited it. The conception, therefore, depends on an internal faculty, the sensation on the nerves of touch. The functions of the nerves of touch appear to produce the sensation, but the power of conceiving is not in invariable proportion to the power of feeling, but in proportion to the perfection of the internal faculty and the external senses jointly. The perception, however, depends as entirely on nature as the sensation——.”

We will not here enter into the question, how far our ideas of form are direct or acquired, but we *do* think that the distinction between the faculties of the mind and the external senses has been justly stated. We are, therefore, free to confess, that this distinction obviates much of the force of Mr. Jeffrey’s ingenious reasoning,

when he insists that there is a gross inconsistency in maintaining that the purely intellectual powers must have an apparatus in the brain, while the senses have no such apparatus. His words are these :

"The organs of the external senses, the only material organs which the mind is known to employ, are admitted *not* to be parts of the brain ; although all the nerves through which they act may be traced into that substance, and depend on their immediate connection with it for their vitality. The whole of the faculties to which they are subservient, therefore, may be said, in one sense, to be connected with the brain, and to depend on it for the means of their exercise. But the faculties to which the phrenological organs are supposed to minister, have no perceptible or intelligible connection with the brain more than with any other part of the living body. They are, many of them, mere sentiments or contemplative faculties, that have no relation to anything extrinsic or material—such as veneration, concentrativeness, adhesiveness, and others ; while those that have a reference to external objects, are of a nature that would lead us to look for their physical organs any where but in the brain ; the appetite, for instance, of the sexes ; those of thirst and hunger, or the capacity of being hot or cold. Nay, even as to those that are conversant about the immediate and appropriate objects of the five external senses, it is pretty plain, that if the senses themselves, the nerves of which terminate in the brain, are yet without organs in any part of it, those related faculties, if indeed, they have any existence, are still less likely to be so provided. If the sense of seeing have no cerebral organ, is it at all to be presumed that the faculty of distinguishing *colours*, which the phrenologists assure us is quite a different thing, should have such an organ, and that too, quite apart from the region of the optic nerve ? If it be admitted that we do not *hear* by means of an organ in the brain, is it a probable surmise that we distinguish tunes by one that projects over the middle of the eye."

Here it appears to us that the things compared are totally different.—Each has its own separate constitution, and

is governed by its own peculiar laws ; the external world bearing much the same relation to the five senses, as *they* bear to the faculties of the mind. The senses are *themselves* organs, by which the mind communicates with external nature ; and it does not, "*a priori*," appear to us to be more necessary that *they* should have an organ in the brain, than the heart or the liver. Their whole office is performed when the internal faculties have, by their means, been excited to activity. If Mr. Jeffrey means deliberately to assert, that the exercise of the sentimental and contemplative faculties "has no perceptible or intelligible connection with the brain, more than with any other part of the living body ;"—that they might, in fact, be as well referred to the hand or the foot, we fancy that there are very few indeed, who will be found to agree with him ; all mankind being led, by a kind of instinct, to regard the head as the seat of thought and reason. Whether they are right or wrong in so regarding it, is another question ; but that such is the fact, we appeal to all experience. If, therefore, the processes of thought and feeling are conducted by any material instrumentality, it is more natural to look for that in the head than elsewhere. We all know that what is called by musicians "a good ear," is a very different thing from the most perfect power of hearing. This frequently manifests itself in very early childhood, long before it could possibly be acquired by experience. Now, upon the principles of the phrenologist, all this is perfectly intelligible ; and we are as yet unacquainted with any other theory by which it may be so satisfactorily explained.

Although it may not be thought very reasonable to lay any great stress upon what may be called "*a priori*" objections to matters of fact, yet full justice would not be done to the subject, if we did not give the whole of Mr. Jeffrey's ingenious reasoning to prove the theory of the phrenologists in a high degree improbable.

"The mind," he says, "is one, and indivisible ;—and if, by faculties is meant parts, portions, or members, by the aggregation of which the mind is made up, we must not only deny their existence, but confess that we have no

great favour for a term which tends naturally to familiarize us with such an assumption. What are called faculties of the mind, we would consider as different acts, or rather states of it. But if this be the just view of the matter, it is plain that it renders it in the highest degree improbable, if not truly inconceivable, that those supposed faculties should each have a separate material organ."

"It really is not very easy to understand how there should be an external organ for *every particular* act, or state, of the mind, or rather for an arbitrary number of these states. And when the question is about the existence of some thirty or forty organs in distinct regions of the brain, it is absolutely necessary to inquire what proof there is of the existence of the thirty or forty separate faculties to which they are said to minister, or rather, we think, which they are held to create; or upon what grounds they have been limited to that precise number."

He then proceeds to mark some important distinctions between the external senses, and what he calls the imaginary faculties of the phrenologists. "We believe," he says, "the functions of seeing and hearing, &c. to be carried on by material organs, *only* because we know, and feel, that they are so." Feeling and knowledge are, undoubtedly, very good grounds of belief, but Mr. Jeffrey has not attempted to show that they extend, in the cases alluded to, beyond the *mere locality* of the organs of sense. Now, so much may be said of these internal faculties to which the senses are contradistinguished. It is not more true that the generality of men refer vision to the eye, than that they refer thought and sentiment to the head; and, therefore, the doctrine, that the brain is the organ of the mind, does not appear to contain any thing contradictory to what may be called the primary suggestions of nature. Mr. Jeffrey proceeds:

"All the organs which we actually know to be used by the mind, are used to connect it with material and external objects; and indeed it is difficult for us to conceive how we could ever have become acquainted with such objects, except by means of a material apparatus in our living bodies. But the other functions of mind do not so connect us

with matter; and therefore, there is not only no such reason for supposing their existence, but there is a corresponding difficulty in the conception."

That is, a corresponding difficulty in the conception of *immaterial* results from *material* causes! We confess we do not feel it. What will Mr. Jeffrey say of music? Is not *that* an immaterial product of a material instrument? And the melody, assuredly, is not more essentially different from the instrument, than the various trains of thought and feeling are from the organs in the brain. We confess, therefore, that we do not see the force of this objection. He goes on:

"All those functions which operate through the organs of sense, are of a definite and peculiar nature, and so totally unlike those which phrenologists would furnish with like instruments, as to make the inference of their being actually so furnished, in the highest degree improbable and extravagant."

Mr. Jeffrey had before made the analogy between the external senses and the mental powers, a reason for asserting that the former ought, as well as the latter, to have organs in the brain. He now makes their *dissimilarity* the ground of an opposite conclusion, and argues that a material *instrumentality*, for the development or manifestation of *immaterial* processes of thought, is, in the *highest degree*, absurd and inconsistent. We think phrenologists may safely leave these two statements to combat each other, and content themselves with adopting the distinction which Mr. Jeffrey recognizes as affording a full justification for the diversity observable between our sensual, and our moral and intellectual organization. From the very nature of the theory, the one must, obviously, be more *palpable* than the other. But we cannot agree with Mr. Jeffrey in thinking, that, in the case of the bodily senses, "our knowledge of the organ is *antecedent* to our knowledge of the faculty, and that it is truly by reference to the former that the latter is recognized and determined." We did not before think that it could be seriously maintained, that our knowledge of the eye, for instance, as an instrument of vision, was *antecedent* to our knowledge of the faculty of vision, and that we could not know

that we really saw, until we had learned that we saw by means of the eye. A blind man knows that he cannot see, before he knows *why* it is that he cannot see. In this case, a knowledge of the cause is obviously *posterior* to a knowledge of the effect;—and we cannot understand why, in the opposite case, it is necessary for a man to

know that he has an eye, before he is qualified to enjoy the use of it. How does a man know that he has an eye? Can any answer be given to that question, which does not imply a *previous* knowledge of the exercise of vision? And if that be so, is not the assertion of Mr. Jeffrey as preposterous as it is startling and dogmatical?

THE HEART'S CHANGE.

There is a change, an utter change
That comes upon the heart,
Ere time one feature can derange
Or bid one smile depart :
The outward form is all the same,
Nor are by words exprest,
The dark and boding thoughts that tame
The fires within the breast.

Undimm'd—unaltered—still, the eye
Beams forth on all around—
And if the bosom heaves a sigh,
That sigh has scarce a sound.
Yet though the world may never deem
Our spirits touch'd by care,
So buoyant and so free they seem—
We are not what we were !

O'er us—we scarce know whence or when
That change begins to steal,
Which teaches that we ne'er again
As once we felt, shall feel.
A curtain, slowly drawn aside,
Reveals a shadow'd scene,
Wherein the future differs wide
From what the past has been.

'Tis not that earth withholds its joys
As manhood crowns the brow—
The same pursuits we loved, as boys,
Life offers to us now :
And still we seek the giddy round,
And join the laughers there,
But feel that in the festive sound
Our hearts have now no share.

Yet mourn we not this early change,
'Tis sent our souls to show
How narrow is the utmost range
Allowed them here below—
'Tis sent to bid our youth aspire
From scenes so soon o'ercast,
To those whose pleasures ne'er can tire,
And shall for ever last !

R. C.

LINES ON THE LATE NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

" And now there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold—
 And ice most high, came floating by,
 As green as emerald;
 And through the drifts, the snowy clifts
 Did send a dismal sheen—
 Nor shape of men, nor beasts we ken,
 The ice was all between.
 The ice was here—the ice was there,
 The ice was all around—
 It crackled and growled, and roar'd and howl'd,
 Like noises in a swound."

COLERIDGE—*Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

Once more we roam together—on the sea
 'Twas ever joy, my gallant bark, with thee;
 'Twas ever joy—though heartless foes could dare
 Impugn the courage they might never share—
 Was it for this, through realms as yet unknown,
 We track'd stern Winter to his Arctic throne?
 And brake the Tyrant's mightiest bonds, and gave
 Freedom and safety through the riven wave?
 Alas! it matters not—the fair, the young
 Scarce 'scape the reach of Envy's barbed tongue;
 The brightest thoughts Fame's kindling hopes create
 Are turn'd to gloom beneath the frown of Hate,
 And darker still, as holier virtues glow,
 Hangs the foul shade of Infamy and Woe.

* Such were the thoughts that wrung the Seaman's mind,
 As once again he woo'd the Northern wind,
 And sought the surge, to win from Danger's smile
 The peace he knew not in his own fair isle.
 Strange mystery of Nature—when the sense
 Of guilt thus creeps despite our innocence—
 When groundless shame thus rends th'untainted breast,
 And mars, we know not why, its hope of rest:
 The home that nursed, delights not—dearer far
 The sunless life of Exile or of War,
 And Love's fond voice, and Friendship's calm relief
 Alike but mock the bitterness of grief.

Now joy to England! o'er the raging spray
 How well yon vessel wa'ks her destin'd way—
 And fearless still, tho' groans the reeling mast,
 How well she bares her bosom to the blast!
 On—on, brave mariners—though now more near
 Their giant heads the threatening icebergs rear,
 Tho'† hoary whales in fiercer strain chaunt forth
 The stern defiance of the gloomy North—

* 'Tis well known that the result of Captain Ross's first expedition was not received so satisfactorily as it deserved.

† On entering the Arctic circle, the musical noise of the white whales is heard.

Yet shrink not in mid ocean—once again
 To you 'tis given to blast th' Enchanter's reign ;
 To you 'tis given, with pride-exulting voice,
 To bid the farthest realms of Earth rejoice.
 Lo! even now, on *India's Eastern coast
 Glad Commerce hears, and leads her canvass'd host ;
 And Science, starting from her lengthened trance,
 Sees worlds on worlds expand beneath her glance.

'Tis past—that hour of peril—calmly now
 In Waygat† harbour rests the wearied prow,
 Tho' her bent masts and shatter'd sides declare
 How fierce the fight that won her passage there.
 Oh! who may know,—save he whose grief-worn heart
 Hath felt the joy Death's nearer hopes impart—
 The Seaman's anguish on that lonely way,
 His sleepless nights, his fruitless toil by day?
 Morn after morn he heard the idle sail
 Flap dull and dreary in the unheeded gale,
 And mark'd the waves their writhing victim clasp
 With fiercer struggle, and with deadlier grasp.
 In vain the cloven ice confess'd his steel,—
 New blocks succeeding held the baffled keel :
 In vain he rais'd the rampart‡ snowy wall—
 The evening tempest mock'd its scattered fall ;
 And nought remain'd, but Famine ;—where were then
 The sun-bright pastures of his native glen?
 Where was his home beneath the greenwood tree,
 His Mother's smile, his Sister's song of glee?
 And she, the maid who would not bid him stay,
 Yet lone and cheerless wept her nights away?
 Nay, think not thus ;—brush off the rising tear—
 Is Israel's God a God less mighty here?
 And He will still the Avenger ; He will bring
 Joy in his flight and healing on his wing,
 And lead thee forth to thank in hours of bliss
 The Guide who watch'd the weary woes of this.

Desolate Land! amid the drear expanse,
 How sinks the soul and droops the sickening glance.
 Say, hath Destruction here usurp'd her throne?
 So sad thy mansions, and thy courts so lone!—
 No signs of life are thine, no sounds intrude
 To break the stillness of thy solitude ;
 Thy stagnate mountains own no fostering toil,
 No vernal foliage clothes thy naked soil;
 No feathered stranger flies to thee for rest,
 Thy frozen caverns hold no living guest :
 But, aye, around thee, in the weird midnight,
 Pale sheeted phantoms speed their ceaseless flight,
 And kingly Death, still robed in Grief's dark pall,
 Holds, 'mid thy gloom, his silent festival!

* In allusion to the supposed passage between the Northern Sea and the Pacific, which washes the East Indies.

† No very musical name to be sure ; but historians must be correct. It was the island where the mariners first landed.

‡ They used to raise walls of snow round their ship to defend themselves from the inclemency of the weather.

And yet we mourn not—o'er the earth and sea,
 Where is that land which speaks of God like thee?
 Is not His shadow on the glacier dim?
 The rocks, His altars, rear their shrines for Him;
 And many a temple lifts its columned height
 Frequent with pearl, and radiant chrysolite.
 And see—for e'en in Nature's sternest mood,
 Her softer feelings will not be subdued—
 See even here, beneath the freezing sky,
 Bright sunny flowers salute the traveller's eye—
 And * golden glades, and meads of glittering green,
 With smiling aspect cheer the mournful scene.
 Oh! doth not now the musing sinner find
 A gloomy semblance to his own sad mind?
 Doth he not find amid the waste around,
 One spot which virtue claims as holier ground,
 And weep to think that all might thus be fair,—
 Had struggling reason lent its voice to pray'r?

Still roams the seaman forth, nor long his stay
 In that dark land of sorrow and dismay;
 And still where'er he bends his wondering gaze,
 Unearthly shapes, and solemn sights amaze:
 The wave-worn crags beneath whose cavern'd shade
 That huge Leviathan his chambers made—
 The † snow-cliffs tinged with streaks of purple dye—
 The ‡ meteor-belt that girds th' unsullied sky.
 But lo! those huts bespeak awakening life,
 And hark—the hills with echoing shouts are rife;
 And now, light-leaping o'er the level waste,
 Their ardent steps the fur-clad hunters haste.
 Their's the wild joy in danger still to roam,
 Their path the wilderness—the rocks their home,—
 For them no steed obeys the willing rein.
 Their dog-drawn sledges scour the unyielding plain:
 Beneath their shaft high bounds the stricken roe,
 With murderous aim they twang the unerring bow;
 Or, gliding swiftly in their frail canoe,
 Unwieldy bears, and timorous seals pursue.

But say—hath hither o'er this trackless way
 The star of Bethlehem shed its hallowed ray?
 Oh! say—hath here, by woes yet more endear'd,
 Mid these dark wilds, the Saviour's cross been rear'd?
 Is there no branch to carry? no dry space
 Where dove-like Peace may find a resting place?
 No raptur'd voice to sing of realms untrod?
 No hand to lead the sinner to his God?
 Alas! 'tis darkness :—on the voiceless plains
 The long, dull night of Superstition reigns:
 There awe-struck myriads throng the wizard's cell;
 In Runic rhyme he chaunts the mutter'd spell—
 Raves the wild gust—the lightning's angry gleam
 Glares on the snows, and gilds the livid stream,

* These beautiful "Oases of the Desert," are described by Captain Parry.

† Mention is made of some strange "port-wine-coloured" rocks, in the Narrative Captain Ross's expedition.

‡ I need hardly say I allude to the Aurora Borealis.

While distant thunders echo :—whose the form
 Riding so fiercely thro' the troubled storm ?
 With steeds of flame his meteor wheels advance,
 On high the warrior waves his golden lance,
 'Tis Odin ! Odin !—bow the trembling knee—
 The* king of Men ! † Valkalla's Deity !
 Then light the altar, raise the funeral pile—
 E'en now their victim writhes his ghastly smile,
 And deems his death beneath that bigot knife,
 The glorious herald of a happier life.

And can it be ?—Hast thou thy life outpour'd,
 ‡ Son of the Ocean, mid this barbarous horde ?
 Or did they lead thee to their savage rest
 With glad § coyennas, and with kindlier breast ?
 Oh ! there were sighs for thee, and ceaseless tears,
 And joyless hopes thro' long and gloomy years ;
 And many a seaman hail'd thee from afar,
 ¶ And many an eye outwatch'd the morning star ;
 And still thou camest not : I see thee now
 Raising to Heaven thy sad, yet tranquil brow :
 I see thy head now bent in meek despair—
 Thy lip yet quiv'ring with the silent pray'r,
 That asks if He so wont thy toil to bless
 At length hath left thee in thy loneliness ?

Still faithless ever—thro' the fog-wreath'd sky
 Gaze forth, and say what prospect meets thine eye :
 Is it a dream that mocks thy frenzied sight—
 That bright blue sea, those cliffs of glancing white ?
 Thy country ! yes—thy country—at the name
 How bounds each breast, and thrills each toil-worn frame !
 For very joy they raise the tear-dew'd cheek—
 And look to Heaven the thanks they cannot speak.
 And thus,—whilst England sweeps the sounding seas,
 While streams her pennon in the obedient breeze—
 Oh ! thus may He, the seamans' Guardian Guide,
 Direct their bark thro' life's more dangerous tide ;
 And lead them forth, their weary trials past,
 To the bright haven of His peace at last.

TRKEL.

* Odinn allda gautr, &c., in the Norse tongue.

† Valkalla was the hall of Odin—the paradise of the brave.

‡ Rather a strong expression—Homer however, and others, are precedents.

§ Coyenna is the Esquimaux term for welcome.

¶ “ And many a restless hour outwatched each star.”—BYRON.

IRELAND, AS IT WAS,—IS,—AND OUGHT TO BE.*

In the useful work before us, we are at a loss to reconcile one or two inconsistencies. In our judgment Mr. Martin's professions, and the drift of his sonings, seem to run different ways; and his evident adherence to, and approval of, a Whig administration not to be accounted for even on his own showing. In fact, we set down a man at heart an *ascendency man* or *col*, when we get up from a perusal of his book, cheering as it does the spirit of every *Conservative* with the conviction that his feelings are justified by the soundest principle, and that at he has at times half suspected to be prejudice, is there demonstrated to be policy and patriotism. Of that part of Mr. Martin's work devoted to the consideration of a proposed system of poor laws for Ireland, (being an addendum to this edition) we omit all consideration at present, and confine ourselves to the threefold division of his principal subject, viz., the state of this country previous to the commencement of (so called) Irish independence in the year '82; its condition from that period to the beginning of this century; and lastly, its progressive state from thence to the present time.

We cannot too much admire Mr. Martin's method of proceeding, giving as it does, a prejudice in his favour from the first. He uniformly gives us the *pro*, and not only cites it up and down in every instance, but seems to pay particular attention to his authorities being impartial; and indeed his arguments generally partake of the Socratic principle, and are drawn from the lips of *his opponents*. He is wise in many instances to weigh with candour the degree of credence to be afforded to his authorities, and does not require the reader to give them more credit to them than he

may be inclined in his impartiality, and on mature consideration, to afford. All this is refreshing to us, as we turn from the ten thousand strained and interested attempts to establish preassumed positions which crowd upon our notice every day, and which speak in every line of unfairness and *trick*, our abhorrence, both in our editorial and personal capacity. It is remarkable, indeed, how long a time the old system of proceeding, as regards politics, has survived that by which other philosophical inquiries were formerly regulated; and it can only be accounted for on the score of the former having been admitted at so much later a period into the rank of a *science*, and hence retaining some of the imperfections naturally attendant upon vague and indeterminate investigation. Mr. Martin has, however, proceeded with logical precision, and has successfully set up sound and sober reasoning against florid and unsustainable declamation. We cannot help being surprised at the infatuation of a nation—a nation, too, not deficient in mental faculties—still blindly hurrying after the shadows conjured up by interested orators—"following darkness as a dream," when we witness, as in the present instance, how speedily and completely they are dissipated by a few scanty rays of that light which is always at hand to be made use of and applied—that light which is alone self-illuminated and eternal—the light of truth. We say *scanty* rays, not with reference to their brilliancy, but quantity. They are as clear and as unswerving as the morning beam, and no deduction at second-hand, no *prismatic* medium, if we may so say, comes between the spectator and the fountain head of light, to weaken or dissipate the impression.

We again repeat, Mr. Martin *must*

* Ireland, as it was,—is,—and ought to be. By R. Montgomery Martin, Esq. Third Edition. London: Parbury, Allen, and Co. 1834.

be a Tory at heart; his candour, his sagacity, his sincere and earnest patriotism, his contempt for, and hatred of, the Arch-agitator—all denote him one of *Us*. He has not yet revealed himself, or read his recantation; but a fourth edition—and his work will have one—will show us the fact, blazoned in its very first page, that the author is no longer able to resist conviction, and that Whig treachery and Conservative heroism, have united to make him “an Ulster Protestant” in party and feeling, as well as by birth and creed. We hail him to our arms; he is an honour as well as a support to our cause—*decus et tutamen*;—and we laugh at Grey and Althorpe as they strain their eyes to catch a glimpse of the retiring patriot, and then affect to turn upon their heels with contemptuous indifference. But somewhat too much of this. We will not do our readers the injustice to keep them any longer out of possession of as much of the matter of the book as our time and limits will enable us to condense for their use.

Mr. Martin begins by shewing that the boasted period of Irish prosperity—that, we mean, from '82 to 1800—has been grossly and completely misrepresented by the advocates of separation of to-day, and that, far from its deserving to be referred to with triumph by such arguers, it contains in itself sufficient to confute them on their own shewing. Take one much-dwelt-on criterion—the number and magnificence of public works in the metropolis during that period. The “Dublin Guide” is his authority.

“PUBLIC EDIFICES erected *previous* to 1782. Dublin:—Royal Exchange, 1769; Bank of Ireland, 1729; Trinity College, 1759; Stamp Office, 1771; Linen Hall, 1728; Hibernian Marine School, 1777; Newgate, 1773; Dublin Society, 1749; Grand Canal, 1765; Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, 1680; Foundling Hospital, 1704; House of Industry, 1773; Custom House, 1780; Crow-street Theatre, 1758; Dublin Castle, 1220; Blue Coat Hospital, 1773; Lying-in Hospital and Rotunda, 1751; Swift's Lunatic Asylum, 1757; Stephen's Green laid out, 1670; Dublin Castle, 1720; Record Tower, 1775; Simpson's Blindman's Hospital, 1778; Stephen's Hospital, 1720; Magdalen Asylum, 1766; Mercer's Hospital, 1734, George I. statue, 1720; William III.

statue, 1701; Essex Bridge, 1755; Queen's Bridge, 1768; Meath Hospital, 1774; Werburgh's, Thomas's, Bride's, John's Nicholas's, Andrew's, Catherine's and Mark's Churches, from 1670 to 1758.

PUBLIC EDIFICES erected *subsequent* to the Union:—Post Office, 1815; Castle Chapel, 1807; Kingstown Harbour,* 1821; Iron Bridge, 1816; King's Bridge, 1827; Female Penitentiary, 1820; Fever Hospital, 1804; House of Refuge, 1802; Corn Exchange, 1816; Richmond Bridge, 1816; King's Inns, 1804; Metropolitan Chapel, 1823; Nelson's Monument, 1808; Dublin Institution, 1811; Wellington Testimonial, 1817; Female Orphan House, 1818; York-street Chapel, 1808; Whitworth Bridge, 1818; Wexley Market, 1827; Hibernian Academy, 1824; Royal Arcade, 1820; Dublin Penitentiary, 1815; Dublin Library, 1825.”

* Cost half a million sterling.

The courts of law were commenced (as he himself observes) subsequent to 1782, but the buildings were projected *previous* to that period. The fact is, as it was proved by the undeniable and *undenied* statement of the Right Honourable Sylvester Douglas, in 1799, Dublin and, *a fortiori*, Ireland, was progressing up to the period of '82, and that from thence forward it became *retrogressive*—lamentably retrogressive in every branch which may be considered as a criterion of national prosperity. Mr. Martin has adduced tables to shew—and be it remembered, they are the tables of the accurate and impartial M. Cæsar Moreau—that every thing was on the wane up to the period of the union, and even *before* that rebellion which has been advanced by some as in some measure *accounting* for the depression! He is also at some pains to demonstrate that Mr. O'Connell is wrong, and that England *did not* foster and foment the rebellion of '98, either to produce the union, or because she was *jealous* of her increasing prosperity. This, we are inclined to think, is going a little too far. He need not prove so much. Every well-minded Irishman will applaud us when we repudiate with scorn on the part of England, the infamous assertion, and turn it, as the Greeks did the eastern elephants of old, in all its overwhelming weight upon our opponents. No! we boast, thank God! in being British ourselves; and we hurl the calumny in the teeth

of our enemies. They think that we are capable of equal baseness with themselves, and they make their insensibility to all honourable and Christian feelings serve their purpose of slander and malignity. Mr. Martin need not have answered them on this head. *Their own consciences*, as well as history, must thrust the *lie* down their throats. But we go on with Mr. Martin.

His next chapter tells its object in its commencement.

"The Union has so loudly been termed the 'desolating—withering Union' by a few Dublin orators, that the people of England are beginning to think that where there is much noise there must necessarily be some truth. Never, however, was there a more barefaced statement palmed on the public, than that Ireland has been injured by her union with England. The buildings and public works undertaken since the Union, even in Dublin, (as detailed in the preceding chapter), shew that government has not ever been neglectful of the Irish capital; but the principal points for consideration are, the amount and quantity of imports and exports, and the consumption of exciseable articles by the people. Previous to the Union, every effort was made by the Irish Parliament to aggrandize Dublin, at the expense of Belfast, Cork, Waterford, &c. This was so apparent, that the merchants at the outports were among the first to petition the Irish Parliament and his Majesty, for a legislative junction. Dublin had a monopoly of Ireland, as much as Paris had at one time of France, or London of England previous to the rise of Liverpool, &c. The Union altered this unnatural state of things, and which might be aptly compared to an enlarged viscus, the liver for instance, while the whole frame was weak, and dependent for existence on the repeated administration of stimulants."

The author proceeds elaborately and patiently to prove from a variety of documents, to page 30, that the trade, internal and external, of Ireland, has been progressively and rapidly improving since the union, and up to the present day. This is a peculiarly *useful* part of his work, and should be a text book in the hands of every member of parliament who wishes to

have a correct and comprehensive view of Irish commercial progress for the last 30 years. Here (at page 30) we find the following observation:

"Some persons, unable to deny the truth of these statements, will probably exclaim, 'Oh! we admit all this; but then Ireland should have progressed more rapidly—she should have kept pace with England.'"

And he then brings forward a short table to shew that the average consumption per head of some articles (such as sugar, wine, tobacco, &c.) has uniformly *decreased* in periods of ten years from the year 1799. We could have wished that in a work so decidedly practical as Mr. Martin's, he had dwelt a little longer on this interesting subject, and applied his discriminating talents to an enquiry respecting the *scale* of improvement in commerce and manufactures, and the value of money, graduated by time,—and formed some estimate of what that proportion would be which might be said to constitute *positive advancement*. We know that an increase of prosperity does not naturally follow an increase of commerce; for we must take a wider range than our own kingdoms, and examine the corresponding increase of all the states immediately and even remotely connected with our own, before we consider our advance as substantially a benefit to ourselves at home. Suppose, for example, that our increase of commerce, or speaking in the most general way, our *progress* were to be accelerated *one fifth* in one year; suppose England's to be measured at *one third* in the same time—that of foreign nations, at an average, *one fourth*; here we must conclude that our own country is *retrograde* not only in comparison with other nations, but in its own individual prosperity; for there is slowly and silently going on in every nation a general increase in all those branches from which estimates of this nature are made, which does not affect national prosperity in the least, but follows a similar law to the alteration in the value of money, noticed by Hume and other writers. A scale might be made of this slow, invariable, and universal increase, which would be of use in particular application, and we are not

prepared to say that something of the kind has not been attempted by the economists.

But here Mr. Martin proceeds to argue that we are not to take *the metropolis*, so constantly referred to by those who argue the necessity of a Repeal of the Union, as a criterion of the prosperity or advancement of the nation at large. He quotes a writer with whom we cannot agree on all points, although we admit some of his main positions.

"A very great error is committed by those who attribute the depreciation of the Dublin import trade solely to the Union. It is chiefly attributable to two other causes—the poverty of the people in the adjoining counties, in consequence of high rents, tithes, taxes, and low wages, and the *alteration in Irish commerce*, by which a *number of towns* now import the merchandize once imported into Dublin, Dundalk, Belfast, Derry, Sligo, Galway, Limerick, Tralee, Cork, Waterford, and Wexford, and numerous inferior but prospering places of trade, which intervene around the Irish coast. These are the true causes of the decline of the Dublin trade, and only one of them can be remedied."—*Stanley's Commentaries, Dublin, 1831, p. 87.*

And in answer to those who animadvert on the discouragement shewn to our native manufactures, the same author observes:

"Ireland has now no cause to complain of legislative preference given to British manufactures and trade; on the contrary, Ireland has enjoyed for some years advantages not enjoyed in England or Scotland. Among others, her printed cotton manufactures, which are now in a very forward condition, have been exempt from duty, while those of Great Britain have been taxed. She has also been exempt from taxes on soap, starch, and candles, while the same articles paid duty in England."—P. 96.

We have not time to follow Mr. Martin through the various arguments on which he grounds his positions, and from which it would appear that by the testimony of authentic documents in all the undermentioned branches there is a depression gradually apparent to the beginning of this century, and from that period as steady

an amelioration up to the present time:—the following heads are touched upon:

Banks—Population and Houses—Hotels (metropolitan)—Coaches—Steam Packets—Post Office—Newspapers—Savings Banks—Schools—Excise—Customs.

His authorities he thus candidly observes upon:

"Every assertion made in this chapter, as to the progressive improvement of Ireland, is amply borne out by the witnesses before the late Select Committee of the House of Commons on the state of the Irish poor;—their evidence is indeed stronger than any I have adduced, and the reader will be repaid for his trouble in perusing its abstract in the Appendix."

Mr. Martin's third chapter commences with a single combat between the author and Mr. O'Connell, on the subject of the position of the latter, that "Ireland ought to be a kingdom again, and no longer a pitiful province." Here he puts on the whole armour of history, and gives the agitator such a broadside, as would have shaken even our trusty correspondent, Cornelius O'Brien, himself. We need not do more than join him in his pursuit of the foe at the year 1782, where he dilates upon the total absence of the *power* in that domestic parliament, the memory of which has been so enthusiastically dwelt on and cherished by those who would have the old state of things restored in these latter days. Nothing indeed can be more convincing on this head than what follows:—

"In 1793, the House of Commons was set fire to while the Members were sitting, and amidst the shouts of an immense and ferocious multitude; the Representatives had just time to escape, when the vast dome became enveloped in flames, and falling in, crushed every thing beneath it. The infernal deed was caused by a chemical preparation, which lit before its intended time; but so little did its projectors fear discovery, that a few days before the conflagration, a placard was posted under the proclamation for the apprehension of James Napper Tandy, then affixed to the gate of the House of Lords, which placard ran as follows:—'The Members of a certain great house, not far from the College, are hereby cautioned how they persecute

to ruin a virtuous citizen, for defending his character and asserting the liberties of Ireland; if they do not, let them beware of the awl of the cobbler of Messina!"

The progress of revolutionizing principles in Ireland is followed with masterly precision up to the disastrous 23d of May, 1797, when the history of the country, in the hands of every schoolboy, takes up the tale, writ as it is in characters of blood so legible that "those that run may read," and which period Mr. Martin, so far from dilating on, "draws a veil over," on the noble principle, we suppose, of the hero in "Cymon and Iphigenia," who

"The weak disdained, the valiant overthrew,"

repelling, however, with *proof* as well as indignation, the foul assertion made by many who are called the friends of this country, that "*England fomented the rebellion of 1798, for the purpose of having the Union carried!*"

Among the most popular grounds on which the arguments in favour of a repeal of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland have been sustained are, the hopes held out that it would "bring back the absentees." Mr. Martin, in his fourth chapter, (by far the most useful and interesting of all) meets them boldly, and in two directions. He asserts that there was a notorious drain of landed proprietors out of the country *before* the removal of the seat of legislature, and that even in the boasted period of independence this was a source of uneasiness to politicians. Laws were proposed and passed to remedy the evil, from the remotest period of our parliamentary history to the days of Flood and Grattan, and these *venerated individuals* made repeated efforts to invigorate and enforce them; but in every instance with ill success.

But even allowing to the Union the origin of this overstated grievance, we are presented with a table which shews that absenteeism is *not* carried to such a frightful extent as has been supposed. In the year 1831 the "Dublin Almanack" thus exhibits the number of resident and non-resident peers, peeresses, and bishops; and the number of *non-residents* is now decreasing.

	Resident.	Employed out of the Country.	Absentees.
Dukes	1	0	0
Marquesses....	11	0	3
Earls.....	44	2	27
Viscounts....	18	6	19
Barons.....	32	1	36
Bishops.....	22	0	0
Peeresses.....	3	0	1
	131	9	86

"Of the representative peers, only three out of twenty-eight are *non-resident*, and the majority of baronets and commoners are also residents.

"The rent drawn by absentees is proved by Mr. Stanley as probably not exceeding £2,000,000, and if we take the total annual income of Ireland at £100,000,000, how can it be said that absenteeism is the grand cause of Irish misery; or that the re-establishment of a separate legislature in Dublin is a necessary step for procuring prosperity in Ireland, when the remittance to absentees in England in 1785 was £1,608,932; a sum equivalent to £3,000,000 of our present money." (Newenham.)

Our author is induced in support of his argument, (reluctantly, we are sure,) to bring forward some testimonials of no very flattering description, as to the characters of those gentry who think proper to remain amongst us. We hope his authorities have a little overstated matters, or that a tinge of democratical principle has lent its colour to his view of the subject; but for ourselves we are tardy to receive the conviction that we are the better for having our esquires and right honourables enjoying the smoke of Westminster or Vesuvius, instead of that of their own blazing chimnies on their native soil. However this may be, to the following paragraph we must not shut our eyes—where *facts* are placed before thus, we are ever ready to look them in the face:

"The county of all others in Ireland selected by the late parliament as the one most disorganized and most loudly calling for a commission of enquiry, was the Queen's County—a county chiefly in the hands of resident landlords, some in the possession of large estates, but the majority holding just sufficient to entitle them to seats on petty session benches, or the profitable privilege of being grand jurors:

they are, one and all, pitted against the peasantry, as the slave-driver is against the colonial slave-gangs."—*Dublin Express*, January 3d, 1833.

In addition to all this, he gives it as an undoubted fact, (and we can ourselves vouch for its truth in some instances which have come under own eyes) *that the estates of Irish absentees are among the best, if not the very best managed estates in Ireland.*

Again does Mr. Martin fall foul of Mr. O'Connell on the subject of the *analogical* reasoning of the latter for repealing the Union. It is so manifest that a country having an hundred and five representatives in the imperial parliament, is not to be classed with one such as Jamaica or Canada, which has not a single one, that we are at a loss to conceive how men have been found not only to utter, but to believe the assertion that the two cases possess a degree of resemblance. But our author is not content with simply defeating his adversaries, he must have them at the wheels of his car to grace his triumph. You not only have failed, Mr. O'Connell, (it is thus we may imagine Mr. Martin addressing the doughty Hibernian) in making out your parallel, but you are proved, upon your own showing, to have been for some time endeavouring to *degrade your own country*, to reduce her, in fact, *from a nation into a province!* You would have a colonial legislation in this country, as in Jamaica and other remote colonies, possessing restricted powers, (for thus alone could an Irish parliament be constituted,) and you would relinquish your present position—you would vacate your hundred and five seats in the parliament of England! Here the author grows warm, and, we fear, loses temper; for we find him, in a few paragraphs farther on, hotly endeavouring to prove that the miseries of its British population are *increasing* in a ratio proportionate to our internal progressive prosperity.

In the next round with Mr. O'Connell, there is some *scientific* sparring, on the score of his repeated attempts to display the "*Sausnach*" as continually inflamed with the spirit of rancour against his Irish half-brethren. He gives the agitator some hard hits upon his ingratitude to his benefactors; and after having planted a fencer on the subject of taxation, (wherein he makes

it appear that Ireland is taxed *less* heavily, in proportion to its population, than either England or Scotland) he floors him completely when he *proves* that the favourite theme of declamation with him and his gang, is a mere chimera, and that the compact entered into at the Union has not been broken, *at least on the side of the British*; and as in the fifth and last chapter, at its commencement, he gives a domestic application to the following expressions of General Jackson—"The Union was formed for the benefit of all parties. It was produced by mutual sacrifices of interests and opinions"—the natural consequence is, as he would draw the conclusion, (and we have no logical or personal objection to his doing so) that Daniel O'Connell deserves a mode of treatment at the hands of the British, somewhat of the nature of that which he has, no doubt, planned in his prospective wisdom for them and their children. In this chapter several extracts are to be met with from the address of General Jackson to the factious citizens of South Carolina, which we wish our limits had enabled us to give entire. The sentiments are not only just and noble, but so precisely applicable to this island, that we can scarcely bring ourselves to think that the Atlantic is interposed between us and the people addressed; but still less can we believe what is the fact, that many Irish journals denied that there was a parallel between the two cases!

"The manner in which a great part of the Irish people have been led on, step by step, to the precipice on which they are now placed, is thus eloquently and truly described by President Jackson, when warning the South Carolinians against delusions exactly similar to those practised by the Irish demagogue:—

"Let me tell you, my countrymen, that you are deluded by men who are either deluded themselves, or wish to deceive you. Mark under what pretences you have been led on to the brink of insurrection and treason, on which you stand! First, a diminution of the value of your staple commodity, lowered by over-production in other quarters, and the consequent diminution in the value of your lands, were the sole effect of the tariff laws. The effects of those laws are confessedly injurious; but the evil

was greatly exaggerated by the unfounded theory you were taught to believe—that its burthens were in proportion to your exports, not to your consumption of imported articles. Your pride was roused by the assertion, that a submission to those laws was a state of vassalage, and that resistance to them was equal, in patriotic merit, to the opposition our fathers offered to the oppressive laws of Great Britain. You were told that this opposition might be peaceably—might be constitutionally made—that you might enjoy all the advantages of the Union, and bear none of its burthens.

“Eloquent appeals to your passions, to your state pride, to your native courage, to your sense of real injury, were used to prepare you for the period when the mask which concealed the hideous features of disunion should be taken off. It fell, and you were made to look with complacency on objects which, not long since, you would have regarded with horror. Look back at the arts which have brought you to this state—look forward to the consequences to which it must inevitably lead!”

But the GREAT CAUSE yet remains behind, of all this evil the principal and fount. Hear it shadowed forth by O'Driscoll:—

“Never was a principle more free, in its onset, from RELIGIOUS taint than that of the United Irishmen; but on the very breaking out of the insurrection, the old fiend, the evil genius of Ireland, appeared upon the field, drinking the blood of the people; a long untasted luxury: a war of separation would soon become a religious war, and then a war of extermination; it would leave Ireland a desert deluged with blood.” (vol. ii. p. 228.)

“Ireland, is divided into two great parties, peasantry and gentry, *protestant and catholic*; a war of separation from England would be a war between these parties; any war in Ireland, come how it may, let it spring from whatever principle, would soon take this direction, and find the old and frightful channel in which the blood of that country has flowed for ages.”

And yet Mr. Martin is *not* a *Conservative*! Nay, is a Whig!! But perhaps we should rather say, *was*; for he proceeds to say—

“What must be the inevitable result of such policy as that now pursued by Mr. O'Connell? Why, that Protestant

ascendancy must be revived in all its plenitude of power, or the Legislative Union be repealed, and Ireland governed by the sword, until a generation more capable of appreciating the inestimable blessings of peace and liberty has arisen in the stead of those who are either incapable of judging for themselves, or who spurn a connexion which a rightly constituted mind would gladly embrace.”

A federal connection between England and Ireland is not to be thought of in the present state of the world. The talented writer of the papers known by the name of “The Federalist” is theoretical and subtle, but not convincing; because he does not follow Mr. Martin's system, and throw down his facts before us, unreservedly and honestly.

A recent writer on the moral and political state of Ireland thus remarks, in reference to a federal union:—

“It was proposed to obviate some of the difficulties which follow separation by a species of federal connexion: such a connexion could not be permanent. Two independent nations, of equal length and lying close together, would not long remain at peace. Their position and their inequality would lead to war. Every circumstance, such as the similarity of language and manners, would, in case of separation, heighten the probability of dissension, and make war inevitable. The balance between the nations might occasionally be maintained by well-managed alliances; but woe to that nation which is forced to rest its security upon foreign aid, or the wretched reliance of treaty or policy! This is dear defence of nations.”

England is, in fact, necessary to Ireland in even a greater degree than Ireland is necessary to England. Let England open her ports to the world as she does to Ireland, and where would Irish produce find a market?—But we are running on to an unreasonable length in such speculations. In what follows, Mr. Martin has, with singular felicity, appropriated the language of another to himself. He says—

“In the language of the president of the American Republic, I implore my fellow-countrymen to ‘contemplate the condition of that country of which they still form an important part; to consider its government uniting in one bond of common interest and general protection, so

many states (fifty-six colonies in every ocean and on every shore of this habitable world, with a population of *one hundred and fifty millions* of subjects, spread over a fertile surface of *one million five hundred thousand* square miles!) giving to all their inhabitants the proud title of American [British] citizens; protecting their commerce, securing their literature and their arts, facilitating their intercommunication, defending their frontiers, and making their name respected in the remotest parts of the earth. Consider the extent of its territory, its increasing population, its advance in arts, which renders life agreeable, and the sciences which elevate the mind! See education spreading the lights of religion, humanity, and general information, in every cottage in this wide extent of our territories and states! Behold it as the asylum where the wretched and the oppressed find a refuge and support. Look on this picture and say, we too are American [British] citizens; Carolina [Ireland] is one of those proud states. Can you add, without horror and remorse, this happy Union we will dissolve—this picture of peace and prosperity we will deface—this free intercourse we will interrupt—these fertile fields we will deluge with blood—the protection of that glorious flag we renounce—the very name of Americans [Britons] we discard. And for what, mistaken men? for what do you throw away these inestimable blessings—for what would you exchange your share in the advantages and honour of the Union? *For the dream of a separate independence; a dream interrupted by bloody conflicts with your neighbours, and a vile dependence on a foreign power.* If your leaders could succeed in establishing a separation, what would be your situation? *Are you united at home; are you free from the apprehension of civil discord, with all its fearful consequences?* Do our neighbouring republics, [kingdoms, viz. France, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Germany, &c.] every day suffering some new revolution, or contending with some new insurrection—do they excite your envy? But (continues General Jackson) the dictates of a high duty obliges me solemnly to announce that you cannot succeed. The laws of the United States [Kingdom] must be executed; I have no discretionary power on the subject; my duty is emphatically pronounced in the constitution. Those who told you that you might *peaceably*

prevent their execution, deceived you—they could not have been deceived themselves. They know that a forcible opposition could alone prevent the execution of the laws, and they know that such opposition must be repelled. Their object is disunion; but be not deceived by names; *disunion, by armed force, is treason*, and are you really ready to incur its guilt? If you are, on the heads of the instigators of the act be the dreadful consequences; on their heads be the dishonour, but on yours may fall the punishment; on your unhappy state will inevitably fall all the evils of the conflict you force upon the government of your country. *It cannot accede to the mad project of disunion, of which you would be the first victims*; its first magistrate cannot, if he would, avoid the performance of his duty; the consequences must be fearful for you, distressing to your fellow-citizens here, and to the friends of good government throughout the world.*

Mr. Martin's grand concluding position—that which his whole work has been written with a tendency to establish—is this, that Mr. O'Connell's threat of repealing the Union

“At every moment when his personal feelings are hurt, *must be finally put a stop to* by the passing of an Act of Parliament, declaring that *every attempt or design, overt or covert, to Repeal the Legislative Union between England, Ireland, and Scotland, be deemed high treason, and subject to the pains and penalties attending thereon.*”

We are not prepared to say whether this measure would be expedient, or even possible to be adopted; but this we willingly admit, that the blow is aimed in the *right quarter*, and that the pacification of Ireland must be gained *at the sacrifice of her enemies*. May the time come when Lucifer may not only fall as lightning from heaven, but his attendant angels acknowledge, in his transformed and *undeified* hideousness, the justice of his condemnation!

At the moment we are writing, anarchy is again walking her now beaten track of blood. Resistance to constituted authorities, at first reluctantly and irresolutely entered upon as the last resource under the pressure of intolerable tyranny, is now boldly

* General Jackson's Message to South Carolina.

and lightly adopted upon temporary or imaginary provocation, and power is refrugent against the current of civilization, enlightenment, and religion up to its barbaric fount—blind brute force. In such a disastrous aspect of things, we must anchor somewhere, to ride out the gale in safety; and the rock of

the Constitution is, politically speaking, our only hope. Such charts as we have been perusing are of eminent use to the *master and crew* in guiding them to this anchorage; nor should they withhold their confidence in the pilot, because he may differ with them in other and weighty matters.

TO BRENDA, ON SEEING HER PORTRAIT.

“Look here, upon *this* picture.”—HAMLET.

Oh, yes! the painter, as with magic wand,
For aye before my gaze hath bade thee stand:
“There! there thou art!” my joy-struck spirit cries;
“’Tis *she*! ’tis *she*!” my bounding heart replies;
“The same sweet image which, by love imprest,
“Dwells like a moonbeam in thy fever’d breast,
“Soothing thy cares, and, with ethereal ray,
“Each cold, dark, shadow smiling far away.”

Well has the painter felt, that one so fair
Requires no jewel’s meretricious glare
To gem her diadem of silken hair—
Whose auburn wreaths, in polish’d ringlets roll’d,
Shine on the sight like softly shadow’d gold,
Or fibres of the chesnut, when the sun
Its brown rind bronzes, ere the day be done.
Most fitting contrast they to that pure brow,
Which, like a mirror, brightens o’er me now—
Translucent as the water-lily’s gleam
On the clear bosom of a summer stream,
Save where those vein-ducts, delicately blue,
Would seem to bear my life-blood’s currents through.
As on thine eyes (those windows of the soul,
Whence love streams forth like sunshine o’er the whole)
I gaze, fond captive to their kind controul—
Then turn me to thy cheek’s most graceful swell,
Mantling ’neath bloom-tints, rich as those which dwell
In the flush’d labyrinth of an Indian shell.
Thy hand, so slight! so fair! (like alabaster,
Divinely carv’d, by some consummate master,)
Thy tiny feet, possess’d, methinks, of pow’r
To patter on the green sward like a show’r.
“A form of life this surely is!” I cry,
Till, in my spirit’s glowing extacy,
Almost I hush my heart’s quick throbs, to hear
Thy gentle breathings winnow o’er mine ear!

Blessings be on the art whose bright hues give
This likeness true, and bid my dear one live
The same for ever, as when first we met,
To feel love’s signet on each warm soul set;
But treble glory be to Him, who made
The lov’d original of the sweet shade,
And in her nostrils breath’d the breath of life,
And blessed made the bard who calls her—Wife!

MEDICAL EDUCATION.

In our last number we directed the attention of our readers to the recent improvements made with respect to medical education in our university, and comprising the following advantages. First, an education in arts, which, for reasons that we have already stated, we consider to be indispensable. Secondly, a due *medical* education, not by nominal attendance and the *show* of numerous courses, but by *bona fide* attendance on the courses of lectures prescribed by act of parliament. Thirdly, a due but not vexatious probation of about *five years*, as the least period during which study can be completed, together with salutary restrictions on the number of courses to be attended within the year.

It is much to be regretted that the work of *salutary* medical reform thus commenced in the united kingdom, is likely to be interrupted, if not superseded, by the machinations of crafty innovators, who, aware of the causes of existing abuses, seek from interested motives to perpetuate and aggravate them, by bringing those very causes into more effective operation than hitherto, and all in the name of *reform*. Our readers are perhaps not aware, that during last session a bill was near being hurried through parliament, which under the pretext of public advantage, vested the control over the medical profession at large in the hands of the Apothecaries' Company of London, and the Scotch universities. As to the legislative competency of those by whom it was devised, it is sufficient to remark, that the most important clauses were expunged, and the bill finally withdrawn on the real state of the case being understood; chiefly, we believe, on the remonstrance of deputies sent from the colleges of physicians and surgeons in Ireland.

A committee has been appointed, and is now sitting, for the purpose of enquiring into the state of medical education, &c. in the united kingdom. Aware, as we are, that the greater portion of both houses of parliament are, however otherwise well informed, utterly in the dark as to all connected with the medical profession, and that the attempts at medical legislation (particularly of late years) have been miserable in the extreme, and productive of injurious consequences; our anticipations are at the best not very sanguine. But when we contemplate the ebullitions of the radical press, their unwonted deference for parliament, and their avowed knowledge of the *intentions* of the legislature—when we couple this with their ferocious war-hoops, and the malignant chuckle with which they anticipate a new order of things, levelling what is salutary, and sanctioning what is vicious—we confess we entertain the most gloomy apprehensions. We say *gloomy*—for our safety, as well as that of *the public*, is involved in the regulation of the medical profession, and we cannot shut our eyes to the consequences of legislation, where the legislators are devoid of practical information themselves, and liable to be deceived and cajoled by those on whom they place reliance.

We have in our last number alluded to the prevalent system of dispensing with scientific or classical* knowledge in a profession that has hitherto been termed one of the learned. We have also animadverted on the practice of admitting as *proof* of medical study the certificates of irresponsible teachers, who are independent of any control, but that arising from the expediency of conciliating the good-will of their pupils. To these we might have

* We have seen the prospectus of a university, in which a knowledge of *Latin* is assigned as the extent of classical education requisite to qualify for the degree of doctor in medicine. Nothing said of *Greek*; although in Ireland a boy is examined in it before he is permitted to commence as apprentice to a surgeon or apothecary.

added the practice of attending lectures and even examinations by *proxy*. Several persons have been detected in the attempt, and we are credibly informed that an individual actually passed muster *six* several times before a medical corporation, in the name of as many different, enlightened, and conscientious practitioners. This scheme is always practicable in proportion as the claimant is a *stranger*, and his intercourse with the college or its professors slight or unfrequent. However vigilant the latter may be, he only knows that a person who *calls himself* Mr. A. B. has attended his lectures, and he knows that his certificate of attendance will be rendered available for the use of Mr. A. B.; but as to the *real* Simon Pure, the story sayeth not.

These evils can never occur in Dublin University. The education, combining that in arts with medical study, is to say the least, the *best* in the united kingdom. Professional competition is, as we have stated before, reconciled with discipline as to attendance—and *vicarious* service is from the numerous checks on personal identity, rendered impracticable. It might, therefore, have been expected that the example of Dublin would have been considered worthy of imitation. What, however, is the contemplated plan as far as it has transpired? Study in arts as a part of medical education, or as preliminary to graduation, is to be *still less* encouraged than at present, if indeed it is to be encouraged at all. Medical teachers, whether professional or self-appointed, responsible or independent, are *all* to be put on a footing in *every* part of the united kingdom—the student may at *his* discretion study where (and we may add *when*) he pleases, and sum up his qualifications by producing certificates of his *diligence* from lecturers who may never have seen his face. Verily we do not see the reason why the more agreeable and equally decisive test of *education* should not be resorted to here as at the bar—that of eating a certain number of dinners. The money is paid in either case, and the only difference is, that it goes into the pocket of the purveyor or cook, instead of that of the professor with this advantage also,

that nothing is *certified* but what is *true*.

The present state of the medical *classes* presents a subject both for regret and congratulation. Regret—that the students (and we might add the practitioners) are so *numerous* as to debar all prospect of the major number ever obtaining employment in the profession. Congratulation—that in consequence of more extensive general education, and their being taken from a better order of society than heretofore, they, instead of constituting an order *par excellence* privileged, as vulgar, profligate, irreligious, and utterly abominated by the decent citizens with whom they held intercourse, have become as gentlemenlike and well conducted as the noviciates of any other profession; and further—more intelligent, and attentive, and consequently better informed, than their predecessors. Now mark the projected *improvement*. The students are to be rendered still *more* numerous. It is conceived that their quantity is too small, and their quality too good. Medical education is to be *cheapened*, for no assignable reason but to attract from the purlieus of our manufacturing towns, an assemblage to rival the ragged *élèves* of “la belle France.” The watch-word being on the present occasion “*thrown open*”—it is further proposed to throw open (without any reference to the intentions of founders or endowers) our hospitals to this discreet and humane class of persons; whilst others suggest the propriety of confining the *right* of gratuitous admission to practitioners—meaning thereby, *every* physician, surgeon, and apothecary, of whatever character.

Now we would ask the advocates of this liberal and (in this country at least) *untried* scheme, what *one* advantage do they anticipate from its adoption—are there not ample opportunities *at present* for either practitioner or pupil to witness hospital practice as far as is consistent with the welfare of the patients? Is it not notorious that although the medical superintendants have full authority, and are responsible for the conduct of their visitors, they find the utmost difficulty in preventing injury from undue examination, handling, &c. especially in what are termed curious or *good* cases? Is it not also

well know that *practitioners* experiment by stealth on the patients, and occasionally wheedle them from the hospital, by decrying its practice, in order to make money of them *out of doors*? Whoever considers these circumstances may estimate the consequences of the indiscriminate admission of *independent* medical visitors to our charitable institutions.

The above is only one instance of the tyranny of radicalism over poverty and misery, for the purpose of selfish aggrandisement—we shall add two others. First—it is proposed that medical appointments should be *rotatory*; that is, that no matter how excellent a medical officer may prove—no matter how competent experience may have rendered him to discharge the duties of his office; he *must*, as a matter of *course*, turn out, without the *possibility* of being re-elected, at the end of a certain specified time, in order that a novice may have his *turn*, try his hand, and *job*, under the conviction that it is his interest to make the most of his time. Secondly, it is suggested that the surgencies, &c. of all hospitals should be *thrown open* to the licentiate of *every* college in the united kingdom.

To all this we reply—physicians, and surgeons, and their colleges, are recognised for the good of the public, and charitable institutions were *not* established for the purpose of affording occupation to unemployed doctors. The question is what is for the benefit of the *institution*, and not what is for the advantage of that non-descript interest termed *the profession*. Medical officers are to be elected, continued, or removed according as they individually *deserve*, and the selection is to be limited to the licentiates of that college which confers the *best* qualification. If any college, for the purpose of corporate pelf, has relaxed its restrictions, and conferred a diploma inferring inferior professional knowledge, it deserves to be thrown in the back ground, and its promises of amendment to be treated with contempt—whilst its licentiates are judged out of their own mouths—they have voluntarily sought a second or third rate test of their competency, when the *best* was within their reach, *if qualified*.

Whatever cheapens medical educa-

tion, or diminishes medical remuneration, must necessarily tend to vest medical responsibility in an inferior order of society. Nor is this denied—it is stated to be *desirable*. Before, however, our well meaning, but not well informed legislators afford *their* sanction to the principle, we would ask them, have they perused the annals of the atrocities *formerly* committed with the connivance of medical men "of low degree," and are they aware of the increased facilities afforded by the *present* state of medical science—do they know that by an act of omission, rather than commission, it is in the accoucheur's power to destroy the life of mother or child—that a professional murder, *provable* at worst as a slip of the hand or an error in judgment, can be perpetrated by means of a scarcely perceptible manipulation, or the administration of one of the concentrated specifics of modern chemistry—do they understand the fearful machinery of the lunatic asylum, and other modes of satisfying the wishes of discontented expectants—finally, are they aware, that a traffic in dead bodies for the *supply* of anatomical teachers has been occasionally engaged in by *practitioners*? If we are asked to state our present safe-guards, we reply. 1st. The prevalence of good principle arising from the education, and moral and religious feeling, of the practitioners taken from the better orders of society. 2dly. The better orders are, *ceteris paribus*, less open to temptation. 3dly. The present division of responsibility renders a professional accomplice requisite for the perpetration of crime. These checks it is the object of the projected measures to *remove*.

If then these measures are beset with ill consequences, we will be asked, how does it happen that any one is so absurd as to be their advocate—and what are the contemplated advantages?

We reply—no person who *understands* the subject, and who has not an *interest* in the project, advocates it at all—the contemplated advantage is self interest, and the pretext alleged is the want of *cheap* medical assistance for the *poor*. Now not to say that at present the most expensive medical assistance is below the cost of the

cheapest *legal*, we beg leave to state three incontrovertible facts. 1st. Those practitioners that are remunerated according to their *visits*, do not, even if of the first class, receive *on an average*, above *ten* shillings a visit, and professional assistance is procurable at every intermediate rate, down to *one* shilling, according to the means of the patient and the reputation of the practitioner. 2dly. Some practitioners are remunerated at a cheaper rate by what is called payment "in the lump," or (what is certainly objectionable) the price of their medicines only. 3dly. Dispensaries are at present so numerous, that persons in possession not only of the comforts but the luxuries of life, obtain both advice and medicine *gratis*.* We admit that all this requires to be reformed, but in an *opposite* way to the one contemplated.

Still it is urged that a union of all the departments of the profession is requisite for the good of the poor—they require "a jack of all trades"—physician, surgeon, apothecary, accoucheur, dentist, chiropodist, oculist, aurist, mad-doctor, &c., *all in one*. This allegation is, we suppose, founded on the principle of "dirty butter for the servants." If (as we presume we shall be able to prove) the practice of medicine or surgery is less understood by a man who, *in addition*, devotes himself to that of pharmacy, &c.—such a person is precisely the one that ought *not* to practise on the poor, and for this decisive reason—they, of all classes of society, feel the most sensibly any deficiency of skill in their medical attendant—their means debar them from access to consultations, and they must rest satisfied with *one* practitioner. Let the popular error never be forgotten as to the *time* that the *best* assistance is requisite. This is just as likely to be the *first* period of the disease as any other—a stage in which danger is not the less because not apparent to the superficial observer, and when the semblance to a trivial complaint causes the malady to be fatally neglected or mistreated.

The addendum to the denomination

of "jack of all trades" of "master of none"—concisely explains the principle, the correctness of which has been ascertained by experience, namely, that in proportion as human intellect is diffused over an extensive subject, will the knowledge of any assigned part be deficient? John Hunter declared that *one* department of the profession was enough and too much for *his* intellect; the position has been confirmed by the practice of the most eminent professional men, here and elsewhere; and the question remains, whether in a science of great public utility, where error is peculiarly perilous, and where even comparatively *adequate* knowledge is unattainable, legislative encouragement should be afforded to the *profession*, of universal competency.

To solve the enigma in the affirmative has for several years been the object of our legislators—a *priori* a failure might have been anticipated, and *a posteriori*, it has turned out to be complete. Both medicine, surgery, and pharmacy have *retrograded* in England, and in almost exact proportion with the operation of the apothecaries' act. In few countries is quackery more prevalent or medical science less understood, except by a few who devote themselves to a *department*, whatever they may *profess*.

As to the public convenience, arising from a combination or union of the departments, we cannot conceive how the public can be served by rendering their medical attendants less qualified to practice, and more liable to the commission of errors—or how it can be for the advantage of the public (rich or poor) that their medicines should be prepared by an apprentice in the absence of his master, rather than by a scientific chemist, which the said master perhaps would have been, if not otherwise occupied. The truth is, the error is founded on the *supposition* that there is in a given district, employment but for *one* practitioner, and, therefore, *he* must act as apothecary as well as doctor; but when it is notorious that every petty town, nay every village, boasts of *two* at least,

* We have known *ladies* to send their children with the nurse (as if *her own*) to an *hospital* in order to obtain the opinion of a practitioner of repute, and also to visit a vaccine establishment, in order to have their children inoculated *gratis*.

are not the public as well off (not to speak of the preceding considerations) if *one* should profess medicine or surgery, and the *other* profess pharmacy, as if *each* should endeavour to grapple with *both*; and in Liverpool, or any other city where there are some hundred practitioners, is it not the same thing to the patient whether the shop to which he sends the prescription of a physician or surgeon, is owned by the said physician or surgeon, or by some one else?

From what we have said it must be obvious to our readers that the work of medical reform has *begun* at the wrong end, and is *going* in the wrong direction. We have already said so

much, that we must defer *our* suggestions as to the mode in which the reform should be conducted. As an illustration, however, of our last remark, we may observe, that it has been proposed to establish a London faculty, constituted principally of Scotchmen, to whom the task of licensing physicians, surgeons, &c. is to be committed; partly, we suppose, to prevent *jobbing* in the granting and obtaining of diplomas—partly as a tribute of gratitude to Scotland for the services she has *already* rendered—and partly, in all likelihood, to afford an irrefragable argument against the *repeal of the union*.

NOTE.—Since writing the above, we have been informed that this plan has been relinquished, and that it is in contemplation to appoint *three* faculties in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh. What is to be done with the apothecaries we do not know, but the physicians and surgeons are to be amalgamated together. Now, if the opinion of John Hunter, sanctioned by the highest professional authorities, be correct—namely, that a surgeon who also *practices* as a physician, thereby deteriorates his surgical competency, and *vice versa*—it follows, that whatever may be the interest of the practitioner, it is advantageous to the public that he, however generally *educated*, should practice in but *one* branch—at least so long as there is the present over supply preventing any inconvenience on account of *locality*. We are aware that men will for *their own* advantage combine the practice of several, or all the departments, but this is no reason that legislative sanction should be afforded to the *principle*. Indeed so far from the union of the practice of medicine and surgery proving beneficial to society (except in the *very* few places where there may be but *one* practitioner) experience has fully proved the advantage of a physician or surgeon professing the treatment of but a *part* of the diseases appertaining to *his* province.

ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.—LETTER II.

St. Giles's, London, April 16, 1834.

DEAR ANTHONY

The Easter holidays have come to an end, and we are in the midst of business. Events come thick and fast upon us, all shewing the progress and effects of *liberalism*, which we of the old school prophesied from the commencement, and were denounced as bigoted enemies of improvement, for our pains. "There's villainous news abroad" (this is a quotation from Shakspeare) and at home too, saving the hard knocks, which we have not come to *just yet*; but abroad and at home, the evil thing proceeds from the same source, namely, the loosening and confounding of all principles and habits of deference to constituted authorities and established rights—or, in one word, *liberalism*.

The newspapers, out of courtesy I suppose to strangers, generally give precedence to the consideration of foreign affairs; I shall follow their example, while I notice with contemptuous brevity the disastrous and disgraceful affairs which have lately taken place in the liberalized parts of the Continent;—and first, for Belgium, that land once famed for industry, and often the theatre of noble warfare, but now the wretchedest and most worthless of little states. Over that kingdom more especially, hath the genius of liberalism spread his dark, blood-spotted wings, and under the shadow thereof has grown up every thing execrable and loathsome, that can make a paltry state abhorred as well as despised. While Belgium belonged to the kingdom of the Netherlands, the Belgians borrowed some claims to respectability from the honest, steadfast, Protestant people, with whom they were politically connected; but liberalism finding its rapid way from France, soon worked upon the inherent baseness of the people;—they revolted, and, by the suddenness of the act, were for the moment successful. Soon would they have been scourged back into obedience by the Dutch, but the four millions of Belgians screamed out for assistance against two millions

of Dutch, for, though liberals, they were cowards, and though they could murder and plunder in Brussels, they did not dare to fight in the open field. The liberal governments of England and France gave them assistance and a king, and the paltry wretches who pretended to such nationality and magnanimity, accepted both with crouching thankfulness.

According to the proverb, one should give to the devil his due, and *a fortiori* to the Whigs. To give them their due, then, they showed discrimination in sending the Belgians a king so worthy of them as Leopold the Mean. One is sorry to have to say this of the brother of the Duchess of Kent, a princess of whose admirable conduct it would be difficult to speak too favourably, but it is necessary to tell the truth. Leopold's conduct in selling the horses belonging to the private stud of the prince of Orange, which, not even by the chance of war, but by the forced assent of a revolted rabble to his sovereignty, happened to fall into his possession, is certainly one of the very shabbiest things that ever was heard of in a person calling himself a king. A man that could do such a thing ought to have been a pawn-broker, and not an honest pawn-broker either, but such an one as confiscates old breeches ere their time, and without due opportunity for redemption; sells for a shilling what he never advanced three pence upon. The nobility of Belgium; for even in Belgium some are still left; indignant at so mean a wrong, and anxious to repair it, subscribed to buy the horses, that they might be sent to their owner, and by this act of honesty and spirit, roused the spiteful rage of those whose petty larceny scoundrelism it rendered so conspicuous. The dwelling houses of the subscribers were attacked by the rabble—they were "gutted," and all the valuables within them destroyed, through the meanest imaginable revenge; the king, Leopold himself, looking on, and consenting to, if not encouraging the destruction. It is impossible to conceive any thing more

base than the conduct of the *liberal* Belgians upon this occasion of tyrannous outrage, unless we yield the palm to the liberals of this country, who have had the audacity even here to defend such rascality, because forsooth the persons insulted and plundered had uniformly shewn themselves hostile to the Belgian mob. With these liberals there is to be no rule of right, but the will and pleasure of the multitude, however conspicuously base and depraved. The natural fruit of this *liberal* system is seen in the continued apprehension of disturbance which reigns in Brussels. All persons who do not choose to be perpetually domineered over by a reckless mob, and who can afford to quit Belgium, will, of course, lose no time in leaving that kingdom to its turbulent wretchedness. Many of its most respectable and wealthy citizens have already abandoned it, and the emigration of all that are worth retaining, will gradually but speedily take place.

So much for liberalism in Belgium; let us now glance at its working in France. Within the past week about a thousand more people have been slaughtered in the streets of Paris and of Lyons, the two chief cities of France. Three hundred thousand troops of the line, and a million of national guards, cannot subdue the spirit of revolt which liberalism keeps alive: they can let blood flow through the gutters of the streets; they can kill with bullets and bayonets a thousand or so of the people every now and then, but they cannot do that which ought to be done by a generally acknowledged sense of duty—by a habit of reverence, derived from a combined feeling of religion, and of sober, common sense, which plainly teaches that for the sake of order and security, laws and civil government should be honestly instituted, and faithfully obeyed. The liberals, acknowledging no fixed principle of duty but the will of the majority for the time being (a thing hardly ever to be ascertained with accuracy) let loose all the elements of discord, and no military force can keep them permanently down. Every six months since the triumph of wild revolt in what they call the glorious days of July, have been marked in France by new explosions of the same spirit, and new out-pourings of blood. The

government has hitherto conquered, but in order to do so, has been obliged to resort to the extremest tyranny, in so much that at last in “liberated France” the law decrees that twenty persons may not associate together without an authority from the government! But not even this, nor any other tyranny of the law, however grinding, would be sufficient for the preservation of the authority of the government, were it not accompanied by a military system so vast, and so rigorously enforced by Marshal Soult, a man of sleepless energy, and who knows neither pity nor hesitation, where an object is to be accomplished by military means. The cannon and the grapeshot are continually in readiness to sweep the streets of Paris, and the leaders of the *émeute* know that while Soult is at the head of affairs, they will always be used as soon as they are found necessary to suppress revolt. But this cannot go on for ever; men of less vigilance, and less decisive habits, will have the affairs of government in their hands, and *then* the government will fall before the tumultuous rush of anarchy, from which, as usual, relief will be sought in despotism.

A few words now on affairs at home. Our trade is at present in a good state, compared with what it has been, though still suffering from our senseless admission of French manufactures—our revenue is better than could have been expected, but for the rest, there is nothing but present embarrassment and fear for the future. The government cannot help seeing that the liberalism, which partly in ignorance, but more in selfish recklessness, it encouraged at first, is getting too strong in its destructive power to be met by the ordinary course of law. A wise government would always mildly, but steadily oppose itself to popular demands irregularly and intemperately urged. This is necessary to keep up a just equilibrium of political forces in a state. But our government encouraged and applauded, they called for the irregular and intemperate expression of popular demands—the balance was thus lost, and in vain does the government, still feeble and insincere, attempt by underhand methods to recover it. The unions which they called into existence, or nursed into strength, they cannot now check, but

they go on in most perilous fear of them. The British government is at this moment in continual fear of a partial revolt—of a tumultuary demonstration of that strength, which never would have existed but for the former countenance of the government itself. The police (an immense body, and so dangerous to constitutional freedom, as scarcely to be endured in less critical times) is constantly on the watch, and every now and then we have the household troops under arms—nor are these precautions more than sufficient—thousands of unionists, in uniform, and in marching order, have their hebdomadal parade in the streets of London, choosing Sunday for the display, as most convenient for themselves, and most likely to attract general notice. The government appears afraid to oppose these proceedings—it is content with making preparations for dispersing or slaughtering, when the last extremities are resorted to. This is another feature of that *humane* political philosophy which is called “liberality!”

With regard to further innovations upon existing institutions, it may be fairly presumed that our government, like that of France, would be willing to stop where it is, if it *could*—but how shall it resist the popular will to which it is pledged? How shall it shake off the revolutionary character to which it owes its existence? That ministers have made the discovery that they have been going *too fast* for the safety of the state, or the approbation of any but the mere mob, is now apparent. It was but this morning that Lord John Russell, when remarking in the House of Commons, on the circumstance of persons being disappointed of re-election to parliament, as soon as they vacated their seats by taking office under the crown, admitted that he supposed the electors thought the government was going too far with innovation, and therefore returned conservatives in preference. This is a strange avowal from a Whig minister—the very man, who at no very distant period, wrote letters of thanks to the mob unions for their support of ministers, and called the vote of the House of Lords, “the whisper of a faction.”

The perplexity of the ministers, between their sense of the political im-

prudence of proceeding with the revolutionary tide, and the impossibility of evading the rash pledges made to their revolutionary supporters, involves the course of their proceedings, and even the development of their plans, in the most pitiable perplexity. Never was any thing heard in parliament more deplorably lame, confused, hesitating, and unintelligible than Lord Althorp's statement last night of the measure in contemplation, for a commutation of tithes in England. He floundered and apologized, and floundered again. Ignorant as he was of the subject as it stands, and unable to justify the meddling with it which he has undertaken, he talked incoherently, as one who

—— “now to sense, now to nonsense leaning, Means not, but blunders round about a meaning.”

And the end is, that we are to know nothing distinct about the matter, until the bill is laid upon the table of the house, if even that shall prove intelligible, which I confess I much doubt. At present I am inclined to believe that the government tithe measure will not pass, and I suspect that if the government can get at all decently out of the matter, it will not be sorry if the bill do not pass. An adjustment of the tithe, and a commutation for a fixed payment, would be hailed with general satisfaction; but there is no such thing in this country as that ferocious spirit of resistance to the claims of the Established Church which exists in Ireland. I am of opinion that Mr. Goulburn's tithe commutation bill, if applied to England, would effect all that is necessary here, touching that matter; but the Whigs, though they know this, will not (except upon compulsion) adopt a plan which has *experience* to sanction its practicability. Experience is quite too common-place a teacher for these march-of-intellect men, and on they rush into theoretical absurdity which ever and anon produces disappointment.

We are to have the poor laws amendment scheme on next, and heaven knows what besides, to keep us in work after the holydays—but of these I shall report in my next letter. Meanwhile I remain your's till death, and afterwards if possible,

TERENCE O'RUARK.

ACADEMICAL REFORM.

Our readers will remember that in the January number of the University Magazine, an article appeared under the above title, in which the great principles of University education were temperately, and we believe, fairly discussed. It is not our intention at present to return at any length to the important subject treated of in that essay; but we wish to lay before our readers two letters on the subject which we have since received. We had imagined that there was but little in our former article to draw forth the indignation of any one. It seems, however, we were mistaken. Early in March we received the following letter:

"To the Editor of the Dublin University Magazine.

"March 3, 1834.

"Sir—Desirous of information on the subject of the recent changes in college, I was glad to see in your Magazine for January, a long article upon the subject, but what I sought was not to be found in it. Dealing in general observations upon the necessity of improvement in education, and of introducing studies of practical utility, the writer seems to have a strong disposition to favor the Edgeworth system of professional education, though he has not expressed himself in such terms as to show that he has completely made up his mind upon the subject. The expressions which he quotes, however, from Dean Burrowes's pamphlet "*that colleges should teach that knowledge which is attended with substantial practical advantage to the community at large*," do savour very strongly of that utilitarian plan. The writer appears to object to the importance attached to mathematics in the college course, and that on the ground of the study being *unpalatable to the prominent taste of the Irish mind*. To that taste, sober and strict reasoning is unquestionably unpalatable; but this seems to me a decisive proof that it is peculiarly necessary to train Irishmen to such habits as may best correct what is the prominent fault in their character. Hasty to decide—yielding without reflection to first impressions, and impatient of the slow process of reasoning on any

subject, Irishmen are the ready dupes of any artful declaimer who appeals to their passions and flatters their national pride. To correct these defects of character should be the object of education, and for this purpose it is necessary to accustom the mind to strict reasoning, and to teach the art of detecting sophistry. That there are any means of effecting these purposes except by teaching mathematics and logic, I believe would be difficult to prove. As to the utility of mathematics in common life, let the civil engineer be asked to what extent his business requires the aid of that science? Ask the mechanist what difficulties he meets in his art, insuperable without their aid? Ask the mineralogist can he understand the primitive forms of the substances which are the subject of his enquiries, without mathematics? Ask the electrician does he understand the theory of Orinus without mathematics?

"It seems to me to be the business of a college to open the road to knowledge by such elementary instruction as may enable the student to follow to its utmost extent, any branch to which he may choose to addict himself, while it invigorates the understanding of those whose wishes do not lead them beyond the path of ordinary life.

"But, I did not take up my pen to discuss the subject of education. I had designed merely to notice a few passages in the essay I refer to, which require correction.

"It is stated, p. 93, that "*the senior board has lately exhibited a remarkable instance of generosity in the creation of eight new fellowships*." It is impossible to read this without considering it as involving an imputation of want of generosity in their predecessors. Now the fact is, that generosity has nothing whatever to do with the affair. The establishment of these fellowships does not cost any member of the board a single sixpence: the expence is defrayed out of the surplus income of the college. It is obvious that the writer believes that surplus to be divided among the provost and senior fellows; but they do not, they never did, they cannot appropriate to

their own use the smallest fraction of it. The balance of the income and expenditure is carried every year to the credit of the following year. The accounts might be called for at any visitation, by any member of the corporation. There is no reason to suppose that they would not be shown to any person entitled to enquire about them.

"I have next to observe, upon what is said as to the lectureship in divinity, founded by Archbishop King, which we are told had, till now, been a sinecure, p. 91. It never was a sinecure; the duty was constantly and regularly performed. The class of Bachelors whose duty it was to attend that lecture, were examined twice a week during every term, and returns made to the board of their attendance, on which the continuance of the emoluments of such as were scholars, or held exhibitions, depended. The list of lecturers given in the University Calendar for 1883, includes very many names who would have scorned to turn a lecture, founded by *William King*, into a sinecure. Berkeley, who was the second lecturer, would certainly not have set them an example.

"But this lecture is not the only one stated to have been till now a sinecure. The same stigma is cast upon the professorship of natural philosophy. It might have been expected that the names of *Helsham*, of *Hamilton*, and of *Young*, would have exempted it from such a charge. It never was a sinecure. The lectures were regularly given three times each week, during term, and were open to all the students, nor indeed restricted to them alone. I recollect to have made acquaintance with an officer in a regiment on duty in Dublin, attending them.

"Let the changes which have taken place in the college, appeal to their own merits for the validity of their claims to public approbation, and let not their advocates seek to procure it for them by unfounded attacks upon the absent and the dead.

"V. A."

This letter we did not think it necessary to publish, believing then, as we do now, that it was altogether founded on a misapprehension of the meaning of our original article; and fully persuaded of the inexpediency of making the pages of our Magazine the vehicle of unnecessary controversy with ourselves. And, accordingly, we inserted in our notices to correspond-

ents a most kind and complimentary paragraph to our unknown friend, V. A. We even thanked him for the spirit and temper of his letter; but we told him that he misunderstood the article on which he commented, and added a few remarks, which, alluding to statements of his suppressed letter, could be intelligible only to himself. This, however, did not satisfy V. A. He waxed wroth at our kindness, and sent us a second letter, for the spirit and temper of which we thank him too; for it is a sure sign when an opponent gets angry, that he feels himself in the wrong.

"To the Editor of the Dublin University Magazine.

"April 7th.

"SIR—It is not usual with editors, claiming the credit of impartiality, to decline inserting answers to articles which have appeared in their publications; still less to insert remarks upon such answers, which, so far as they have any relation to the subject, repeat the charges which the article replied to had made, and which the answer shewed to be unfounded. You will immediately perceive that I allude to your refusal to insert the letter sent under the signature of V. A., which contained remarks upon the article in your January Magazine, upon academical reform.

"You state that V. A. mistook the drift of that article, and that none but an idiot could deny the practical benefit of that branch of academical discipline which had been remarked upon.

"There was no remark in V. A.'s letter upon any part of academical discipline: his observations related to the course of study which the reformist depreciated.

"The remark proceeds to say that the reformist had not intended to establish the characters of the living, at the expense of the absent and the dead. With the characters of the living, V. A. meddled not: he only defended the dead; and defence is now rendered necessary by a renewed charge, made in indefinite terms, and, of course, even more objectionable than those in the original article. The editor asks V. A., *is he not aware that MANY of the offices which had been held by the great names he mentioned, have been, since then, existing scarcely even in name, until they have been at present revived?* Now what is the fact? The offices referred to were but two! One was Archbishop King's lecture in divinity;

and with respect to that, V. A. referred to the list of lecturers, and to the conduct of the lecture up to 1832. Has it died and been revived in two years!! The other was the professorship of natural philosophy. The latest name mentioned by V. A. in asserting that professorship to have been efficient, was Bishop Young, who held it to the year 1800. Of the 33 years which have since elapsed, the present provost and the present professor held the situation for twelve. The preceding 15 years, the late Dr. Davenport, elected after a long examination, the present provost being his opponent, was professor; and he constantly lectured, till his ill health caused the duty to devolve upon Dr. Robinson, now professor of astronomy at Armagh, than whom, an abler man never held a fellowship in Dublin college. The preceding six years, the present Bishop of Ferns held the situation, elected after an examination, at which Dr. Millar, of Armagh, and the present provost, were his opponents. To which of these men does the assertion apply, that the office, while he held it, existed but in name? But there was a topic in V. A.'s letter, of greater and more extensive importance than the idleness of a lecturer. The reformist had complimented the present board on their generosity in establishing new fellowships. No man could read that compliment without understanding it as a reproach to their predecessors, who were covertly charged with selfishness in not having anticipated them. To that charge V. A. gave a decisive answer; and had all the rest of his letter been nonsense, that part of it should have ensured its publication.

"V. A.

"The editor must see, that his character for fair dealing cannot be maintained but by publishing both of V. A.'s letters."

Now V. A. has got his wish, and we trust our character for fair dealing is maintained. But we hope we will not compromise that character by offering a few remarks in our own defence. In the first place, then, it is strange that whereas the paper containing the objectionable paragraphs appeared on the first of January, V. A. was silent until the third of March. We are strongly inclined to suspect that in the interval V. A. endeavoured to bring his sentiments before the public through a different channel, and that failing in this, he resorted as a forlorn hope to the expe-

dient of demanding it from our justice to insert strictures on ourselves. In the next place, we must enter our protest against the doctrine, that an editor is bound to insert any contradictions of his own statements that may happen to be sent to him. The mere fact of writing a letter to the editor does not entitle any man to obtain a place for his communication; and surely opposition to that editor's views and sentiments furnish him with no additional claim. We do not know what V. A. means by impartiality, but we tell him that we have opinions of our own; and that the object of our Magazine is to advocate those opinions, and not to provide a controversial journal, in which the advocates of every opinion will find an opportunity of disseminating their views. We insert V. A.'s communication, not as a matter of right, but as a matter of favour. We have many, very many, important subjects to occupy our time and our pages; and we would not trench upon our space, in our last number, by giving insertion to a letter which we believed to involve nothing of the slightest consequence. V. A. thinks that even were his letter nonsense, it is of importance enough to come before the public—and now the public may decide.

How could V. A. ever imagine that when the generosity of the present board was praised, their predecessors were censured? The fact is, that the number of fellowships was increased at several former periods, and each of these occasions furnished an instance of the generosity on the part of those who have at least virtually an irresponsible controul over the revenues of the college. But it must be a peculiar and morbid sensitiveness that understands all commendation of the living as a depreciation of the dead; or perhaps we should say, regards every improvement as a bitter censure upon those who heretofore neglected to reform.

V. A. brings a very grave charge against the writer of Academical Reform. He accuses him of adopting the heretical doctrine that "universities should teach that knowledge which is attended with substantial practical benefit to the community at large." We are ourselves a little inclined to this heterodox and dangerous

opinion, and we think that V. A.'s logic is a little inconsistent with his sarcasm, when he argues that mathematics should continue to monopolize the academic course, on the very grounds that they are a useful study. So V. A. is, after all, a Utilitarian! an Edgeworthite!! He deprecates, to be sure, professional education—that is, he would not have men trained specially for each profession. His system is still more strange. He would oblige a whole class to devote all their time to mathematics, because these sciences form a part of the professional education of the civil engineer. The lawyer must know Neper's rules, that the electrician may understand the theory of Orinus; and the clergyman must be versed in the differential calculus, that the mineralogist may know the primary forms of stones. But a reference to the article itself will be sufficient to shew that its writer never dreamed of denying the utility of the study of mathematics, but only urged the inexpediency of permitting *any one* science to monopolize all the avenues to distinction. He objected to the present system, not because it teaches mathematics, but because it teaches them too much: not because their study is encouraged and rewarded, but because it is encouraged and rewarded to the exclusion of others of equal or perhaps superior claims. The expression, "unpalatable to the Irish taste," was not our own. It was borrowed from *Blackwood's Magazine*. The sentiment which was there put forward, and which we cordially approved of, was this, that the science in which our countrymen do not seem formed by nature to attain to excellence, was not the one that should be principally encouraged in an Irish University. We think still that we are right.

We cannot now recur to the controversy about the mental advantages to be derived from a mathematical education—we stated our opinion fully in our former article—and we are still very sure that the men who have done most for the world, and who have exhibited on general subjects the greatest power of reasoning, and the greatest depth of thought, have not been distinguished for their mathematical ability. But with respect to the two professorships to which, under their old regu-

lations, we incidentally applied the expression "sinecure"—we wish to say a few words. We brought a general charge against professorships, of being permitted to be useless. We instanced a great number of places, from the existence of which the mass of the students derive no advantage whatever—and these we termed sinecures. That the professor of natural philosophy formerly delivered lectures, we do not deny. But at the same time, the professor could not devote his exclusive time to the business of his office. His character of professor was merged in that of the fellow, and the duty of lecturing was of necessity subordinate to the many others which he was compelled to discharge. This has been altered—surely for the better. We are free to confess that our language was unguarded; and that this professorship formed, in some degree, an exception to the general rule of doing nothing, we are ready to admit. But yet the change has been so beneficial, in making these lectures, and the study of the physical sciences, the business of the professor, and not a mere appendage to the duties of a fellow, that we cannot think that we committed any very great mistake. But surely in saying, so, we are not depreciating the eminent men who did fill these stations, any more than we were disparaging the respected professors of oratory and modern history, in saying that their offices were now virtually useless. We spoke of the system, and not of individuals. May it not fairly be a matter of regret, that such men as Dr. Robinson and the present Bishop of Ferns, when appointed to this professorship, were not permitted to devote their exclusive attention to its duties. Both these individuals have established for themselves a scientific character to which our commendation could not possibly add. But this is utterly distinct from their position as professors. They would have done as much, had they been simply fellows. Surely, then, the interests of science were very little advanced by the existence of the chair—at least very little, in comparison to what may be expected under the new arrangement.

V. A. appears totally incapable of drawing a distinction between men and institutions. The credit of every

service that individuals may have done he claims for the system—and when we find fault with the system, he charges us with calumniating individuals. To imagine that we could wish to affix a stigma to such names as those of Elrington and Robinson, is absurd. Did we do so, the attempt, we feel, would recoil upon ourselves. But would these great men thus understand our remarks—would that venerable prelate, whose services to the church we never can forget, think that we compromised our respect for him in speaking of a professorship that he once filled; we are very sure that he himself would both feel and express himself upon the subject, in a spirit very different from that which has been manifested by his anonymous defender against attacks that never have been made.

We now dismiss this subject for the present, and we feel bound to say that we will not make our pages the medium of any further controversy. Those who differ from us must find some other channel for the publication of their sentiments. We will continue honestly to state our opinions, and fearlessly to answer objections when we deem them worth our notice; but those objections must be presented to

the public in some other way than through the pages of the University Magazine. Did we, to gain from V. A. the credit of impartiality, adopt the line of conduct which he recommends, the epistles of dissatisfied correspondents, would soon become so voluminous that every person's opinions would find a place in our pages, unless perhaps those of its unfortunate editor. Mr. Henry O'Brien might demand it from our justice to leave him some pages to advocate Buddhism and absurdity. Nay, Daniel O'Connell might claim it as a right to occupy some sheets with the advocacy of *Repeal*;—Lord Brougham or Bab M'Auley might keep for us the articles that now fill the columns of *The Times*. Our impartiality, like the even-handed justice of my Lord Wellesley, would soon be all on one side; and our Magazine would present the same kind of anomaly that the Wellington administration did; which was often called a Tory administration, acting on Whig principles. In good earnest, if we were bound to insert every thing that was contrary to our own opinions, our Magazine would soon be a Tory Magazine with Whig politics and Whig contributors.

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DUBLIN
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY,
SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, LONDON.
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributions, advertisements, and books for Review, may be left with Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-Court, London, who forward a parcel to our Publishers weekly.

We shall avail ourselves, with much pleasure, of 'The Ivy Tree,' and 'The Goldsmith,' and shall feel obliged by any further contributions from the same quarters.

'Historicus,' 'J. K.,' 'Selah,' and 'E. H. D.' have been received.

We should be glad to hear at greater length from our correspondent D. A. upon the subject of his last communication.

We beg to observe, that we have neither time nor inclination to notice the numerous epistles addressed to us upon subjects, which, as a moment's consideration should convince the writers, are of little or no importance. In answer to the authors of several poetical pieces, of various merits, we must entreat their patience for a while, and refer them, meantime, to No. LVI. of 'The Rambler.'

'Scenes from the Life of Edward Lascelles, Gent.'—Chapters III. and IV. 'Constancy,' 'The Cloister,' &c. &c. in our next.

The list of honours conferred at the last examinations, together with the result of the Fellowship examination which is now in progress, shall appear in our next number.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. III.

LONGFIELD'S LECTURES ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Our University has, at length, established a professorship of political economy, and we are glad of it;—it gratifies us also to perceive that the individual, chosen to fill the chair, is well calculated to do credit to the judgment of those by whom he has been selected.

Mr. Longfield possesses a sound and vigorous understanding, and a tone of thought at the same time cautious, original, and independent. He has shown himself competent not only to understand and elucidate whatever has been written by the ablest men who have heretofore treated of the science of political economy, but to take up the subject in the spirit of an investigator, by whom its fundamental principles may be more clearly ascertained, and its boundaries extended; and we must say, that the lectures before us, afford ground for expecting that, in *that* department of learning at least, our University will soon be freed from the reproach of being regarded as "the silent sister."

Political economy may be briefly defined as the science of exchanges. It presupposes a state of society. It presupposes humane and social intercourse. It presupposes that every one has something which he does not want, but as it may be the means of procuring for him something which he *does* want; and the causes which determine the various exchanges which thus take place, may be said to be the laws which regulate the creation,

accumulation, distribution, and consumption of those products of nature or of art, which are considered as constituting national wealth. To ascertain these causes, therefore, is the chief business of the political economist.

Mr. Longfield's first lecture is occupied in removing the objections to the study of this science. There are few who can now object to the study of political economy upon the ground that *wealth is an evil*. If there be any who could so far stultify themselves, they are well replied to by being told, that, even upon their hypothesis, the science is still important, inasmuch as it may teach them to *eschew riches*. Any argument which might be derived from the corrupting nature of wealth, Mr. Longfield very properly answers by observing "that though the wealth of an individual may be expended in procuring vicious luxuries, yet that of a rich nation as distinguished from a poor nation, will be found to consist in the great mass of its inhabitants being comfortably and wholesomely fed, lodged, and clothed, and well rewarded for their industry. If otherwise, that wealth must be wrongly distributed; the cause and cure of which wrong distribution come also within the province of the political economist to investigate." But, if they are few who undervalue political economy, from an indifference respecting the matters about which it treats, they are still fewer who are entitled so to do from

any notion of its abstruseness. "On the contrary," observes the professor, "most men think themselves competent to discuss all its doctrines, and to argue on all questions connected with the wages of labour, and the effect of taxes, rents, national debts, tithes, and poor-laws. By those men political economy is not despised or rejected as an abstruse uninteresting study, difficult of comprehension, and occupied with subjects of no public or general utility. They do not condemn it as employed about unimportant subjects, or matters beyond the reach of the human mind to investigate; but, they hold the study of political economy, as a science, useless, because they think they feel themselves competent to discuss all its branches *ex-tempore*, as they arise in casual conversation. With proud humility they admit, that they are not political economists. They even think it a mark of their independent spirit, that they are not guided by the opinion of writers, whom, in fact, they have never read, and that they dare to dissent from doctrine, which in reality, they never studied, and which they do not understand. These people will not study political economy because they say that without any study mere common sense is sufficient to shew them the absurdity of free trade, the necessity of bounties and restrictions on our commerce, to encourage and protect our manufactures, and of corn laws to promote our agricultural interests, and to enable the nation to support the taxes necessary to pay the national debt. Other questions connected with our foreign and domestic, our commercial and colonial policy are disposed of with equal facility; and the different theories thus defended, are generally, by the way of recommendation, announced, to be opposed to the doctrine of the political economists. Of course, this is often done, not from any dislike to the science, but from a wish to conciliate the populace, by promising to point out to them an easy path to wisdom, without the necessity of previous study and learning; sometimes it is done to secure the sympathy of those who are conscious of not possessing the knowledge which the speaker disclaims, and who may, therefore, be gratified at learning it

decried as useless. For example: I remember reading a speech of an orator much admired for his eloquence, in which he advocated poor laws, partly on the ground that this were opposed to the conclusions of algebra and political economy." With this class of persons Mr. Longfield justly observes that he can have very little to do. They are a race of superficial dogmatists of whom it may be truly said, "that they cannot teach, and will not learn." That the science which they would fain depreciate, is important in their opinion, appears from the incessant interest which they take in the subject matters of which it treats; while their understandings resemble inland streams which are perpetually moving towards the sea; but the flow of which causes a bar by which access to the great receptacle of water is impeded, and which can only be surmounted by vessels of small burden.

Indeed the only serious objections to the science of political economy, resolve themselves into objections against its use, from its abuse. Instead of being cultivated as a *means*, it has been looked upon as an end. Instead of being employed as a subordinate instrument, it has been regarded as an ultimate object. The mere acquisition of wealth has been considered as the only thing which should influence the decisions of the statesman. Every thing, in the eyes of some political economists, resolves itself into a consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence. Man, according to their notions, should be defined a money making animal. They not only mistake the means for the end; but, what is still worse, they are frequently disposed to sacrifice what ought to be the end, to the means, and "*propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.*" Such are the men who have brought a reproach upon political economy, which has rendered it, in the eyes of many, a distasteful and suspicious science; a science at war with the best interests of religion and humanity, and a severe addiction to the principles of which, cannot be encouraged without inducing a relaxation of moral obligations.

These are serious imputations; and those by whom they have been occasioned have at least as much to answer for as those by whom they are enter-

tained. There are, at least, one hundred who can feel, for one who can think ; and when naked, abstract principles are brought to bear against present interests, it cannot be expected that the former should immediately prevail, without giving rise to a considerable amount of opposition on the part of those who may apprehend injury from their operation. It may be absolutely true, that all trade should be left to find its own level ; but, if various interests have been created and nourished up in the country, by means of bounties and protecting duties, the sudden abandonment of the old system must be felt by many as a great evil ; and we can very easily imagine cases in which the country at large would not be compensated for the change even by the fullest enjoyment of the promised advantages. For man is *more* than a money-making animal, and human societies are something better than mere instruments for the accumulation of wealth ; which must, to our minds, always be dearly purchased by any, even the slightest, sacrifice of religion or humanity. This, we regret to say, is a distinction which has not been sufficiently attended to by those advocates of political economy who are most anxious that its principles should prevail ; and we are sorry for it, chiefly because of our value for the science, the progress of which has thus been seriously obstructed. But its more reasonable cultivators may rest satisfied with the advances that it has already made. How would Adam Smith, if he could revisit earth again, be surprised to see the change which his great work has already wrought in the whole system of our foreign and domestic trade ! Truly he would marvel at the great things which he has himself been instrumental in accomplishing ; and, in what has been already effected, he would see the certain promise of future improvements by which his fondest wishes must be ultimately realized. We believe it would not be rash to affirm, that the abstract principles of political economy have already been admitted to operate in these countries to fully as great an extent as the well-being of the community at present, all things considered, admits of their operation. And we, at least, are well content that the changes which are predestined to take place should come about so gradually

as that while all may be benefitted, none may be injured.

That this science was unknown to the ancients is not surprising. The causes are many and obvious by which such considerations as now engage the attention of political economists, must have been precluded. " One of these," Mr. Longfield observes, " and perhaps the most important in its remote effects upon political economy, is the difference in the manners of carrying on wars now and in former times, and the different results that are produced by them. In some of the most celebrated wars of ancient times, the result was, that the vanquished party was destroyed, and the victorious one enriched. Now the result of war is, that all parties continue to exist, and all are impoverished, debts are contracted, and taxes must be imposed, and a particular importance is given to that branch of political economy which teaches how to impose those burdens so as least to impair the wealth of the country, or to interfere with the subsistence or comforts of the population." He also observes, that " the state of slavery in which the majority of the population of ancient countries was kept, was of itself a sufficient hindrance to the investigation of all questions relating to population, and the circumstances which determine the wages of labour. These questions, which are of the highest importance in modern political economy, could never have arisen if the mass of the poorer inhabitants were not free. Slaves, like domestic animals, where every individual has an owner, who has the profits of his work, and is at the expense of his subsistence, can never exist in greater numbers than are required. Their labour must always be worth more than the price of their support. Thus when we discuss the different questions of political economy, we shall find that most of them are of such a nature that they could not have arisen in ancient times, and we shall see at the same time the advantages that must arise from a complete and general comprehension of them."

The peculiar circumstances of society in the feudal times, may be said to have given rise to what has been called the mercantile system. The barons, from interested motives, became the patrons of trade and manufactures ; and va-

rious privileges and immunities were from time to time either purchased by, or conferred upon trading communities, by which they were protected from the rapacity of their lordly superiors, who might, in this their state of semi-barbarism, have been tempted on various occasions by their necessities, to cut down the tree for the purpose of getting at the fruit. The peculiar corporate advantages which such bodies enjoyed, should, therefore, always be considered, in connection with the circumstances in which they were acquired, and it will, we think, be found, that they were calculated rather to assist than to obstruct the early struggles of trading industry;—a more enlightened system of political economy being, in fact, only calculated for the meridian of society, when the law becomes the expression of the national will, and equal protection is extended to all classes of the community. Corporate immunities, in the feudal ages, were to trade, what the bark is to the tree, or the prickly hedge to the young plantation. But, corporations having once been framed, jealous regulations, tending to monopoly, could not fail to be the consequence. Every little body would naturally consider how its own advantages might best be secured; and as this advantage was frequently contradistinguished to the advantage of the nation at large, its attainment could not fail to be frequently prejudicial to the best interests of the social system.

The great error of the mercantile system was the notion, that the wealth of a nation consisted in the quantity of the precious metals which it contained. This error infects the writings of all those who have treated of commerce, antecedently to Child, North, and Locke, in England, and Gournay and Quesney, in France. The whole commercial world was, in a manner, regulated by it; and the object of every nation seemed to be, not to increase its disposable commodities, but to increase its gold and silver.

Our intercourse with the east it was, which first led to the detection of this error. The large quantities of the precious metals which we found it necessary to export, in pursuit of our commercial objects, alarmed those who looked upon their abundance at home

as the only criterion of national wealth; and a controversy arose, by which some important truths were elucidated, and such an impression was made on the legislature that, in 1663, the statute prohibiting the exportation of bullion was formally repealed.

Various writers now arose, by whom sound principles upon the subject of trade and commerce were maintained. Mr. Mun clearly showed that a favourable balance of trade could not be produced by restrictive regulations; and Sir Dudley North, in 1691, published the fullest development that had till then been made, of an enlightened system of political economy.

We are here tempted to notice what appears to us a striking and characteristic distinction between the French and the English, in the advances which they respectively made in this interesting science. The British writers, from close and steady reflection and patient investigation, were led, slowly, and almost reluctantly, to adopt one by one, the various truths, as they were presented to them in the course of their enquiries. The French writers, on the other hand, exhibited the same revolutionary feeling upon that, as they have on other subjects, and passed, as it were by a kind of rebound, from extreme errors of one kind, to extreme errors of another. While with us the principles were in that gradual progress of development, which has led to the enlightened system of political economy which at present prevails, and while Locke, and Hume, and Harris, were the heralds, as it were, of Smith's great work on the wealth of nations; in France the doctrine of "the economists" became the rage, and was, for a season, received with acclamations by that mercurial people, to whom any thing recommended by novelty and paradox will for a time be acceptable, and not the less so because it may have a tendency to shake the stability of government, and sap the foundation of social order.

The great principle of "the economists" was, that the earth is the source of all wealth. Their reason for so thinking, that it alone yields a rent. Of this system Quesney was the originator, who was a passionate lover of

the country, and felt a natural indignation at the injurious regulations to which agriculture was subjected in France. He was, therefore, not contented with merely vindicating its claim to a just consideration. He went further, and proceeded to the extent of magnifying it at the expense of foreign and domestic trade. Trade, says Quesney, can never enrich a nation, because it only consists in an exchange of equivalents! A despicable sophism; it being perfectly obvious that the same things may be of different values in different countries, what cost in one country, one day's labour, being worth in another, two.

Such was the state of the science when Smith's great work appeared; and it may be truly said, that Newton's principles scarcely effected a greater revolution in astronomy, than did the *Wealth of Nations* in political economy. We do not think that Dr. Longfield has done justice to this extraordinary man, in the note appended to his lectures in which his name is mentioned, and the nature of his services characterised. He did not light his taper from another man's flambeau, and merely pursued a track which had been indicated by some superior mind. "The *Wealth of Nations*," Mr. Longfield observes, "is written with very little attention to system." In this we cannot agree with this sagacious man. The *Wealth of Nations*, on the contrary, appears to us to be one of the most systematic works with which we are acquainted in the moral sciences. Mr. Longfield says its want of system is one of its merits; we, on the contrary, hold, that its strict adherence to system is one of its faults. "Strong, good sense, freedom from prejudice, extensive information, and profound observation;" we entirely agree with our professor in thinking highly characteristic of the mind of Adam Smith; but these alone would never have enabled him to set the impress of his genius upon political economy, in a manner that has made the science his own, if he did not possess the generalizing power, which is the distinctive peculiarity of truly philosophic genius, and which marshals every subordinate gift and faculty into strict subserviency to the enquiry, what ever it may be, which it has resolved to pursue. He

possessed no taste or capacity. Mr. Longfield says, for long or subtle trains of reasoning. If this be so, it was only because he was possessed of an intelligence by which they were in a great measure superseded, and which carried him, as it were, at a single bound, and without the intervention of the media that would be indispensable to other minds,

"To seats of reason, not to be approached
By the inferior faculty, that moulds,
With its minute and speculative pains,
Opinion ever changing."

Smith found the science a chaos, "*rudis indigestaque moles*;"—under the influence of his genius order arose; and if he did not himself accomplish every thing that remained to be accomplished for the establishment of the true theory of national advancement and decline, it must, we think, be conceded, that he indicated, in almost every particular, the direction in which enquiry should be pursued, and that little more was left for those who followed after him, than to work, after his model, in the erection of the superstructure, of which he had not only drawn the plan, but also laid the solid foundations. This we say, at the same time fully admitting the justness of some of Mr. Longfield's strictures upon the reasoning employed by Adam Smith to prove labor the only measure of value, and reserving to ourselves the privilege of dissenting from that great man, whenever our deliberate convictions lead us to adopt different conclusions; while we gratefully acknowledge our obligations to the master mind without whose aid we should still be groping in the dark, and to whose luminous treatise it is chiefly owing that we are enabled to discover his own deficiencies. If we have been led to perceive that there are spots upon the sun, we do not forget that it is by its *own light* they have been rendered visible.

As value is a term which must frequently be employed in the science of political economy, we will first bestow a brief consideration upon it. Smith describes it as two-fold, value in use, and value in exchange. He thus distinguishes use from exchange in a manner that appears to us illogical; as exchangeability is but a *mode* of usefulness, or a *species* of utility. We are,

therefore inclined to think that his meaning would be more accurately expressed if, instead of the above, he had adopted as his division, value as a *means*, and value as an *end*. Value, in the abstract, means estimation. Nature has implanted in all men a desire for the necessities and conveniences of life, which is in fact, the foundation of the value which we set upon them. The utility of any particular product may be resolved into its aptitude to satisfy this natural desire; and its *value* will be directly as its utility, and the difficulty of its attainment.

We are here, in some measure, at issue with our respected author, who defines the value of a product to be "its power of being exchanged for other articles." This, no doubt, is its value, or rather *measures* its value as a merchantable commodity, but it cannot *constitute* its value to the consumer, who has no ulterior object, and by whom it must be valued *more* than the products in exchange for which he has procured it. Besides, the definition would take no account of things most valuable in themselves, but which from their nature, cannot be made the subject of an exchange. Mr. Longfield's error, if we may presume to say so, arises from making exchange the foundation of value, instead of value the foundation of exchange. Now, to our minds, nothing can be more plain than that the motive for making any exchange is, the desire of possessing that which is of more, in lieu of that which is of less value; and it is, therefore, we think, quite undeniable that things are exchanged because they are valuable, and are not valuable merely because they are exchanged.

That labour is not necessarily a *more real* measure of the value of products, than any other commodities for which they may be exchanged, has, we think, been very clearly shown:—nor is it, we believe, possible to discover any fixed and invariable standard by a reference to which the variations in the value of other things might be ascertained. That labour is, in most cases, a *convenient* measure of value, no one is disposed to deny; but we fully subscribe to the observation that "the arguments employed to prove it the *only* real measure are entirely

inconsistent with every notion that we are accustomed to entertain of the term value. The common argument is thus briefly stated by Mr. McCulloch, in his principles of political economy, page 297:—"But however the same quantity of labour may be laid out, and whatever may be its produce, it unavoidably occasions the *same sacrifice* to those by whom it is performed; and hence it is plain that the products of equal quantities of labour, or of toil and trouble, must, how much soever they differ in magnitude, always be of precisely the same real value!" Now, real value in this proposition can have no reference to its utility or exchangeable powers. The proposition, if true, is a trifling one, obtained by a mere comparison of the definition with the thing defined."

The following view of the origin of exchanges, is very satisfactory and lucid; and, far as the term "value" is concerned, falls in, we are disposed to think, more with our views than with his own.

"However useful, or even necessary to the subsistence of man, any commodity may be, there is a limit to the quantity of it which any individual can consume, and the love or necessity of variety will induce him to part with all that he possesses beyond a certain share, if by parting with it he can procure anything which can contribute more to his enjoyments. And by a wise provision of nature, the more indispensable any commodity is to human subsistence or happiness, the more strict and absolute is the limit within which our consumption of it is confined. The most natural and most urgent of our appetites, are those which can be soonest and most certainly satisfied. Those which in their extent are the most insatiable, can be repressed or denied without any diminution of our happiness. By this provision the riches of the wealthy are prevented from interfering with the maintenance of the poor. The richest individual, whatever quantity of corn or other food he may possess or be able to purchase, is not able to consume more than the poor man. His wealth may enable him to command the labour of the poor, but he cannot himself consume the provision intended by providence for their subsistence,

since the energy with which nature rejects all beyond a certain quantity, is always proportionate to the importunity with which she demands that portion. And the nature and reason of man leading him to exchanges, he will dispose of that surplus which he can not use himself, to some one who, in exchange for it, can give him some thing that may contribute to his enjoyment. Its power of serving others will not induce him to keep it, although it may enable him to procure a higher price for it from some one who can use it."

Thus exchange arises out of mutual convenience, and the rules by which it is regulated may be considered as the consequence of a general law, viz., "that every person is desirous to get as much as he can for the goods of which he disposes. This leads every man to buy as cheap and to sell as dear as he can. The law of mutual competition does the rest."

The price at which any commodity sells, will naturally be regulated by the proportion between the demand and the supply; and should any occasional or accidental disturbance take place by which this proportion may be deranged, the *price* will react so as speedily to produce a readjustment. It was an ignorance of this principle that led to the absurd and pernicious laws against regrating, forestalling, &c. &c., the explosion of which has been one of the triumphs of political economy. In cases where the supply of provisions falls short, the common people, who cannot reason, are frequently led to ascribe their distress to causes different from the real ones, and to have recourse to remedies which can only aggravate the evil. The modes of charitable relief which are sometimes adopted by the wealthy, are justly liable to strong objections.

"Persons," observes Mr. Longfield, "of more benevolence than judgment, purchase quantities of the ordinary food of the country, and sell them again to the poor at half price. The few observations that I have made will show, that of all kinds of engrossing this is the most mischievous, and that no regrating or forestalling is so injurious as this species, invented by mistaken benevolence, of buying dear and selling cheap in times of scarcity. It induces the

farmers and dealers to send their stock more speedily to market, and it enables the poorer people to dispense with that harsh, but necessary abstinence, which alone can prevent the provisions from being entirely consumed long before a new supply can be obtained. Whenever this mode of charity is adopted, prices will necessarily rise on account of the increasing scarcity caused by such a premature and improvident consumption, and will generally arrive to such a height that even the reduced rates at which provisions are distributed by the charitable, will be equal to the prices at which they would have been sold if charity had not led to any interference. This evil, caused by injudicious benevolence, could never be detected by experience. The increased prices would naturally be attributed to the scarcity, which confessedly prevailed at the beginning of the season, and originally led to the interference; and the authors of this charitable scheme would even applaud its success, since, on each particular day, they would see the poor getting provisions at half the market price of that day, and would not consider that those very high market prices were principally caused by that charity which diminished the supply, by causing an early consumption of it. This, then, is one of those numerous cases where what is called experience is, in fact, rash, although disguised hypothesis, and where "theory" is extensive experience, enlightened and directed by common sense and reasoning.

"Ought nothing then be done in times of scarcity to relieve the poor and mitigate their sufferings? Undoubtedly much may be done, if it is judiciously attempted—if we direct our efforts to increasing the supply instead of accelerating the consumption of the provisions. In this country especially, such assistance can be most easily afforded without importation. Potatoes, it is well known, form the ordinary food of the labouring population. If there is a deficient supply of these, some distress and inconvenience must be felt. The evil will fall lightest if the supply is entirely consumed within the year, instead of part being held over to the next year, when it may not be so much wanted; and if the supply is equally distributed during that period,

instead of too great a portion being consumed at the commencement of the season. Both these advantages, we have seen, are secured by the natural rise of prices, and nothing can be done by private charity or public legislation towards securing a better distribution of the existing supply. But much may be effected in the way of increasing the supply, or at least of diminishing the competition for it. Let those who can afford it, abstain in such times from the use of potatoes, and let them, if practicable, give a supply of bread at cheap prices to the poor. If this is done, the price of the staple food of the country will diminish, instead of increasing as the season advances, and the scarcity will gradually diminish."

The laws which regulate relative wages in the various trades and callings, and the advantages arising from the division of labour, are very ably explained. These are too well known to justify us in dwelling upon them here; but the following remarks are very important:—

"Those circumstances in any country which produce a division of labour, by extending the market for manufactured goods, are the density of the population, and the goodness of the roads and other facilities for conveying goods or passengers by land or water. The circumstances in the goods themselves are their lightness or small bulk in proportion to their value, which makes the expense of transporting them to distant places comparatively small; and the cheapness of the article itself, or its fitness to satisfy the wants of the poorer and more numerous classes of the country. This last circumstance increases the market, by converting a larger portion of the community into purchasers. It, as it were, increases the density of the population, since the density of the population, as far as it effects the sale of the article, is merely the number of those persons who are able or willing to purchase it. Accordingly, it is in those goods that are intended for the use of the poor that the greatest improvements in the introduction of machinery, and the uses of a more extended and better contrived system of a division of labour, have been established. The poor, therefore, derive the greatest benefits from such improvements. Those articles that are

intended for the convenience or luxuries of the rich alone, can find few purchasers, since the rich are few in number. The paucity of purchasers renders it impossible that in any article intended for the use of the rich only, a minute or complicated system of division of labour can be established, since the purchasers are too few to render the establishment a profitable speculation. But when an article can generally be purchased by the poor, the market becomes, by that alone, so extensive as to render the introduction of a proper system of division of labour a profitable speculation: it is, therefore, in the fabrication of those goods which are generally required by the labouring poor, that the greatest dexterity, ingenuity, and contrivance are to be found."

The Ricardo, or Malthusian theory of rent is, in substance, adopted by Mr. Longfield, but with such corrections and limitations as render it far less startling and paradoxical than it appeared upon its first promulgation. He does not say that rent is *caused* by the decreasing fertility of the land, but only that its amount is regulated, and, as he admits, even *limited* by that circumstance. He thus avoids the absurdity of supposing a *difference* to be a cause, and does not fall into the fallacy of "*non causa, pro causa*," by which the reasonings of Mill, McCulloch, and even Ricardo himself, are vitiated.

Upon this much contested subject it would not become us to pronounce, while the wisest and most sagacious men, in not only this but other countries, are still divided upon it; but we confess we are inclined to put great confidence in the sober and guarded statements of Mr. Longfield. Smith was certainly in error when he described rent as that portion of the produce which may be considered as derived from the bounty of nature, in contradistinction to the portion of it which must be ascribed to human industry; for, if the bounty of nature was increased so that all lands were of equal fertility, and that a supply of corn could always be raised, sufficient for national purposes, and without increasing the cost of production, *there would be no rent*, except such as might arise out of monopolies, or unjust and impolitic civil regulations; that is,

there would be no rent except such as was caused by a perverse counteraction of the bounty of nature. It is, therefore, something else that causes rent. The supply of land is limited, and the law of produce is, that each additional supply of corn requires increased expenditure and additional labour. The law of population is very different. Human beings increase at a rate that outstrips the increase of their means of subsistence. Thus, demand gains upon supply; and when the best lands in a country have been fully cultivated, it becomes the *interest* of farmers to cultivate inferior lands at more expense, as there exists a number of persons whose necessities compel them to pay for the produce a sum which will repay the expenses of cultivation. But as there cannot be two prices for the same thing, at the same time in the same market, the produce of the superior lands, which require a less outlay of labour and capital, will sell for the increased price procurable for the produce of the inferior lands which require a greater, and whatever portion of that price exceeds the expenses of cultivation, including the ordinary profits, is called rent. It is immaterial whether this sum remains in the pocket of the farmer, or passes to a proprietor, as a consideration for the use of the land. *It is clear that it will not be left with the consumer, who must pay for the produce a sum sufficient to replace the capital employed upon the last land taken into cultivation, with the ordinary profits of stock.* And, therefore, it is indisputably certain, that rents are paid because prices are high, and prices are not high because rents are paid.

Malthus contends that rent is an additional source of wealth; Ricardo that it is a mere creation of value. There is, we think, a sense in which both are right, and there is a sense in which both are wrong. It is undoubtedly an additional source of wealth to *individuals*, while it merely indicates the increasing necessities of the nation at large. And it does, undoubtedly, give an additional value to some produce, which yet would have a higher value if the circumstance which gave rise to it, namely, the vicinity of inferior lands, had not existed. But there can be no question that it causes a different distribution of the wealth of

the community, from what would otherwise take place, and makes provision for a race of independent gentlemen whose affluence causes no pressure upon its inferior members.

"So much of the rent that is at present paid for land," Mr. Longfield observes, "is in reality the profit of capital actually expended, that some have thought they could reduce all rent to this source, and failing to make this out satisfactorily, they represent rent as a compensation either for the capital laid out in improvements, or as a compensation for the money actually laid out for the purchase of the land by the landlord, or those from whom he derives his title. I need not take up much of your time with an answer to the latter part of the alternative. The tenant has no concern with the purchase money of the land. Paying a high price for the fee simple will not enable the landlord to procure, or the tenant to pay a high rent for the use of the soil. The purchase money being high is the effect of rent, not the cause. If land passes through several hands, that does not increase its value; and if all the land in the kingdom was now in the hands of the original proprietors, the same rent might be paid for them as their present owners receive: and although part of the rent of land, and sometimes even the whole, is only the price paid for the use of buildings, drains, fences, and other improvements effected on the land, yet that is not always the case. I have seen farms in Ireland for which a very high rent was paid, although the total value of all the capital expended in improving the land, did not amount to half as much as the rent paid for it in a single year. In such lands the rent cannot possibly be looked upon as a compensation or return for the capital expended in effecting improvements upon the land."

Colonel Torrens argues that since, as rent rises, the landlord receives a *less* proportion of the *total* produce of the soil than he did before, successive applications of labour and capital are always attended with diminished returns. The error of this reasoning is admirably exposed by Mr. Longfield. The two propositions are by no means necessarily connected. The capital most productively expended, is not

necessarily most productive *when referred to its whole produce*. That will depend upon two considerations; its rate of productiveness, and its amount. A small capital very productively employed will not produce the same *total* return, as a larger one employed less productively. It is very easy to conceive that a very small multiplicand and a large multiplier, may not give an equal result with a very small multiplier and a very large multiplicand. And Mr. Longfield's inference from the fact, that the tenants proportion of the total produce increases faster than the landlords, would seem to us to be the just one, namely, that the amount of produce, procurable from the inferior soil by the last application of capital, must be great in comparison with that procured from pre-existing cultivation.

Colonel Torrens's error is, Mr. Longfield observes, the more extraordinary, because "all the examples given by writers on political economy to illustrate what is called the decreasing fertility of the soil, would rather seem to prove that not only the portion but the *proportion* of the produce received by the landlord is continually increasing." In proof of this he refers to Ricardo's principles of political economy, page 56, which fully bears out his statement. "And Mr. Senior, in a letter to Lord Howie, page 62, attempted to prove, from this system, that rent must increase faster than gross produce. His calculations are, however, erroneous, being founded on the supposition, that the successive soils of decreasing fertility, are equal in extent." The contrary being in reality the case, the very opposite of his statement is the fact. The landlords' *proportion* has been decreasing; clearly indicating, as we stated above, "that the portion of produce which is raised by the last application of labour and capital to land, bears a considerable, and with the progress of population, an increasing ratio to the total amount of produce which was raised before such last application of labour and capital took place."

In the conclusion of the lecture he observes, "the same effect might be produced by agricultural improvements, causing a greater addition to the total produce of the soil, than to the differences of the returns to successive ap-

plications of capital. In either case we would be warranted in concluding, if we judge of the future by the past, that the cost of production of corn, if it increases at all, must increase very slowly, and that with each step a greater increase of population must arise to create the necessity of taking another step."

Upon the subject of profits, Mr. Longfield is very original and ingenious. He considers them immediately after rent, and before he proceeds to the consideration of wages; thus differing from Smith, who takes them in the order of wages, profits, rent; and from the Ricardo school, by whom they are taken in the order of rent, wages, profits.

As the labourer cannot wait for the slow returns of capital, but must have his subsistence advanced to him before the price of his work can be realized, this work must necessarily be of more value to the employer than to the workman, and the difference of its value in these two cases is what, according to Mr. Longfield, constitutes profits. "It is, as it were, the discount which the labourer pays for prompt payment. It is in his capacity of consumer that the labourer has any concern in the rate of profits;" "which depends upon the proportion which exists between the advance made by the capitalist, and the return he receives, and the length of time for which that advance is made." "The addition which the delay makes to the value of the labour, is exactly equal to the subtraction from its wages for prompt payment. If the labourer, owing to profits being high, receives only five shillings, for making an article which sells for six shillings, it is owing to those profits that the article sells so high as six shillings instead of five shillings."

The theory of profits adopted by the Ricardo economists is very different, and, until we had read Mr. Longfield's observations, we acquiesced in it as both ingenious and satisfactory. "According to it, the productiveness of the worst land under cultivation regulates the rates of profit." The produce of such land is entirely divided between the labourer and the farmer; and, therefore, what is not wages must be considered profits, in cases where there can be no rent. Hence, they infer,

that, "as population increases, and recourse is had to inferior soils, the rate of profits must decline, as the farmer must support his labourers at the same rate, or nearly the same rate, out of a decreasing fund." "*The decreasing fertility of the soil*," observes Mr. McCulloch, "*is, therefore, at bottom, the great, and only necessary cause of a fall of profits.*"

"The supporters of this system," Mr. Longfield remarks, "universally, I believe, maintain, that the increase of capital in any country, unaccompanied by an increase of population, has not even any tendency to reduce the profits of capital, since they say that the last capital employed in any manufacture will necessarily be as productive as the first, and probably more so; and they exemplify it by saying that if a thousand hats were required, the last would not be made at a greater cost of production than the first, and so on for any greater number."

Of the two arguments thus stated, he then exposes the fallacy. "In the argument used to prove that the decreasing fertility of the soil is the great and necessary cause of a decline of profits, it is, I conceive, unwarrantably assumed, that the effect cannot be entirely borne by the labourer, and that, therefore, of necessity, some part of it must fall upon capital. This necessity I cannot perceive. As population was advancing, the wages of labour must have been more than what would be necessary to the subsistence of the labourers, with such families as would keep up an unvarying population; they may sustain some reduction, and why not the entire amount of the reduction that has taken place in the returns made to labour and capital? It should be remembered that these diminutions in the returns to capital and labour proceed by imperceptibly small differences, and not by sudden steps, and that, as long as population increases, the labourer may sustain some reduction in his wages. And even if the labourer cannot bear the entire reduction and continue to support himself and his family, as usual, out of the diminished wages, what is it that determines how large a portion of the reduction shall be borne by him, and how much, from his inability to bear the whole, will be thrown upon

the capitalist? To say merely that part must be borne by the labourer, and the rest by the capitalist, is a very lame way of regulating a matter that must be settled by contract. Even on the principle against which I am contending, I see no way of determining the diminution the labourer can bear, except by leaving him such wages only, as shall be sufficient for his subsistence, and that of such a family, on an average, as shall sustain a merely stationary population. This cause, therefore, of a reduction of profits, can only operate when population ceases to increase. But I do not say that it is expedient that the wages of his labour should be thus reduced, but merely, that while population is increasing, he cannot occasion a fall in profits by his inability to bear a reduction of wages. The matter is left open to contract, where the only circumstance which increases, or causes the rate of wages, is the competition of employers, and this will not be increased by an increase in the number of labourers, unaccompanied by an increase of capital.

"In the argument to prove that the increase of capital has no tendency to diminish the rate of profits, the fallacy, I conceive, lies in the assumption, that without an increase of population an increased supply of any article can find purchasers without a reduction of price, and that, therefore, the additional capital can be employed in the same manner, and with the same rate of profits, as the old capital was before such addition took place. This, I think, is not true, but it is enough to say that it has never been attempted to be proved."

In order to facilitate the conception of his view of the matter, Mr. Longfield considers capital as a species of machinery which is hired out, as it were, to labourers at such a rate as they may find it convenient to pay for its assistance in facilitating production. "If the owner of one machine could obtain more for its use, than the owner of another of equal value and durability, people would purchase, and artificers would then make the former rather than the latter, until the profits of each were reduced to their level. This level must be determined by the less efficient machine, since the sum paid

for its use can never exceed the value of the assistance which it gives to the labourer," "while its lesser limit is determined by the efficiency of that capital which, without imprudence, is employed in the least efficient manner."

"It may be thought," he observes, "that this analysis of profits is imperfect, as applying only to that portion of capital which is employed in machinery, or in assisting labour; but that I appear to have left altogether out of consideration the profits of that portion of capital which is employed in paying the wages of the labourer, or in advancing to him the means of his subsistence, while the product of his labour is incomplete or unsold. This is usually called circulating capital, and it is evident that the profits of this must be regulated by the profits of fixed capital. Both must keep their level, or bear their natural proportion to each other; and I have confined my investigations to fixed capital, because I conceived that its profits admitted more readily a comparison with labour, being regulated by that portion which the necessity of employing all capital within the country, compels to be least efficiently employed. The additional capital is so mixed up with the former quantity, that no separation can be made, except in imagination. A machine may render labour one thousand times more productive, and yet may partly consist of that capital which is least efficiently employed, since perhaps a similar machine, made in a less expensive manner, might be nearly as efficient in increasing the productiveness of labour. In such a case, I consider the difference in expense between the two machines as the last application of capital in this respect, and the difference of their efficiency as the measure of the efficiency of such last application."

In the next lecture the professor treats of wages; a subject confessedly the most important, from the multitude of those whose subsistence depends entirely upon them. We like the feeling which led to the following remarks:

"There is one cause commonly assigned for the relative wages in different countries, to which I cannot agree, and which is generally supported

by a confused species of reasoning, confusing primary and secondary causes, and mixing metaphor and analogy with apparent demonstrative reasoning. The doctrine I allude to is this, that the value of labour, like every thing else, depends upon the cost of production, and that the cost of production of a labourer is that sum, which, according to his natural or artificial wants, is sufficient to support the labourer, together with, on an average, such a family as is necessary to keep up the population of the country, and to enable it to increase, or remain stationary, according as the wants of the nation require an increasing, or a stationary population. We know how the cost of production of any article has the power of regulating its average price, since the being able to procure such a price is the only and the necessary condition on which any persons will continue to produce the article. But the attempt to prove this truth by analogy, and to find out what is the cost of production of common labourers, appears to be trifling with a serious subject. No such calculations are made previous to the production of a common labourer. He is not produced for the sake of what he can afterwards earn. The expression, therefore, "cost of production," is merely metaphorical when applied to such a case; and no argument can be drawn from it, since the analogy is deficient in the very circumstance through which the cost of production affects the price of articles of commerce."

Mr. Longfield's view of wages is necessarily influenced by his view of profits. If the one be the sum which the labourer must pay for the use of the capital or machinery by which his efforts are rendered more productive, the other must be all that remains after that obligation has been discharged. He very properly separates the consideration of the remote and indirect causes which influence the condition of society, from those causes which determine the actual scale of remuneration by which their separate portions of the national wealth are distributed amongst its members. "Most effects are produced by a variety of causes, all concurring to the same effect, and all essential to its production; so that if any one of those causes had been

absent, the effect would not have been produced. Some of those causes are generally certain laws of nature, others are mere facts, and properly speaking they altogether combine to form one cause. But in ordinary conversation, if we were asked the cause of any event, we should not answer by stating all the causes which concurred to produce it. We should attend more to the object which the interrogator had in view, and merely inform him of that cause which we supposed him previously ignorant of; and we should not hesitate to say that *that* was the cause, whether it was a fact or a law of nature, and whether its connection with the event enquired about, was immediate or remote. Hence, the word cause is used in a very extended sense. But this does not make it the less important to distinguish the immediate and primary, from the mediate and secondary causes, and to examine and lay down accurately the rules by which they are connected. We shall then be able to form clear ideas, and what is scarcely less important, to use consistent language respecting the operation of those causes, and we shall not be involved either in a confusion of ideas, or a verbal controversy, if we find, as we frequently shall find, the primary causes producing a certain effect, and that effect re-acting upon the secondary causes, in such a manner as through them to influence the primary causes, and thus to prevent the first effect from being permanent."

There is no doubt that in certain states of society the competition will be amongst employers for labourers, and in certain states the competition will be amongst labourers for employers. In the one case wages will be comparatively high, in the other comparatively low; but in both cases they will bear a certain proportion to profits.

"The share of the article which each labourer will receive, is found by computing how much of the entire value consists of labour, and how much of profit, and then dividing the former among the labourers, in proportion to the quantity and value of each man's labour. Thus, if the rate of profit is ten per cent per annum, and a commodity is fabricated by the labour of ten men, each contributing equal quantities and values of labour, and each

being paid his wages on an average, a year before the sale of the article; then, the wages of each labourer must be 1-11th of what it sells for, the remaining 1-11th going as profit to the capitalist; and this must equally happen whether the article is one of luxury or necessity."

"In the same manner may be calculated how much of any commodity can be procured by any labourer in exchange for his wages, viz., by first calculating what portion will be received by the labourer employed in its fabrication, and then, on the principles which determine the relative wages of labour, determining the proportion that must exist between the wages of this latter labourer, and those of the one whose wages we desire to ascertain. A labourer will not receive for his wages either more or less than the amount of what he produces, minus the profits received by the capitalist."

That one man's labour is more valuable than that of another, and that there is a great difference between the various lengths of time that must elapse between the employment of the labourer and the sale of the produce of his labour, interferes not in the least. Mr. Longfield contends, with the general truth, that "*the wages of labour depend upon the rate of profit, and the productiveness of labour employed in the fabrication of those commodities in which the wages of labour are paid*"; and that, therefore, the comforts of the labourer will depend upon the rate of profits, the relative value of his labour, and the productiveness of that labour which is employed in fabricating those commodities upon which he wishes to expend his labour." The first will only introduce a new element into the calculation which distributes to each labourer the amount of his wages, according as he has been instrumental in producing a greater or a less share of the commodity upon the fabrication of which he was employed; and the other only renders the calculation somewhat more complex, though by no means more inconceivable. It is, therefore, Mr. Longfield contends, demonstrably true, that nothing can produce increased wages for the labourer, but a diminution in the rate of profits, or an increase in the productiveness of labour.

"He cannot gain much by a reduc-

tion of the rate of profits. If a labourer earns eight pence a day, advanced to him at an average interval of a year before the produce of his work is sold, a reduction of profits from ten to five per cent, would not add one halfpenny a day to his wages, and the total surrender of profits could not raise his wages to nine pence a day; besides, it is utterly impossible for any direct act of legislation to diminish profits in such a manner as to improve the condition of the labourer. This can only be effected by the gradual increase of capital, and by the spread of peace, and order, and justice, and freedom, and security; in short, by every law and custom, and circumstance, which would enable capital to accumulate, or invite it to come, or induce it to stay. From the wages of labour must be necessarily subtracted a certain sum proportional to the rate of profit, and an additional sum for an insurance against fraud and outrage. Every destruction of property by fraud or violence increases the amount of this insurance, and thus the irresistible nature of things imposes a tax upon the labourer sufficient to indemnify his employer for every injury occasioned by his misconduct. Another necessary consequence from what I have proved to you to day is, that taxes, unless so far as their sudden imposition disturbs the channel in which industry has been accustomed to flow, cannot effect the condition of the labourer, except when they are imposed on the commodities on which he would desire to expend his wages. The payment of a tax may be considered as part of the cost of production of the commodity on which it is imposed, and in all cases it falls on the unproductive consumer; that is, upon the person who consumes it in such a manner, that the mere consumption does not transfer its value to any thing else."

This theory is now fairly before the reader, and we leave him to judge of its merits. To us it appears both plausible and ingenious, and it will surprise us if it do not very speedily supersede that which has been deduced by the Malthusian or Ricardo economists from the new theory of rent. In originating it, our author is free from the least taint of paradox or affectation. He appears to have

viewed his subject in all its bearings, and with all the maturity and circumspection which its importance required. There is a manly modesty in his mode of putting forward his own views, which well becomes the severe simplicity of science, and where he dissents from those of other men, there is a quietness and ease as well as a fairness and candour in his mode of dealing with them, that ought, at least, to ensure their respect and admiration. On the whole, the present work is highly creditable to the Dublin University. We have, we confess, some pride in thinking that our first professor, in his first course of lectures, has already laid one of the corner stones of the new science; and we shall only say, that if he proceeds as he has begun, it is our belief that the living man does not exist by whom political economy may be more advantaged.

One thing alone we desiderate, namely, somewhat more of elementary clearness in the manner of putting forward his opinions. The work before us is fitter for the study than the lecture room; and we are persuaded much of it must have been misunderstood by many of those before whom it was delivered. This is a serious evil; and it would not cost Mr. Longfield much pains to be as clear and intelligible as he is profound and ingenious. His habits are, we know, those of a deep thinker; and they must naturally be, to a certain degree, adverse to those of a popular lecturer. Besides, the very clearness with which a man apprehends abstract truths himself, may often render him unconscious of the necessity of levelling his exposition of them to the apprehensions of others. But such an accommodation on his part is absolutely indispensable to his utility as an oral instructor; and he might, literally, as well speak in an unknown tongue, or out of hearing distance, as convey his thoughts in a phraseology, that must over-shoot or out-strip the undertakings of his audience. He should consider himself as a *guide*, and take care not to advance at a rate that must leave his followers lagging behind him. We feel persuaded that he will excuse us for thus freely expressing ourselves upon the only point in which he appears deficient as a lecturer, as our

object can be, that his great ability and his solid and extensive information may be as useful to others as are creditable to himself. If Mr. Field would select some individual average understanding, and make the touch-stone, as it were, of the intelligibility of his lectures before delivery, taking care to alter or to modify whatever was not clearly apprehended by that individual *at the first reading*, every thing desirable would be accomplished. He would then convey important truths in language which could not be misunderstood, and his lectures would render the science as popular as his discoveries are calculated to render it useful.

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

I stand before her, and the shades
 Of well-remembered hours appear—
 And quick through mem'ry's haunted glades
 Their visionary shapes career,
 Till each into thy darkness fades,
 Thou vanished year!

I gaze upon her glowing cheek,
 As then, unseamed by sorrow's tear;
 But vainly 'mid its softness seek
 My warm, my last impression there;
 Thou hast effaced that conscious streak,
 Thou vanished year!

I watch intent that speaking eye—
 No shadow dims its radiance clear:
 When last we breathed our farewell sigh,
 Its lid was steeped in sorrow's tear;
 Why quench that parting agony,
 Thou vanished year!

I touch a chord, whose meaning tells
 Of some returning lover's fear—
 But no responsive accent swells,
 No hope-bestowing smiles appear;
 Chill in her heart thy influence dwells,
 Thou vanished year!

What wonder, that amid these halls,
 Where gladness sports in festive cheer;
 A darkness o'er my spirit falls;
 And that I stand no fit compeer
 For aught, but thy slow mouldering palls,
 Thou vanished year!

Yet the same thrilling voice outpours
 Its floods of music on my ear—
 And listening memory restores
 Forgotten tones, *thus* doubly dear:
 They are the echoes of thy hours,
 Thou vanished year!

Spectres of former days pass by!
 Pass on your destined, dim career!
 Nor flaunt your forms in mockery
 Of buried hopes and feelings here.
 Give back the deep reality
 Thou vanished year!

RAMBLING RECOLLECTIONS—No. II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

"Yet oft times in his maddest mirthful mood
 Strange pangs would flash across Childe Harold's brow,
 As if the memory of some deadly feud,
 Or disappointed passion lurked below."—BYRON.

The sun was shining gloriously as we toiled up the mountain road that leads from Zurich to Zong, a distance of about fifteen miles. We halted on the summit of a hill, and breakfasted at a small auberge, which commands a beautiful view of the lake and town. Passing through Baur, we reached Zong at noon, took up our quarters at the "Cerf," and accompanied by "mine host," a remarkably fine young man, set off to visit the nunnery.

From the inmates of the convent we received a polite reception. We found them instructing a number of interesting girls in French and music—and judging from sundry articles of female workmanship which we purchased, the pupils were proficient in painting, and the fabrication of those little elegancies of art, in which the fairer sex excel. It was astonishing how soon Mr. Mac Dermott, who had been rather dolorous since he parted with the colonel and his lady, recovered his spirits. Of fancy works he declared himself an admirer, and in pincushions, a perfect connoisseur. As he seemed likely to prove a profitable customer, his wants being many, he found favor with the sisterhood, till alas! a lynx-eyed *relicuse* detected him pressing the hand of a novice, from whom he was purchasing a pencil-case. Such sinful proceeding on the part of a good Catholic, was deplorable. I felt my face redden—while my companion, with unblushing assurance, looked innocent of guile, as if he had been offering up an "Ave Mary," instead of making unholy advances to the very prettiest of these "inads of heaven."

From this blessed bazaar we proceeded to the chapel, where there is an extensive ossuary, every scull bearing the name of the quondam pro-

prietor. The tombs in the burying ground adjacent, are decorated with metal crosses, prettily gilt and painted, on most of which an epitaph is inscribed, together with a miniature of the departed. In the church, which is not far from the chapel, the graves are ornamented with flowering plants that are cultivated with great care. Here the plate, or as it is called "the treasure," was exhibited; but the greater portion disappeared during the revolutionary wars, and was melted down to pay the soldiery. There is one very curious article in the collection. The design is taken from the book of Revelations, and represents the angel coming down from heaven with a chain to bind Satan for a thousand years, when the Millenium is to commence. The figures are beautifully executed. Mac declared that a worse tempered man than the devil looked, he had never met with in his travels; "but it was no wonder if he was to be strapped up neck and heels like a deserter, and that too by an old acquaintance."

Next day we proceeded to Lucerne, the capital of the Canton. This ancient town, according to Muller's computation, stands 1320 feet above the level of the sea. The situation is extremely picturesque, and the view from the city extensive as it is beautiful. Lucerne may be called the foreground of the boundless scenery of the Alps. From the lake, Mounts Pilate and Righi rise from opposite shores; the one crowned with bare and savage rocks; the other with verdure, and on its summit a cross. Beyond these a chain of inaccessible mountains covered with eternal snows, present themselves. The river Reuss flows from the lake, and passes through a part of the town. Over its waters four wooden bridges

are thrown, one of which is nearly 1400 feet in length. All the bridges are ornamented with badly executed paintings, the subjects taken either from the Old and New Testaments, or Swiss history. On the hill immediately above the town, a board with fixed sights and a moveable ruler, enables the traveller to find any of the surrounding mountains, their heights from the level of the lake, and distance from the eye, and from each other. By the index on the board, the altitude of the highest appeared to be 4700 feet.

Descending the hill, we visited the the Hotel De Ville. Its ceiling is of oak, and the workmanship exquisite. The paintings are numerous and but indifferent—the most remarkable a Moses on Mount Sinai giving the commandments.

The Arsenal was our next object. Here the banners of the town are shown, stained with the blood of Avoyer Gundelinguem, who was killed at the battle of Sempach, in 1385. There is also preserved here a curious assortment of ancient cross bows and arrows, with cannon and various fire arms.

The cathedral is worth visiting. Like other Catholic churches on the Continent, it is liberally supplied with cross looking virgins and children; some were royally crowned, while others were shabbily arrayed in large wigs, not of the newest fashion. The organ is chief lion, and from its magnitude, an object of uncommon interest. It was built by J. Geissler of Salzbouurg, 1651, at the expense of 9568 Florins, and occupied this celebrated artist for seventeen years. It contains 2826 pipes, of which the largest is thirty seven feet long, by two one half in diameter. On each side there are twenty six stops, with three rows of keys, and one of pedals; and it requires fifteen pair of bellows to supply a sufficiency of wind. We sent for the organist who attended and played a few airs, that we might judge what the body of its tone was. The effect was indeed surprising; and when the great pipe was used, the whole edifice appeared to tremble. Whether M. Basnurrus was a good musician I cannot pretend to say; but that he was an excellent Catholic, is indisputable. A five franc piece which he modestly accepted for his

trouble, as it came from my heretical hand, underwent a regular ablution in holy water before this worthy man, would condescend to pocket it.

Among the works of art in Lucerne, Rheinhard's paintings of the costumes of the Cantons, and the celebrated model of the Swiss mountains, by General Pfyffer, are the most remarkable. The latter represents an extent of 180 square leagues. The highest mountain marked on the model, in height 9700 feet, is but ten inches above the level of the lake of Lucerne or Waldstet—yet hill and valley, rivers and roads, chateaux and crosses—all are marked with astonishing accuracy. Indeed this model is a chef d'œuvre of its kind, and the dullest tourist is stricken with its miniature resemblance to the mighty panorama which it represents.

In the evening we hired a boat, and rowed for five miles down the lake, to view Kussnach, and the chapel of William Tell, where he shot the tyrant Gesler. Another chapel near Altorf, commemorates his escape from prison.

Lucerne, like all old towns, has narrow streets, and there are no footways; but some of the houses are very good; the auberges are cheap, and on the whole, it is a place rife with many sights and recollections to interest the traveller. Our route to Berne was not worth chronicling particularly. We saw some beautiful scenery, were caught in a thunder storm, got a bad dinner at Kilchberg, and in the evening were safely deposited at the crown hotel in the *Rue grande*.

Berne is beautifully situated on the slope of a hill, at the base of which the river Aar winds. The houses are built with cut stone, the streets wide and clean, the pathways flagged and arched over, which renders them a dry promenade in all weathers, and in sunshine particularly agreeable. The Gothic cathedral with its admired steeple, the hospital (Eglis du St. Esprit) rebuilt in 1722, the library of 30,000 volumes and 1500 manuscripts, the small museum of natural history, and the botanic gardens, are all extremely interesting, and Berne is reckoned one of the most desirable residences in Switzerland. Our guide, acquainted us that here Haller was born, (his picture may be seen in the

museum) and the best gunpowder in Europe was manufactured near the town. Mr. Mac doubted "whether Hall or Harvey were not as good; but as he recommended it, he, Mac, would try a cannister or two of Haller's." Was there ever such a Vandal?

We left for Lausanne next day, and reached Morat for dinner. The town is situated on a lake of the same name, but wants those charms of Swiss scenery, wood and mountain. It is celebrated as the scene of the defeat of Charles the Bold, in 1476; and a little chapel, filled with the bones of those that fell, bears this pithy inscription:—"The army of Charles the Bold, besieging Morat, left this monument of its passage." Mr. Mac Dermott observed that "they might call him 'bold' here; but he was too timid in London, or he would never have popped his head out of Lord Melbourne's middle window to lay it on the block. Many a time he had looked at it (the window) while kicking his heels at the horse guards." It was useless to explain; Mac confounded the martyr of England with the daring Duke of Normandy—N'importe.

On our route to Moudon we passed the little village of Avanches; the Aventicum of the Romans, endeared to antiquarians by its marble column and shattered sculpture; and Payerne, where leather-dealers would worship, as there is preserved the saddle of Queen Bertha, who, no doubt, was a thrifty gentlewoman, as the pommel is provided with a hole for the reception of her distaffe, shewing, that when

"——— on pleasure bent,
She had a frugal mind."

The country between this and Berne is highly cultivated, and gives promise of excellent crops. Mac is no agriculturist. I pointed out, after a few miles, Mont Blanc and the surrounding Alps; but my companion was fast asleep, and so continued till we entered Lausanne, and stopped at the "Lion d'Or."

The town stands 432 feet above the level of the lake, and the views from it are perfectly enchanting. Independently of scenic beauty, it boasts a high antiquity, and numerous remains of its Roman origin ornament the library. The academy and Cathedral are worth the traveller's notice; and to the literati, the place where "our

Gibbon" resided, is "holy ground." The house in which "The decline and fall of the Roman Empire" was written, is now inhabited by a banker, and the bay window and terrace which the historian mentions in his letters, are still preserved precisely as he left them. Lausanne is said to be the cheapest place imaginable; a man may board in a most respectable lodging-house for five or six louis a month—and in an indifferent one, for *three*.

I put Byron's poem in my pocket, and set out for the castle of Chillon. We passed Lutri Crilly and St. Sapharan, and reached Vevey for breakfast, after a pleasant drive of nine miles. From Vevey the view is magnificent—the splendid lake, skirted with towns, villages, and chateaux, and Meillerie immortalized by J. J. Rousseau. Indeed many prefer this place to Lausanne or Geneva; and the prospect from the church, embracing the mountains of "the Valois," the Glacier's Sugar-loaf, and part of St. Bernard, is inexpressibly grand. Clarence, the beautiful object of Rousseau's fancy, was visited; but we looked in vain for the Castle of Wolmar; for, notwithstanding his florid painting, it is said that Jean Jaques was never there!

At Motiers he composed his famous "Lettres de la Montaigne," which gave such mortal offence to the clergy that they memorialized the king of Prussia, and requested that he would disgrace the writer. Frederick's reply was full of dignity, and he refused the churchmen's prayer. But though protected by the king, Rousseau was insulted by the populace, and driven for shelter to the little island of St. Pierre in the Brienne. When offered pecuniary assistance by Frederick, his direct refusal elicited that eccentric monarch's admiration:—"That man's indifference to money is, at least, a near approach to virtue; and if he ever wants a king, I trust that he will oblige me with a preference!"

Passing the neat villages of Montreux and Charney, built on the side of the mountain, in a few minutes we reached the castle of Chillon. This ancient fortress is situated between Clarence and Villeneuve: on its left is the entrance of the Rhone, and opposite the heights of Meillerie and the range of Alps above St. Gingo. In

the dungeons of Chillon the early reformers were confined, and subsequently it was occupied by prisoners for state offences. Across one of the vaults, a beam, black with age, is pointed out, where those who, "proud of persecution's rage," were executed. The roof of one cell is supported by eight pillars, and the iron ring to which Bonnivard was chained remains. A board hangs on the pillar with this inscription—"Chillon was built in 1236, by Pierre de Savage, surnamed the 'petit Charlemagne.' Others say that it was erected in 1120. In the year 1530, F. Bonnivard, of Geneva, prior of St. Victor, having had a dispute with the bishop of this town, was shut up in the dungeon of the castle, by order of the Duke of Savoy, and did not regain his liberty until the year 1536." The cell is damp and gloomy;

"A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave
Below the surface of the lake,
The dark vault lies."

The "little isle" has a remarkable effect when seen from Chillon; and from its singleness and diminutive size, presents an imposing object to the eye—

"A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue."

The only thing in the poetic description of the castle and island is the number of the trees and pillars. On Bonnivard's pillar many names are cut, and among the rest we discovered "Byron, 1816."

We reached Geneva early next morning. The town stands on a rising ground above the lake, and is divided by the "dark blue waters" of the Rhone. Excepting the library there is little to interest the tourist, although the trader will have much in its extensive manufactures to admire. At the distance of a league from Geneva, stands Byron's favourite chateau. When here in 1816, I visited him in company with a friend. Unfortunately his lordship had been severely indisposed, and obliged for several days to keep his room. He sent us a kind message by

his servant, regretting his inability to receive us, accompanied by the key of the garden, and a request that we would cut some fruit and walk on the balcony, which commanded a magnificent view of the lake as far as the castle of Chillon. As we passed one of the windows we saw the poet lying on a sofa, and he saluted us. He seemed as if in pain; and a momentary glance at his fine and intelligent face plainly told that he suffered from bodily ailment less than "a mind diseased."

Other names of "lettered eminence" are closely associated with Geneva. In the Garden of the chateau of Copet, the remains of Necker and Madame de Staël are lying, and no monument covers them. Ferney, the residence of Voltaire, is in the same state as when, forty years ago, the philosopher occupied it. The pictures hang upon the walls, the furniture continues undisturbed; all is there but the gifted man who tenanted its spacious chambers. The view of the lake, the Alps, and Mount Blanc from the house and grounds, is very fine.

We left Geneva to visit the interesting valley of Chamouni, in a small and coarsely-built four-wheeled carriage, drawn by a pair of mules. The narrowness and roughness of the road renders it impracticable to more comfortable vehicles. On our route, we stopped to view the cascade of Chede. As the water was abundant, and the fall is computed at 300 feet, it forms an interesting object. The morning was remarkably fine, and the sunbeams falling on the spray formed the most beautiful iris I ever looked at. While I was gazing with delight upon this splendid bow, Mr. Mac Dermott had discovered a more engrossing feature of the scene—a very pretty girl employed in sketching the cascade.

For the soul of me I cannot comprehend by what freemasonry the fellow manages to slip into society with persons from all corners of the earth, with whose very existence he had been previously unacquainted. Surely that look and brogue of his are sufficient to alarm an Amazon—and yet, before I had completed a hasty survey of the rainbow, he was pointing pencils for the fair artist, and basking in the sunshine of the brightest blue eye that

ever undone a traveller! But the old man, her father, approaches; he will bring pencil cutting to a close and mar the tête à tête. God help me! never was I more astray. There is an interchange of smiles and snuff between the parties. Mac's "Masulipitan" is requited with the stranger's "Strasburgh," and in five minutes I expect to see the whole group contract an eternal friendship, and register it in heaven, upon all the beauties of the cascade!

As I anticipated, the mischief is done. The old man and his daughter are bound for Chamouni; and Mac has made it exceedingly plain, that the interests of all require us to occupy the same inn and table, and establish a sort of travelling copartnership. The father, of course, will be turned over to my attentions, while my worthy companion superintends the lady and her portfolio. Well, no matter for a day or two; the old man looks intelligent, and I'll submit.

Proceeding on our route, accompanied by the strangers in a small caleche, we ascended the hill and reached the lake, which bears the same name of the fall we had been viewing. Still toiling on, we gained Lezouche, to which the Glaciers of Mont Blanc approximate. Short as the ascent was, the changes in atmospheric temperature were most rapid. At the fall the thermometer stood at 78°; on the hill above the lake it sank to 70°; and on the highest level of the road, where we turned aside to gain a better prospect of the glaciers, placed upon the snow, it fell to 32°. A cold shower hurried us on to Chamouni, and we were happy to find ourselves safe from the weather at the Hotel de Londres.

In this valley a convent of Benedictines was founded by a count of Geneva, in 1099; but Chamouni was unknown to Europe till 1741, when it was discovered by Doctor Pocock and Mr. Windham; and it was reserved for two English tourists to declare the existence of a country situated only eighteen leagues from Geneva!

The village is very small. It contains but the priory and a few houses. The museum of minerals, however, is worth attention; and the old gentleman, after dinner accompanied me to visit this cabinet. The *demoiselle* pro-

ceeded with her sketch, and Mr. Mac remained with *madame*, to aid, comfort, and point the pencils.

At seven o'clock next morning we commenced the ascent of Montanvert, elevated 2,600 feet above the valley of Chamouni. Our mules carried us about half way, when the steeps became so frequent and abrupt that we were obliged to dismount and send the quadrupeds back. The road, or rather pathway from the valley, is rapid in ascent, but not dangerous, and runs through a forest of pines and larch trees. Three hours' toil completed the journey, and placed us before the temple on the summit. On the front of the building is inscribed, "A la nature;" and within, a book, the "*Livre des Amis*," is kept, in which travellers indite their names, and, if they please, a record of the particulars of their expedition.

The view from the temple is grand beyond description. To the south we saw the Noir Aiguille of Charmay; on the north, the Rougeatre de Dra, 6,000 feet higher than the spot we stood, from which it is separated by the Mer de Glace. Many other mountains of extraordinary shape are visible from Montanvert, the names of which our guide, Marie Gabrielle Payot, enumerated. Underneath the valley of Chamouni appears, while the glaciers, and more particularly the Mer de Glace, resembles a sea suddenly frozen in its most violent agitation, over whose surface sharp and savage rocks protrude, casting on the lighter ice a tint of variable blue.

We walked upon this frozen sea, until the excessive coldness of our feet induced us to abandon it for terra firma. Here stands the block of granite, where Doctor Pocock and his companion sheltered from a violent thunder storm, and dined in 1741, on the day they first discovered this long forgotten valley. The shelter is indeed excellent, but we were fortunate enough not to need it; and after partaking of bread and milk with the shepherd who inhabited the temple of nature, we repaid him by purchasing a few crystals, and made a safe descent to our inn by the *Glacier du bois*, from which the river Arveran takes its source.

Next day we set off for Martigny. Our fair companion was too much

fatigued by the exertions of her late expedition to attempt the Col de Balme. She therefore preferred accompanying the baggage, which made a *detour* by Valorsini and the *Tete Noire*. Mr. MacDermott unaccountably sprained his ankle when we were about to leave Chamouni, and the old gentleman declared himself anxious to be my companion. Mr. Mac, though "hors de combat," offered his protection to the lady, and our effects. Of course it was accepted; and we accordingly took different routes, I having first intimated to my worthy camarado that if he did not intend to reappear, he would oblige me much by leaving my portmanteaus at Trient, and agreeably to article No. 4, notify his designs, if any, upon the fair *artiste*, to enable me to bolt in good time before the catastrophe. We stood beside the iron cross that marks the summit of the Col de Balme, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. The day was particularly fine, and, of course, the view magnificent. We looked over the valley of Chamouni, and "the valais" almost to Sion, or, as it is called, "the valley of the Rhone." The Alpine scenery was grand beyond description; and Mont Blanc appeared in all his glory. The air was keen, although the sun was cloudless; and the thermometer which stood in the valley at 70°, (in the shade) fell on the height to 44°.

Women recover from fatigue, I suppose, rapidly; for on our descent to Trient, I observed through a telescope a lady and gentleman walking in front of the auberge, in whom I recognized my disabled friend and "the old man's daughter." Mr. Mac's convalescence appeared miraculous. At Chamouni he was lame as a Greenwich pensioner, but a drive in the caleche had restored the infirm member, and he moved as jauntily about as if he had been receiving a lesson from *Coulon*. Indeed I was delighted to assure myself of his identity at a mile off. I know him to be "an honourable man;" but, Lord! in the hurry he might forget No. *four*. From the miserable appearance of this Alpine hostile, we only waited to take a hasty lunch, and proceeding on our route, crossed the Col de Forclas, and reached Martigny for dinner.

This beautiful valley presented a

very melancholy spectacle. A frightful calamity had recently befallen it; and we were fated to view the wreck that marked the extent of the accident.

In the preceding May an avalanche had fallen from the heights of Chermontane, and interrupted the course of the river Dranse. The impeded waters filled the narrow valley of Bague, and formed an immense reservoir, in some places three hundred feet in depth.

At six o'clock on the evening of the 16th of June, the barrier burst suddenly, and the accumulated mass of waters inundated the whole valley for miles beyond Martigny. In its fury, the torrent carried all before it; and rocks, houses, trees, and cattle, were swept away. In the village the flood rose above the second story, and forty persons were lost. It is impossible to describe the wretchedness of these isolated mountaineers. Many of them wanted houses, more wanted bread; for the mills and granaries were swept off by the torrent. The valley was partly overspread with sand and covered with the wreck of dwellings, furniture, dead cattle, and uprooted trees. Though a month had nearly elapsed since the accident occurred, persons were still engaged in clearing the sand and rubbish from their houses. We slept here, and early in the morning hurried from this scene of misery, after contributing our mites towards relieving the numerous unfortunates who were bereaved of relations and property.

We kept the left bank of the Rhone to Riddes, and then crossed to the right by a wooden bridge. Two hours more brought us to Sion, the capital of the "Valais." The town is surrounded by lofty mountains; and several ruined castles add to its picturesque appearance. One of those ancient buildings is still undecayed, and inhabited by the bishop. Sion, or Setten, possesses many Roman antiquities, some of which were discovered during its occupation by the French, in 1799.

We recommenced our journey very early next morning; passed through St. Lionhard, and crossing again to the left bank of the river, saw the village of Leuk on the opposite side, perched on the brow of the mountain. A league farther, at the hamlet of Gemmi,

the celebrated baths of Leuk are situated, environed by scenery of the most romantic character. At Visp we breakfasted, and went afterwards to visit the fall, which is about a quarter of a mile distant from the auberge. It is worth the traveller's notice, and I think not inferior to that of Martigny. The height of this cascade is probably a hundred and fifty feet, and as there is always an immense body of water discharging over the ledge of rock, the noise is deafening. The fair artist made a hasty sketch; *Mac*, of course, in charge of the portfolio. I think the old citizen has taken the alarm, if he has not, the man must be blind as a beetle. At five we reached Breig or Bryg, the first village on the great road leading over the Simplon into Italy.

The Rhone here is broad and rapid, and the stream, broken in many places by numerous islands, and surrounded by high and rugged mountains, has a wild and picturesque appearance. But the valley is remarkably fertile, and cultivation has crept up the hills to a considerable extent. German is the prevailing language; and if numerous churches indicate a proportionate morality, the population must be an exemplary community, for, small as the village is, we counted six or seven. The church of Glys, a short distance from the town, has some good carving and bad pictures. This remote place has suffered occasionally from storms and earthquakes, and in 1755, when Lisbon was destroyed, many of the houses of Breig were overthrown.

In this valley, but more particularly at Sion, we observed several persons afflicted with that hernia of the throat, called by the French, *goître*. In some cases the swelling was very extensive, reaching to the breast. Throughout Switzerland this disorder is very general among the lower classes. It is still more prevalent with women than men, and has been attributed, I know not with what truth, to the frequent use of water from the glaciers. It is a sad enemy to female beauty, and the more singular as being indigenous to a country, whose inhabitants are otherwise so healthy as the Swiss.

We have parted with our fellow travellers rather unexpectedly, who decline crossing the Simplon, and

return to Lausanne to await the arrival of a relation, who purposes accompanying them into Italy. I am glad of this for every reason; there is a mystery about Mr. Mac Dermott that I have been unable to penetrate. At times he seems unhappy, and recollections obtrude upon his gayest moments, which cloud his brow, while his efforts at concealment, indicate a spirit struggling by native elasticity, to overcome thoughts that rack its quietude. His attentions to Miss Selwyn are not like those of the fugitive flirtations in which I have seen him indulge; and she, I suspect, has not heard him with indifference, but time will shew. The old gentleman is a retired trader; wealthy no doubt. His daughter appears gentle and affectionate. If I am not astray, after we retired last night, there was a farewell interview. I saw a tear fall from beneath her veil this morning, as *Mac* handed her to the calèche; and since her departure the swain looks *triste* and dejected, while frequently he contemplates a ring that I never before remarked upon his finger. But, what are their follies to me? He'll forget her before we see St. Peter's!

An hour after we bade our fair companion adieu, we turned our faces to the Simplon. The road that crosses it remains a splendid and imperishable monument to the mighty genius of Napoleon. It was commenced in 1801, and completed in 1805, during which time three thousand workmen were daily employed upon this herculean undertaking. It opens at the church of Glys, a quarter of a mile west of Breig, and terminates at Domo D'Ossola, a distance of fifty miles. The old road by which the mountains were formerly crossed, was impracticable to carriages of every description, being in many places not above a foot wide. The present one is all through twenty-five feet in breadth, with an inclination, not exceeding two and a half inches in every six feet. There are fifty bridges over rivers and ravines, besides, in many places the road is scarped along the heights, or, cut through solid rock, runs underneath the mountain. In eight hours we reached the highest point of the line; and in an hour and half, arrived at the little hamlet of

Simplan, for breakfast. Before we gained the village we passed the ancient hospital on the right; and, on the left, the magnificent convent then in progress of building, and erected to the second story.

After a three hours rest we proceeded to Gateig, crossing the river repeatedly, over well-built and handsome bridges. The mountains which overhang the road and stream, appear of immense height, and give to the scenery around, a savage wildness that is not to be described. A few minutes brought us to the magnificent cascades of Frissinoni, or Alpernbash. Traversing a gallery cut through the living rock, two hundred and twenty feet in length, and in height thirty, we found it terminate in a beautiful arch, where the cascades, meeting at right angles, discharged their united waters with a thundering noise over a fall of at least three hundred feet. Farther on, another cataract glides over the smooth shelf of granite with a silvery whiteness. The effect which rocks, waterfalls, and mountains, produce, may be well imagined. We stopped beyond the bridge, lost in admiration, to contemplate a scene where nature displayed her grandeur, and man exercised his ingenuity.

At Isilla our trunks, &c. were carefully examined. Passing the frightful gulph of Yesillo, and the "Val Dividro," we arrived at Crevola, and crossing the Veriola by its beautiful bridge, halted late that evening at the Domo D'Ossola.

The latter part of our route lay through solitudes wild and savage, beyond anything we had hitherto met. Overhung by rocks and precipices, the road is not only gloomy, but at times, most dangerous. In wet weather, stones of immense size detach themselves from the heights, and frequently threaten the passengers with destruction, while numerous remains of avalanches prove that they too, are by no means infrequent.

We continued our journey, and arrived early next day at Bavino, on Lake Maggiori, and having procured a boat, visited the Boromean islands, esteemed as the chief beauties of the lake, and among the many wonders of Italy. The chateaux and gardens on the isle called "Bella" are truly beau-

tiful. In the house we saw some fine paintings, and exquisite statues in white marble; and were much pleased with the appearance of the lower suite of apartments, ornamented with shell-work and paved with pebbles. Our sail occupied us 'till dinner hour; when, bidding Bavino farewell, we pursued our route through one of the sweetest vallies that ever Alpine solitudes concealed, and halted at Avona on the western side of the lake.

To Milan our journey was not very interesting. Crossing the Ticino on a raft, we found ourselves upon the plains of Lombardy, "the pleasant garden of great Italy," and leaving Gallarate and Castilanza, reached the "ancient city," harbingered by a thunder-storm, and nearly drenched with rain.

After Rome and Naples, Milan holds next place. The country around is flat and very fertile, and its territory, some ten miles in circuit, contains 130,000 inhabitants. As a city, its antiquity is great; as it was of considerable importance even in the reign of Ancus Martius. Lying at the foot of the Alps, its frontier situation, exposed it to attack, while its fame and splendour roused the cupidity of every barbarous invader. Attila, surnamed "the curse of God," visited it in his fury; and by the Goths and Langobardi it was subsequently ravaged. Notwithstanding its antiquity there are few remains of its former magnificence. In the front of the church of San Lorenzo sixteen beautiful pillars of white marble, fluted with Corinthian capitals, which once adorned the baths of Maximien, are still preserved. They bear evident tokens of decay; age has encrusted them over, and rendered their original colour questionable, while some of them are bound with iron hoops, to keep them from falling asunder.

We have frequently visited the cathedral, which, after St. Peter's, is reckoned the largest in Italy. It was begun in 1386 and is not yet finished. This vast fabric is built of white marble, supported by ninety-six columns, eighty-four feet in height. The four beneath the cupola, are twenty-eight feet in circumference.

The church of the "Duomo" is distinguished by the masses of its ornaments.

Marble quarries have been exhausted in statues, reliefs, and every variety of sculpture. In statues alone, the number exceeds six thousand! Of these the most remarkable is that of Saint Bartholomew; he is represented *flayed*, his skin hanging like a sash from the shoulders in the most *degagé* style imaginable. In the ancient spirit of popery, he exhibits the sword and gospel, for the right hand grasps a knife, while the left presents a bible.

The tomb of Charles Borromée is underneath this church. As it is lined with silver, it is always shewn by candle-light, and consequently the effect is dazzling. Round the tomb the history of his life is represented in figures of from ten to fourteen inches in size, made of solid silver, while the body rests in a crystal sarcophagus. The history of the bible is emblazoned on the windows in stained glass, while that of the New Testament in alto relievo, adorns the altar. The latter in white marble, is delicately executed. Many other jewels and relics, invaluable to good Catholics, are deposited here; but, alas! the most inestimable of all was purloined by a French infidel, during the revolutionary war—namely, a small portion of the rod of Aaron!! While by true believers all these are duly venerated, less spiritual visitors admire the roof and cupola. On the latter we spent many hours, as from the top, a fine prospect of the city is obtained.

In course, we visited the churches of San Vittoria, Alexander, and San Ambrosia; the latter possessing the “brazen serpent” of Moses. In the Dominican convent there is “a last supper,” by Leonarda de Vinci, painted in fresco; it is nearly effaced, and to me appears a sorry concern. Morghan’s engravings have, however, conferred immortality on a picture which would otherwise, in my judgment, be soon forgotten.

The triumphal arch, to commemorate the completion of the road across the Simplon, is but half finished; and though the remainder of the materials are lying ready for being erected, the work remains imperfect. The arena, for 40,000 spectators, built by Eugene Beauharnois when viceroy of Italy.—
• The Palais des arts, the observatory, and the gallery of painting, architec-

ture, and sculpture—all are well worthy of notice. The Ambrosian library is near; its rare and valuable books, (40,000 volumes) with 1,500 M.S.S., render it an object of research with travelling literati.

Of the theatres, several are worth a visit, are that of the Scala surpassing all the rest, in beauty as well as size. It exceeds in magnitude those of London and Paris. We went there in the evening to hear our old acquaintance “Otello,” and we agreed that the opera was splendidly got up. Next day we hired a *voiture* and set out for Como, about twenty-five miles distance from Milan. Seated on the south side of the Lazian lake, the situation of the town is truly beautiful. It does not want architectural advantages, for the cathedral is large, and possesses several good statues in white marble, while the church of San Giovanni can boast six pillars belonging to a portico mentioned by Pliny. Como is classic ground, and claims the two Plinys, Paul Jove the historian of Charles V., Clement XIII., Innocent XI., Volta, and Canova. But others than literary matters were our inducements in this excursion. The unhappy consort of the English Regent, had lately established her residence there; and we were anxious to view the chateau where the future queen of England had resided in mysterious obscurity.

The mansion was comfortable, if not elegant. It contained a respectable suite of apartments, and a small theatre. The grounds were interspersed with grottos, walks, and statuary. The best of the latter—a full-length Minerva embracing a bust of Telemachus—all wears now the appearance of neglect; and since the princess removed to Rimini, the chateau and grounds of Como, have gone rapidly to decay.

By a curious transition, we passed from the villa of an English princess, to that of the Roman Pliny. The remains of the latter are situate on the margin of the lake, between Molino and Torno. The intermittent fountain, described by both the Plinys, is here; and a cascade behind the house, which passes underneath to the lake, may possibly occasion the irregular jets of the fountain.

We cantoned ourselves for the night

at Como; rose early; hired a boat, and breakfasted at Caratti, a village opposite the villa of the Plinys. The day passed agreeably, in viewing the matchless scenery which this unrivalled lake presents. Proceeding to Nesso, we saw its beautiful cascade—skirted the lake, and passed on one side, Brienna, Curatti, Urio, Mottrano, Pirro, and Bingovico; and on the other, Carino, Quarzaga, Terno, Perlascia, Bengo d'Agostino—all deliciously situated, some on the very margin of the water, and others on romantic spots, creeping up the mountains. Lofty as the latter are, they are clothed to the very tops with vines, fruit and forest trees. In the world there is not, probably, a more splendid *coup d'œil* than this beauteous lake presents. We left it with regret—for even *Mac* acknowledged its sublimity—and late in the evening returned to the Prussian hotel at Milan.

The weather has been very warm, but agreeable. In the shade the thermometer was 85°, and in our chamber 88°. Now, at eight o'clock in the evening, outside the window it stands at 80½. Last night it thundered violently; the lightning was more vivid than any I can recollect, and rain fell in torrents; but, no doubt, the storm tempered the atmosphere, which yesterday felt oppressive; for, though the mercury rose high, this day was far from disagreeable.

Although we had intended to start for Padua this morning, Mr. Mac Dermott, for some unaccountable cause, insists on waiting for the post; and, as a day must be lost, I have left him in the hotel, and set out for Monza, some eight miles distant, to visit the palais of the Viceroy of Italy, and, if possible, see the "iron crown." I succeeded but partially. The gardens and park, both beautifully kept, were opened, with a portion of the palace. Unluckily, one of the archdukes was then the occupant, and the greater moiety of the building could not be exhibited.

The iron crown is safely deposited in a chest of the same metal, and secured by three locks. But in the same place, there is an object of greater value. This is a large gilt cross, having in its centre a crystal, containing a portion of the sponge saturated with

the identical vinegar presented to our Saviour while crucified, and by him rejected! This, of course, is an inestimable treasure; but this favoured church is rich in relics, and contains one worth sponge, crown, and vinegar; to wit, a vial containing a small quantity of the blood that flowed from the Redeemer's side!! Heretics may cavil—but is there a true believer who ever doubted these acknowledged truths?

The post has brought a letter—at least I suspect this to be the case—as *Mac* has started willingly. There never was a lovelier day for travelling, and we have passed some interesting places—Colomba, Cassano, and Caravagio, with Cheari, celebrated for its silk mills, and arrived late at Brescia.

This we found a very considerable town, and if the population returns be correct, judging from its size, the last place upon the Continent that Malthus or Miss Martineau would patronize. It looks less than Belfast, but contains one-fourth a greater population! The cathedral is modern and very fine, and there are some good paintings to be seen. But Brescia is famous for its trade, and appears to be a place of unusual bustle. Fire arms are the chief manufactures; and about a mile from the town, on the Verona road, stands a foundry and arsenal, nearly completed by Napoleon. Turn where you will in France and Italy, you find mementos of that extraordinary spirit—that "illustrious unfortunate."

In our route we passed Lonato and Desenzano, on the Lac de Garda; the "Benducus," celebrated by Virgil as one of the noblest ornaments of Italy. We embarked at Desenzano, and crossed to Sermioni or Sermio, to view the ruins of a villa and grotto, which tradition asserts once belonged to Catullus. The situation is nearly insular, being connected to the main land by a narrow stripe of earth. Virgil describes the lake as exposed to violent tempests. We regretted that we could not conveniently proceed to the northern extremity, which bore every appearance of possessing wild and romantic scenery: but we were in haste to Verona; and passing along the southern shores, by Peschiera on the Mincio, Castelnovo, &c., on the next evening arrived at the favourite scene of many of Shakspeare's loveliest creations.

Verona is an ancient city, and retains striking evidences of its antiquity. The remains of the amphitheatre form a principal attraction to the tourist, as it is in perfect preservation, and nearly rivals, in size and magnificence, the Coliseum at Rome. Its outward circumference is 1330 feet; the greater diameter 464, the lesser, 367; length of the arena, 230, and breadth 130 feet. It contains 44 tiers of seats, which are computed sufficient to accommodate 23,000 spectators.

The modern theatre is a very beautiful structure, with five tiers of boxes, neatly fitted up. The churches, of course, are numerous; but of these we only visited the cathedral, and that of St. George, in which there are some fine paintings by Titian, lately restored by the French.

Verona stands on the river Adige, at the foot of the Alps, at the southern opening of the grand defile through Rhætia, formerly the only line of regular communication between Italy and Germany. The houses are well built, the streets wide, and the footways excellent—with all the appearance of being a place of much trade.

No city contributed to Roman literature so many venerated names. Catullus, Macer, Cornelius Nepos, Pomponius Secundus, Vitruvius, and the elder Pliny, form a constellation of the first magnitude. Our own "master of the heart" has immortalized it in several of his dramas—here is the scene of the luckless loves of "Romeo and Juliet," and we cannot forget "The two Gentlemen of Verona."

At Vicenza was our next halt. This town is the birth-place of Palladio, and contains numerous monuments of his genius. His palaces display exquisite taste, chastened by a judicious study of ancient art—their beauty originating in their design, as the elevations enchant one, not by length and altitude, fine materials and finished sculpture, but by their proportion. No wonder Palladio has been copied over Europe, and that the Vicentian villas have been so frequently imitated in England.

We visited, after dinner, the Theatre Olympico, which is accounted to be Palladio's masterpiece. Alas, that this matchless model should be entrusted to wood and stucco, while masses of bad

taste and deformity are perpetuated in granite and marble!

From the theatres we went to the Madonna del Monte and the triumphal arch, about two miles from the town. From the height we had a grand view of mountain and flat country southward; and also a noble prospect from the rotunda of the Marquis Capia, which Lord Burlington imitated at Chiswick. We saw the picture of Christ sitting at table with St. Gregory, by Paul Veronese. It has been considered his *chef d'œuvre*, and ornaments the refectory of Notre Dame del Monte.

Some distant villages were pointed out among the Alps, with which a very curious historical fact is associated. In the year of Rome 640, the Cimbri and Teutonic, two tribes from the northern Chersonesus, invaded Italy, and were defeated near Verona by Marius. But few escaped the vengeance of the conqueror, and they sought refuge in the neighbouring mountains. They formed a little colony there, whose descendants occupy seven parishes, termed "sotto comune." This remnant of northern tribes to this day retain the tradition of their descent; and though surrounded for so many centuries by Italians, still speak the Teutonic language. I should have been happy to visit this singular people, but we are hurrying to Rome, and by day light, will leave this to-morrow for

"Fair Padua, nursery of arts."

Whether my worthy companion has received a despatch from the pretty *artiste*, "blighting his hope," or that tender recollections have arisen over the tomb of the "gentle Montague" which we have just left—certes Mr. Mac Dermott is melancholy as "an old lion, or a lover's lute." I am dying to discover "what sadness lengthens Romeo's hours," and after dinner will dissolve the mystery and conjure him

"By Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip."

If Verona hold a stoop of Burgundy I'll unlock 'his tongue; and between love and wine, if he retain his secret, I'll believe that there is constancy in man, and no virtue in the bottle!

* * * * *

"Lord! what a sigh. That sprain will come against you *Mac*. I fear you have overworked to day."

"Why, faith, my dear boy, I am but a dull companion: I wish somebody would assist me to break article No. *One*, and I'd call the man my friend who would blow out my brains genteely. Zounds, I could jump into the Adige, burn a church, turn methodist—for I am in most villainous humour with the whole human race."

"Come pass the bottle, *Mac*; one or two bumpers like that honest one you filled, and all will be 'couleur de rose' again," said I.

"No, No, my peace of mind is over, and though now and then I may draw recollection in the goblet. Memory jogs one's elbow and whispers what a fool I have been." His eye glistened. Burgundy is the touch stone to the heart—and I called for another flask.

"Come *Mac*, rally man, fill me a brimming bumper—this is Miss Selwyn's health."

My pupil started, but I had no reason to complain that he did not fill fairly, and the spirit of the rosy grape was not allowed time to evaporate.

"What the deuce was that midnight divan you held at Breig, after you had seen the old cit and I retire?"

"Nonsense, You only jest," returned Mr. *Mac Dermott*. "No faith: I heard enough to inform me who the dramatis personæ were. How were you engaged *Mac*, pointing pencils or making love? Was *Chloe* cruel, or are you fed on hope, and like a camelion, air-crammed? Come, you are an excellent Catholic and know the value of a clean breast: and believe me you'll find yourself all the better of confession. Surely, you once threatened me with a narrative of your adventures."

Poor *Mac* was agitated, his eye flashed, his cheek reddened, as with much bitterness, he replied. "If you

are curious to hear the confessions of a fool, ask for a detail of my career."

"No, *Mac*, you are chagrined. Many a man has made a wilder cast and deemed it gallantly afterwards."

"In my case, that is impossible," said my pupil. "Nothing to the determined is so, and so far as breaking heads, and drilling a man's carcass go, you're not amiss."

"That may be so," said Mr. *Mac*. "But what the devil can I expect in life when I am dead already?"

"That is, indeed, a puzzler, and yet for a defunct gentleman, you have the sweetest swallow imaginable."

"But I'm worse than dead," returned Mr. *Mac Dermott* as he laid down the empty glass.

"Indeed?"

"Yes."

"How pray?"

He fetched a desperate sigh. "*I'm married!*"

"There is no disputing your assertion, my friend. Where may the lady be at present?"

"Heaven only knows," responded Mr. *Mac*.

"When do you expect to see her?" I enquired.

"Never, if I have any luck."

"Have any pledges of mutual attachment blessed this auspicious union?"

Mac smiled, as he replied, "ladies of three score are not generally prolific."

"Alas! my friend, you must pardon me. I knew not the extent of your misfortunes. To be defunct was bad enough—but what was it to matrimony? Come, my boy, out with the tale while I order up a fresh bottle."

"Make it two if you love me," said Mr. *Mac*, "or I'll choak in the middle of the narrative."

The wine appeared. Mr. *Mac Dermott* having screwed his courage to the sticking place, by the agency of a second bumper, gave a preliminary cough, and thus began—

THE RED INN OF ANDERNACH.

A TALE WITHIN A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

"*Tale super cœnam* ——— *narraret Ulysses.*"

Juvenal Sat. 15. l. 14.

"Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out."

Midsummer Night's Dream.

I know of no case in which man, in his social and civilized state, has more signally, and, to his honour be it spoken, more perseveringly combated the influences and operations of nature—more successfully thwarted and countervailed the dispensations of a beneficent Providence, than in his reception and treatment, in large and populous cities, of that season of the year which God intended to be the most glorious, and fragrant, and abundant upon the earth—the most festive and happy to man.

In all towns, large or small, summer comes almost "shorn of his beams," of health and joy; but in an especial degree, a summer in London is to me intolerable. It is true, there are parks of vast extent, with some half score smoke-dried and sickly trees to the acre, thrusting out above green painted and smooth planed *rustic* seats, their starved and formal branches in almost leafless wretchedness, looking more like the ghosts of some cockney creation, which had once existed in the vegetable world, than the children of the mighty and vigorous denizens of the forest. But then, how to reach these *friendly shades*! that's the rub. A man should have, as my haired-brained cousin, Jack Blake, used to say, a condenser upon his head or a saucer under his feet if he wants to walk out in London in July. Certes, you do run the risk either of going up in steam to the clouds, or flowing off in liquid dissolution along the next channel, before you can crane your dry and dusty throat over the bucket full of water in the Green Park, or stretch your listless

length beside the dead serpentine in the Hyde Park; and yet the last is a fine thing enough in its way, and a wonderful consolation to the cits of a Sunday; but it no more represents nature in her own unrestrained and sportive life and loveliness, than that cold, fixed, rayless marble, dearest Fanny, does those bright, and blushing, and ever varying charms which it *fin* would catch, but only mimics.

And then the streets. Heavens! what a glare upon the eyes, flashing from the fronts of new houses ornamented with white stucco work—and of old ones faced with red brick, glowing like a drunkard's nose in the fire-light; and from jewellers' windows, and cutlers' windows, and chemists' windows, with their huge globular glass vessels having mystical pothooks, squares, triangles, and crescents, to humbug you on the outside, and all varieties of villainously coloured water to dazzle you from within. And the flags, too, burning and blistering your swollen feet, reminding you at every step you take, of ploughshares heated for a witch's ordeal. And all this would be more endurable were the streets less densely crowded, and the bustle and din less torturing to the ear. You might then nurse your ill humour in your own company, as you stole, like a disquieted ghost, through some silent city of the dead: but parliament is still sitting, and the great and gay have not yet sought the luxuries of their country mansions; for, by a strange perversion of taste and common sense, the fashionable London winter is scarcely concluded.

It was about the hour of sunset—if, indeed, there be any such hour in London—somewhere in the last few days of the month of June, 1830, that I sat, heated and languid in my chambers up two pair of stairs, in Pump Court, Inner Temple, feasting my mind with these and a thousand other pleasing and consolatory reflections of the same kind, and my eyes with the extensive and delectable view contained within the court afore mentioned.

The train of thought which I was then pursuing, naturally enough suggested itself from the weariness and chagrin caused by my mid-day occupation, which I was engaged in reviewing. I had just returned from a fatiguing and somewhat perilous expedition to the farther end of Oxford-street, which, as all the world knows, runs due east and west, and consequently affords neither shade or protection from the "solstitial summer heat" of a merciless sun that shines down from morning till night upon it. My Aunt Patience had, as my ill stars willed it, favoured me with a commission "for the absolute purchase" of a mate, for her sometime widowed green parrot, to which she had a short time previously taken a fancy, and I had, accordingly, proceeded to ascertain if the object of her admiration was still 'sound, wind and limb.'

Lord! what an undertaking it was. Now in High-street, St. Giles, limping across to cower under the *invisible* shade of a barber's pole, anon in Oxford-street, making pilgrimages to the penumbra of a lamp post, regaled on my way, ever and anon, with a suffocating whiff from some leaky gas pipe. Oh! Venice, Venice—why are there no canals through the streets? Why have they no awnings from the shops? Why have they no—Jack Blake and a couple of wild wags at his heels, yelping and halloing, broke in upon my reverie. Confusion! They had been enjoying themselves all day in the country, and now came to torture me with the recital of their pleasures.

"Been to Richmond—glorious view from the hill at 'the Star and Garter'—pulled to Twickenham—crossed over to Kew—on to Hampton Court—strayed through the park. Ah! what beautiful deer—dined under the beeches in the formal old avenue."

I lost all patience, and starting up, walked about the room. The fellows burst out laughing at me.

"Cursedly on the fidgets—some fun in view, eh! What was I up to? Where was I larking? They would join me—go any where with me."

I bid them go to the devil. They went.

My thoughts had now got a new direction, and, like the gaze-hound that slips his leash upon a view, sprung away beyond my controul. I made a desperate effort to reduce them, seized a deed and proceeded to draft "all that farm or lot of land, &c., with the gardens, orchards"—in vain: it was as fuel to the fire, and only served to bring to my recollection that touching and beautiful picture of rural life that dwelt in unfading freshness, spread out before the mental vision and invigorating the spirit of the sightless Milton.

"As one who long in populous cities pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance with nymphlike step fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look sums all delight."

"And why," cried I, "should I not realize this enchanting description?"

Besides my twelve months with Mr. L——, the conveyancer, are out, and no term to be kept till Michaelmas—Hurrah! for liberty and La Belle France. I huddled a couple of shirt into my small velise and three or four pairs of stockings to keep them company. "The thinnest trowsers are the best for such a season," thought I. Thanks to my washer-woman, and last summer's aid, I had no difficulty in suiting myself to a miracle in that respect. I consigned my law books to their respective shelves, dismissed my familiar, locked my chamber, put the key in my pocket, sallied out into Fleet-street, responded to the knowing beck of a cabman's fore finger, and at eight o'clock found myself at Thread-needle-street, seated in the mail for Dover.

In these days of galloping by land and steaming by sea, little time is lost in transporting yourself from place to

place; accordingly in less time than a Cockney, fifty years before, would have consumed in a pleasuring to Ramsgate. I had crossed over the narrow channel that severs us from those realms of dykes and ditches,

"Where the broad ocean leans against the land."

Disembarked at Ostend—muddled up the canal and found myself comfortably seated to dinner at Bruges, under the mahogany of an old friend and relation.

Distaste of town was, at the time my prevailing malady, so I need scarcely remark that my steps were not directed towards the capital of France: indeed were my inclinations such, it might not have been altogether prudent to indulge them. That mighty city, although at that period engaged in no acts of open commotion, yet, to eyes that watched her closely and marked the current and colour of national events, exhibited unequivocal symptoms of deep seated internal uneasiness, and had already begun to heave with the throes of those wonderful and astounding events which "the three glorious days of July" brought to light. In a word, Paris seemed too hot for me, accordingly I shunned its shoals and syrtes and stood out for the provinces.

Your traveller, if he have any spice of the true wandering spirit of Cain in his composition, or possess that excellent taste for prying into other persons affairs, 'clept in modern phrase, "a laudable spirit of enquiry," must have a thousand times deserted the high roads, and wandered through bye ways, and where there are no ways at all, o'er field and fence—reposed in green lanes and by the fire side of the sequestered farm house. He must have asked a thousand questions about every body and every thing he sees, and never fail to capture a secret either by surprise, assault, or parley.

Heaven forbid that I should have set forward, altogether unfurnished with these excellent qualifications. By no means. Accordingly I have, as well as my betters, seen, and heard, and dreamed, both asleep and awake, and fancied divers marvellous things; but at this distance of time, I protest I cannot venture to arrange my knowledge according to the various channels

through which it has flowed in upon me, or say which is truth, which is fiction. If I have plagiarised from any man, let him come and take his own, "and no questions shall be asked him," only let him be *sure* that it is his own that he claims. From Solomon, whose apothegm would prove all writers since his days to be literary robbers, down to the last scribe in the last Penny Magazine, I defy them all. Have I not Virgil, and Tasso, and Boccaccio; Milton, Byron, and a host more of "the mighty dead" on my side, and 'tis odd if we shall not be able to stand our ground against all the curs that can yelp and snarl around us.

To return, however: the green leaves of summer had long grown crisp and faded, and now, clinging with feeble grasp to the sprays that had nurtured them, they fell "sear and yellow" before the encroaching breath of advanced autumn, and the vine's red blood had ceased to gush from the full wine press of the south, ere I thought of turning my wandering feet towards the metropolis. I had but few introductions there from England, one, however, which I had procured to my banker accompanying the drafts upon him, in a great measure supplied the deficiency and afforded me the means of spending many agreeable hours in the society of his family. The events which took place on one occasion at his house, I am now about to record.

This gentleman, as I have stated, was a banker, being the proprietor of one of the wealthiest houses in Paris, and had, as is usual, established many very extensive connections throughout Germany and other parts of the Continent. Now it chanced that shortly after my arrival in town he had invited to his house one of those friends with whom it is customary for mercantile men to connect themselves in various places, for the facilities which they afford in carrying on their correspondences.

This friend was the principal of some commercial house—I cannot now take upon me to say what one, but I remember at the time hearing it was of considerable importance in Neuremberg—he was a goodly corpulent German, a man of great *goût* and information. With a portly and large figure of the genuine Neurem-

berg mould ; forehead high, broad, and uncovered, though adorned with some locks that were white, and thinly scattered over it : in a word, a true type of the sons of that unadulterated and noble Germany, so fertile in the production of honorable characters, and whose firm though gentle manners have never lost the marks of their origin, even after the lapse of seven invasions.

The stranger laughed with characteristic simplicity ; listened to what passed around him with great attention, and took to his wine with a diligence and propriety that was remarkably edifying ; delighting in the produce of the grapes of Champagne, even perhaps as much as in the en-crustured wines of Johannisberg. The name of this personage was Hermann ; one which I believe, in nine cases out of ten, falls to the lot of any German that figures in a story. Considering he was a man whose every word and action was tinged with an air of gravity, he was a guest that suited the table of the banker to a tittle ; he eat with that persevering German appetite, which has become so justly celebrated throughout the whole masticating world, and pronounced, from the very depths of his heart, "a long farewell" to the fishy fare and starvation of lent.

Now the worthy host, anxious, no doubt, to do all honour to his guest, had, to render their last dinner together an agreeable one, assembled a few intimate friends, (chiefly monied men, or such merchants as were in the highest repute, and in addition to such sober-going people, some lovely and fascinating of the fairer sex, whose agreeable chit chat and frank lively manner he conceived would harmonise with the cordial sincerity of the German character.

To say the truth, could you have beheld, as I had then the pleasure of doing, (for I was one of the guests,) that joyous meeting of men, who had for a space withdrawn their clutches from commerce to speculate on the pleasures of life, you could scarcely have found it in your heart to detest their cent. per cent. transaction, or abominate their bankruptcies. Man cannot be always doing evil, and even in the society of pirates there are some bright spots, some hours of calm sinlessness, during which

you might, while careering with them in their storm-strained and unhallowed bark, feel as though you were but soothingly swayed by the motion of a swing.

"As we are so shortly to lose the happiness of M. Hermann's society, I trust that he will kindly favour us once again with the recital of some of those German stories which have such a powerful and terrifying effect."

I turned round towards the speaker. The desert had been just then removed, and the person who made this request was a young lady of a pallid and sickly complexion—one that you would, without a second look, convict of reading the tales of Hoffmann and the Waverley Novels. She was the only daughter of our host, the banker ; an exquisite creature, by all accounts—her education had received its last finish at the Gymnasium, and she doated to distraction on all choice morçœaus of prose, poetry, amatory, romantic and tragical.

I believe the proposition was sent from heaven. We had, at the moment, arrived at that happy condition of indolence and taciturnity, to which the labours of an excellent dinner are sure to reduce us, when we have calculated somewhat too confidently on the vigour of our digestive powers. You might see each guest sit with his back reclining helplessly against his chair, the wrist gently supported by the edge of the table, and the fingers busily employed *fiddling* with the gilt blade of his knife. Now, when an entertainment has reached this point of exhaustion, there are some persons who will have recourse to the pippin of an apple, and put it to the torture for their amusement ; others, again, will twist and twirl a little bit of bread between the fore finger and thumb. Those who are blessed with amorous dispositions, or have any love affair on their hands, will trace out upon their plates half formed letters with the remains of their fruit—misers insensibly fall to count over their nuts, and range them out in lines, like a score couples in a country dance. Such are amongst a few of the important gastronomic delights of the table. Strange that it should have been reserved for such an humble historian as I to record them ! I have searched Glass, and Ude, and the philosophic Kitchiner

throughout—they have not one word on the subject.

The servants had disappeared by this time. The dessert, like a troop of horse after an engagement, was totally thrown into confusion—disfigured, dismembered. The plates scattered about, had wandered in a most disorderly manner up and down the table, despite of the obstinate perseverance with which the mistress of the house essayed again and again to restore the fugitives to their places. A few of the guests were looking with all their might at some fine views of Switzerland, magnificently framed, and hung up with punctilious exactness against the grey walls of the "*salle à manger*." And yet, strange to relate, not one of us all, happy fellows that we were, felt at this moment under the influence of *ennui*. Indeed I never yet knew a man who could contrive to be in bad spirits while digesting a good dinner. No—at that happy moment we love to repose ourselves in a gentle indescribable calm—a species of "*juste milieu*" between the reverie of thought, and the satisfaction which we share in common with ruminating animals. It is, in fact, that pleasing melancholy which is essentially inseparable from gastronomy.

But to return. The company with one consent, when they heard the young lady's request, directed their eyes towards the worthy German; all delighted at the prospect of hearing a story, even though it should prove to be an uninteresting one; for, during this blessed pause, the voice of a narrator is sure to be always agreeable to the lulled and deadened senses, with whose negative happiness it in some degree conspires. As for myself, I take great pleasure in contemplating pictures, and, indeed, fancy that I have some taste in that way; and therefore I admired not a little the "*tableau vivant*," as the French happily term it, that was now exhibited around me. The faces, gladdened with smiles, beaming in the rays of the wax-lights, and over which the exhilarating cheer that we had just partaken had already diffused a mellow purple hue. Presenting to the eye, too, expressions the most diversified in character, they produced effects exceedingly picturesque and striking, when seen in the midst

of the chandeliers, the porcelain baskets, the rich and sparkling fruits, the glass vessels, and formed an excellent contrast to the play and changing of the countenances.

It was just then, while my eyes were wandering from feature to feature, in this varied and interesting panorama, that my fancy was irresistibly struck with the aspect of one of the party, who chanced to be seated exactly opposite to me. He was a man of ordinary stature, rather inclining to fat, with a smiling holiday face, having very much the air and manners of a retired money broker, but as it seemed to me gifted with no very high order of intellect,—I had not before taken any notice of him.

At that moment, however, his face, affected I should suppose by some false light, which cast a sombre expression over it, seemed to me to have completely changed its character: it now exhibited the appearance of terror and alarm—livid ghastly lines shot, as it were, in furrows across his brow; and, altogether, you would have taken it for the lifeless head of one who had expired in agonies. Motionless as the figures of a diorama, his dull eyes dwelt fixedly on the sparkling facets of a glass stopper, but assuredly he was neither admiring their brilliancy or counting their number; he seemed rather to be plunged in some strange contemplations of the past or the future. I continued a long time gazing and scanning this inexplicable countenance.

"Is he unwell?" thought I. "Has he taken too much wine—ruined, may be, by the fall of the funds; or is he meditating some means of giving his creditors the slip?"

"Look," said I to my neighbour, one of the lovelier and loquacious sex, as I pointed out to her the visage of this unknown, "does not that face tell of a fall in the price of flour?"

She smiled.

"Oh no, he would look much better pleased"—then graciously inclining her head, she added, "If that gentleman is ever ruined, I will go to Holyrood with the news. Why, he has a million in the funds. 'Tis an old creature who was a contractor for the imperial armies; a good sort of man in his way, but rather an original. However, you can't think what an excellent husband

he makes—his wife is so happy. And then, his lovely daughter—I would have you marry her, if you can. She will be monstrous rich they say.”

Just then the contractor raised his eyes to mine. His look shot a cold thrill through me, it was so gloomy and pensive. That glance, I would have laid my life, summed up the history of a whole existence. Suddenly, however, his countenance again became gay—he took up the glass stopper, placed it mechanically in a decanter of water which stood beside his plate, and turned round his head towards M. Hermann, with a smile. As for that worthy individual, he was exalted to the pinnacle of beatitude by the delights of the banquet; and not having at the time, in all likelihood, two ideas in his brain, he did not give himself the trouble of thinking where there was no necessity for so doing. Thus I had in some degree the mortification of having squandered my skill in divination upon the grovelling spirit of a stupid financier.

After I had made all these excellent observations to no advantage, the worthy German, having freighted his nose with a fresh cargo of snuff, thus commenced his narration:—

“It was towards the end of the month *Vendémiaire*, in the year VII, a period of the republican era, which, according to the present style of computation, corresponds with the 20th of October, 1799, that two young men, early in the morning, took their departure from the town of Bonn; and as the sun was descending in the heavens at the close of the day, they found themselves entering the environs of Andernach, a small town situated on the left bank of the Rhine, a few leagues distant from Coblenz.

Just at this period the French army, under the command of Augereau, were manœuvring in Suabia, within sight of the Austrian forces, who occupied the right bank of the river. The head-quarters of that division of the republican army was at Coblenz, while one of the demi-brigades of Augereau's corps were cantoned at Andernach.

The two young travellers were Frenchmen. From their blue uniform mixed with white; their facings of red velvet; their swords, too, and

their hats, covered with green oil cloth, and ornamented with the tri-coloured cockade, even the peasants of Suabia, themselves, had no difficulty in recognising them to be military surgeons; men, for the most part, possessed of talents and education, and who were beloved as well by the army as by the natives, whose country was invaded by the French troops. Indeed at that juncture it happened that young men of family, being frequently forced away from their medical situations by means of the laws of conscription, then recently put in force, naturally preferred to continue their professional pursuits on the field of battle, rather than to be constrained to serve in a military capacity, which, of course, harmonised but little with their previous education and their peaceful inclinations. Thus, then, as they were men of science, devoted to peaceable and beneficial pursuits, they effected some good in the midst of so much wretchedness and evil, and maintained a sympathetic understanding with the learned men of the different countries through which the flood of that cruel civilization poured its devastating tide.

Being provided each with a map of their route, and bearing a commission, as assistant surgeon, signed “Coste et Bernadotte,” the two young men were now on their way to join the demi-brigade to which they had been attached. Both were from Beauvais—their families were citizens of that town, and in good circumstances: they had travelled by *diligence* as far as Strasburgh, and, through a spirit of curiosity very natural in men of their age, entered upon the theatre of war before the period assigned for their undertaking their duty.

It was not the part, you may be sure, of such prudent mothers as they were blest with, to send their sons swaggering through the country with full purses; on the contrary, they were furnished with but a small sum of money each; still they considered themselves rich in the possession of a few louis d'ors; and, indeed, in those times that was a real treasure, when the *assignats* had reached their lowest state of discredit, and a golden piece was worth so much silver.

They were young, I have already said, I believe about one and twenty, or perhaps, somewhat more, and they

yielded themselves up, with all the enthusiasm that belonged to their years, to the poetry and romance of their situation. In their route from Strasbourg to Bonn, they had visited the electorate and the banks of the Rhine, with the spirit of artists, of philosophers, and accurate observers of nature: for at that age, if a man's pursuit in life be of a scientific character, his individuality should be, as it were, multiplied, and even in making love, as well as in travelling through a country, he should there treasure up stores of knowledge, and lay the foundation of his future fortune and glory.

Well, then, these two youths abandoned themselves entirely to the profound admiration with which men of cultivated minds and good tastes are always affected at the sight of the castellated and majestic banks of the Rhine, and the romantic scenery of Suabia, between Marence and Cologne. Nature is there seen in all her uncontrolled vigour; luxuriant, teeming with unchanging memorials and historic recollections, verdant and beautiful, and yet, alas, preserving in many places on her scarred bosom, the deep traces of fire and sword, with which Louis XIV. and Marshal Turenne harrowed and scathed that lovely region. Here and there hoary and weather-stained ruins bear testimony to the pride, or, perhaps, to the vigilant wisdom of the King of Versailles, who reared up those admirable and gigantic castles, with which, formerly, that part of Germany was fortified and adorned. As you gazed upon that wondrous and lovely land, abounding with charming sites and prospects, clothed with venerable forests, where the picturesque beauties of the middle ages, though now ruined and decayed, were still crowded together, you might form some conception of the genius of Germany, its sublime aspirations, its mysticism."

As he thus spoke, I thought the German almost eloquent: his cheek flushed; his blue eye became bright and dilated, and his whole countenance was lit up with that spirit of patriotism so mysterious—so unextinguishable—so holy. After a moment's pause, he proceeded—

"Their sojourn at Bonn, however, was connected with their duty, as well as conducive to their pleasure. The

head hospital of the Gallo-Batavian army, and that also of the division of Augereau were, at that time, both established in the palace of the elector, and the young surgeons who had arrived the latest to the army, had been to visit their comrades, to deliver their letters of recommendation to their respective commanders, and to make themselves familiar with the first routine of their professional duties. But, in addition to this, they found every day divested them of some of those national prejudices, which cling so long and so tenaciously to us in favor of the monuments and the beauties of our own native soil. How great was their surprise as they surveyed the magnificent marble pillars which supported and adorned the electoral palace: their admiration hourly increased at the grandeur of the German buildings; and they found at every step they took, new treasures, both ancient and modern, disclosed to their view.

From time to time the paths through which the two friends wandered as they directed their course towards Andernach, would lead them along the brow of a mountain of granite more elevated than the others in its neighbourhood, and then, through the skirts of the forests, or by the windings of the rocks, they would catch, by glimpses, some delightful view of the Rhine, banked in by the marble cliffs, or fringed and garlanded by the most luxuriant vegetation. The sun-lit valleys, the flowery byeways, the branching trees exhaled that delicious autumnal fragrance which insensibly plunges the thoughts in pleasing reverie. The tops of the woods had just begun to wear the golden livery of autumn and to assume the mellow warm tints, and the deep brown symbols of approaching old age; the leaves fell thick and crisp to the earth, but the face of heaven still shone in bright and stainless blue, and the roads, dry and dusty, gleamed like yellow lines through the landscape then lit up by the oblique rays of the setting sun.

When scarce half a league from Andernach, the young men pursued their way in the midst of an unbroken calm, as if the hand of war had not devastated that lovely land, and followed the windings of a path worn by the goats

across the high crags of bluish granite, through which the Rhine winds its course. They descended forthwith one of the openings of the gorge, at the bottom of which was the little town, seated with the air of a rustic coquette, by the margin of the waters of that noble river.

"Ah, Germany is indeed a lovely country!" exclaimed one of the youths, his name was Prosper Magnan, as he caught a glimpse of the painted houses of Andernach huddled closely together, yet separated by trees, and gardens, and flowers. Then for an instant he gazed in admiration at the pointed roofs of the houses with their projecting rafters, the wooden staircases, the balconies of a thousand peaceful dwellings, the barks riding upon the waves in the little harbour——

At the moment when M. Hermann pronounced the name of Prosper Magnan, the old contractor seized the decanter, poured some water into his glass and emptied it at a draught. This movement attracted my notice: I fancied I could detect a slight tremour in his hands, and a moisture upon his forehead.

"What is the name of the contractor?" I enquired of my good-natured neighbour.

"Maurecey," she replied.

"Are you unwell?" said I, observing this singular man becoming pale.

"Not at all," returned he, thanking me by a polite inclination of his head.

"I am all attention," he continued, making a motion to the guests, whose eyes were, somehow, all fixed upon him.

M. Hermann proceeded: I cannot, said he, at this moment call to my recollection the name of the other young man: Prosper Magnan in his communications with me told me no more of him than that he was of a dark complexion, rather thin and lively. No matter, however, I will call him Wilhelm, as it will enable you to understand my story more clearly.

So saying the worthy Nuremburgher resumed his narration, having, without caring one fig for local propriety, dubbed the surgeon with a German name.

The shades of night were closing around them as the travellers entered the town of Andernach. Conceiving

that they would lose a great deal of time in seeking their commanders, making themselves known, and procuring billets in the town already crowded with military, they had made up their minds to spend their last night of liberty, at an inn a short distance outside Andernach, the rich colour of which, heightened by the rays of the setting sun, they had admired from the top of the rocks. This inn, stained all over with red, produced a striking effect in the landscape, whether it was from being detached in such a lively manner from the general mass of the town, or by opposing, as it were, a large red curtain to the green of the various foliages, and contrasting its own gay colour with the greyish hue of the water. This house had taken its name from the decoration of its exterior; a decoration no doubt assigned to it from time immemorial, by the caprice of him who originally built it, and a superstition natural enough to the different owners of this inn, which was in great repute with the sailors of the Rhine, made them preserve with great care its original dress.

When he heard the sound of horses feet, mine host of '*L'Auberge Rouge*' came out upon the threshold of the door.

"By my faith, noble Sirs," cried he, "had you been later by half a chime you would have been forced to take up for the night at the sign of the *stars*, as the most of your comrades were who bivouacked at the other side of Andernach. My house is choak-full; however, if you have made up your minds to lie in a good bed, why I have nothing but my own chamber to offer you. As for your nags I will just go and shake down a litter for them in a corner of the court yard. For, as I am an honest man, my stable is swarming with Christians."

"Ye will be from France, gentlemen, I am thinking," he resumed after a short pause.

"No, from Bonn," said Prosper, "and we have not tasted a morsel since sunrise."

"Oh! as for victuals ——" and mine host gave a knowing toss of his head. "All the bridal parties throughout the country ten miles round, come to make merry at '*L'Auberge Rouge*."

Heaven forbid that I, Gaspar Krützer, who have lived in this blessed house these five and forty years, boy and man, tapster and master, should'nt know what is fit for gentlemen. Ods! but ye shall be treated like princes; fish that was swimming in the Rhine an hour since; fowls fit for an emperor; and flesh——"

The travellers gave their wearied steeds to the care of the host, who forthwith commenced to call upon his hostlers in every direction, with but very little success. Leaving him to shout for the varlets, the two friends entered into the common apartment of the inn.

A dense greyish vapour produced by a number of indefatigable smokers at first prevented them from distinguishing the sort of company amongst which they were thus suddenly thrown. However, after they had sat down at a table with the quiet practical patience of philosophic travellers who have learned how little is to be gained by clamour, they began by degrees to discover through the cloud of tobacco-smoke, all those numerous accessories which are invariably to be found in a German inn: the stove, the clock, tables, tankards of beer, long smoking pipes, and here and there indistinct and heterogeneous figures, Jews, Prussians, Germans, and the rough weather worn visages of sea-faring men. The epaulettes of some officers in the French service, were flashing in the midst of this thick fog, while the clanking of their military spurs, and long sabres rung unceasingly upon the floor. Some of the party were playing at cards, others engaged in disputing, more occupied silently with their own thoughts, eating, drinking, or walking up and down the room. A plump low-sized woman dressed in a cap of black velvet and a boddice of blue and silver, with a pincushion and a bunch of keys at her side; having a silver clasp, and braided hair, the distinguishing ornaments of all hostesses of German inns, was bustling about the room with an air of great importance. The style of costume that belongs to this class of persons, you may see very well represented in numberless prints if you take the trouble of looking at any of the shop windows on the Boulevards, or the Palais Royal. It is too

common to need any description. This, I need scarcely say, was the wife of mine host, who now waited on the young friends with all the skill and activity of her profession.

Insensibly the noise diminished, the various travellers fetired to rest, the cloud of smoke cleared away, and by the time that the solitary cover of the surgeons was set before them, and the celebrated carp of the Rhine made its appearance upon the table, the eleventh hour had chimed from the town clock and the chamber was entirely deserted. The night was still and silent, and they could hear, at intervals, and indistinctly, the noise which the horses made as they eat their provender, or pawed the ground, the murmuring and gushing of the waters of the Rhine, and that sort of vague, indefinable noises and stirrings to and fro, which is always heard through a crowded inn when its inmates are going to their repose. Doors and windows were opened and shut, voices sounded indistinctly up and down, and occasionally the subdued buzzing of some drowsy conversation in the bed-rooms.

Just at this time of silence and noise—if I may be allowed the expression—while the two Frenchmen were engaged discussing their good cheer, and mine host no less busily occupied in dilating upon his favourite topics—lauding Andernach to the skies, praising the repast he had furnished, the delicious viutage of the Rhine, the armies of the republic, his wife, &c. &c.—their attention was attracted by the rough cries of seamen and the hoarse grating of a vessel which seemed to be mooring at the little quay. The master of the inn was, no doubt, well used to the guttural tones in which the waterman hailed him; he suddenly cut short his oration and hastily left the room.

It was not long, however, till he returned introducing a fat short man after whom followed two sailors bearing a heavy velise and some small packages. The packages were laid down on the floor, the little man took the velise himself and cautiously placing it beside him, sat down without any ceremony at the table which the two young men were occupying.

"You may go now and sleep in the

boat" said he, turning to the sailors: "The inn is quite full already. Besides on consideration it will be all the better."

"Monsieur," said mine host with a sorrowful look at his newly arrived guest, "you see all the provisions in the house—voilà!"—and he pointed out the supper already served up to the two Frenchmen. "As I hope to be saved I have not a crust of bread—not a bone."

"And vegetables?" said the other.

"Not as much as would fill my wife's thimble; and, as I have already done myself the honour of informing you, you can have no other bed than the chair on which you are sitting, and no other chamber than this apartment."

"At these words, the little man cast upon the host, the room, and the two Frenchmen, a look in which caution and fear were equally blended.

By the way said Mr. Hermann, interrupting his narration, I must here tell you that I could never come at the true name or history of this stranger, his papers merely disclose that he came from Aix-la-Chapelle; he had assumed the name of Walhenfer, and had a very extensive pin manufactory in the environs of Neuwied.

Like most persons of his class in trade, he was furnished with a large outside coat of coarse cloth, breeches and vest of dark blue velvet, boots, and a large girdle of leather round his waist. His figure was fat and puffy, his manners frank and good humoured, nevertheless during the whole of the evening he found it quite impossible to conceal altogether the secret apprehensions that he felt, or perhaps some cruel solicitude that tortured him. The master of the inn held ever afterwards firmly to the opinion that this German merchant had fled for some reason or other. Be this as it may, despite of its generally wary and suspicious expression, his physiognomy declared him to be a man of no vulgar character, he had fine handsome features, and in particular a large neck, the remarkable fairness of which—as Wilhelm sportively pointed out to Prosper—his black cravat set off to great advantage.

I cast my eyes inadvertently towards

Mr. Maurecey—strange! he was again swallowing a glass of water.

"Prosper," continued the narrator, courteously invited the merchant to partake of their scanty supper, and Walhenfer accepted the offer without seeming to be very sensible of his politeness. He placed his velise forthwith upon the ground, then put his feet upon it, took off his hat, drew close to the table, and relieved himself of his gloves and two pistols which he carried in his girdle. The host lost no time in supplying him with a cover, and the three guests proceeded at once to satisfy their appetite in silence.

The atmosphere of the '*salle a manger*' was so very close and warm, and the flies were so numerous, that Prosper entreated the inn-keeper to throw open the casement, which stood above the doorway, for the purpose of circulating the fresh air. This window was secured by an iron bar the extremities of which were let into the two coin stones of the embrasure, and for greater security two screws were fastened into nuts in each of the window-shutters. Now, by mere accident, it happened that Prosper watched the manner in which their host proceeded to open the window. I will endeavour, to the best of my ability," continued Mr. Hermann "to describe to you the internal arrangements of the auberge, as upon the critical knowledge of these places, in a great measure depends the interest of this narrative.

Well then, the room in which the three persons, of whom I have been speaking, were seated had two outer doors. The one opened out upon the high road to Andernach, which ran along the bank of the Rhine, and there just before the '*auberge*' there happened to be a little natural quay where the vessel, which the merchant had hired for his voyage, was then moored; the other door led out into the court-yard of the inn. This court-yard was surrounded by a very high wall, and was, at the time of my story, crowded with horses and all kinds of beasts of burthen, while the stables were full of people. Now the gate of the court-yard was so carefully barricaded that, for the sake of greater speed, the host had ushered in the merchant and his sailors through the door of the room which opened upon the highway.

To return, however, after mine host had, in compliance with the request of Prosper, opened the window, he proceeded to secure the last mentioned door, pushed the bolts into their places, and fastened the screws.

The chamber where the two surgeons were to sleep was immediately next the common room of the inn in which they now sat, and was separated by a very slight wall from the kitchen, where I suppose Gasper Krützer and his wife intended to take up their quarters for the night, leaving the servant to make out shelter in the managers or some corner of the granary; thus you can readily comprehend that the common room, the host's chamber, and the kitchen, were in some degree separated from the rest of the inn. There were two large watch-dogs in the court-yard, whose deep toned bayings, from time to time, proclaimed them to be vigilant and easily excited guardians.

"What a still and delicious night it is" said Wilhelm, looking out upon the heavens, just as mine host had finished barring the door.

The dashing of the waves was the only noise they could hear.

"Messieurs," said the German merchant to the Frenchmen, "will you allow me to offer you a bottle or two of wine to wash down your carp. It was but dry eating, and we will try and shake off the fatigues of our days travel with a cheerful glass. What say you gentlemen? By your appearance and the condition of your dress, I see, that like myself, you have come a good way to day."

The two friends accepted his invitation and mine host went out by the door of the kitchen to go to his wine cellar.

By the time that he returned, bearing with him five venerable bottles, and placed them upon the table before his guests, his wife had taken away the remnants of their repast, accordingly she threw a glance around the room as became a careful mistress of an inn, and feeling assured that she had provided for all the wants of reasonable men, she retreated into the kitchen. The four, for mine host was invited to lend his aid in emptying the wine bottles, had no notion that she was gone off to bed, however, it was not

long when, between the intervals of silence which now and then occurred in the chatting of the drinkers, certain deep breathings rendered still more audible by the slightness of the partition which divided the rooms, caused the friends at first to smile at each other, and finally excited the merriment of their host.

After a few minutes when nothing more remained on the table than a few biscuits, some cheese, dried fruits and good wine the three travellers, and more especially the young Frenchmen became more and more communicative. They spoke of their country, their studies, the war, and thus the conversation grew animated and interesting.

Prosper Magnan involuntarily brought tears into the eyes of the exiled merchant—if indeed he were such—when, with the frankness and *naïveté* of an affectionate and tender heart, he amused himself fancying how his mother was employed at that moment while he was on the banks of the Rhine.

"I think," said he, "I see her now before my eyes, reading her evening prayers before she retires to rest. Ah! surely she does not forget me at such a moment. No; she seems to enquire where is he, my own Prosper? See, she has just won a few sous, at play, from her neighbour. From your mother, perhaps," he added, joggling Wilhelm's elbow. "There now, she is going to put them by in that large earthen crock in which she is collecting the sum of money necessary to purchase the thirty acres enclosed in the little domain of Lescheville. These thirty acres are well worth three score thousand franks. They are excellent meadow land. Ah! if I could be master of them some day or other, I would live all my life at Lescheville, without a wish beyond it. How often has my father longed for these thirty acres and the sweet streamlet that winds through them! How often have I sported in it——!"

"Monsieur Walhenfer," demanded Wilhelm, "have you never had your '*hoc erat in votis*'?"

"Ah! yes, Monsieur, yes; but—it was all over soon—well, well!" and the merchant stopped short.

"Now, as for my part," said mine host, whose jolly visage was beginning

to glow with a soft purple blush—"as for my part, I purchased last year a little paddock which I was wishing to have these ten long years."

Thus it chanced, that as they beguiled the hours in chatting together like men whose tongues are loosed by good wine, they exchanged those various friendly offices of which travellers are generally chary enough; so much so, that when they were about to retire to rest, Wilhelm made an offer of his bed to the merchant.

"You may accept of it with the less scruple," said he, "as I can sleep with Prosper: in truth, it will be neither the first or the last time that I shall have done so. You are our senior, and we should have respect for age."

"Pshaw! mine honoured guests," said mine host, "talk not of it; my good wife hath more beds than one under her; you shall have one of them placed on the ground for yourself."

And so saying, he went off to bar the window, making all the racket that was consistent with such a prudent operation.

"I accept your offer with thanks, worthy Sir," said the merchant: and then lowering his voice to a whisper,

"I candidly confess to you," he continued, looking at the two friends, "it is just what I wished anxiously. I do not feel quite at ease about those boat-fellows of mine; and I am not at all grieved to be, for this night, in the company of two brave and honourable gentlemen—two French officers. I have got a hundred thousand francs in gold and jewels in my velise."

The affectation of reserve and caution with which the young men seemed to receive this imprudent communication, completely reassured the German.

The master of the Auberge was assisted by the travellers in arranging a bed for the merchant; and when all was settled in the best way they could, he wished them a good night's rest, and repaired to his own chamber.

The merchant and the young men began to joke about the strange substitutes which they were obliged to have for pillows. Prosper placed his own case of instruments and that of his companion under his own head, in order to raise up the only bolster which was left to him; and at the same moment Walhenfer, as well

through excess of caution as for the sake of comfort, disposed of his precious velise in a similar manner.

"We shall both sleep to-night upon our fortune," remarked the former—"you on your gold, and I on my case of instruments. Time alone can tell if my tools shall procure me as many golden pieces as you are already the master of."

"You must only hope that they will, my young friend," returned the merchant; "assiduity and honesty will bring us sooner or later to the top of the hill; but you must have patience."

It was not very long till Walhenfer and Wilhelm were fast asleep; not so Prosper; whether it was that his couch was too hard and homely, or that excessive fatigue, as is often the case, banished sleep from his eyes, or perhaps his mind was so disposed by some fatality; I know not how it was, but he continued waking and restless. His thoughts wandered unrestrained from one subject to another, till insensibly they took a direction neither allowable nor innocent, and he could think of nothing except the hundred thousand francs upon which the merchant's wearied head lay unsuspectingly reposing.

These ten thousand francs were in his imagination a prodigious fortune already acquired. He amused himself employing them in a thousand different ways—building all sorts of castles in the air, as we are all apt to do so pleasantly and on such a grand scale when in that dreaming, half reflective state, ere we sink down into slumber—at that moment when confused and half formed images spring up in our brain, and the solemn stillness of night invests our fancies with a power almost magical.

He thought that his mother's fondest wishes were accomplished; that he had purchased the thirty acres of *prairie*; that the cruel disparity of their fortunes no longer interposed to keep two attached hearts asunder, but that his own dear Julie sat as his wedded wife at their happy fire-side at Beauvais. With so great a sum he made provisions for a whole life of uninterrupted felicity—beheld himself happy—the father of a lovely family—a man of substance and great consideration—aye, perhaps, even mayor of Beauvais.

At length his brain became so unsettled and heated by this exciting occupation, that he sought the means of changing these fictions into realities. He was seized with a glowing and irrepressible desire to commit a crime, in theory at least; and while his thoughts were busily plotting the merchant's death, the gold and jewels were in fancy distinctly presented to his sight. His eyes were dazzled as he gazed; his heart throbbed with emotion. Even to deliberate in such a case was, perhaps, a crime. Fascinated by such a heap of wealth, he was, as it were, morally held bound by the spell of some dark and murderous instigation of his mind. He asked himself if this wretched German exile had any business to live; he supposed the case of his never having existed; in fine, he conceived the crime while he was assuring himself that it could be committed with impunity.

The opposite bank of the Rhine was occupied by the Austrian forces; there was a vessel manned with sailors just beneath the window: what was to prevent him cutting the merchant's throat and throwing him into the river, making his escape through the window with the coveted velise, bribing the sailors with some of the money, and then flying into Austria with the rest. Nay, he even went so far as to calculate the degree of dexterity and address which he had already acquired from the habit of using his surgical instruments, that he might be able to cut through the neck of his intended victim without suffering one cry of agony to escape him."

Just at this moment I chanced to glance at M. Maurecey; he was wiping his forehead, and once again at the water-jug.

"Prosper," continued the narrator, "raised himself gently up in his bed without making any noise; and when he had satisfied himself that he had not wakened any person, he put on his clothes, went out into the common room where they had supped the night before, and, with that extraordinary and fatal collectedness which men suddenly find themselves possessed of on critical emergencies, and that calm firmness of hand and heart which seldom fails the prisoner or the criminal in the execution of his project, he unscrewed the

iron bar, took it out of its socket in the stone without causing the slightest sound, and opened the window-shutters, pressing cautiously the hinges that he might deaden the sound of their grating.

"The moon was shining in cloudless serenity, flinging her clear pale light o'er the scenery, and enabled him to see dimly and indistinct the objects within the chamber where Wilhem and Walhenfer slept.

Then it was—for I had it from himself—that he felt for a moment unable to proceed, and paused. So violent were the palpitations of his heart, so deep, so audible, he felt all the cowardliness of guilt, and he feared that he should not be able to do the horrid deed with steadiness or coolness; for his hands trembled as if he had a cold ague fit, and the soles of his feet seemed, as it were, pressing upon glowing coals.

It was but a moment. The accomplishment of his design was attended with such happiness in prospective, that he considered it predestined by fate which threw such an opportunity in his way. He opened the window and re-entered the sleeping apartment, took up his case, and sought out the instrument most suitable for the perpetration of the crime.

When I approached the bed of the merchant," said he, "I involuntarily recommended myself to God."

At the instant when he raised up his arms, collecting his whole strength for the stroke, he heard a voice, as it were, within him, and perceived a glimmering and faint light.

He threw the instrument on his bed, fled to a distant part of the chamber, and then hurried out to the window which he had opened.

Then indeed the better feelings of his nature once more gained the ascendancy: he was stricken with bitter remorse for the crime he had meditated, and deep horror of himself. Still was he painfully sensible how feeble and wavering were his virtuous resolves; and fearing that he might not yet have gained sufficient strength to resist the powerful fascination to which he had so nearly fallen a victim, he sprang hurriedly through the window out upon the highway, and strode up and down along the Rhine, pacing like a sentinel before the Auberge.

Often in his rapid and disordered

walk, did he reach the town of Andernach; often, too, did his troubled steps conduct him to the pass through which he had in the evening descended as he approached the inn. So profound, however, was the stillness of the night, and such confidence did he repose in the vigilance of the trusty watch-dogs, that he frequently lost sight altogether of the window that he had left open.

The intention of the young man was to weary himself by exercise, and call to his aid the friendly restorative of slumber. However, as he thus wandered under the cloudless autumnal sky, and gazed with admiration on the eternal stars that glittered in its glorious expanse, his soul was touched with the solemnity of nature, while the fresh and balmy air of night, and the soft and melancholy murmuring of the waves tranquillized his perturbed spirit. Insensibly he fell into a calm, contemplative reverie, which by degrees restored his mind to its healthful and virtuous tone, and ended in totally dissipating the gloom of that momentary frenzy under which he had been labouring. The course of his earlier education, the religious precepts which he had then imbibed, and above all, as he himself informed me, the picture of that moderate and blameless life which, up to the last few days, he had passed beneath his parent's roof, enabled him to triumph over the suggestions of his evil thoughts.

When, therefore, he at length returned, after a long communing with his own heart, to the fascinating influence of which he had abandoned himself upon the banks of the Rhine; and as he remained leaning against a large jutting stone of the building, he felt that he could not only sleep, but keep watch beside a million pieces of gold. At that moment, when he felt elevated to a loftiness of spirit and firmness to combat temptation, he sunk upon his knees with a feeling of extacy and joy; he returned thanks to God; he felt himself once again happy, light-hearted, and contented even as he was at his first communion with that Divine Being, when he had passed through the day without transgression, in word, in action, or in thought. He re-entered the inn, closed the window without making any noise, and threw himself once again upon his couch.

Wearied alike in mind and body, he surrendered himself to the influence of sleep, and in a short time after, having laid his head upon the pillow, he sunk into that first light and fantastic dreaminess which is invariably the precursor of profound repose — when the senses grow benumbed, and the consciousness of existence gradually fades away, the thoughts are faint and unfinished, and the last struggle of the mind, as it flickers in the socket, shoots up fitfully in a drowsy reverie.

"How oppressive and heavy the air is," thought Prosper; "I feel as if breathing a humid vapour or the exhalations from hot water."

He made a vague attempt to explain to himself this effect of the atmosphere by the difference which should naturally exist between the temperature of the chamber and the open air. Shortly, however, he heard a noise repeated at regular intervals, very like that which drops of water would cause in falling from the cock of a fountain. In obedience to the sudden suggestion of affright, his first impulse was to start up and summon the inn-keeper and to arouse the merchant or Wilhelm; but unfortunately for him, he that moment recollected the wooden clock in the next room; and believing that he recognized the movement of the pendulum, sleep surprised him with this indistinct and confused perception upon his mind."

"Do you wish for more water, Monsieur Maurecey?" said the master of the house, observing the contractor mechanically seize the decanter.

It was quite empty: he had drained it to the last drop.

M. Hermann continued his story, after the slight interruption caused by the question of the banker.

"The next morning," said he, "Prosper Magnan was roused from his sleep by a loud noise. He imagined that he heard piercing shrieks, and he experienced that violent starting of the nerves which we feel so painfully when we continue to be affected, upon waking with some disagreeable sensation commenced during sleep. The shock and confusion caused, it would seem, by a too sudden re-union of our two natures, if I may be allowed the expression, which are in a great degree separated during sleep, is generally rapid and of

short duration ; but in poor Prosper's case it was long and increased ; and you may judge his horror when he perceived a sea of gore between his own bed and that of Walhenfer, while the head of the ill-fated German lay upon the ground, and his blood-clotted trunk upon the couch.

No sooner did he behold the glazing eyes of that horrid head still open and fixed ; no sooner did he see the blood which had gushed out and stained his clothes and hands, and recognised his own surgical knife upon the bed, than the wretched young man fainted away and fell senseless in the gore of the murdered Walhenfer."

"Alas !" said he to me afterwards, "it was a just punishment for my wicked thoughts."

When consciousness again returned, he found himself in the common parlour of the inn. He was sitting upon a chair, surrounded by French soldiers, and in the presence of an immense crowd of people, who were anxiously and inquisitively looking upon him. He gazed with a stupid, vacant look upon a republican officer who was employed in collecting the depositions of some witnesses present, and making out, apparently, the *proces-verbal* : then he recognised the host and his wife, the two seamen, and the servant maid of the inn. The surgeon's knife, of which the assassin had made use——"

M. Maurecey coughed, drew his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his brow.

All this was natural enough, and attracted the attention of no one except myself, more particularly as the

eyes of all the other guests were fixed attentively on M. Hermann, to whom they listened with great avidity. The contractor leaned his elbow upon the table, and fixed his eyes upon the narrator immoveably. From that period he suffered no symptom of interest or emotion to escape from him ; but his countenance continued to wear the same pensive and terror-stricken expression which had marked it when he played with the stopper of the decanter.

"The surgeon's knife," continued our friend, "of which the assassin had made use, lay upon the table, with the case of instruments, the portfolio, and the papers of Prosper. The looks of those assembled within were directed alternately to these several articles of conviction, and to the youth himself, who was to all appearance dying, and whose blood-shot eyes seemed to have lost all power of vision. A confused rumour which was heard from without, proclaimed the presence of the multitude drawn together before the inn by the novel crime, and perhaps also by the desire of seeing the murderer. The measured paces of the sentinels placed under the windows of the parlour and the clash of their fusils were heard above the murmurings of the people as they conversed together ; but the inn itself was closed, and the court-yard was empty and silent."

Our worthy companion's lungs were first rate organs, and in excellent wind, still they could not go on for ever ; and he paused a moment, as well to recruit them as to comfort the inner man with the good cheer that lay before him.

EPITAPH.

Thy ashes, friend, would claim the sculptured dome,
To show a world where rare endowments sleep :
I knew thy heart—nor need the pompous tomb—
This lowly turf directs *me* where to weep.

MARTIN'S BRITISH COLONIES.—No. I. ASIA.*

A few generations have scarce passed away, since a small body of British merchants sought to establish a commercial footing on the peninsula of Hindostan; where can a parallel be found in the annals of the world, to match the progress of their greatness? Not in the value and importance of the mercantile interests only, but also the national power and wealth, increased by the acquisition, within half a century, of one hundred millions of subjects, and a territory ten times the size of England. And the brightest page of this brilliant history is not that which records the achievement of battles, and kings, and principalities, laid low, but that which tells of the spreading the great truths of our religion, and the restoration of these vast dominions, from anarchy, bloodshed, and civil commotion, to order, peace, and prosperity.

The first charter of the English Company was from good Queen Bess, for exclusive dealing in the Indian seas, and for a term of fifteen years; the date of this may be easily remembered, it was given on the last day of the sixteenth century. Twenty years afterwards Charles I. in order to replenish his coffers, made a grant to Sir William Courten, to trade wherever the East Indian Company had no settlements; such a vague and uncertain charter gave ample scope for mutual quarrels, and after much annoyance, a compromise was made in the year before the commonwealth. Cromwell threw open the trade; but in a very few years, thoroughly convinced of the national importance of an incorporated company, restored the charter. Charles II. increased the privileges, and soon after the Company was able to extend their trade to China. Their first order for the staple commodity of their present commerce, is a

curiosity, this is dated 1667, and is to their factor in Bantam, and the amount is "for 100lb. of *goode tay*." We may here mention that the revenue on this leaf, for the last eighteen years, amounts to seventy millions sterling.

About this time the company commenced that political system, which in latter times has led to the acquisition of empires, the consolidation of entire kingdoms, into one enormous secondary state. In 1656 Doctor Broughton obtained leave from the Mogul to establish a factory on the Hoogly, near the posts of the other European nations. A quarrel with the natives forced the British to leave this factory, and they accordingly shifted their quarters to the place where Calcutta now stands; in ten years the rebellion of Soubah Sing against the Mogul, gave the Company an opportunity of erecting defences around their factory, being the first time such permission had been granted to Europeans. In 1700 the Company bought the town-ship on which their factory stood, and soon after Fort William was dignified with the title of a presidency, laying the foundation of that empire which has no equal in ancient days, and which can hardly in human probability be paralleled in time to come.

About fifty years after this presidency was created, the factory was surrounded and seized by the bloody Surajee ud Dowlah, whose atrocities towards Mr. Holwell and his 146 companions, are familiar to every child of Britain that has shuddered and grown pale at the recital of the horrors of the "Black hole of Calcutta;" in one day twenty-four persons only, remained to tell the sad tale of death; these men were the representatives of the British power in Bengal.

At this time England carried on a furious struggle with her Gallic neigh-

* History of the British Colonies, by Montgomery Martin, in five vols.—Vol. I. Possessions in Asia. London: Cochrane and M'Crone, 1834.

bour, both in Europe and Asia, and while the demands for recruits at home became constant and pressing, the affairs of the East seemed imperiously to require a large, well-disciplined army. In this crisis there arose a man, who, under Providence, was the means of extricating the Company from their difficulties; one of those strange mortals who seem raised for a peculiar purpose, and destined to succeed in whatever they undertake. Robert Clive was born at Styche in Shropshire, on the twenty-ninth of September, 1725. His father was an attorney, to which profession his son would have been trained, had not his daring disposition induced his parent to send him as a writer, to India. His military genius being roused at the attack of the French on Madras, he entered as a volunteer, and, after a short and brilliant career, obtained a commission as ensign, in 1747.

The disastrous news of the massacre of the Calcutta garrison, reached Madras at the time of Clive's arrival from Europe with a commission as deputy governor of Fort St. David. "His voice was still for war," and, after due deliberation he obtained the command of a handful of men, with whom he marched to avenge the cruel death of his countrymen.

A dull list of forts taken, and battles fought would have little attraction for our readers, nor have we space to follow closely the steps of this great man, suffice it to say, that in four months he met and defeated the perpetrator of the cruelties which had called down this prompt vengeance. The Surajee was glad to effect a peace, which being concluded, the Company were put in possession of their fort, and allowed to re-assume their trade in tranquillity.

The assault on one fort affords an incident, which, as illustrative of the British sailor's character, may be here given. The Fort of Budge-Budge was besieged and breached by Admiral Watson; during the night a drunken sailor getting on shore, advanced up to the walls, and firing his piece, ordered an immediate surrender; the natives, fully persuaded that the whole army were with him, commenced a speedy evacuation of the premises, and in the morning the sailor was found asleep before an empty fort.

He was brought on board, and flogged for being on shore without leave, upon which he merely replied, that "he'd be d——d if ever he took another fort for them again."

The peace with Surajee, however, was hollow, and intelligence of the war between Britain and France having reached the East, gave Clive an opportunity of forming and executing a plan for the greater safety of the Company. Two great ends were to be obtained, the deposition of Surajee, and the expulsion of the French, who were rapidly gaining ground in this part of India. These were carried into effect by a treaty with Meer Jaffier, one of the first military characters of the time, who undertook that if he were placed on the throne, he would expel the French and repay the Company for any losses suffered in the time of his predecessor. In three months from the first marching of Clive's army the whole campaign was terminated by the death of Surajee, the British having won the last battle, with a loss of twenty-four killed, and forty-eight wounded.

The Dutch at this time made an aggression on the frontiers of Bengal, and the eldest son of the Mogul emperor attempted to wrest the power from the hands of the Company, and re-establish the waning empire of his fathers; these varied attacks were, in succession, repelled by the exertions of Lord Clive and his officers aided by Meer Jaffier who had been put on the throne of Bengal. Although the company were in every respect victorious, yet fearful of extending their conquests too far, and thus weakening the possessions already gained, the directors issued orders to stay the advance of their troops; had these instructions been rigidly adhered to, it is probable that the company would have had little more than the townships of Calcutta, Madras and Bombay. But the policy of the times required that, although offensive wars, originating with the English, might be prohibited, yet that defensive campaigns should be carried on even to the utter annihilation of the aggressors. "If we pass these bounds we shall be led from one acquisition to another, till we shall find no security but in the subjection of the whole;" this was the

advice of the directors; and well would it have been for the native princes had they suffered the British to rest in peace, and act on such meek and unambitious views. But pride forced on the headstrong Asiatics, until the merely defensive operations of the Europeans became the means of conquest. It was not ambition which led the Company to these undertakings—necessity led the way, and victory had brought them to the choice of further advances or total expulsion. "Self preservation awakened them from commerce—victory gained the great advantages enjoyed—and force now could only preserve them. The East India Company had, therefore, no alternative but to be all or nothing."

By the defeat of the successor of Jaffier, and the combined forces of the Vizier of Oude and the Emperor of Mogul, with the subsequent treaties, the British became possessed of the sovereignty of Bengal, and parts of Baher and Orissa. They exacted a tribute from the Vizier of Oude, on the restoration of his dominions; and having granted magnificent stipends to those monarchs whose kingdoms they retained, sat down in peace to enjoy the fruits of their toil.

Thus it was that in the short period of ten years, the company elevated themselves from being the paltry possessors of a mud fort on the Ganges, to the high station of lords over the richest kingdoms of the continent; holding in their sway thirty millions of subjects, and enjoying a revenue of twenty-five millions of rupees. "Such was the Dewany of Bengal, now known under the name of the lower, or permanently settled provinces."

This rapid sketch will, we hope, have the effect of inducing our readers to examine the very interesting account of this period, as given by Mr. Martin in the work before us. We have been delighted, as well as instructed, by this volume; and to those who know the labour of wading through ponderous works, forced upon our notice by the seeming importance of their titles, it will be sufficient to say, that we hail the prospect of the forthcoming volumes with no small interest.

However interesting the history of the Bengal conquests may be, yet it sinks when we turn to the subsequent

subjection of Western India, and the still more recent reduction of the Burmese empire. This has occurred in our own times—the heroes of the field are yet alive—the facts themselves are in that intermediate state, when, being neither recorded in history, nor handed down by tradition, they are narrated by eye witnesses. They are stories of days gone by; but they are told to listening youth with all that vigour which a personal narrative always gives, and they impart a ten-fold interest to the hearer from the pardonable egotism of the grey-headed veteran, who

"Shoulders his crutch and shews how fields were won."

The enormous force of the Mahratta army was a source of serious anxiety to the Company. Possessing a peace establishment of 150,000 horse, 40,000 foot, and abundance of artillery, besides auxiliaries, the chieftain was in little dread of our yoke; yet his boasting was brought low—one battle after another reduced his vaunted force, and our victorious troops under Lake, took possession of the capital. The successor of Scindia again raised the standard against the British; and, with the like success, was forced to fly to the well known fortress of Bhurtpore. Under the walls of this fort was the scene of the most horrible carnage. Four attempts at storming were unsuccessful; and the troops retired from the last with a total loss of above three thousand. This breach is rendered famous by the defection of two entire regiments of British soldiers; who, panic struck at the fury of the natives, refused to follow their officers, and actually submitted to the degradation of allowing a Seapoy corps (the 12th Bengal) to head the last attack. They did, afterwards, retrieve their honour; but for many a day were the 75th and 76th, regulars, looked upon with a very questionable aspect. The Rajah of Bhurtpore seeing that Lake would not give over, sent his son to surrender the fort; which was accordingly taken by the British, together with two millions of rupees towards defraying the expenses of the war.

The events which followed, under the government of Cornwallis, are too numerous to be even mentioned here; nor can we find space to write the

second fall of Bhurtpore, before the army of Lord Combermere. It was taken at the first charge, with a loss of 100 killed and 500 wounded. As a set off to the conduct of the regulars at the first storming of this fort, we may mention the cool manner in which the Seapoy force, under General Coote, took a lesson in the art of war, at the expense of their British comrades. The French had retreated from before Madras; Coote followed, and coming up with them at Wandiwash, he commenced the attack. The Europeans on both sides were pretty nearly matched; Coote having besides, a large body of native troops. These Seapoys, to a man, held off from the battle; leaving their general, and his handful of English, to make the best fight they could. Coote was victorious: and, after the pursuit was ended, the native officers addressed him, thanking him for the pleasantest battle they had ever seen! What would have been the conduct of these cool heroes, had the fortune of the day been other than it was, it is by no means difficult to divine.

We cannot be expected closely to trace the rise and progress of the British power in Hindostan, nor follow their banner from the landing of Clive to the present day. The time since these deeds were done is so short, that a cool and impartial contemplation of their motives is almost impossible. Passion will still cast a tint over the view which we take, throwing some things into shade which justice demands to be brought forward, and lighting up with an improper brilliancy actions which might better be left in the back ground. From the time of the first landing of the British troops, to this moment, has this strange and wonderful empire been advanced in strength—yielding increase of many things to our nation—revenue to the state—impulse to our commerce—adding stability to the throne—would to heaven we could say, wisdom to our rulers. But the wisdom of those men who now, for our sins, are permitted to govern us, is folly. The colonists of this kingdom seek to be treated as children of one parent, subjects of one king. They receive the usage of a base-born, disinherited, outcast; they ask for bread and receive a stone. Submission but induces these creatures

to increase the yoke—complaint is stigmatised as rebellion. How much longer these things may be borne is not for us to say; the womb of time may yet bring forth better days, and that they may speedily arrive will be our petition, and the prayer of all those who, with us, regard our colonial possessions as important in the highest degree to the well-being of this empire. Are we not borne out in this? Here have we a Secretary for the Colonies, in his place, night after night, wasting his acknowledged powers on the veriest trifles that ever engaged the tongues of a legislative assembly, and allowing a most fearful ebullition of colonial feeling to pass unregarded. Is it fear? Is the love of place so strong within his breast, that he has dared to conceal the state of that portion of the empire which is under his care from the House of Commons, lest being called to account for his own neglect, or made to suffer for the wretched imbecility of his colleagues, he should be dismissed from his stewardship, and be no longer steward? Or can he, indeed, plead ignorance of his own despatches being thrown out of a colonial assembly? Is the impeachment of a royal governor nothing worthy of his attention? Yet, scouting the repeal of the union of two parts of the empire, he allows the derangement and danger in our distant colonies to gain such a height, that the weak and puerile measures of his policy will be inefficient to reduce them as a child would be who, lighting a heap of flax, astonished at the mischief he has created, and seeking with his little arms to quench the flame, perishes in the effects of his own ignorant folly.

Although the immediate effects of the British settlements in India, were war and bloodshed; yet these once subsided, the state remained in a profound tranquillity. How different is the British sway from the various dynasties which proceeded it. The Mahomedan empire was founded on usurpation and voluntary aggression; the blood of the poor, and those who had nought but their lives to offer to the tyrant, cemented the fabric, while the wealth of those who could purchase permission to live, was applied to render their own yoke yet more strong, and the despotism of the conqueror

more uncontroled. The Mahratta wars were so far less iniquitous, inasmuch as they demanded no continued flow of blood, to sustain their power. Plunder was their object and the source of their revenue; those who had little, were left their lives, as a man leaves food for the insects that he robs in order that he may again the more severely tax their labour. Those who had abundance were at once reduced to the lowest level of existence; but unresisting blood was not shed. The arrival of the British brought down upon their heads, the wrath of these conquerors, hitherto undisturbed in their predatory acquisitions—the consequence of such interference we have already noticed in the destruction of various native powers; but to the Hindoo the change was blessed, the reign of rebellion, massacre, perfidy and treason, desolation, and all the horrors of barbarous conquest passed away, and tranquillity, civilization, and a degree of moral rectitude were substituted in their place. “Let those who condemn the British conquest of Hindostan reflect whether Providence acted wisely in putting a stop to scenes which harrow up the soul on bare perusal, making England the means of introducing peace and Christian precepts into a country whence incalculable blessings may flow, to cheer and gladden many hundred million of human beings scattered throughout the vast territories of the eastern hemisphere.”

We have taken this hasty glance at the modes whereby Britain attained possession of these provinces; let us say a few words on a subject which has occasionally terrified the public mind. Is there any danger of losing these important territories? The first and most favourite theory of the alarmists, is the invasion of the Russians; and within these few years we have known many who had been steady believers in the safety of our eastern provinces, from any danger in this quarter, shaken in their opinions, by the rapid movements of the Russians, both in Persia and Turkey. Within this current century too, a force has sprung up on the north west, consisting of 73,000 men, for the most part drilled in European tactics by French officers. This force, under Runjeet Sing, has been long tempted by the emissaries

of the Czar, perhaps the price of his services has not been offered, but as yet no disposition towards hostilities have been evinced. Our readers may bear in mind the powerful opposition made to the Company, by Tippoo Sultan, in 1798, who had little more than 47,000 men in the field, the force therefore of Runjeet Sing is worthy of more attention than a mere passing glance. This chief's territory includes not only what is called the Punjaub, but also the important valley of Cashmere, and vast tracts beyond the Indus, from Tatta on the south, to Thibet on the north, and from Caubul on the west, to beyond the Sutlijs on the east; these dominions yielding the annual revenue of eighteen million of rupees. We shall presently see what facilities of invasion, the Russians would gain by a treaty with Runjeet Sing.

From the position of Russia, in regard of our eastern possessions, it may be well imagined, that an army might march with some faint prospect of success. Her vast extent of territory in the south of Europe, gives her complete command over the Black and Caspian Seas. A force collected at Orenburgh, crossing the Caspian from the Oural, lands at the south eastern extremity of this inland sea. By this route a small portion only of the great salt desert is to be crossed. We must confess that there is more probability of invasion by this road, now than could have been imagined some few years past. To attempt the passage across Persia, while at war with that power, or even without their assistance, would be utterly impossible. Long since, writers have started the supposition that the route now mentioned, would be the probable line of march for an invading army, but the subjugation of Persia to Russia, and yet more lately the league of the Porte with the same power, was at that time so improbable, that we cannot blame the brethren of our craft, who hooted such a tale as the offspring of very ignorance and cowardice. But the scene has changed, Persia has been scourged into a passive submission to her conqueror, if not an active participation of other and wider victories. Turkey, the key of our eastern provinces, has, by the iniquitous folly of our rulers been calmly surrendered to that power,

which will be the first to use this stupidity to our loss, and the incalculable advancement of their own interests.

How would Russia have dared to advance through Persia, if our old and faithful ally, the Porte, was hanging on his rear, ready to cut off supplies or exterminate the retreating remains of a defeated army. But now, the very power which was one of our best and surest out-posts, must, by the law of self defence, prevent any interference on our part, to the advances of the Russians through these countries so madly given up. The march of the invading host through Korasan and the small part of the desert necessary to be crossed, would be effectually prevented were the Persians a free nation. But in their present state, the difficulties of such a march are taken away by the forced assistance of the conquered natives. The line from the Caspian then would be through Herat, across part of the district of Sigistan to Candahar, turning to the south to Moultan, where they are in the dominions of Runjeet Sing. Now were this chieftain steady in his purposes towards the British, we should little fear any attempts of the Czar; a weary army could make no head against his seventy thousand natives; but being independent, he is open to the power which will best advance his interests. Another route may be along the sea shore, following the steps of Alexander, and at the mouth of the Indus, getting into the country of Runjeet Sing, and striking then in the direction of Delhi or Agra. Since by the loss of our Ottoman allies, we are no more able to prevent the march of the Russians, we must derive the means of safety from those powers, dependant or otherwise on the British nation. Of the former there are eleven great divisions, without subsidiary treaties, but under our protection, and nine also under our wing, with which such treaties do exist. There are besides five great powers not under our protection, and these skirt our provinces, from the state of Sindé at the mouth of the Indus, through the Lahore or Runjeet Sing's territory on the north west frontier, to Nepal on the

north, and some minor states, containing an area considerably larger than the presidencies of Bengal and Agra together. The importance of these wild chiefs being led, not only to a mere peace with Britain, but also to a mutually defensive treaty, consists in this; were an invading army to arrive in Lahore, the non-operative league would not bind Runjeet Sing to expel the intruder, who, finding fertile vales and safe quarters, lies in peace, until the fatigues of the army may be overpast. The difficulties of the march, end when the invaders reach the comfortable districts of Lahore, the place for defence then is not the frontier of Runjeet's dominions nearest to our territories, but where they verge upon Caubul. If the Russian be able to buy the services of this chieftain, the case is ten-fold worse, for we bring upon our heads the native force, with the addition of well trained and disciplined Europeans. Hitherto we have fought and conquered the natives, unassisted in their endeavours by any important European force. The next struggle will probably exhibit the novel circumstance of a mixed native and European force, fighting on *both* sides.

We have not written any thing here with a foolish desire to excite alarm, but having observed the rapid and important changes in the political power of Russia, we wished to shew the application of this new force, to the old and avowed intentions of that country. In justice to ourselves we must say that all this matter is not merely the coinage of our brain, not merely a straw man set up to show our skill. It is in evidence before parliament, that the Russian has lately carefully surveyed the river Oxus and all the line to India, they have established steam navigation on the Volga and the Caspian Sea, thus furthering the great object of an easy communication between Russia and the States bordering on our Eastern dominions.* We wish our readers to be informed on this topic in order that they may not be surprised beyond measure, when on the quickening of Whiggish intellect, these things become matter of debate. We say quickening, for

* We hope soon to be able to devote a paper to this subject.

we verily believe that our ministry, at present, would sooner doubt their own existence, or the payment of their salaries, than the good faith of the Russian Czar. As to any other theory of the alarmists, concerning the simultaneous revolt of the whole continent, we shall merely reply in the emphatic word of the old gentleman in the "Vicar of Wakefield":—FUDGE.

The alteration in the charter of the East India Company is too important a subject to pass lightly over. We cannot be expected to criticise all the bearings of this rash act, but a few words may be acceptable.

At an early period of the British connexion with India, the territorial revenues of the country probably assisted commerce; in the latter periods commerce has undoubtedly aided territory. For fifteen years have the presidencies of Madras and Bombay been unable to raise a sum equal to the annual expenditures, and there has been a yearly deficit in the political charges. The usual method of raising money was resorted to, and the territorial debt of India has increased from £26,970,786, which it was in 1814, to £39,377,880, in 1829, or including the floating debt not bearing interest, from thirty to forty-seven millions. A considerable portion of the deficit was paid by the great profits of the commercial department, and such would be the case still, had not the ministers placed the Company's trade in abeyance; thus crushing the hopes of their being able to flourish vigorously, at the same time that the authors of this bill taunt them with their losses; upholding that a just and politic mode of finance had not been adopted in India.

The men who have so *evidently* improved our constitution, were, doubtless, well qualified to manufacture a charter for the Company; and their squabbles and disputes have proved how well they had matured their plans, how amply sufficient their powers were to rectify all abuses. The question of the East Indian Finance comes before these men—all agree that something must be changed; and, accordingly, they leave the expense as before, but take away the profits by which that

expense was borne. "Oh," says Mr. Grant, "this will not do: we must cut down the expenditure to the level of the income." "No," replies my Lord Althorp, "I am tired of taking off taxes, at the demand of my good friends the Trades' Unions—we will tax the country to the amount of the expenditure." When we see that no sound views of finance are entertained by the leading (!) statesmen of England, are we to blame a few merchants because their tables shew a diminished revenue. And let each and every one of our readers bear in mind that the land tax, (as has been proved before parliament,*) is not the cause of this deficit; which arises from the bungling incompetence of these men who will not do justice to the manufacturing and agricultural interests of India, which, were they fairly treated, would produce one hundred millions annually, with greater ease than they now do the quarter of that sum.

The imposition of heavy duties, amounting to a prohibition of colonial goods, is the most narrow-minded policy—the most dangerous theory of politicians. The principle is the same in all quarters of the world—if we refuse to allow the timber of our Canadian colonists to enter our ports without paying a heavy duty, how can we expect them to take the produce of our manufactories. If, as has been done, we prohibit the agricultural produce of the Hindoo from entering our markets freely, how can we ask him to take from us the luxuries, nay the comforts of life, which are offered to those who can pay for them. This practice is narrow-minded; for the politician enjoys a present advancement of one branch of trade at the expense of all the rest. We may mention, in furtherance of this, that in 1814 we imported to London cotton goods to the value of two millions from Bengal—we now export to the amount of eight millions; thus destroying ten millions of native labour. The artisan turns his attention to agriculture, and we, having driven him from his loom, refuse to take his grain and other produce in exchange for our manufactures. Now, mark the consequence. The British export cotton

* See Mr. Holt. Makenzie's Evidence before the Committee of Inquiry.
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trade has, indeed, been created and advanced to a great height, while the woollen, metal, and other principal branches of our commerce have been declining in a regular scale. This is an important fact: for, be it remembered, that the price of British manufactures has fallen—the freightage is less than one half of what it was in 1815—the insurance is less—the number of inhabitants, who ought to be consumers, is doubled. Yet, with all these advantages, our general export trade is sinking—even while we force our cottons on the Indian markets, and at the same time refuse their remaining productions—their muslins, sugar, tobacco, and coffee. Even with this compulsory market we have reduced the total value of our exports.

Facts are stubborn things. Here then is a nut for the teeth of these precious economists. We shall rejoice to see them breaking their jaws on the unconquerable morsel. The total import of merchandize into Calcutta in the years 1817–18–19 was 21,120,000*l.*; for 1825–26–27 it was 11,150,000*l.*; exhibiting a decrease of nearly ten millions sterling. The total of the English shipping entering the port of Calcutta in the same years, shows a deficit of one hundred and ten thousand nine hundred and forty-six tons. Why are these things so? A word will answer this question. The people are no longer able to take those goods, which once they thought to be absolute necessities of life. Why poverty has thus struck this huge mass is a question which our limits will by no means allow us to enter. Could we do so it would exhibit a fearful view of wretched mal-administration.

In addition to this falling off in the imports of Calcutta, we have to add the deficit in the *exports* of India, amounting, in the same time, to 1,766,071*l.* sterling. The same tale of deficiency in the exports and imports will apply in a lesser degree to Madras and Bombay. We have here a key to the recent failures of the East India houses, amounting to fifteen millions. The trade which has no reciprocity must be a losing one to the parties engaged, or to one of them. If we add the amount of the bankruptcies to the decreased trade, we shall have a melancholy pic-

ture of our late commercial dealings in this quarter.

All this may seem to some as a good, nay a cogent, reason for altering the charter of the Company. We confess we cannot see it thus. This new act neither increases the power of the natives in taking our goods, nor provides an additional market. It gives an increased impulse to the already rapid stream of our exports; but provides nothing by which these exports may be consumed. Is it not strange that we are dependent on a rival, and perhaps a hostile nation, for the supply of our cotton trade. The importation of American cotton into England is about three hundred millions of pounds annually—the East India supply being, for the *four* years ending 1828, but eighty-three millions. We have become independent of foreign nations for our supplies of indigo and silk; why cannot we do in like manner with our cotton trade, which being transferred to a colony instead of a distinct nation, makes to Britain all the difference of a return of the money so spent to her own coffers, in exchange for her various productions, instead of going to a rival who, having pocketed our money for his cottons, will not spend the value of a muslin kercher on the men who so foolishly pay him. It is idle to say that the East India cotton will not produce fabrics as fine as the American. No power loom in Lancashire ever has turned out work to compare with the hand-wrought Dacca muslin made by natives, and of native cotton.

Our respect for the dead prevents us from speaking as we wished of those men who, with blind zeal, have ruined this branch of our East India trade. Had the duty on American cottons remained as it was a few years ago, our Hindoo growers could have struggled on in some degree of success. Had these duties been raised, our fellow-subjects would have thrived; but the policy of these men was to throw open our ports to the reception of all traders on equal terms; regardless whether any reciprocity was held out to us, and forgetful of the rights of our fellow-countrymen, who had a claim on our care at least as strong as that of the American or Prussian, who poured in their productions freely;

laughing at our folly, but in no wise helping to lighten the crowded stores of our merchants. A step further in this philanthropic scheme, will, under the auspices of Lord Durham and Doctor Bowring, transfer the remains of our silk trade from the Indies and Gauges to the ports of our good friends, ancient allies, and firm supporters, of France. Were there any truth in the adage—"Quos Jupiter vult perdere, prius dementat"—our Whigs and free traders must, long ago, have slept with their fathers.

Had we space, we might enlarge on the several branches of our commerce; these, however, would occupy so much room, that it would exceed the limits of several papers to do justice to them fairly and fully. Indeed we ought to apologise to Mr. Martin for presuming to condense his matter; but if we have been in aught unintelligible, we can only refer to the volume before us.

It is but justice to mention our author's qualifications for the undertaking of this work. In addition to the having passed one third of his life in visiting our colonies, and attained authentic information in every particular, he has had vast facilities given him, since his return, in the use of government papers, and especially in documents furnished by the East India Company. The information thus collected is admirably condensed, and the cream of official papers laid before the public in a plain, clear, manly style—not ornate, but in the language of one not ignorant of his subject; at the same time that all requisite knowledge is given of the history and productions of the country. We have tables of the greatest value, important to the merchant, the political economist, and oriental student. Beside all these matters of business, there is so much of useful and entertaining matter interspersed through the whole volume, that the veriest trifler of readers must have his attention fixed, even by a cursory glance. We have risen from the perusal of this commencement of a great work with pleasure, and no mean idea of the talents, perseverance, and knowledge of the author. We have had no national colonial history—this branch of our literature was utterly barren. We could study the causes

and effects of the rise and fall of other nations and their offspring, and yet remain ignorant of the progress of our own transmarine possessions; and this, not from a want of material, but because the necessary papers could only be found by men, who, like Mr. Martin, added, to a perseverance in pursuit of knowledge, a facility of obtaining documents; and taste, and expression to impart his ideas. This blank in our history, seems fast to be filling up by the exertions of our author, to whom, if his future volumes be equal to the present, the thanks of the literary world will be eminently due.

The facilitating and accelerating of the communication between any two places, is in the language of an Economist, equivalent to the annihilation of space; thus if we could perform the voyage to India in two months instead of four, it would have the same effect, that would occur, were some Archimedes redivivus, by a lever, to bring the two continents into closer approximation. A post-office steam packet communication with our Eastern possessions is by no means so chimerical as may be imagined by those who are accustomed to think the trip to Greewich, or voyage across the Irish sea, as something to talk of; the attempt has been made, and although without the brilliant success which was hoped for, yet enough has been done to prove the complete practicability of the enterprise. The following was the run of the Enterprise steam boat, with only 120 horse power, and having but one depot of coal at the Cape; she left the land on the sixteenth of August, 1825, and reached Calcutta on the seventh of December in the same year. It thus appears that she was afloat 113 days, of which she was 103 actually under weigh. This vessel was fitted up to sail, as well as steam, and of the whole time she used the engines sixty-four days, the rest she got along by her canvass. Her greatest run in one day, by sailing, was 211 miles, the least 39; the greatest speed, by sails and steam together, was 225 miles, the least 80. The speed of the engine was, in calm weather, eight knots per hour, the log giving nine from the wash of the paddles. Lieutenant Johnson who commanded her speaks in high terms of

her sea-worthy qualities; off Cape Palmas he met some very heavy weather, and the boat behaved admirably; indeed it is now allowed that while a steamer's engines remain in order, she is less exposed to danger than a sailing vessel. This vessel could stow coal for thirty-five days consumption, and for the first eleven after leaving England the engines were incessantly at work. On opening the Mosambique channel, they met a very heavy gale; the fires were then put out, the wheels detached from the engine, and the vessel scudded along at the rate of ten knots per hour. The grand objection to employing steamers, is the enormous quantity of coal which they must carry; and this can only be obviated by frequent depots of this article at certain distances, and convenient places.*

We will suppose the practicability of the enterprize to be sufficiently proved, Let us see what is the best route for the vessels; the supporters of the scheme are divided into two parties; those who advocate the passage via the Red Sea, across part of Egypt, or the Isthmus of Suez, and the Mediterranean;—the other party uphold that the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope would be preferable. Mr. Martin speaks sensibly in favour of the latter plan:

"My reasons for advocating the Cape of Good Hope route, in preference to that *via* the Red Sea, are,

"First—That we would bring into closer and speedier communication the *whole* of our Asiatic and African colonies, whereas by the Red Sea route, even if certain difficulties (hereafter to be noticed) could be overcome, only a *part* of our Eastern possessions would be benefited.

"Second—that, therefore, the prospect of remuneration for the large expenditure requisite, is more secure by the Cape, than by the Red Sea.

"Third—that the commercial, political, and social advantages to England and her colonies, would be infinitely superior.

"Fourth—That we are mistress of the ocean, and have our route by the Cape open as long as the British flag shall rule, while we are not masters of Egypt, but subject to the caprices of Mehemet Ali's successors, and under the power of the French and Russians in their intrigues with the Porte or Pacha.

"Fifth—In the event of war, the Red and Mediterranean seas would be, in consequence of their confined and narrow routes, very dangerous both for letters and passengers, and much less secure than the highway of the ocean; besides the complete interruption which may occur for years, causing great loss of the capital embarked in the enterprise.

"Sixth—That although the travelling distance is greater by the Cape than by Egypt, yet owing to quarantines and numerous impediments, it is in reality shorter, and would be practically found so by comparing twelve voyages by either route, even under the *now* most favourable prospect which Egypt presents, but which would be entirely reversed on the breaking out of hostilities.

"Seventh—that the delay (if it be admitted for argument sake) of a few days by the Cape route, as compared with the Red Sea, is far more than counterbalanced by the numerous British possessions it brings into close contact, and by the route being much healthier for Indians or Europeans over the health invigorating ocean, than over the burning sands of Egypt, and the plague infested Delta of the Nile.

"Eighth—That depots of coal can be more expeditiously and cheaply provided from England, Calcutta, and New South Wales, where coal-mines are in full work, and from Ceylon and the Cape, where they exist but are not worked, than by the tedious shipments of fuel from England to Alexandria, and from Calcutta to Bombay and the Isthmus of Suez.

"Ninth—The voyage may be as safely performed via the Cape (if not more so than against the monsoon in the Red Sea) as by the Mediterranean and Red Seas, as demonstrated by Captain Johnson in the Enterprize steamer, while the improvements which have taken place in steam navigation since 1825, and the experience derived from the

* Perkins once offered to build a steam-ship of 1,000 tons burden, carrying 800 tons of coal, and he engaged her to perform the voyage to Calcutta in sixty days, making neither stop nor stay on the passage.

voyage, demonstrate the certainty and dispatch with which the Cape route may now be effected."

Although we cannot entirely subscribe to all these reasons, yet our conviction on the whole is, that the Cape route is preferable to that *via* the Red Sea. The expense of fuel on the latter line is enormous, for instance, Mr. Peacock states that coal in the Red Sea, would cost about seven pounds per ton, while the same material could be had at St. Helena for little more than one half of that sum. To prevent the necessity of each vessel carrying out coal for the consumption of any length of time, it would be requisite to have many depots at stations conveniently placed. We would recommend the following as among the best sites for such stores. One of the Canary Islands, Cape Verd, Cape Palmas, Ascension, St. Helena, St. Thomas, Cape of Good Hope, Algoa Bay, Isle of France, Trincomalee, Madras, Calcutta, and some other intermediate situations, which can be pointed out by experience, together with three or four additional depots, if the trade should be extended to Bombay. By these stations and the use of fast vessels with proper engines, the voyage should be made in eighty days—the average of the sailing vessels being 120 to 130 days. By very full and ample tables, taken from the Appendix to the "Finance and Commercial" East India papers, and the scales of postage proposed by the Anglo Indians, Mr. Martin proves that over and above the expenditure there should be an annual surplus in this department of a quarter of a million; the great totals being as follows: Post office receipts (calculated on parliamentary papers) £211,046 annually. Passengers, out and home, annually £242,500. Making together £453,546. Out of this, the expenditure would be, for food, wages, fuel, wear and tear of twelve packets and interest on capital, about £160,000 annually leaving a handsome profit to the creditor side of the accounts of some successor of Lord Althorp.

It would not be just to leave this branch of our subject without mentioning a *third* route proposed by Mr. Bowater, Captain Chesney, and others, *via* the Euphrates and Persian Gulf, but this is liable to every objection

which has been started against the route of the Red Sea—we shall therefore say nothing of it. Some have calculated that with every advantage, the journey, from England to Bombay, ought to be performed in five weeks; this is rather chimerical, but our readers shall judge for themselves; the traveller crosses France to Treiste, takes steam thence to Latichea, then by land to Beles, and down the Euphrates by steam to Bussorah, and so to Bombay; the over land route is too well known to need mention here, nor can we return to the question whether these lines would not smooth the way for the advance of an invading army. In the words of Mr. Martin, "the facts here brought forward, are submitted to the government in the firm belief that on mature reflection, the route of the Cape will be found deserving of adoption, not less for the sake of India and the Colonies, than for the welfare of England, for whatever promotes the prosperity of the one, enhances in a corresponding ratio the weal of the other."

This work contains a large quantity of interesting matter, interspersed through the text and notes; we shall make no apology for extracting some of these, and our fair readers may thank us for affording them some little information, concerning a favourite article of their dress. The great mart for the wool whence the Cashmere shawls are made, is Kilghet, about twenty days journey from the northern frontiers of the state. There are two kinds of this wool; that, which can be readily dyed, is white, the other sort is of an ashy gray hue, which being with difficulty changed, is generally used in its natural tint. About two pounds of wool can be obtained from each goat, and the down being separated from the hair, the former is washed in rice water. The natives attribute the superiority of their manufacture, to the quality of the waters of their valley, and they bestow particular attention to the washing of the raw wool. By the sorting and washing, the fleece loses about one half, the remainder being spun fetches one rupee or two shillings, for the weight of three rupees. The borders of these shawls are wrought separately, the taste of the various markets being widely different, those sent to Turkey

being of the softest and finest description. It is remarkable that the sale of these beautiful fabrics has shrunk materially since the fall of the Janissaries, who dressed much in shawls. The extinction of royalty in the neighboring kingdom of Caubul was a severe blow to the trade, and the ruined finances of Lucknow has almost crushed the small remains. Under the Mogul emperors there were thirty thousand looms at work in Cashmere, in the time of the Afghan Kings this number was reduced nearly one-half, and now there are but six thousand shuttles employed. Let not any Manchester cotton spinner rear up his head and pride himself on his many-coloured goods, thinking that he has been the cause of this decrease in the native productions; we tell him that his steam-spun power-wove gaudy articles, have little to say to this deficiency in the produce of the Cashmere looms. A few years ago, when the counterfeits first appeared, the pretty patterns and brilliant colours took the fancy of some, but the deficiency in warmth and softness soon caused the spurious articles to be laid aside, and lately a camel load of British shawls was set up for auction at Delhi, and scarcely a native would bid a rupee for each. The cause of the falling off, lies, not in the sale of a rival article, but the deficiency of buyers of any such goods. A calculation of the prime cost of two red shawls, and the various exactions they are afterwards subjected to, is, we believe, new, at least it has escaped our observation in any previous work, the expense is about as follows: four seers of wool and the consequent operations, with weaver's wages, amount to about thirty four pounds sterling. Duties in Cashmere twenty six pounds. In short each shawl would cost in Bombay about ninety pounds; being nearly two hundred per cent on the prime cost. This duty, although trivial in each particular article, yet starts into importance when we estimate the revenue accruing on each camel load of such goods, such load consisting of about 2000 shawls.

The setting in of the monsoon is ever an exciting busy scene, until the awe and terror, inspired by the fury of elements, swallows up every feeling but that of amazement at the power of

that Being, who holdeth the winds in the hollow of his hand. The extract we are about to give is from the pen of a Reverend gentleman, well known in the literary world of the East, and we feel happy in being able to give further publicity to his spirited sketch of the "setting in of the monsoon at Madras."

"On the fifteenth of October the flag staff was struck as a signal for all vessels to leave the roads lest they should be overtaken by the monsoon. On that very morning some premonitory symptoms of the approaching 'war of elements' had appeared, small fleecy clouds were perceived at intervals to rise from the horizon, and dissipate in a thin and almost imperceptible vapour over the deep blue of the sky. There was a slight haze on the distant waters, which seemed gradually to thicken, although not to a density sufficient to refract the rays of the sun, which still flooded the broad sea with one unvarying mass of glowing light. There was a sensation of suffocating heat in the atmosphere, which, at the same moment, seemed to oppress the lungs and depress the spirits. Towards the afternoon the aspect of the sky began to change, the horizon gathered blackness, and the sun, which had risen so brightly, had evidently culminated in glory to go down in darkness, and to have his splendour veiled from human sight by a long gloomy period of storm and turbulence. Masses of heavy clouds appeared to rise from the sea, heavy and portentous, accompanied by sudden gusts of wind that shortly died away, being succeeded by an intense death-like stillness, as if the air were in a state of utter stagnation and its vital properties arrested. It seemed no longer to circulate until again agitated by the brief but mighty gusts which swept fiercely along, like the giant herald of the storm. Meanwhile the lower circle of the heavens looked a deep brassy red from the partial reflection of the sunbeams on the thick clouds which had now every where overspread it. The sun had long past the meridian, and his rays were slanting upon the billows, when these black and threatening ministers of the tempest rose rapidly towards the zenith."

"About four o'clock the whole sky was overspread, and the deep gloom of twilight was cast over the town and sea; the atmosphere was condensed almost to the thickness of a mist which was increased by the thin spray scattered over

the land by the violence of the increasing gales. The rain now began to fall in sheeted masses, and the wind to howl more continuously, which, mingling with the roar of the surf, produced a tumultuous union of sounds perfectly deafening. The wind, with a force which nothing could resist, bent the tufted heads of the tall, thin cocoa-nut trees almost to the earth, flinging the light sand into the air in eddying vortices, until the rain had either so increased its gravity, or so beaten it into a mass, as to prevent the wind from raising it. The pale lightning streamed from the clouds in broad sheets of flame, while the peal which instantly followed was like the explosion of a gunpowder magazine, or the discharge of artillery in the Gorge of a Mountain. In some parts of the heavens the lightning was only seen to glimmer in faint streaks through the pitchy vapour which imprisoned it, as if struggling to free itself from its confinement, too weak to burst the impervious bosom of the capacious magazine in which it was at once engendered and pent up. So heavy and continuous was the rain, that scarcely any thing, save those vivid bursts of light, was perceptible through it; the thunder was so painfully loud, that it frequently caused the ear to throb; the surf was raised by the wind, and carried in thin billows of foam over the esplanade; fish above three inches in length were carried to the tops of the houses, either blown from the surf or lifted up in the waterspouts, which are very prevalent in this tempestuous season."

How fearful is this commotion of the elements; yet it is by these very conflicts that the atmosphere is purified, and rendered not only pleasant, but absolutely delicious, after the storm has passed over.

To the enthusiastic sportsman there can be no amusement superior to the oriental sports. Sink your crests, ye hunters of hares and foxes; boast not your prowess, ye followers of stags: ye are nothing when compared with your sporting brethren of the east—those men who shoot tigers as you do rabbits, and hunt an antelope with a leopard. If the size and strength of the chase, (we speak nauticé)—be the inspiring portion of the amusement; the eastern Nimrods may well laugh at our Meltonians, hunters after the fox, and pursuers of a deer. If danger be the glory, what comparison can

a broken bone or two bear to the extreme pleasure, honour, and so forth, of being on the end of a day's hunt, amalgamated with the flesh of a lion, or become a constituent part of a tiger—not to mention the pleasant thought of filling the hungry bellies of a score of jackalls—and then hurried over the next jungle faster than your Arab steed had ever borne you. Nevertheless, there is one important difference which tells much in the balance on our field sports. Here, if any thing is eaten, it is the fox by the dogs, or the hare or stag by the dog's masters. But the case is quite reversed in India, where the eater is generally the "game" and the eatee the European huntsman, a native or two, and a legion of Pariah dogs. We could decant largely on this topic: nay, but for a cotton slipper on our dexter hind foot, we could imagine we were in our Hoby's, heading a field of nobbs, or trampling through a jungle, regardless of Copra di Capellos, or scorpions. The day may come when we will enlighten the world with a series of papers elucidating the great mysteries of the sporting craft, proving, beyond a question, that Nimrod did not use a scarlet coat and club buttons, and by a curious and unique train of reasoning shewing that King's whips and St. Leger stakes are not unknown to the Kurdistan horsemen. But we must not forestall our ideas, least some unprincipled brother of the quill should rudely pluck our laurels from our brow. But as we have started this game, we will give one shot at least before we close our desk, and for a few weeks bid farewell to Mr. Martin:—

"The gallant manner in which some of the natives of India will, single-handed and armed only with a long knife, attack the most ferocious tiger for a trifling reward, has been often described, and needs not recapitulation here; but their agility and bravery in voluntarily encountering a shark in his native element, is not so well known. An illustration of this fact may be here given, which occurred near Calcutta in 1830. A boat was descending the Hooghley, when a huge shark was seen swimming round it. The native, holding a rope on which he had made a running noose, stood with the disengaged hand in the attitude of swimming, and the rope held over his head, awaiting the

moment that the monster should re-appear. At about six or eight yards from the boat the animal rose to the surface, when the man instantly plunged into the water, a short distance from the terrific jaws. The shark immediately turned round and swam slowly towards the man, who, in his turn, nothing daunted, struck out with the arm that was at liberty, and approached his foe. When within a foot or two of the shark, the native dived beneath him, the animal going down almost at the same instant. The bold assailant in this frightful contest soon reappeared on the opposite side of the shark, swimming fearlessly with the hand he had at liberty, and holding the rope behind his back. The shark, which had also by this time made his appearance again, immediately swam towards him; and while the animal was apparently in the act of lifting himself over the lower part of the native's body, that he might seize upon his prey, the man, making a strong effort, threw himself up perpendicularly and went down feet foremost, the shark following him so instantaneously that we were fully impressed with the idea that they had gone down grappling together. As far as we could judge, they remained twenty seconds out of sight, while we stood in breathless anxiety, and, it may be added, horror, waiting the result of this fearful encounter. Suddenly the native made his appearance, holding both hands over his head, and calling out with a voice which proclaimed his victory, "*Tan, Tan,*" on which the people in the boat, being prepared, drew the rope tight, and the struggling victim, lashing the water in his wrath, was dragged on shore and dispatched. This truly intrepid man received only a cut on the left arm, apparently from the fin of his formidable enemy."

The loss of human life by wild animals in the upper parts of India, is frightful. During the last four years above one thousand children have been devoured by wolves alone, and in the vicinity of the city of Agra; yet with all this horror before their eyes, the natives cannot be induced to slay a wolf, believing that where their blood is shed, the ghosts of their little victims will appear. When a wolf is caught, therefore, the people merely hang a bell upon his neck, that in his rambles the ringing may give warning to the children. Perhaps nothing would be of more service in these countries than

the giving a large reward for each head brought in, even if the superstitious feelings of the natives were in some degree outraged. Public safety demands some such measure as that which cleared Europe from similar plagues.

We must not conclude this paper without a reference to the "*Abode of Snow*"—the Himalaya, that stupendous chain, whose peaks are thrice the elevation of our highest European mountain. Twenty thousand feet have been barometrically surveyed and trigonometrically confirmed; and at this height there were peaks some seven thousand feet above the travellers. A new field for science has been displayed by the discoveries on these ranges. Those districts lying above a certain elevation, and which have been hitherto calmly consigned to eternal snow, are now proved to be here not only inhabited, but made healthy and delightful stations for Europeans. Some years ago the limit of perpetual congelation was fixed by theory at from ten to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea; yet on these mountains campanulas and ammonites have been found by Englishmen at 16,800 feet on the north side; at 13,000, birch, juniper, and pine appear; at 12,000, the oak is verdant and flourishing; at 11,400, the villagers cut green crops. Captain Webb found barley and buck-wheat at 11,000 feet; and at 690 feet above this elevation the same officer encamped, surrounded by oaks, pine, and rhododendra, with strawberries and currants in full blow, and myriads of European wild flowers all around them. A halting-place has been appointed at Samsici, on the banks of the Shelti, at an elevation of 15,600 feet, or nearly three miles and a half above the sea: and the landscape there is described as beautiful, "verdant hills, herds of deer, and lovely banks of shrubs." To the conchologist the strata of shells found on these mountains are full of interest. Cockles, muscles, univalves, &c. have been discovered on the highlands, about 15,500 feet, in a bed of granite and pulverised slate, the adjacent rocks being shell limestone. Dr. Gerard describes some extensive tracts of shell formations, discovered by him at an elevation of fifteen thousand feet. One of the blocks which he examined was composed of a multitude of shells of dif-

ferent sizes, imbedded in a matrix of calcareous tufa. This was broken from a solid mass of 150 cubic feet, apparently all of the same structure. A *fresh-water* bivalve, resembling the unio, was discovered at the same spot.

Colonies are beneficial to the mother country, not only in offering a market for manufactures, but also by affording a resting place for the feet of those who are too restless or unhappy to remain at home. Of the former of these two grand benefits we shall treat more at large when we again meet our author, and dilate on the immense consequence of each of our transmarine possessions in a commercial relation to England. The subject of emigration is too voluminous in its details, and important in character, to be merely passed lightly over; we shall, therefore, postpone our remarks on this head until we come to treat of those colonies which are more particularly the choice of the British emigrant. We merely mention this intended order of observation, that our readers may not be surprised at the seeming neglect of such great and momentous topics. We can make no apology for the consumption of so much time at present, nor can we hope to be much more condensed for the future. We should not do our duty by the public did we leave these subjects without adverting to the leading particulars of each branch. There is a storm rising rapidly, which can scarce fail to sever one or other of the colonies from our grasp. The gauntlet has already been flung down by our North American possessions—the West Indies are held by no massive bond—the Australasian colony calls for an independent legislature—and it remains to be seen whether the East India Company, shackled in their power, by the unreasonable interference in their commerce, can hold in integrity and perfect union those enormous regions which have hitherto been the brightest gem in our imperial sceptre. England received a lesson in the loss of the American States, which she should not so soon forget; and yet, from the policy of those who sway the power of this realm, we might well believe that there had never been a colony ruptured from the kingdom; nay, that there remained none that could follow so fearful an example.

There is, however, one comfort in store for us. Look back on the rise of our maritime power—even contemplate the progress of the British rule in India alone—trace our glorious path from the time that we first visited those shores few in numbers, weak, needy adventurers thirsting for gain. Examine the steps which led us to power, until we, from petty traders, have become monarchs over one hundred millions of our fellow men. Will any reflecting creature say that this was the work of blind chance—will any one have the hardihood to assert that no over-ruling Providence swayed the destiny of Britain, giving victory to the few, strength to the weak, and power to the gentle? No, none can be found to attribute such a brilliant career to fortune, and it is from this conviction that we find consolation even in the trials of such times as these. Conscious that the finger of God has done all this, we confide that our earthly glory will not pass away while this nation professes Christianity. Babylon has fallen—Nineveh has perished from the eyes of man—Carthage, Tyre, Sidon, where are they? They became proud—they forgot the source of their greatness—they are gone; and so will it be with us if, in our pride, we give not the glory where it is due. If a poor mortal may judge of such things, this time so fatal to us, is far off. While the present endeavours for the spread of religion are carried on—while knowledge, and by knowledge Christianity, is pouring from our presses—while the healthy tone of feeling that pervades all the classes who have any feeling at all, remains, we fear not what impious men may do; secure that when the great body is sound, the contamination of a few will not work the destruction of the whole. The voice of praise never ceases in the British dominions, as the rays of the sun ever illumine it. When the peasant of the forests of America sinks in slumber, and the missionaries of that land, hymning their praise, rest from their labour, then are the inhabitants of the southern climes rising to their task, and the teachers of the Heathen pour forth their prayers for the success of the good work. Every hour gives to rest some dependant of our king, and raises to life and light

some favoured land owning our gentle yoke, and receiving from our hands that knowledge which makes their welfare here and their happiness hereafter. As perfect night never falls on our empire, so may the sun of Britain's glory, be never totally obscured, until all mortality shall cease, and the great globe itself pass away.

SONG.

Oh ! my spirit hath warmly cherished
 In dreams of light
 Thy fondness, which now though perished,
 Once shone so bright.
 I have dwelt with the rich, high, power
 Of woman's truth,
 On many a dear, vanished hour
 Of our early youth,
 When our hearts were so mingled together,
 So deeply wound,
 We deemed not that earth could sever,
 What heaven had bound.

I heeded not those that pronounced thee
 An heartless one.
 And I scorned the tongue which denounced thee
 When thou wert gone.
 Though others had called thee altered,
 And changed to me,
 The faith of my soul ne'er faltered
 Nor turned from thee.
 I gazed on the last dear token
 Thy love had given,
 And I thought the vow was *not* broken,
 We breathed to heaven.

But the light of thy love *had* faded
 With passing years,
 And the spring of my life was shaded,
 By bitter tears.
 I found all affection banished
 From out thine heart,
 All thine early truth had vanished,
 As stars depart.
 Yet I loved—fondly loved thee,
 Tho' now no more
 Thou wert as I had proved thee
 In days of yore.

I am fading—I am wearing on
 To the last deep sleep !
 When this heart is dead, which hath loved so long,
 Oh ! wilt thou weep ?
 If in thy future hours of gladness
 Thou think'st of me.
 Let there then be a tinge of sadness
 Shed o'er the memory.
 Think of feelings which were slighted,
 Of beauty fled—
 Of hopes which have been blighted—
 Think—*of the dead.*

R. D. C.

LETTERS FROM SPAIN.—No. II.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PROSPER MÉRIMÉ.

Bull-fights are still very much in vogue in Spain; there are, however, but few among Spaniards of the higher class who do not, in some degree, feel ashamed of avowing their taste for a species of amusement, which it cannot be denied, is very cruel; on this account they seek many grave and weighty reasons to justify their predilection for it. First, it is a national amusement; and the word *national* alone would suffice for all purposes—a certain kind of drawing-room patriotism being quite as potent in Spain as in France. In the next place, say they, the Romans must be accounted still more barbarous than we, for they, in their gladiatorial shows, made men fight with men. Lastly, add the economists, the interests of agriculture are advanced by this custom, inasmuch as the high prices given for bulls, for the amphitheatre, induces the farmers to rear numerous herds. It should be understood that all bulls are not possessed of courage enough to encounter stoutly men and horses, and that out of twenty, scarcely one is found of sufficient mettle to figure in the amphitheatre; the remaining nineteen are then used in the cultivation of the land.

The only argument they dare not bring forward, and which nevertheless would be unanswerable, is that the entertainment, be it cruel or not, is so engrossing in its interest, and causes so powerful emotions, that people find it impossible to give up the gratification, when once they have overcome the effect of the first exhibition. Strangers, who cannot enter the amphitheatre for the first time without a feeling of horror, and who do so perhaps merely for the purpose of acquitting themselves of having left unperformed any of the duties of travellers—strangers, I say, soon are seized with the same passionate attachment to bull-fights as the natives of Spain themselves experience. To the shame of humanity it must be admitted, that war, with all its

horrors, has peculiar and extraordinary charms, especially for those who can view it from a place of security.

Saint Augustin relates, that when he was a young man, he had the greatest reluctance possible to witness the combats of the gladiators, while as yet he had never seen them. Compelled by one of his friends to accompany him to one of these splendid scenes of bloodshed, he vowed mentally that he would keep his eyes closed during the whole time of the representation. At first he kept his resolution well enough, and forced his thoughts to take a different direction; but at a cry which escaped from the spectators, in witnessing the fall of a distinguished and favourite gladiator, he opened his eyes; and once opened, he never was able to close them again. From that period, to the time of his conversion, he was one of the most passionate lovers of the games of the circus.

After speaking of so eminent a Saint, I am almost ashamed to cite myself. Still you are aware that I have no peculiar taste for sanguinary exhibitions. The first time I entered the amphitheatre at Madrid, I feared I should not have been able to bear the sight of blood which there flows so freely; I was especially apprehensive that the squeamishness of my feelings, which I much distrusted, might make me an object of laughter to the amateurs, habituated to the thing, who had given me a place in their box. There was not, however, the least ground for such an apprehension. The first bull made his appearance: was killed: and I thought no longer of going away. Two hours rolled over without the least interruption to the exhibition, and still I felt no fatigue. Any other tragic performance in the world must have failed to interest me in the same degree. During the entire period of my sojourn in Spain, I have never missed a single bull-fight, and I am ashamed to confess I prefer those

which terminate with the death of the animal, to the others, in which they are satisfied with tiring out the bulls, which have nobis fixed on the points of their horns. There is the same difference precisely, as in the ancient tournaments, between mortal combat and jousting with blunted lances. Generally speaking, the two kinds of bull-fights exactly resemble each other; with this difference only, that in the second, the men run little or no risk of injury.

The amusement begins even on the evening before the fight. To avoid accidents, it is by night that they bring the bulls into the stalls attached to the amphitheatre (*encierro*;) and on the evening which precedes the day fixed for the fight, they graze in a pasture at a short distance from Madrid (*el arroyo*.) It forms quite the object of an excursion to go to see these bulls, which often are brought from a considerable distance. A great many persons in carriages, and gentlemen on horseback, as well as pedestrians, repair to the *arroyo*. Of the young men, many wear, on this occasion, the dress of the Andalusian *majo*, or beau of the lower classes, and in so doing, take an opportunity to display a degree of magnificence and luxury, which the simplicity of their usual dress does not admit of. Moreover, this excursion is not altogether free from danger: for the bulls being at liberty, those who have the care of them cannot easily controul them; so that people who are incautiously inquisitive, have occasionally something to do to avoid a blow from their horns.

There are amphitheatres (*plazas*) in almost all the great towns in Spain. These buildings are very simply, not to say rudely constructed. In fact, they are in general but immense booths, formed of planks, and the amphitheatre of Ronda is always mentioned as a remarkable one, inasmuch as it is entirely built of stone. It is accounted the finest in Spain, just as the castle of Thunderten-tronk was deemed the finest in Westphalia, because it had a door and windows. But of what consequence is the mere ornamenting of a theatre, when the drama exhibited there is excellent?

The amphitheatre of Madrid may contain about seven thousand specta-

tors, who enjoy ingress and egress without confusion, by means of a great number of doors. In general, the seats are formed of benches of wood or stone; some boxes have chairs. That of his Catholic Majesty is the only one whose decorations can be said to be in any degree handsome.

The arena is enclosed by a strong palisade, about six feet in height. At two feet from the ground, there runs all round, and on both sides of the palisade, a projection in the wood—a sort of footing, or step, as it were which aids the *torador*, when pursued, to get more easily over the barrier. A narrow passage separates this from the benches of the spectators on a level with it, and they are further secured by a double cord fastened to strong posts. This is a precaution which has only been taken of late years. It happened that a bull not only leaped the barrier, a thing which happens frequently, but had also sprung even upon the benches, where he had killed or maimed a great number of the too curious. The rope which now protects them, is deemed to be sufficient to prevent the recurrence of a similar accident.

Four great doors open into the arena. One communicates with the stalls of the bulls (*toril*); another leads to the slaughter-house, (*matadero*) where they flay and cut up the bulls. The two remaining ones are for the use of the human actors in the affair.

A short time before the fight begins, the *toradores* meet in a large room attached to the amphitheatre. Close at hand are the stables for the horses. Farther off, lies an hospital. A surgeon and a priest hold themselves in readiness in the neighbourhood, prepared to give their aid to any who should be wounded.

This room, which is, as it were, the greenroom of the theatre, is adorned with a representation of the Madonna, before which burn a few wax candles; beneath it is a table, having upon it a little chafing dish of lighted coals. Each *torero*, as he enters, first takes off his hat to the image, mumbles over in haste the end of a prayer, then draws a cigar from his pocket, lights it at the chafing-dish, and smokes as he converses with his companions and the amateurs who come to discuss with

them the merits of the bulls they are about to engage with.

Meanwhile in an inner court the men who are to attack on horseback, prepare themselves for the combat by giving their horses a trial. For this purpose, they set them off in a gallop against a wall, which they strike with a long pole resembling a pike; they then, without quitting this rest, accustom their horses to turn about rapidly, and as close as possible to the wall. You will see presently that this sort of practice is by no means without its use. The horses they use are cast hacks, that are bought for a low price. Before they are brought into the arena, lest the cries of the multitude and the sight of the bulls should scare them, they place a bandage over their eyes, and fill their ears with wetted tow.

The appearance of the amphitheatre is very animating. The arena, before the fight, is filled with people, and the benches and the boxes present one undistinguishable mass of heads. There are two kinds of places. Those on the side of the amphitheatre which is shaded from the sun, are the dearest, and the most convenient; nevertheless, the sunny side is always furnished with fearless amateurs. One sees much fewer women than men, and the most part are of the rank of *manolas* (of the lower classes). In the boxes one occasionally remarks some very well-dressed ladies, but few young women. The French and English romancers have in some measure depraved the taste of the Spaniards, and deprived them of their respect for their ancient customs. I do not think it is absolutely forbidden to ecclesiastics to be present at these spectacles, but at the same time I never saw but one in the dress of his profession (at Seville.) I have, however, been told that many resort to them in disguise.

At a signal given by the person who presides over the arrangements, an *alguazil mayor*, accompanied by two others, *alquazils*, all three on horseback, and followed by a body of cavalry, clear the arena, and the narrow corridor which separates it from the benches. Upon their retiring with their attendants, a herald, escorted by a notary and two *alquazils* on foot, enters, for the purpose of reading in the midst of the open space, a procla-

mation, forbidding any person to throw anything into the arena, or to distract the attention of the combatants by cries, or signs, &c. Scarcely has he made his appearance when, notwithstanding the serious opening of the form: "In the name of the king, whom God long preserve"—hootings and hisses are raised on every side, which last during the reading of the proclamation, which, moreover, is never paid the least attention to. In the amphitheatre, and there alone, the people rule with sovereign sway, and are allowed the most unrestrained licence of saying and doing whatever they please.

There are two principal kinds of *toreros*—the *picadors*, who fight on horseback armed with lances, and the *chulos* on foot, who embarrass and distract the bull, by waving before him cloths of bright colours. Among the latter are *banderilleros* and the *matadors*, of whom I shall presently have occasion to speak. They all wear the Andalusian dress, nearly resembling that of Figaro in the barber of Seville; but instead of breeches and silk stockings, the *picadors* have pantaloons of thick leather, stiffened with wood and iron, for the purpose of guarding their legs and thighs from the blows of the bull's horns. On foot they are obliged to spread out their legs in walking, like a pair of compasses; and if they happen to be thrown down, they can scarcely raise themselves but with the assistance of the *chulos*. Their saddles are very high, of the Turkish shape, with stirrups iron, slipper-shaped, which cover the feet entirely. To give them the greater command over their hacks, they have spurs armed with points of two inches in length. Their lance is thick, very strong, and terminates in an iron point, extremely sharp, but as the amusement must not be cut short, this point is furnished with a roll of cord, which does not permit more than about an inch of the iron to enter into the bull's flesh.

One of the *alquazils* on horseback receives in his hat a key, which the director of the sports throws to him. This key does not open anything, but he carries it, nevertheless, to the man whose duty it is to open the *toril*, and then instantly makes his escape in full gallop, followed by the shouts of the

crowd, who call out to him that the bull is out already, and in pursuit of him. This is a standing joke at every bull-fight.

Meanwhile, the *picadors* have taken their places. There are generally two on horseback in the arena; two or three others hold themselves prepared without, ready to replace them in case of accidents, such as death, fracture of a limb, &c. A dozen *chulos* on foot are dispersed up and down within the open space, so near as to be able mutually to afford assistance to each other.

The bull, which has been previously irritated, purposely, in his stall, by pricking and rubbing him with nitric acid, rushes out furious. Generally he comes with a bound into the middle of the arena, and there suddenly stops quite short, astonished at the noise which he hears, and the crowd by which he sees himself surrounded. He carries on the nape of his neck a knot of ribbons, attached by a little hook fastened in his skin. The colour of these ribbons indicates the herd (*vacada*) from which he comes; but an experienced amateur recognizes, on merely seeing the animal, to what province and breed he belongs.

The *chulos* draw near, wave before the bull their bright coloured hoods, and endeavour to draw him towards one of the *picadors*. If the beast is courageous, he charges without hesitation. The *picador*, holding his horse well in hand, fixes himself, his lance poised beneath his arm, exactly facing the bull; and seizes the moment when he stoops his head, ready to strike with his horns, to wound him with his lance upon the nape of the neck, and not any where else;* he leans forward on the blow with the whole force of his body, and at the same time gives his horse a direction to the left hand, so as to leave the bull on his right. If all these movements are properly executed, if the *picador* is steady, and his horse tractable, the bull, carried onward by his own impetuosity, passes by without touching him. Then it is

the duty of the *chulos* to engage the attention of the bull, so as to give the *picador* an opportunity to get off; but often the animal recognizes too well the person who has wounded him; he turns himself round suddenly, gains on the horse in swiftness; plunges his horns into his belly, and overthrows both him and his rider. The latter is immediately assisted by the *chulos*; some of them raise him up, while the others, waving their hoods about the head of the bull, turn off his attention, attract him towards themselves, and then make their escape from him, by gaining the barrier in a race, which they bound over with surprising activity. The Spanish bulls run as fast as a horse, and if the *chulo* should be far off from the barrier, he would not escape without difficulty. For this reason the horsemen, whose life depends always on the address of the *chulos* rarely venture themselves in the centre of the arena; when they do so, it is accounted a mark of unusual hardihood.

Once again set on his legs, the *picador* immediately remounts his horse, that is, if he should also be able to rise. It is of little consequence that the poor beast loses torrents of blood, that his entrails drag along the ground, and twist themselves round his legs; so long as a horse is able to stand on his feet, he must face the bull. If he should be completely gone, the *picador* goes out, and returns in a moment on a fresh horse.

I have said that the blow of a lance can inflict but a slight wound on the bull, and it has little effect further than to excite him. Meanwhile, however, the onset of the horse and his rider, the violence of his own movements and above all, the reaction caused by his stopping suddenly on his houghs, tire him out soon enough. Often, also, the pain of the wounds he receives from the lance disheartens him, and then he becomes afraid again to attack the horses, or, to use the tauromachic phrase, he refuses to *enter*. Nevertheless, if he be a stout bull, he probably has already

* I saw one day a *picador* overthrown, who was in imminent danger of losing his life, if his comrade had not rescued him, and caused the bull to recoil, by giving him a blow of his lance on the nose. The circumstances should have made his excuse. Nevertheless, I heard some old amateurs exclaim—"Shame! Shame!—a blow of the lance on the nose! That fellow ought to be turned out."

killed four or five horses. The *picadors* then rest themselves, and the signal is given for flinging the *banderillas*.

These are sticks of about two feet and a half in length, wrapped about with paper cut into strips, and terminating in a sharp point, with barbs to make it stick fast in the wound. The *chulos* hold one of these darts in each hand. The surest manner of striking with them is to approach softly behind the bull, then suddenly to rouse him by clashing the *banderillas* one against the other. The bull turns back astonished, and makes a charge upon his assailant without hesitating. At the moment that he almost touches him, as he stoops his head to strike, the *chulo* buries at the same time the two *banderillas* in each side of his neck, a feat which he can only accomplish when holding himself for an instant strait before, and quite close to the bull, and almost between his horns; he then draws aside, allows him to pass, and gains the barrier to place himself in safety. The least absence of mind, a single movement of doubt or fear, would be sufficient to cost him his life. Yet, notwithstanding, connoisseurs consider the duty of the *banderilleros* as the least hazardous of all. If by misfortune he should fall as he strikes with the *banderillas*, he must not attempt to get up; he remains motionless where he has fallen. The bull seldom strikes a man on the ground, not from a feeling of generosity, but because in making a rush he shuts his eyes and passes over the man without perceiving him. Sometimes, nevertheless, he stops and smells him, as if to make sure that he is really dead; then drawing back a few steps, he stoops his head to toes him upon his horns; but the companions of the *banderillero* get about him, and take off his attention so effectually that he is compelled to quit the counterfeit corpse.

Whenever the bull exhibits any symptom of cowardice—that is to say, when he has not received gallantly at least four wounds from the lance, which is the strict number—the spectators, who are sovereign judges, condemn him by acclamation to a sort of torture which is at once a punishment and a means of arousing his spirit. On all sides is raised the cry of *fuego! fuego!* (fire, fire.) There is then handed to the

chulos, instead of their usual arms, *banderillas*, the handles of which are wrapped round with squibs. The point is furnished with a bit of lighted tinder. As soon as it has penetrated the skin, the tinder is driven back upon the match of the squibs; they take fire, and the flame, which is given a direction towards the bull, burns him to the quick, and causes him to make jumps and bounces which amuse the people excessively. And indeed it is an extraordinary sight to behold this powerful animal, foaming with rage, shaking the burning *banderillas*, and tossing himself about in the midst of fire and smoke. In despite of all that has been said by the poets, I must declare, that of all the animals I have ever observed, not one has less expression in its eyes than the bull; or, I should rather say, changes less their expression; for that of the bull's eyes is always indicative of brutal and savage stupidity; seldom does he evince his pain by roars; wounds either enrage him or terrify him; but never, if I may be allowed the expression, does he seem to reflect upon his fate; never does he weep like the stag—consequently he excites pity only when he distinguishes himself by his courage.

Sometimes, on remarkable occasions, the shaft of the *banderilla* has attached to it a long silk net, in which are inclosed some little birds. The point of the *banderilla*, when it strikes, cuts the knot which closes the net, and the birds make their escape after having for a long time fluttered about the ears of the bull.

When the bull has three or four pair of *banderillas* dangling at his neck, it is time to finish with him. A roll of the drum is heard; forthwith one of the *chulos* selected beforehand, who is called the *matador*, advances from amongst his companions. Richly dressed, and covered with gold lace and silk, he holds a long sword, and a scarlet cloak fastened to a staff, to enable him to manage it more conveniently. This cloak is called the *muleta*. He comes forward under the box of the president, and, with a low bow, asks permission of him to kill the bull. This is a form which most frequently takes place but once during the bull-fight. The president, as a matter of course, answers in the affir-

mative by a motion of his head. Thereupon the *matador* gives a loud *viva*, cuts a caper in the air, throws down his hat upon the ground, and sets off to engage with the bull.

There are certain laws to be observed in these encounters, just as much as in a duel; and to infringe them would be as dishonourable as to kill one's adversary treacherously. For instance, the *matador* cannot strike the bull in any other place than just where the nape of the neck meets the back, which the Spaniards call the *cross*. The blow must be given directly downwards, never from beneath. Better a thousand times would it be that he should lose his life rather than strike the bull underneath, from one side, or behind. The sword which the *matadors* use is long, stout, and double-edged; the hilt, very short, terminates in a knob which rests against the palm of the hand. Much practice and nice skill is necessary in making use of this weapon.

Besides, to kill the bull handsomely, one must thoroughly comprehend his character. On this knowledge depends not only the fame, but perhaps the life of the *matador*. It must be understood there is as much difference of character amongst bulls as amongst men; yet they may be divided into two classes, very distinct—the *lively* and the *dull*. I now speak in the language of the amphitheatre. The lively come on to the attack fearlessly; the dull, on the contrary, are wary, and endeavour to take their antagonist unawares. The latter are extremely dangerous.

Before he attempts to give the fatal blow to the bull with his sword, the *matador* presents to him the *muleta*, and rouses him, watching attentively to see if he dashes forward boldly as soon as he has perceived him, or if, on the other hand, he approaches slowly to gain ground, and not to rush on his antagonist till the moment he thinks he is too close on him to permit of his avoiding the collision. Frequently a bull is seen to toss his head in a threatening manner, to tear up the ground with his foot without attempting to advance, or even to retreat with slow steps, endeavouring to draw the man towards the centre of the arena, where it would be almost impossible for the latter to escape. Others, instead of attacking in a direct

line, approach in an oblique direction, slowly, and feigning to be exhausted; but as soon as they have calculated their distance, they rush forward like an arrow.

To one who is in some degree versed in the science of tauromachy, it is a most interesting sight to watch the approaches of the *matador* and the bull, who, like two skilful generals, seem to guess at the intentions of each other, and accordingly to vary their tactics every moment. A motion of the head, a look to the one side or the other, the lowering of an ear, are to an experienced *matador* so many indications, by no means equivocal, of the plans of his foe. At last the bull impatiently dashes forward at the scarlet mantle with which the *matador* covers himself purposely. His strength is such that he would knock down a wall by striking it with his horns; but the man avoids him by an active motion of his body; he vanishes from before him as it were by enchantment, and leaves him but the light drapery which is raised on his horns, setting at naught his fury. The headlong impetuosity of the bull causes him to rush far past his adversary; he then pulls up suddenly, checking himself on his legs, and these sudden and violent reactions weary him so much, that if this game be prolonged, it alone would be enough to kill him. Accordingly, Romero, the famous professor of this science, says that a good *matador* should kill eight bulls with seven blows of his sword. One out of eight dies of fatigue and rage.

After several passes, when the *matador* thinks he is well acquainted with the temper of his antagonist, he prepares to give him the finishing blow.

Fixing himself firmly on his legs, he sets himself in front of him, and waits motionless at a convenient distance. His right hand, grasping the sword, is drawn back as high as his head; his left, stretched forward, holds the *muleta*, which, almost touching the ground, induces the bull to stoop his head. It is at this instant that he gives him the fatal blow with all the strength of his arm, enforced by the weight of his body, and also by the impetuosity of the bull. The sword, which is three feet in length, often enters up to the very hilt; and if the stroke is properly

directed, the man has nothing further to fear. The bull stops short suddenly; the blood flows but slowly; he raises up his head; his legs totter under him; and all of a sudden he tumbles like a heavy mass. Instantly from all the benches burst deafening *vivas*; handkerchiefs wave; the hats of the *majos* fly into the arena, and the victorious hero modestly makes his obeisances to every side.

Formerly, they say, there never was given more than one thrust; but every thing is degenerated, and now it is seldom that a bull falls at the first blow. Notwithstanding, if he seems to be wounded mortally, the *matador* does not reiterate the stroke; with the aid of the *chulos* he causes him to wheel round in a circle, exciting him by their cloaks, so as to stupify him in a little while. As soon as he falls, a *chulo* gives him the finishing stroke with the blow of a poniard on the nape of the neck; and the animal expires on the instant.

It has been observed that almost all the bulls have some spot in the amphitheatre to which they always return. It is called the *querencia*. In general it is the door by which they came into the arena.

Frequently is the bull seen bearing in his neck the fatal sword, the handle of which alone projects from his shoulder, crossing the arena with slow steps, heedless of the *chulos* and their cloaks, with which they follow him. He thinks of nothing but dying quietly. He seeks the spot which he has fancied, drops on his knees, lies down, stretches out his head, and dies tranquilly, if a blow of a dagger does not come to hasten his end.

If the bull refuses to come on to the attack, the *matador* runs towards him, and, always at the moment when the animal lowers his head, he pierces him with his sword (*estocada de volapié*); but if he does not lower his head, or if he flies and will not come on, it becomes necessary, in order to kill him, to employ a very cruel expedient. A man, armed with a long poll terminating in a sharp blade, crescent-shaped, (*media luna*), treacherously cuts his houghs from behind, and as soon as he falls, they finish him with a stroke of a poniard. This is the only conclusion of a fight which

is repugnant to the feelings of every one. It is a species of assassination. Fortunately it but seldom happens that it is necessary to have recourse to it to kill a bull.

A flourish of trumpets announces his death. Forthwith three mules harnessed enter the amphitheatre in full trot; a knot of rope is fixed between the horns of the bull, a hook is passed through it, and the mules drag him off in a gallop. In two minutes the corpses of the horses and that of the bull disappear from the arena.

Each fight lasts about twenty minutes, and usually they kill eight bulls in an afternoon. If the entertainment has been but indifferent, upon the demand of the public the president of the bull-fights grants one or two supplemental fights.

You see that the trade of a *torero* is quite sufficiently dangerous. On an average, two or three lose their lives every year in all Spain. Few of them arrive at an advanced age. If they do not die in the amphitheatre, they are obliged at an early period to give it up in consequence of their wounds. The famous Pepe Illo received in his life six-and-twenty wounds from bulls' horns: the last caused his death. The salary of these people, high as it is, is not the sole inducement they have to adopt so hazardous a trade. Glory and public applause give them courage to brave death. There is something so pleasurable in a triumph before five or six thousand spectators. Accordingly, it is not unusual to see amateurs of high birth sharing the dangers and the glory of the professional *toreros*. I myself have seen at Seville, a Marquis and a Count discharging the functions of a *matador* at a public bull-fight.

Certain it is that the public can hardly be deemed indulgent to the *toreros*. The slightest indication of timidity is punished by hootings and hisses. The most cutting insults rain on the offender from every side; sometimes by order of the people, (and it is the most signal mark of their indignation,) an alguazil approaches the *torador* and commands him, under pain of being thrown into prison, to attack the bull without delay.

One day the actor Mañquez, indignant at seeing a *matador* hesitate

before one of the most *dull* of all the bulls, heaped insults on him. "Master Maiquez," said the *matador* to him, "you must know we do not make believe here, as you do on your boards."

Public applause, and the desire to gain fame, or to retain that which they have already acquired, oblige the *torreadors* to adventure beyond the ordinary dangers to which naturally they are exposed. Pepe Illo, and after him Romero, used to present themselves before the bull with their feet chained. The coolness of those men, in the most imminent danger, had something almost miraculous about it. Not long since, a *picador*, named Juan Sevilla, was overthrown, and his horse's belly ripped open by an Andalusian bull of prodigious strength and activity. This bull, instead of allowing his attention to be distracted by the *chulos*, directed his wrath entirely against this man, trampled upon him, and gave him many blows of his horns about the legs; but finally perceiving that they were too well defended by the gaiters of leather, fortified with iron, he drew back and lowered his head for the purpose of plunging his horn into his belly. At this moment Sevilla, raising himself up by a desperate effort, seized with one hand the bull by the ear, and plunged the fingers of the other into his nostrils, while he held his head close under that of the furious beast. In vain did the bull shake him, trample

him under his feet, dash him against the ground, never was he able to make him let go his hold. Every one beheld with consternation this unequal contest. It was apparently the death-struggle of a brave man; one was almost tempted to regret that it was prolonged; it was impossible either to cry out, or breathe, or turn away one's eyes from this fearful sight; it lasted nearly two minutes. At length the bull, conquered by the man in this close encounter, abandoned him to pursue the *chulos*. Every one expected to see Sevilla carried out of the enclosure in the arms of his companions.

He was raised up; scarce was he on his feet before he seized a cloak, and was about to attack the bull, notwithstanding his heavy boots, and the inconvenient armour of his legs. They were obliged to take the cloak from him forcibly, or he certainly would have been killed this time. They bring him a horse; he vaults upon him boiling with rage, and attacks the bull in the very centre of the arena. The encounter of these two valiant adversaries was so violent, that both horse and bull fell on their knees. Oh! if you had heard the *vivas*—if you had witnessed the frantic joy, the sort of intoxication of the crowd, in beholding so much courage and so much good fortune, you would have united with me envying the lot of Sevilla! This man is immortalized at Madrid.

PARAPHRASE.

"Cælum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

Tracts may be traversed—deserts passed,
And many a billow's roar,
And there this weary bark be cast,
Where winter locks the shore.

Yet fear not—though *without* there's cold,
Within our friendships lie,
And *there* the blood its heat must hold,
The heart its love, or die.

A N N A.

"*Annē* has in the vocative *Anna*, but only in addressing a deity.
Matthia's Greek Grammar.—Vol. I. page 138.

Of all the names belonging to dear woman
 It seems to me that Anna's the most common ;
 Yet notwithstanding this, upon my life,
 Anna's the name I wish for in a wife.
 When through the world I look abroad, I find
 That Anna's differ much in form and mind ;
 And, for one Anna whom I could adore,
 I find a dozen vixens, aye, and more.
 We all agree that no one but a goose
 Would patiently submit to *Ann-a-buse* ;
 And certainly there's not a greater pest
 In this sad world of ours, than *Ann-a-rrrest*.
 Then *Ann-a-pothecary* is quite too physical,
 And *Ann-a-croctic* is by far too quizzical.
 There's *Ann-a-torney* wastes a deal of paper,
 And *Ann-a-byss* is an eternal gaper.
 The former, too, of these is thought litigious ;
 And *Ann-a-baptist* is much too religious.
 I never yet up face of mountain went,
 Without most loudly cursing *Ann-a-scent*.
 Then *Ann-a-stronomer* looks far too high
 For such an humble personage as I.
 Yet, though I say I'm humble, you must know
 That *Ann-a-pprentice* is as much too low.

Here let me finish this unpleasant stricture,
 And view the better side of Anna's picture.
 Now, of this name a few there are 'twould seem,
 Who certainly these faults in part redeem.
 All sordid thoughts I scorn, but yet I'm told
 Whoe'er gets *Ann-a-nnuity* gets gold.
 In matters of importance I'd consult
 No foolish, giddy, girl, but *Ann-a-dull*.
 In times of danger, too, I should rely
 Upon the friendly aid of *Ann-a-lly*.
 In *Ann-a-sembly* there is great variety,
 Which, in a wife you know, prevents satiety.
 I understand that ev'n the fair sex quarrel
 About the form and make of *Ann-a-pparel*.
 Soldiers are always fond of *Ann-a-rray*,
 But fonder still, it seems, of *Ann-a-ffray*.
 Then *Ann-a-ccacia* loves the forest glade,
 And *Ann-a-nemone* the modest shade.
 I'll pledge my honour, too, as I'm a sinner
 That *Ann-a-sparagus* eats well at dinner.
 So, after all, I am obliged to state
 That the good qualities preponderate :
 All human happiness is but a toy,
 There is no pleasure without *Ann-a-lloy*.

FITZ ADAM.

THE INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN.

This world is a strange one—so full of selfishness, mischief, and nonsense of all description, that one does not know well whether to laugh or cry at it. When one thinks of the petty aims to outstrip, and, if it may be, to circumvent, the high learning of some pragmatists, the furtive propensities of others, and the nonsense of them all, we are apt to laugh; but when we think of the serious passions that in the meantime agitate, and the serious misery that often ensues, there is a necessity for chastening our merriment; and even a philosopher must sometimes be forgiven a sigh. I know no application that these reflections have to the story I am about to tell, which, as far as I can judge, is one of pure merriment. But there must be some latent application notwithstanding, for they have been suggested by it; and I believe they would form an introduction sufficiently suitable to every story of human life.

I was travelling in the north of England, and in the course of my travels had come to Kendal, in Westmoreland. I do not consider this town at all humorous in itself; on the contrary, to judge from appearances, it is as dull and prosaic as need be. But it stands well for occasionally seeing some wandering oddities. From the course of roads, as they at present run, (A. D. 1834) it stands on a spot that connects the land of *Lakes* with the land of *Cakes*; and whence the stream of humour, native and imported, travels southward, till all sinks in London, that ocean of every thing remarkable, and where, consequently, every thing ceases to be remarked.

We had travelled from Carlisle without change of company; and as it varied little till we reached our journey's end, I may here describe the company: one was tall, and looked grave—but these fellows often relax; another was short, and looked merry—but these, again, often prove glum; a third was neither tall nor short, with no particular cha-

racter; the fourth was a little dark spirit, wearing spectacles and a black handkerchief, thin and fidgety, and in every appearance a wasp, and certainly as decidedly a character in his way, as the others were wanting in markedness in any way. He cocked his spectacles at every thing, and upon every thing had a remark, and it was much oftener unpleasant than otherwise. But we had begun to become accustomed to them, and so to take them easily, or rather as wise people take physic—that is to say, not to take them at all; when something occurred that a little changed the system of our feelings, and gave just that gentle motion to our spirits that amused without fatiguing us, and placed us so far above a neighbour as to make us contented with ourselves.

The occasion was this: we were standing at the inn door of the aforesaid Kendal; the day was a dull one in December, uncertain if it should rain or snow, but in the mean time doing neither, yet gloomy, as a great man when he affects to be thinking—when a well fed, fattish looking gentleman, in a round face, with a very good complexion, a couple of straight eyes, and the usual complement of nose, a brown surtout, and drab-coloured trowsers, and spatterdashes, walked up, and very courteously, but at the same time confidently, asked room in the coach beside us for a portfolio of the size of a large breakfast tray. As it was not proposed for my side, I had no interest in opposing it, and therefore said nothing. But the little dark spirit took it up on principle, and therefore voted it an intrusion. "Tis Mr. WORDSWORTH'S," said the young man of indefinite height and character; and at the same time adjusted it by the coach door, so as at once to be safe, and give no annoyance. "Mr. Wordsworth's!" said little vinegar: "you don't say so?" "I do." "The *great* Mr. Wordsworth's?" "To be sure; lives in Cumberland, and most proba-

bly is now going up to London with the materials of a publication!" "Is he on the coach?" "He is." "I should like above all things to see him. I have seen Sir Walter Scott, &c. &c., and should wish exceedingly I had seen Mr. Wordsworth. Coachman!"—"and he began to make an effort to have the coach door opened; but Jehu had just handled his whip, so the penny trumpet of the passenger was drowned amid the rattle of the coach wheels on the stones, a thing that must often happen, or the life of a coachman would be terrible.

As we are something in the great line ourselves, we had no particular inclination to be bored about curiosities of the same description; we had seen him, and were satisfied, and so resigned ourselves to sleep; and enquiries about the dress and address of a gentleman of ordinary dimensions and demeanour, however interlarded by observations about others of that same stamp, could not last for ever; so by the time we had reached Millthorpe, the storm had tolerably subsided. There our friend determined to make a bolt; but no one else was similarly inclined; and the guard, upon being applied to, said, "we don't change here;" and in a few moments the wheels went round again. At Bolton the little fellow scrambled out—but we had no particular wish to humour the thing; so by the time he could accomplish his exit, no outside passenger was to be seen—some had gone into the house, some into the stables; the coachman was lighting his candle, (as it is termed,) and the guard knew nothing about Mr. Wordsworth, and, besides, was busy about a wisp of straw. The little man gazed and lingered, turning his spectacles in all directions; still nobody of the description wanted, came—and murmuring, "it is very odd," he again took his place in the coach. He looked eagerly out of the windows—sometimes at one side, sometimes at the other—still Mr. W. came not, from before at least, and the coach again drove off. "I shall see him at Lancaster," said he; "we dine there, don't we?" and the answer was, "we do." "I shall dine with him," rejoined the other confidently: "go where he will, I shall entreat to join him;" and he seemed satisfied with the idea, to our great gratification.

Still, if the coach stopped but for a moment, he would pop his head out, writhing upward like a worm, and looking before and behind—and still the remark was, "it is very odd!" Mr. W. was invisible.

As we stopt at Lancaster, the guard pronounced in a loud and distinct voice, "Gentlemen, the time is twenty-five minutes," which may be elegantly understood to mean fifteen. We had, without one word upon the subject—and I know not from what motive—begun to be as desirous to disappoint little Vinegar, as we called him, as he was to avoid it. In this view the tall gentleman, aided by a huge cloak, effectually filled up one door, while the short one, and the portfolio, as effectually interdicted the other. The little man bounced about like a squirrel in a cage—now striving to have a peep at one side, now at another, but all to no purpose—he could see nothing. "He'll be gone, to a certainty," he ejaculated; "he cannot choose else! I shall lose him, of course!" and some reflections began to escape about the size and slowness of some people. "Sir?" said the short gentleman, with great solemnity. "I don't allude to *you*, of course," said Vinegar. "Did you speak to *me*?" said our tall friend. "No; I spoke to myself," said Splenetic, and at last jumped down. That moment he hastened up to the public room. Mr. W. was not there. "Any gentleman taken a private room?" "Don't know, Sir." "Good Heaven, what stupidity!" and he descended as quickly as he had come up. In a few moments he came up again quite out of breath, and in the last degree chagrined. He had found a gentleman in a private room, exactly answering the description of the person he sought, and lolling, as he thought, in a very intellectual manner; and he had immediately intreated to join him, when, to his horror, he discovered he had a squint, and consequently could not be Mr. Wordsworth! "May I ask if I have the honour of addressing Mr. Wordsworth?" said he. "No, Sir," answered the party questioned; "my name is Potts." "Potts, gentlemen! Alfred Peter Potts! He is a hardwareman and ironmonger from Birmingham. Here is his card, with all the adornment of skewers and grid-

frons, proper for a shop-bill;" and he threw the card on the table. One half of the company did not understand him; the other had not time to listen to him; but he went on:—"A gentleman dressed very like this person had gone off as the coach was coming slowly up High-street, and doubtless would be taken up in the outskirts, if taken up at all." We pretended to sympathise, but more than one had occasion to lean back that he might smile without being uncivil. Meantime the hare soup had shewn itself of the right kind, and escaped. He had the happiness of hearing every one speak well of it; but unfortunately in the past tense, for the last drop had just been appropriated by the divider. He desired that more might be brought, and the servant descended; but after he had been repeatedly rung for, reported that there was no more. "What else is at table? Is that a turkey?" "It was, Sir," said the carver. "Thank you for a wing, Sir." "They had taken flight." "A little of the breast?" "Such an impression had been made upon that, that it could be impressed no more." "A leg, then." "There had only been two, and the last one had that moment walked off!" "Shall I have any thing?" at last shouted the little fellow. But this being addressed to nobody in particular, nobody in particular noticed it, till the waiter stepped forward: "Here is mutton," said he; but, after inspection, it proved too fat. Beef?—underdone; at least it appeared so. Veal?—his aversion. Here's some very excellent boiled beef, Sir!—It was tough as the deuce, and there were now no potatoes; or they were smashed to a thousand atoms, and cold. There was nothing else however, and so it was taken. The rest were by this time at their pudding, or tarts and cheese, not forgetting their warm brandy and water. A friend maliciously recommended to him to secure his brandy and water; and he did so, but wasting his time for dinner in ridiculous complaints while ordering his drink; so that, he had only taken a few mouthfuls when the horn sounded! was there ever anything so provoking?—The time cannot be up!—impossible! Waiter! tell me how long we have been here! The time is

up, Sir, said two or three, while adjusting their cravats, having already paid their bills. He now recollected he should want change. Then came higgling with an abominable purse! and just as a sovereign was got—come, gentlemen, shouted the guard. Compelled to resume his great coat, our little friend could neither taste dinner nor drink; and as we descended he was roaring to the empty rooms about his change. He might have taken that interval to help himself a little, but that he required to run from room to room, in quest of the servant to whom he had given his money. His "change" was at last got in the coach, by the guard's compassionately waiting a few moments; but there was no time for counting it, and some part of it was dropt in the straw! And where is Mr. Wordsworth? He had been quietly seated on the coach, (for he could not get in) an unconscious spectator of all the misery he had occasioned; and in that moment he might have been seen; but his admirer was too busy; and, just as he had thrust out his head, to have a peep, if possible, if but of the tip of a nose; the coach drove off, and there was a cry from all quarters to shut the windows. It is very odd! said our friend once more, and again resigned himself to his fate.

It was now becoming dark, and drizzled, and our dinner had made us heavy; we consequently would not be disturbed; at the first halt, however, our friend attempted to pop out; but in doing so, elicited a roar from his opposite neighbour—"Just upon a corn, by Jove!"—that completely occupied him in apologies, enquiries, and remarks upon the severity of such an infiction, &c. till, in spite of his evident hurry, the coach again drove off; and he sat down almost in despair, ejaculating "it is very odd!"

At the next stage horses were changed; but it was now dark; the coachman had lighted no lamp, and the passengers were all enveloped in an oilcloth, as if they had formed the load of a French diligence.

At Preston not only horses but coaches were changed; and now came our hero's difficulty. The crowd and confusion were such that the guard stood with the key of the boot in his hand, as if it had been a tap, and only

rendered luggage after luggage as it was distinctly called for. After thus slowly securing his own luggage, therefore, (which he had the good sense to do) we could hear our friend, as we sat comfortably seated in our new vehicle, at every lull of the tempest of wind and tongues, enquiring, does Mr. Wordsworth go to Liverpool? At last, after several "don't knows," "don't know indeed," and "know nothing about it," interspersed with the tossing of portmanteaus, and pattering of wind and rain, the old driver, during the ceremony of receiving his shilling, had the humanity to suggest examining the way bill. That was first in the hands of the clerk, and then by magic transferred to the new driver, who was busy comparing his passengers; and so engrossed with this, that while our friend stood at his elbow pursuing his enquiries, the former observing his seat vacant proposed to fill it up! Our friend at this intimation saw the necessity of at once taking his seat; and it was only by breaking his shins on the redoubted portfolio, and thundering with his head, and especially his spectacles, against the gentleman in the opposite side of the coach, to the eminent danger of the eyes of both, that he was satisfied that Mr. W. or at least his luggage, *did* go to Liverpool.

"It is very odd!" ejaculated he again; "very odd indeed;" but at last he corrected himself and said, it is not odd; it is exactly what always happened to me. I am sure I shall not see this gentleman let me make what efforts I please. I'll bet you any money I shan't. It is a matter of course as I shall shew you! You have all heard of Sir Walter Scott? Scott of Waverley? of course. Well! I wanted to see him exceedingly; waited three days at the inn of Selkirk for no other purpose; and at last I found that he had returned home. I dressed myself as well as I could, and hastened down to Abbotsford as soon as I conceived it likely he would be stirring; but taking care to ask no questions upon the subject; as I was aware *so many fools* infested him about that time. I cannot tell you with what feelings I saw the towers of Abbotsford rising before me! I entered the park gate, terrified that after all I might be deemed an intruder—and really pre-

pared with no proper excuse—but it proved unnecessary. As I entered, an elderly person, dressed in a green short coat and a black velvet bonnet, covering grey hairs—in short exactly such a person as I conceive a favourite domestic in such an establishment might be—was digging behind the hedge. "My good friend!" said I, (for he seemed though simple yet very respectable) "is Sir Walter at home?" "He is"—was the answer. "I have waited three days to see him. I should like it beyond any thing, if even at a distance." Well! You may have that satisfaction at last." "He'll have been stirring for sometime?" rejoined I. "He has breakfasted, and is just about to set off for Edinburgh," said the other. Upon hearing that, I darted off to anticipate the possibility of his going without my seeing, if not conversing with him; and by that very act lost the opportunity for both! For, upon going to the house, I found he had gone out, to go in a coach expected to pass about that time. I had in *fact* seen and left him, without suspecting it. The person I had been conversing with, was—Sir Walter Scott! and as I again reached the spot, half breathless, I heard the coach door slammed after receiving him; and the next sound was the grating of its horrible wheels among the gravel, bearing him from me as it proved for ever.

How strange it now appeared to me that I had not discovered, what certainly distinguished the features of that great man—the greatest sagacity mingled with the greatest mildness. But these things will happen.

I had a similar fate even with the Ettrick Shepherd. I was standing one night in the theatre, (for I could find no room to sit) to witness the performance of Miss O'Neill in Belvidera. That fine actress and fine woman was in the moment of deepest grief, when she found that after the most passionate appeals to her husband, and in tones, every one of which was equal to a critique on the text of the poet, she could not alter the unfortunate man's resolutions, and that even her arms, a woman's last and most powerful argument, could not detain him; and she had just relinquished him, and all the magic of the most ex-

quisite form and mien were in operation depicting the deepest grief, when a plain looking man, thick set, and of middle stature, in what the Scotch emphatically call a stub-head, and I am not sure if he had not even a brown cow-lick, turned round, apparently to wipe his face, but in fact to relieve his feelings—"what do you think of that?" said I. "It is intolerable," said he. That made me move my spectacles, and say I thought on the contrary—it was pretty good. "I mean," said the other correcting himself, "it is *too* good for me—too strong;" and he was right. I turned to the business before me and thought no more of my plain friend; and he soon after left the spot. I then—exactly then, and not *till* then—learned it was Hogg! I would have given much to see and converse with this man; next to Walter Scott, he was then famous; and here I had seen and conversed with him, without knowing it; and the moment I did know it, had lost him and could not rejoin him; for in endeavouring to follow and overtake him, I only got squeezed and lost my place."

We affected to pity him, but I pity him if he was deceived. We had long set him down as a hard bargain of the king's; a creature who could not make two pence on his own account; but who might support the arduous duty of doing nothing in a public office; (and this was indeed his station); but we were now convinced he wished to tie himself to the tail of some great man, as boys tie turf to kites; and we could not help determining to disappoint him on this occasion if we could. At last Ormskirk appeared, but no change of horses was there; they were changed some miles farther on, and to our joy it rained unmercifully! His last hope was in Liverpool—and there at last we were. Several persons went off at different parts, but we held fast by the portfolio, and no claimant for it appeared. We reached the inn. "Now!" said our hero, and bounced up—but our portly friend also gradually ascended, and with steady energy shut up the door, while already two were in possession of the other. "He'll be gone!" he ejaculated; "I bet a pound with any man he is gone now! At last both

doors got emptied almost at the same instant, but he could not look at both. By the time he had determined from which he should issue, picked his travelling cap from the puddle, into which in his hurry he had allowed it to fall, and secured his portmanteau, which he saw dragged to one conveyance, while his night-bag was dragged to another; and he wanted neither, the coach was nearly deserted; and some one cried "Mr. Wordsworth's bag." "Give it to me," exclaimed Barnacle, (seizing a bag which he saw in a person's hands.) "I am carrying that bag, Sir," said the other. "I'll give you six pence if you'll allow me," said our friend; and again he began fumbling with his ill-fated purse. Meantime he saw a bag handed in at the door of a dark coloured coach, standing in the middle of the street. "If that should be Mr. Wordsworth's coach!" exclaimed he. "It is," said the guard; "give this gentleman his night-bag," and that instant the dark coloured coach drove off. "I knew it," said the little fellow, and darted after it; but in one moment was sprawling in the mud. He had forgotten to consult his cloak, and that his portmanteau stood at his feet, and they had tripped him. As soon as he could get up he threw his cloak open most picturesquely, and darted off in the direction which he saw the dark coach had taken, but it was already invisible. He saw it glanced upon by the lamps in passing; he heard its rumbling, and could follow it for a time, but a fresher rumble came in an opposite direction, and for a moment deafened him; and though he still rushed on, it was with an uncertain aim. At last he saw several coaches, some dark, and going in different directions; and at the first turn the object of pursuit was lost.

Those who have seen a dear child borne off in such circumstances; or a sweet-heart, young, amiable, and distractedly fond of one, or rich and not reluctant, which is the same; or a blackleg cheated of his booty; or any bird or beast of an expected prey.—Well! I never saw any of these—but those who have seen and remember it, can fancy the grief of our friend. He returned, equally dirty and dispirited, but satisfied that a fatality only had been accomplished; and as he

stamped on the pavement, (not in passion, but to knock off some part of the mud,) and projected his hands from his coat sleeves, to avoid the horror of making them as dirty within as without, he cried: "That gentleman is invisible! positively invisible! He has been ninety miles in my company—I have made as many efforts to see him, and I have never seen so much as the skirt of his coat. He is positively invisible, and I submit——"

Upon questioning him, we found he was keeping a journal of his life, of which the meeting of to-day ought to have formed a most important chapter. "Never mind him," muttered my friend, and dragged me away. It is not from reverence to the individuals these fellows write; on the contrary, they are as likely to depreciate as to praise, or justly estimate. They think only of themselves and their infernal book! I once met one of those mad journal-makers. He was going to see Melrose Abbey. We conversed of it, and exchanged cards, and went to see it in company. While I admitted its beauty, which he had set down as unmatchable,

there was no flattery, however fulsome, that he did not heap upon me; but the moment I said Elgin exceeded it, he swore that it was a mere Scotch criticism; and that shew a Scotchman any thing, however fine, and he is sure to have seen something finer! "And if he *has* seen something finer," said I, "is he not to speak the truth?" "Nothing *could* be finer," said he. And had a mad steer not bounced between us, which drove us from the church yard, in different directions, on that instant we must have fought! and even as he dropt from the church yard wall, half pursued by the steer, he shook his fist, and looked towards the building, as if to say—it is a cursed Scotch criticism, and you know it! They are as ferocious as poachers.

By this time we had reached our inn, and had to give directions for supper and beds. New faces also greeted us, and the newspapers had just come in. We, therefore, soon forgot our day's adventures for the present; but were often tickled afterwards with the thought of "The Invisible Gentleman."

B.

MUSIC.

“————— quella
 Che trae l'uom dal sepolcro e'n vita il serba.”
Petrarca Trionfi.

“————— Oh, that I were
 The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,
 A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying,
 With the blest tone which made me.”

SWEET MUSIC.

I love when the nights are long,
 To list to thy air-winged feet,
 To catch the breath of thy honied song,
 Whilst it wells from a font as sweet,
 As when Hymettian bees do meet.

WILD MUSIC.

I love on the halcyon sea
 To hear thy wind-fraught note ;
 More melody it yields to me
 Than ever a feather'd throat,
 Or spirits who on its green heart float.

SAD MUSIC.

I love 'neath the dark yews' shade,
 Midst the beds of the sleeping dead,
 To hear the echoes thy wild harp made,
 Keeping time with some lone one's tread,
 Who mourn'd a young love fled.

DEATH'S MUSIC.

Arouse with thy trumpet strain,
 And peal o'er the fields of gore—
 For many may meet on that battle plain,
 Who never will hearken more
 To the lips they loved of yore.

S. F. M.

A X E L ;

A TALE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

In the knightly hall of her father's castle, stood fair Agatha of Starschedel, before the pedigree of the family, which filled the entire space between two pillars. She violently pressed her small hand against her high-heaving bosom, as if she could have prevented the beating of her anxious heart, and her dark-blue eyes glanced from the escutcheons through the high-arched windows on the *course* below, where Axel, the groom, with the grace and strength of the divine Castor of old, was breaking in a young and fiery horse.

"Well, there is nothing like a good rider," broke out her waiting-maid, Kunigonda, who was leaning against the window. "Only look, my lady, how the animal rears, while the man sits on it like a doll."

"That is a silly likeness, if intended to be flattering," said Agatha; and blushing at the idea of having betrayed herself, she stepped to the window.

"Don't torment yourself Axel," called the lord of the castle from his window; "you may chance to break your neck as well as that of Hippolyte. He won't leap, the riding master has already given him up."

"All depends on the rider," replied Axel's full deep voice. "He must leap for me, even if Tilly and Wallenstein were in him!" and, despite the resistance of the snorting animal, he galloped towards the end of the course, to give him a fair run at the leaping-pole.

"The deuce is in the fellow!" said the Baron, with a smile of approbation.

"Oh, Lord, there's a pretty accident," screeched Kunigonda, and Agatha repressed an anxious sigh.

With terrible side-leaps the stallion was plunging towards the pole, when the little daughter of the gardener ran over the course, and, frightened at the approach of the animal, fell close before its hoofs. The terrified spectators were unable to call out in time, but Axel

perceived the child at the fatal moment when the horse's shoes seemed already suspended over her head, and thinking only of her danger, he pulled back the leaping horse with such violence, that the animal, thrown on its haunches, reared furiously, and appeared likely to lose its balance.

"He'll fall back!" cried Baron Starschedel.

"I can't look at it," cried the sentimental Kunigonda, covering her eyes with her hands, and peeping through her fingers; while, whiter than her veil, Miss Agatha leant against the window-pillar; but, in the mean time, Axel had dealt the horse a powerful blow between the ears with his fist, and it dropped on its forelegs once more trembling and subdued. Axel jumped down—gently lifted the crying child from the ground—and with caresses carried her to her mother, who was hastening in alarm to the spot.

"That was a brave act," cried his lordship, "but the experiment might have cost you your life."

"Better Hippolyte and I than the innocent child," said Axel, mounting again; and the horse, now recognising his master, willingly and smartly took a standing leap over the high pole.

"You have done your business well," cried the old gentleman from the window; "come up stairs, you shall have a bottle of wine."

"I must ride the horse cool first," replied Axel abruptly, and set off, accordingly, at a gentle trot.

"That fellow is not to be paid with gold," muttered Starschedel, "but he speaks in a tone that sometimes makes me doubt which of us is the master and which the groom."

Affected by the scene she had witnessed, Agatha was leaving the hall: her way led her again past the pedigree. With a deep blush she looked at it, and an escutcheon, blackened over, met her view. It was that of a second cousin, whom Agatha's father

had but lately struck out on account of a *mésalliance*. With a gloomy presentiment she looked at the black spot and then at the escutcheon that bore her own name, and sighing walked quickly from the hall.

In the ante-room before her father's cabinet, she found, an hour later, the dangerous groom. Their eyes sparkled as they met for a moment and then sought the ground, while a morning tinge, the fairest life can boast of, mantled on their cheeks.

"The gardener's little Rose has recovered and is quiet now; I am just coming from her," said Agatha in a low voice.

"May God reward you, lady! who sent such an angel upon earth!" exclaimed the groom with enthusiasm.

"But you must promise, Axel, not to ride so furiously again; I was in a great fright about you; I mean the child," stammered Agatha, but becoming confused left incomplete what she did not very well know how to finish.

"About me? that makes me indescribably happy!" cried Axel, preferring the first assigned cause for her alarm, and had the boldness to raise to his lips the beautiful hand of the baron's daughter.

The lady offended at such assurance drew away, unluckily a moment too late, her outraged little hand, and angrily saying: "you forget yourself, Axel!" hastily left the room while the youth gazed after her in the heart's intoxication, and then entered the apartment of the old gentleman, who with his spiritual councillor and factotum, Magister Talander was sitting at a game of chess, and high in argument if not in oath. In vain the heated *magister artium* proved "*e Damiano, Philippo Carrera and Gustavo Sileno*" that one of the five impediments to castling was when the adversary's man threatened the square over which the king must pass; in vain he maintained, *Palmedes, Seres, Sutrensha* and even *Tamerlan* had played thus and not otherwise. The old nobleman would listen to nothing and declared the stupidity of that rule was so evident, that even Axel his groom must see it, if he had only an idea of the moves.

"I know the moves, and you are wrong," said Axel coolly. With open

mouth his master stared at the insolent servant who calmly continued: "you forget that you are talking of a miserable king of chess, the emblem of a lazy, cowardly, despot, who is made to be protected by his men, and who if perchance he be forced to act by himself moves in a pitifully narrow compass. In such a king it is but consistent to take the only great step in his life with the utmost caution and to refrain if danger merely *threatens*. My king, to be sure, would not recognize himself in the portrait."

"What is the man talking of his king for?" blustered the old gentleman; "our gracious monarch is the *elector* of Saxony."

"But not mine," replied Axel proudly, "I have the honour to be a Swede."

"Tell me for heaven's sake, magister, where this fellow learns his insolence and his fine phrases?" asked the baron in an under tone.

"On that subject I have already had my own private *meditations*," replied Talander shaking his head, but the baron in an imperious tone said to Axel, "there is your wine, but you shall drink it to the health of our gracious elector."

"With all my heart," cried Axel, filled the goblet, and swung it up high. "Long live your noble elector and my heroic king, and may the alliance they have just concluded, be an everlasting blessing to Saxony and Sweden!"

"Again something new," sneered Starschedel; "you were with them in the cabinet, I suppose, when the treaty was concluded. Unfortunately it will be still long before we come so far."

"We are so far, my lord," said Axel, kindly, and in a familiar manner patted him on the shoulder. "Your elector is no king of chess who is afraid, quickly and boldly to take the step that is decisive for the welfare of his country." He went away, and the two veterans remained stiff and immovable with surprise, like the two stone lions at Dresden.

Agatha's walk had led her to the shaft of a mine long long since abandoned and in ruins. She stood musing near the opening, while emulating with her lap-dog's curiosity and intelligence, her waiting maid was searching on her

his hands and knees for something among bushes. They were seen by Tander, who, laden with bundles of herbs, came from botanising. On his way, Agatha complained that a shaft, which she had taken hold of in climbing down the hill, had torn the precious sapphire ring, the valued heirloom of her departed mother, from her finger, and that it probably had rolled down the shaft, as despite all their searching they were not able to find it. Oh, thou thoughtless girl!" began the magister, glad of the opportunity to commence a course of lectures; but merely as a keepsake of your departed lady mother, that precious ring ought to have been prized by you; dug and polished under particular constellations, it was a talisman for our life. Have you so wantonly forgotten that the greatest secrets of nature are "*in verbis herbis et lapidibus*?" A presentiment which rarely deceives me, tells me this loss will have decided influence upon your fate." Anxiously Agatha listened to the words of her old master which she was wont to consider as oracles. But be not too much alarmed," continued the old man in a milder tone; "the same presentiment tells me, dear, that the hand from which you receive your lost jewel, will lead you to true happiness." So saying, he mysteriously, but without any attempt at becoming the finder, he slowly walked down the path towards the castle, and Agatha was staring after him in dreams, when a rustling crackling was heard in the boughs of the old fir that stood near the opening of the shaft, and from its top a young huntsman boldly swung himself from branch to branch and soon stood before the astonished girl as—Axel. "I have heard all," he cried, "and gladly venture life to maintain the words of the old prophet; you will never see me again with the ring, or rather; should I fail, give me grave leave!" And before the lady could reach her hand to hold him back, the adventurous dropped down into the shaft while stones and earth thundered after him.

He is lost," sobbed Agatha, throwing herself into Kunigonda's arms, who, to her surprise at the clear light that

dawned upon her at this moment, was scarcely able to lament the second loss as in duty bound.

With anxiety Agatha bent herself so far over the shaft that Kunigonda thought it advisable to take possession of the skirt of her mistress's gown, in case she should be tempted to follow her lover. Then a joyful: "I have found it!" was heard from the bottom of the shaft, and soon Axel transformed into a mountainous hob-goblin, by the adherence of every kind of mineral rubbish, worked his way out, and with a bleeding hand held the ring out to the lady. The astonished girl thanked him with a look that was more than heaven to him, and upon the wound of his hand a pair of warm pearly drops fell, which Axel greedily kissed. Then Agatha first observed the blood upon his hand, and with an exclamation insisted on bandaging the wound which he had received for her sake. Axel, after hesitating a little, held out his hand. Not seeing, or not choosing to see, the handkerchief that Kunigonda offered her, the lady wound her own round it, and in want of something to fasten it,—for to tell the truth, she had never felt so awkward before—she tore a blue ribbon from her breast, and at length completed her surgical operation. As she released his hand, Axel fancied he felt a gentle pressure, but before he could clearly make up his mind whether it was meant for the hand, or merely a kind of finishing touch to the bandage, the lovely girl had sought the castle gate. As if walking in a dream, he took the same road. Tander received him at the door, laid, at the desire of the young lady, an embargo upon him, and, being an adept in surgery as well as prophecy, took out his case of instruments, to dress the wound—*secundum artem*. "You have a fine hand, rather too elegantly formed for your station," observed the old man during the business. "You have served in the field, I imagine; the hard skin here, and here, shows that you have stoutly handled the sword."

"Aye, so, indeed!" stammered the patient embarrassed.

"Altogether you appear a very curious specimen of humanity," continued Tander, "and I consider it necessary to subject you to a little ex-

amination. Just show me the palm of your hand!"

"Ah leave such nonsense to the Bohemian old women," said Axel withdrawing his hand.

"Ignorance only condemns what it does not understand," said the magister solemnly, "therefore it is you reject so scornfully the noble *chiromantia* which I have studied almost for an age. And forcibly possessing himself of the wounded hand, he observed it long and attentively. "Well," he doubtfully murmured, "these lines go higher than the stable. That is a large *cingulum veneris*, there is fortune in love and war, honour, and renown, and high titles. Aye, aye! friend, you are not what you appear to be."

"Your whims deceive you wonderfully," said Axel confused and wishing to make his escape.

"Old Talander is not an old woman, therefore he has no whims," said the magister holding him, "and he never yet has deceived himself. I tell you straight forward you are no groom, and if you were not of the *reformed faith*, and had not a couple of such clear honest eyes through which one might fancy, he could look into your heart, I would say you had bad intentions, and would inform his lordship of my suspicion."

"By mine honour," cried Axel vehemently, "my intentions are pure!"

"A groom, no doubt, may be an honourable man," said Talander jeeringly, "but it is rather uncommon for him to give his word of honour; that sounds somewhat *cavalierly*. You should speak more in character." "At present I have done," continued he fixing the bandage. Now give me the handkerchief and the ribbon that I may restore both to the young lady."

"Never!" exclaimed Axel, hiding the valued pledges in his breast.

"You won't? young man you are almost too bold for me," said the old magister with threatening finger.

"Well then, settle it with the lady herself; there she is standing in the garden near the blooming rose-tree; herself the most beautiful rose of the garden. How destructive must be the worm that insidiously could leave a canker in such a charming flower! Don't you think so too?"

"Indeed I do magister!" cried the

groom; "be you unconcerned about the lovely flower whose splendour prizes the care of the gardener. In the ray of love blooms but the more beautifully, and if once myrtle and laurel shall be wound around it, its gardener's tears will be those of joy."

"Amen!" said the old man much affected, and Axel sprang into the garden to Agatha.

"The magister has in your name, my lady, demanded from me the handkerchief and ribbon," said he; "I return you the former dyed with blood that has flowed for you, it may speak kindly for poor Axel when he is far away. The ribbon, however, I would keep; it has rested on an angel heart, it is consecrated and will also consecrate and purify the heart on which it may rest henceforth."

Agatha would have answered, but could not; she would have looked up, but was not able. It then occurred to her that she ought to be angry, and she tried for one moment, but gave it up the next as a hopeless attempt. The struggle in her heart extended itself to the very ends of her fingers—the finest rose in the garden became their victim, and pulled to pieces fell to the ground one leaf after another.

"May I keep the ribbon?" said Axel, in a tone of entreaty. She raised her beautiful eyes unaware of the consequences, and love long a prisoner broke forth from them. Involuntarily Axel opened his arms and quite as mechanically the blushing girl sunk on his breast, while their lips wedded a silent and mysterious ceremony, first love's first kiss. Suddenly from behind the hedge the Baron Starschedel stepped forward, contemplating the group with all the horror of old nobility. "To the castle!" cried he to his daughter, "to the stable!" he thundered to Axel. Like a fingerpost he stretched out his arms indicating their different roads, and the abashed couple silently obeyed.

In sorrow awaiting what was to come, Agatha had long stood gazing vacantly from the window of the knightly hall whence she had that morning admired Axel's horsemanship.

At length her father entered with a glance of reproach, strode towards her, took her hand, and led her

to the gigantic portrait of the first ancestor of the Starschedels, which from its gilt frame was frowning down upon the culprit. "Who is that?" asked the old lord, with suppressed wrath.

"Magnus of Starschedel, the ancestor of our family," stammered Agatha, and continued, half involuntarily repeating what she had been taught every day in the year since she had learned to speak: "in the war against Emperor Henry IV, Duke Rudolph of Suabia, knighted him at Stronow, not far from Mellerstadt, anno 1078, and he was killed anno 1086 in the battle of Wurzburg against the same emperor, after his bravery had contributed to the victory."

"What do you think this glorious knight would have done, if he, like myself, had come from behind the hedge just now?" inquired the father, and Agatha fixed her eyes upon the squares of the floor. "He would," continued the baron, with a voice rising higher and higher, "have split the skull of the faithless knave, and thrown the daughter who could so forget herself into the dungeon of the castle until he had provided for her and her passion in a convent."

The young lady silently admitted the correctness of this proposition. "Agatha! Agatha!" the father continued to scold, "why did I give you that lovely name! *Philippa* I ought to have had you christened, for that Talander has interpreted to me to mean "lover of horses," and therefore might be an excuse for your inclination to the stable."

These words revolted against the feelings of the girl; "I have done wrong," she exclaimed, "but I am not contemptible. My sentiments are pure and I need not be ashamed of them, nor of him who has excited them."

The wild torrent of baronial anger was about to burst the last dyke of paternal love, when, fortunately for the poor lady, loud cries were heard in the yard, and Talander, with a face as white as chalk, entered the hall. "God and his holy Gospel protect us!" said the old man. A swarm of Croats are raging in the neighbourhood, and

may, perhaps, be here before night-fall."

"Well! from the troops of his Imperial Majesty, Saxony has nothing to dread, I should think," said Starschedel with affected calmness.

"So you think, my lord, but not I," replied the trembling magister. "They already rumour something of an alliance concluded between the Saxons and Swedes, and if the Croations already are terrible *friends*, may heaven protect us from their hostile inroad. In the mansions of the evangelical nobles their conduct is said to be particularly savage and horrible."

The lord of the castle sunk back into a seat; and Agatha was wringing her white hands when Axel came into the hall. A steel cap covered his head, a sword was rattling on his thigh, and before the old baron could collect himself sufficiently to be angry, he began in a firm and manly tone: "the Croations draw near, and they are not in want of a pretext to rage here as they have done elsewhere; your property, your life, and the honour of your lovely daughter are at stake. A bold resistance alone can save you; *Isolani's** disciples know nothing of mercy even towards those who surrender."

"Art thou out of thy senses?" asked the old man, "what strength have I to begin a warfare against an imperial division?"

"He only is lost who abandons himself," said Axel. "This castle has strong, high walls and deep fosses; I have called out the villagers, and ordered your foresters, the game-keepers, and the domestics of the castle to stand to arms. If you take my advice, they will all bring their most valuable property here, give up the village, and we may hold out until a reinforcement arrives."

Surprized by what to him appeared a gigantic plan, and by Axel's knightly demeanour. Starschedel sat there equally unable to refuse or to consent. "The remedy is desperate, but I see no other," voted Talander.

"But imperial outlawry?" sighed the poor old baron.

* Count Isolani commanded the Croations during the greater part of the thirty years war.

"We oppose no imperial troops," ingeniously argued the magister; "we only defend our property against marauders and rovers who against the will of his imperial majesty despoil the land."

"Only tell the people from the balcony that I am acting under your orders," continued Axel: "the rest is my business."

Starschedel inquiringly looked at his oracle, who nodded his approbation; and now the baron patiently suffered himself to be dragged to the balcony, where, interrupted by a shortness of breath, he gave an oral commission to Axel. The strong, brave young Saxons below shouted him a "long live the baron!" in return.

With joyful pride Agatha looked down upon the strange groom, who, as if he never had done ought else, drilled and distributed the armed men, regulated the housing of the villagers, animals and goods, that came into the castle for safety, and then, with the mounted domestics, sallied forth to reconnoitre the enemy. Starschedel, in the mean time, buried with his own noble, trembling hands, a box of jewels in the cellar; and Master Talander, through his long telescope, observed the stars that just began to sparkle. He compared his observations with the large circles, lines and signs on a great table—and then calculated with such vigour, that the perspiration of anxiety moistened his forehead—sometimes gladly nodding, sometimes doubtfully shaking his white head.

It was not till midnight that the reconnoiterers returned. The drum called the garrison into the castle yard, and Axel addressed them thus:—"The Croats will enter the village immediately. Mercy is out of the question; all around the sky is tinged crimson with their torches. They will rage here too with fire and sword; but behind these walls we are safe, as long as you are *men*. Remember that you are to fight for your kind master and his lovely daughter—for the pure doctrine of the gospel, for the silvery head of your teacher, for the honour of your wives, and the lives of your children! Long live the Elector!"

"Long live the Elector!" cheerfully shouted the whole band after him: but the "Elector" stuck in the throats

of many when the field music of the Croats, marching into the village, sounded a very disagreeable echo to the cheer. "To your posts!" thundered Axel—once more inspected the raised drawbridge—had the gates secured and blocked up, and mounted the pinnacles of the tower over the gate.

In the village a furious tumult arose: the Croats every where raving, searched for people and provisions; but every where they searched in vain, and punished the doors and windows for their disappointment. At last a troop with torches galloped to the castle, were startled at the raised drawbridge, and ordered the trumpet to blow for a parley. Axel ordered the trumpeter of the castle to answer, and asked, according to the usage of war, what was it they required?

"First, down with the bridge," furiously cried a mad Croat captain, in broken German, "and then you soon will see what we want."

"Show us the order of his Imperial Majesty and of our Elector, that this castle is to receive a garrison, and the bridge shall instantly fall," replied Axel, civilly.

The foreign miscreant, speechless with fury, tore a pistol from the saddle and fired at Axel. The ball missed, and Axel's rifle sent a leaden answer through the cap of the Croatian.

"It is only to teach you, wild lads, a little manners!" cried Axel. During negotiations one does not fire; my ball was merely intended to caution you; but if you don't ride off, the next may hit the nail on the head." Cursing, the captain wheeled round his horse, and with his troop galloped back into the village.

Axel turned to descend from the tower, when Agatha stood before him pale and motionless, like a form of alabaster. "For God's sake, Lady!" exclaimed he, "what would you here above? This is no place for a tender damsel!"

"I heard shots fired," said the lovely maiden, breathing fast. "I thought you were in danger, and could not remain below."

"Thou faithful heart!" said the groom, with love and emotion; "by all that is sacred, I will repay thee yet!" and clasping his strong arm

round her, he carried her down the tower stairs, and left her to the care of her waiting-maid, whom he strictly cautioned not to let the lady come again on the walls. He then hastily returned to his post, as the approach of the enemies marching towards the castle was already heard threatening through the night.

Terribly the red cock* raised its fiery wings on the thatched roofs of the deserted village. Amid the glare of the flames the infuriated Croatians, in dense bands, assailed the castle; but the garrison defended themselves bravely, and their rifles effectually thinned the hostile ranks. Axel was every where; and when here and there a ladder full of Croats attempted to scale the walls, he immediately was at hand, and ready to thrust down the foremost, and then with strong arm to precipitate the ladder, with its assailants, into the fosse. The furious combat lasted more than an hour, when the trumpeters of the enemy sounded the retreat; but, grimly laughing, the captain, who led the re-re, shouted up to the wall—"with sunrise the artillery will be here, and then we shall have more to say to you."

The morning dawned after a sleepless night; the two old gentlemen were sitting in the bomb-proof study of Talander, near a dying lamp, and, frightened, started up, when the sound of a trumpet was heard without the walls. Soon after, Axel, with a fresh but slight cut in his cheek, entered, announcing the imperial Lieutenant-Colonel Baron Grotta. "He is expecting you in the great hall, my Lord," continued he: "for heaven's sake show no fear, and leave the concluding of the capitulation to the Magister."

The old baron nodded in the affirmative, and set out on his path of suffering. In the hall he was met by a stately officer, whose countenance might have been called handsome if it had not been disfigured by lines of scorn and insolence about the eyes and the mouth. "An imperial division is passing through to-day," said the stranger, after the first formalities. "My

general has, with surprise, been informed of the opposition that this castle has offered to our light troops; but he is inclined to pardon the offence, as he is aware of the thirst for plunder and excesses of the Croatians, who make no distinction between friend and enemy. Now, however, he expects that you will surrender the castle instantly."

"On what conditions?" asked the baron, astounded.

"It appears to me that you might consider yourself happy if an imperial master-general of the ordonnance, after what has passed, once more summons you in kindness," said the colonel in a cutting tone, "and that you might blindly trust yourself to his generosity."

It is, at all events, more advisable for you to open the gates before our guns undo them."

At this moment fair Agatha came into the hall; a servant with flasks and goblets followed her. Beautifying love, with his joys and sorrows, had shed a more than earthly charm over her countenance, which had such an effect upon the officer, that in the gentlest tone he added to his threats the question—"Is this lady your daughter?" Agatha was introduced. The stranger took the full goblet she offered him, and wonderfully softened, now inquired the conditions on which the castle was to capitulate. The baron feigned an indisposition, a consequence of the nightly storm, promised to send his chaplain to negotiate, and left the hall, glad to be released from this purgatory.

The experienced son of Mars then addressed himself with elegance to the lady; and after expressing his regret for the terrors of last night, passed to the pleasure he felt in being able to contribute his trifling share to her welfare. He was just beginning to grow as sentimental as it became a soldier of the thirty years' war, when old Talander crept quietly in, followed by Axel, unarmed, and humbly carrying the writing materials. "In the name of my illustrious patron I shall have the honour of contracting with you, right worshipful sir," said the old gentleman with determined submission. "We have to make only few, and but

* A usual term for a conflagration.

just conditions, which by your gracious leave I beg to propose."

"Agreed," said the right worshipful, smiling, and threw a glance at the lady, intended to tell her that it was only for her sake he made the least concession.

"Unlimited amnesty for the past night," the Magister began to read; "liberty of religion, and protection for its ministers until the fate of this country be decided; security against all contributions, under whatever name and pretence they may be asked."

"That is demanding a great deal!" observed the colonel.

"In return, the Baron Starschedel grants to his imperial majesty's troops the right of garrisoning his castle," Talander read on.

"But only to the regiment of Tiefenbach," interrupted Axel: "it is the best disciplined, and your general's word of honour, in writing, warrants to us the fulfilment of the capitulation."

The stranger looked at the impertinent groom with anger and surprise; Agatha and Talander were startled. The Magister, however, collecting himself, said—"The forwardness of the young man really reminds me of two important points which my old head had forgotten. I hasten to insert the omitted clauses."

"And a gentleman so generous as the colonel, surely will make all possible exertions to have these very moderate conditions granted," entreated Agatha in the softest accents, while Talander was writing, for like every beauty she had soon become instinctively conscious of her power.

"What is it that I would not do for one kind look from those eyes?" said Grotta, gallantly, took the written conditions from the magister—made a military obeisance to the lady—cast a look of contempt at Axel—and soon was seen galloping from the castle.

Hardly a quarter of an hour had elapsed when the chains of the drawbridge rattled anew, the wings of the gate creaked again, and the colonel, at full speed, rode into the yard, waving high the signed capitulation like a banner of peace. With delight Starschedel came to meet him; the wet-come officer elegantly dismounted, and with scornful insolence threw the reins of his horse to Axel, evidently to

repress him within the bounds which he had outstepped so lately. A friendly groom, however, saw the anger that this insult caused to flash from Axel's eyes, took the horse and led it about. The colonel perceived all this well, but to complete the humiliation of the forward servant, he placed his foot on the steps of the entrance, and cried to Axel: "groom, my right spur hurts me, unbuckle it."

"I shall send for your groom to let him know that you want him," said Axel boldly; "only be pleased to tell me where he is to be found."

The colonel's hue became dark crimson, and he turned with ill-suppressed vexation to the baron, whom he requested to desire his groom to perform the service, which, at present, his honour required him to insist upon. In a highly comical manner the old gentleman gratified him, not knowing at the bottom of his heart, whether he was more afraid of Axel or the colonel. Axel, however, shook his curly head and remained silent.

"But, I pray you, dearest Axel," whispered the baron, entreating, "you have so often buckled my spurs, why would you refuse to do so to a person of such high rank?"

"You I honour and love as my father," said Axel, "and to serve you I deem no disgrace. I willingly would carry you on my back, but the insolence of a stranger I will not suffer."

"I am curious to see whether the master or the servant will get the better in this strange dispute," sneered the officer.

Irritated at these words, and working himself into a passion, the old baron cried: "buckle the spur, Axel, or leave my service instantly!"

"I leave you, my lord," said Axel humbly, "for you are safe, for the present, at least; but sometimes kindly remember your faithful servant."

Cordially he shook the hand that the old man, much affected, held out to him, and went into the stable to prepare for his departure.

Agatha was standing in the garden lost in sweet dreams, and did not even hear the rattling drums with which a company of the Tiefenbachers marched into the castle. Suddenly Axel stood before her with a portmanteau on his shoulders. "Your father has dismissed me

from *his* service," he said, with emotion, "but *yours* I shall never leave. You shall soon hear of me." A tear was in his eye as he offered her a forget-me-not which she could not decline to accept from that hand which still bore the marks of his descent into the mine. "But," continued Axel, recollecting himself, "such a keepsake fades too soon, take yet another of good solid metal from my native country." He took out a Swedish copper dollar, and with gigantic strength broke it into two pieces, and banded one half to the lady, saying: "whosoever will bring you the other half, comes from me!"

Before Agatha could recollect how the kiss that was burning on her lips came there, he had disappeared, and Talander stood before her like a lecture personified. Already he was preparing to express it in words, when the old baron joined them, walking slowly, somewhat wearied with the caprices of his new guests, and requiring some vent for his ill-humour, asked, what was so wonderful in the forget-me-not on which Agatha was still gazing with looks of love.

"I just had an argument with our good magister," answered the young lady, suppressing the last tear with true female collectedness. "Because he is my master in botany, he thinks he can make me believe every thing; only imagine, he pretends this is the *Myosotis palustris*, though it evidently is the *Veronica chamaldrys* or *Gamander* which, into the bargain, rhymes to Talander. Am I not right, dear Papa?" So saying she danced out of the garden to look from the tower after her departing lover, while Talander, astonished at the female perfection so rapidly developed in his timid pupil, clasped his hands over his head, equally surprized at her sangfroid and warmth of imagination.

The calamities of war, which many and large armies, in marching and countermarching, inflicted upon the country, weighed not particularly heavy upon the inmates of the castle. For this circumstance they had to thank the colonel who, with his Tiefenbachers, remained quartered there; but it soon became evident that his services were by no means disinterested; for every day he showed greater

and more affectionate attention to the fair daughter of the house, and with knightly gallantry had already ventured more than one assault upon her heart. Besides, his high rank in the army, his family and wealth, his noble demeanour and handsome manly figure, were much in his favour. But in Agatha's bosom there dwelt an opponent whom he could not overcome; the image of poor Axel and the broken copper-dollar were to her more costly treasures, than the valuable necklace that Grotta had ordered from Dresden, and which her father's command obliged her to accept. An indistinct presentiment seemed to whisper to the proud colonel the rival he had to contend with, and the recollection of the handsome, impertinent, groom, and the unbuckled spur began to assume the shape of a suspicion that excited his ill-humour. This soon appeared from various sneers at the lower and ignoble classes, and the ridicule to which he held up their desire of intruding themselves into the higher ranks, daily wearied the patience of old Talander, who entertained very lofty ideas about his own worth as a man. One day, however, when the colonel, in his presence, was expatiating with a little too much self-sufficiency, upon the inherited advantages of rank and birth, the old man began to read a poem which an academical friend had sent him from Halle:

"Ye who dross to gold prefer
Cheap stain'd glass to diamond,
Why worship some far ancestor,
Why of olden time so fond?
Are ye not noble ciphers, pardon me!
As valueless, and fools as great as he?"

With enlarging eyes, which despite the "*captatio benevolentiae*" in the last couplet, expressed no pardon, the colonel stared at the bold magister, who, instead of being silenced thereby, read on. The comparison that in the following lines was drawn between inherited escutcheons and real merit, struck home. The colonel, as if anticipating the sixteen remaining stanzas to which Talander still meant to treat him, abruptly left the room. He violently flung the door behind him, but the lady with a pressure of her hand, thanked the gray-headed champion who thus victoriously had beaten

from the field, the powerful adversary of her secret wishes.

But her joy did not last long. Baron Grotta, despairing of obtaining the hand of his chosen one in the modern way, by engaging her heart, had recourse to the ancient fashion, and called parental authority to his assistance. Old Starschedel now had a hard stand between the pressing claims of the noble suitor, the tears of his daughter, and the *Veto* of Talander who, with confessorial eloquence, declared a refusal to be his conscientious duty as a protestant. At length, however, as is generally the case, power and rank gained the ascendancy. The colonel's regiment was to join the army of Tilly who was expecting a general action. He, therefore, impetuously insisted upon a quick decision. Starschedel, unable to resist, announced to his daughter that the following morning she was to be wedded to Grotta, and adding with his utmost firmness, that this was his unchangeable determination, he hastily left her for fear he might not be able to maintain it against her suppliant looks.

Without being conscious of any particular intention, the poor girl had wandered into the garden, and stopped at the rose-tree that had witnessed their first kiss, fixing disconsolate glances upon the grotto that had beheld their last farewell. Suddenly a capuchin with a long white beard stood before her, and silently held out half a copper-dollar. "For God's sake, speak! you come from Axel," cried the maiden, trembling, and her pale cheeks became tinged with a fine roseate hue.

"I do come from him," said a strong unknown voice. "He is at present a dragoon in the Swedish service; a decisive battle is near at hand, and he wishes to see you once more to take his farewell of you. Hither he dare not venture at present, he therefore invites you at midnight to come to the murder-mill below in the valley; you may bring the old magister with you. A safe escort on your way thither and back is provided for. Axel will expect you there till one o'clock, his duty then recalls him. Do you come?"

"I come," the lady whispered after a short contest with herself, and the capuchin hastened with long strides little becoming a monk, to the high

garden-wall, climbed over it with the activity of a cat, and disappeared from the pinnacle. The Magister joined her in the garden to console his beloved pupil on the dreadful morning that awaited her. But his edifying words died on his eloquent tongue when the lady made him the strange proposal to accompany her that night on a walk to the murder-mill. He refused—she prayed; he remonstrated—she coaxed; he was inexorable—she wept, and unable to resist any longer the tears from such eyes, he said at last "*concedo*."

Any one who knew the murder-mill might have considered Axel's request rather extraordinary. It was situated in a narrow ravine, surrounded by steep rocks and high black firs, through which a wild torrent dashed its dark waves. Since the last tenant, whose soul was clogged with many a murder, had fallen by the hand of his own son, it had stood empty, and only during the day time the herds ventured to let their flocks feed on the rich grass of the meadow that belonged to the mill. As soon as twilight approached every living being fled from the terrific scene where at nightfall, according to popular tradition, the spirits of the murdered dead began to carry on their awful doings upon this upper earth. Agatha was not free from the superstition of the age, but powerful love that conquers every thing, also overcame her fear, and when the last glow of evening was burning in the west, she had found means to get rid of her father and the suitor that was forced upon her, and with the grumbling magister set out on her adventurous path. When they arrived at the last ruins of the conflagrated village, Talander directed her attention to four tall figures in dark cloaks who suddenly, as if at the word of command, rose from behind a wall that was still standing, and keeping at a short distance, accompanied her and her old companion step for step, Agatha remembered the promised escort and went on cheerily. But, when, on their arrival at the entrance of the ravine, the moon rose over the high firs, and the steeple-clock of the next village struck the twelfth hour, she was hardly able to suppress her fears, especially as she imagined she heard the wheels of the desolate mill

at full work which, considering the time and other circumstances, could not possibly have been set agoing by ought but evil spirits. Her companion whom the four figures with long cloaks had already put into a silent perspiration, secretly fancied the same, and at last interrupted the awful silence. "I have done the child her will," said he; "I have run the risk of my life and set out on this execrable walk; but now tell me, my daughter, what do you want here in the very worst corner of the country."

"To take leave of my Axel," said the girl, "he has bid me come hither."

"Of Axel? I should have known that," grumbled the magister, and with warning voice continued: "are you certain that perhaps an infernal phantom has not deluded you? there are examples, where the insidious fiend has made use of forbidden love, to destroy a soul. I do not like the spot, or the time at which you are summoned. What, if your strange admirer had already departed this life; if his spirit had sent you this summons, and was now awaiting you in the mill with opened skeleton arms to draw you down into a dark bridal chamber beneath the earth?" The loud long call of a horn interrupted his words, and a similar sound answered from the mill whose wheels really were turning with a terrible noise, glittering in the gleam of the moon with a thousand silvery sparks. A tall man stepped out of the mill. Respectfully the first of the escort approached him, and a minute later Agatha lay in Axel's arms, and hid her burning cheek on his high-beating heart. "Come into the mill, dearest girl," he whispered entreatingly; "here we are still in danger of being discovered. You, reverend Sir, will keep us company, I thank you for having brought the lady hither."

The magister shaking his head followed the handsome pair into the suspicious house.

"For the rest, all remains as I told you," cried Axel in the tone of command to the four men in cloaks, who, like dark and silent statues, had ranged themselves in a line at the door, "and the wheels are not to be stopped until the lady is again in safety." He then

accompanied his beloved Agatha into the only room of the mill, that still was in a tolerable condition. Brightly illuminated by some torches it offered no unfriendly aspect, and a camp-table, richly stored with flasks and cakes, invitingly beckoned the weary and hungry magister, who exhausted, threw himself on a camp chair that was standing near it. With tender caresses Axel drew the lady to the window and while they were exchanging many an affectionate word, old Talander was silently chewing some excellent cakes, and the cud of reflection, on the preparations that Axel had made for this meeting, and which he could not well reconcile to his coarse garb of a common horseman. His thoughts grew more and more confused; soon he was no longer clearly conscious of them, and when at last age, night and noble wine closed his eyes—these images were metamorphosed into ominous dreams.

The clock in the village now struck one, and Axel gently withdrew himself from his beloved in whose tears the beam of the setting moon was reflected. "I must away, dearest!" he said, "this single hour is all I was allowed to spare from my duty. I should ask you to accompany me, but my journey will not be without danger to which I cannot expose you, moreover your father's house is doubtless the most proper place for you to remain in. To evade this odious wedding, pretend to be ill to-morrow. In the crisis that has arrived we gain every thing if we gain time. If God preserves my life you shall soon hear joyful tidings from me; but if I should perish, the idea, that I have fallen for his sacred cause, may comfort you."

Dissolved in tears Agatha hung on the neck of the dragoon, as they stepped out of the mill, where a powerful chesnut charger was pawing the ground. "Farewell and pray for me!" cried Axel in a stifled voice, severed with his sword one of the golden ringlets from the lovely head, pressed her once more to his breast, then quickly flung himself on his steed and galloped from the valley.

Agatha returned into the apartment where the magister still sat dreaming. His venerable wrinkled countenance was strangely, almost awfully, illu-

minated by the torches already burning low; his slumber became more uneasy, his breast was working heavily, and his eyes, half open, stared as if gazing into the empire of obscure futurity. Then he began to talk in his sleep; "courage, my countrymen," stammered he, "heed not whether the multitude of the enemy threaten to crush you! You are fighting for the word of God and the liberty of conscience; behold on your banner the white heavenly harbinger spreading its shining wings; see how it flies over your battle array!—it forebodes your victory. Now the cannons roar—ah blood—much blood! How? my Saxons fly? But no—there still whole bands are standing firmly, a proud bulwark defying the hostile waves. The brave Swedes furiously charge, and slowly the old miscreant gives way gnashing his teeth. The arm of revenge heavily weighs upon him; the bloody child of Magdeburgh's ruins is threatening him—he yields—he flies—the day is ours! triumph! triumph! the good cause has conquered!" Then the dreamer started from his sleep, and slowly collected himself, while Agatha, pale and trembling, observed him with amazement.

"That was a heavy dream, my child," said he, breathing hard. "It is well I awoke! that was too much for this old body! I have seen many things, but the dark empire of spirits exacts a severe return for its disclosures."

"What did that terrible vision show you?" asked Agatha with anxious curiosity.

"Don't ask me now," replied the old man seriously, "but say what has become of Axel?" continued he considerably looking about him. "Him too I saw in my dream, though not in a private's uniform."

"Ah, he has just ridden off," answered Agatha sobbing. "He could stay no longer, for a great battle is at hand."

"In truth it is! but be comforted, the bold Swede will outlive it. You will"—here the magister suddenly stopped and rose from his seat.

"But alas! to morrow! my dear, old master!" sighed the lady.

"This, 'to morrow' already has been changed into 'to day' and your hostile

constellation has lost its influence. Be of good cheer and return with me to the castle. That dreadful vision has taught me much, and you will find great alterations at home. From poor Grotta you have nothing more to apprehend in this life. But let us hasten that the day-light may not surprize us." He led the lady out of the mill before which the four men who had escorted them thither, were still waiting. Under their safeguard they reached the castle without any accident, but to their astonishment missed the sentry of the Tiefenbachers at the gate, and wondered still more when they perceived the knightly hall brightly illuminated.

"Thanks be to God, that you have come! you stayed very long," run on her maid, who had been waiting for her. "Two hours ago orders suddenly arrived from head-quarters. The poor Tiefenbachers had to march instantly, and the colonel, too, is to leave at day-break; so they meant to marry you in all haste, this very night; but as neither you nor the magister were to be found anywhere, Baron Grotta appeared inclined to be sulky, and your father, too, pretended to be angry; when all at once some horsemen rode into the yard—they were Saxons. Colonel Starschedel and his son, the major, with their carbineers. Now the tables were turned; the baron had to consider himself happy that the gentlemen, out of regard for the laws of hospitality, did not take him prisoner;—and your father was too much afraid of his cousin, to speak any more of the intended marriage. Now they all are sitting together, cutting the oddest figures you can wish to see. Only come, the handsome major has already twice inquired for his sweet cousin."

The lady now, with heart at ease, entered the hall where the gentlemen were sitting at their goblets. The colonel, with the Saxons, quickly rose, and the major flew to meet her; but was not a little surprised to find the gaiety which used to adorn her features entirely vanished, and that she now avoided the embrace which formerly she had always permitted to a relative. It did not, however, prevent him from paying her the greatest attention; while Colonel Starschedel, in a deep

powerful voice, entertained their listening host with the perfect understanding between the Elector and the Swedish King, and the generosity with which the latter had declined every guarantee that the Saxons had offered. This was too much for the imperial lieutenant-colonel; he rose, and, with cool politeness, took his leave in a few abrupt words. Nobody asked him to stay; and his last angry look fell upon poor Talander, who just then entered, and, with a strange compassion, gazed after the parting officer. He then leaned on the chair of the lady, who was rather uneasy at the addresses of her cousin, whom she loved like a brother. With gloomy earnestness the eyes of the seer dwelt now upon the noble countenance of the veteran colonel, then upon the blooming heroic form of his son. Soon the sound of horses' hoofs was heard from the yard, and casting a glance through the window, the magistrate seriously said—

"The colonel is riding away; him, too, we shall never see again, like many another who at this hour still blooms in the strength and fulness of life."

"What do you mean?" asked the lord of the castle; but immediately stopped, awestruck; for the mien of his old friend told him that the words were prophetic.

A general shudder run through the party. The conversation, a few minutes before so lively, became embarrassed, and the notes of a lark, that saluted the rising morn, gave a welcome pretext for their breaking up, as the Saxons were that day to join the army of their Elector. The carbineers already had filed up in the yard; the colonel was still enjoying himself with his old cousin; and the grief of parting prompted the major, even on the threshold, to wring from poor Agatha the confession of her attachment, and the promise of her hand. But Talander stepped between the lady and her innocent tormentor, and said, with fatherly warning:

"You ride now to meet a great day, my young hero. This is no time to conclude a worldly union: as a Christian you ought rather to think of your end; it is, perhaps, nearer at hand than you may believe. Is this lady, if you should fall, to mourn for you like a

widow? That would be a vain and selfish feeling, not love. Do not too hastily stretch out your hand for the myrtle garland; its green may be died with blood, and angel may, perhaps soon, twine it into a martyr's crown."

The major, affected, gazed at the prophet, whose countenance seemed to brighten: he mutely shook his hand, pressed the kiss of a brother on Agatha's fair forehead, and soon the old castle was still and desolate, deserted by all its guests.

The baron, in silent gloom, was sitting near the flickering blaze, and Agatha was reading to him Martin Luther's translation of the Bible. The old man was not in a very comfortable situation. The country, indeed, was at present not occupied by troops, but all his stores had been partly consumed, partly destroyed by the war. The parish was expecting aid from him, and in Magdeburgh, where he had invested his ready money, fifty thousand dollars of his property had been destroyed by the conflagration. Moreover, there were fearful rumours afloat about a battle, in which the Saxons had been defeated. Thus he had, in the anxiety of his heart, taken refuge in the word of God. They had opened at Ecclesiasticus, and with gentle and sweet voice his daughter read:

"Did ever any trust in the Lord, and was confounded? or did any abide in his fear and was forsaken? or whom did he ever despise that called upon him?"

With a doubtful shaking of his head, the old man looked up to heaven, and Agatha read on:

"For the Lord is full of compassion and mercy, long suffering and very pitiful, and forgiveth sins and saveth in time of affliction."

"The Lord, indeed, saveth in time of affliction," cried Talander, who, with the fire of youth, rushed into the apartment, holding an open letter in his hand. "The Swedes and Saxons have, near Leipzig, fought a battle against the terrible Tilly, and defeated him totally. Thus the word of God is once more free in the land of the Saxons. Here is the confirmation of my words, as I have received it from my old friend at Halle." And in a voice trembling with joy he read:

"On the seventh of September,

anni currentis, more than seventy-five thousand men stood hostilely opposed on the extensive plains near Leipzig. It was to be considered a favourable omen that, shortly before the commencement of the battle, a snow-white pigeon lighted upon a Saxon standard, and thence took its flight over the whole evangelical battle-array. About noon the cannonading began. The Swedes attacked, and at first were successful; but Tilly, with his whole force, threw himself upon the Saxons—drove them back, and turned the guns he took from them against the Swedes. Some few Saxon regiments, however, bravely maintained their ground until the Swedes came to their assistance. Then, at last, old Tilly was forced to retreat; and in his flight was nearly killed by a captain of the Rhinegraves with the butt-end of a pistol. He has arrived here in a shocking plight, and of the imperial forces 7600 corpses have been counted on the field of battle. The allies took twenty-six pieces of ordnance, a hundred standards, and many treasures. This glorious victory was followed by the conquest of Leipzig—it cost both armies dear. On the imperial side, the Duke of Holstein has died of his wounds, after having been made a prisoner; and besides him there have fallen, Generals Shoenburg and Erwitte; Colonels Plankhart and Baumgarter, and Lieutenant-Colonel Grotta.”

Starschedel folded his hands for a pious prayer, and Agatha honoured the memory of her fallen friend and enemy with a tear of sincere compassion.

“The Saxons lost,” Talander continued to read with a fainter voice, almost suffocated by his emotion, “the General Bindhof, the Colonel Leser, two Starschedels,——”

“Merciful God! our cousins!” cried the lady, sobbing; and the old gentleman, trembling, rose from his seat, beckoned his daughter to bring the inkstand, and stepped into the hall where, on the pedigree, he marked the escutcheons of his beloved relatives with the due crosses, while tears, unperceived by himself, dropped singly and slowly from his eyes.

Agatha broke some wreaths from the laurel tree at the window, to adorn the portraits of the fallen heroes with

the well-deserved garlands; and the magister, who had followed them with the letter in his hand, fluctuating between grief and joy, read on:

“Colonel Starschedel fell at the head of his carbineers, with whom he bravely opposed the shock of Tilly. On this occasion the Saxon standard, on which the white pigeon had alighted before the battle, fell into the hands of the enemy. To leave this symbol of victory to the adversaries was intolerable to Major Starschedel, and a young staff-officer of an old Swedish family. They vowed to each other to retake it; and, sword in hand, rushed into the hostile ranks. While the Saxon died the death of a hero, the Swede was successful. The latter, a Count Gueldenleowe, an account of his almost superhuman bravery, and because, after its colonel had been taken prisoner, he led the regiment Courville three times against the enemy, has, on the field of battle, been appointed by the king to the colonelcy, and also obtained his majesty’s leave to add a standard, with a white pigeon, to his coat of arms.”

“What is that?” cried Starschedel; and listening, walked to the window.

“That is Swedish field-music, if my ears do not deceive me,” said Talander.

“The Swedes are marching into the village,” cried the domestics, rejoicing; and Agatha, with beating heart, flew to the gate-tower, to view the heroes that went past.

Nearer and nearer sounded the music; and behind the trumpeters of the advancing regiment of dragoons rode the colonel, apparently a young man, in bright armour. An attendant, whose broad scarf was adorned with a golden lion in a blue field, carried before him the preserved Saxon standard, which received on its point the laurel garland dropped down upon it from Agatha’s hands.

“That, surely, must be Colonel Gueldenleowe,” said Talander, panting, who with the old baron had hurried after her to the tower.

“Good heaven! that is Axel!” cried Agatha, as the colonel looked up; and fainting, sunk back into the arms of her tutor.

She awoke in other arms, and raising her eyes, perceived her beloved Axel, who held her tenderly embraced.

“Thou hast stood the trial, divine

girl," cried the youth in transport. "I had inwardly vowed to lead home, as my wife, only one who would love in me the *man* not the *count*—whose love would be strong enough to subdue the lighter feelings of the sex. Thou hast stood the trial, but mine only begins; to prove during my whole life, that I deserve thy heart."

The beauteous listener, like a blushing rose, sank on the warrior's mailed breast, and with tears of joy in his eyes, old Starschedel embraced his faithful friend, while below the trumpeters blew the solemn air—"Now let us praise the Lord!"

SONG TO THE OWL.

Oh the owl so sedate—and such mirth in his pate,
Is e'en like a friar in his cowl,
Who thinks less of his books, for as grave as he looks,
Than he doth of a buss and a bowl.
The owl, the owl, the merry merry owl,
The merry merry owl for me,
Who laughs as he tells the churchyard bells
As they chime their one, two, three,
To whoo!
As they chime their one, two, three.

Oh roquetry lies in his drowsy eyes,
And his tongue bath a waggish tone;
Hark! hark! how he croaks from the dark old oaks,
To frighten young Jock and Joan.
The owl, the owl, the merry merry owl,
He laugheth the world to scorn;
He passeth his jest, like a blade of the best,
And chaunteth from night till morn,
To whoo!
And chaunteth from night till morn.

The brown brown lark is afraid in the dark,
And he goeth to bed with the sun;
Out out on the sot! the owl goeth not
Till he sees daylight begun.
The owl, the owl, the merry merry owl,
He doeth as I delight,
He waggeth his head when the moon goes to bed,
And bids her a gay good night
To whoo!
And bids her a gay good night.

J. K. B.

THE PILGRIM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

In the reckless time of my boyhood's prime
 I wandered from home, abandoning all ;
 And the dance and song, and the festive throng,
 I left behind in my father's hall.

And all my heritage, gold and land,
 I flung to the winds, and I joyously smiled
 As I took my pilgrim-staff in my hand,
 And wended my way with the faith of a child.

For there bounded and lightened a mighty hope in
 My swelling soul, and a voice in my breast
 Sang to me, Go !—thy pathway is open,
 And speed, ever speed to the glorious East :

Till thou reachest a range of golden portals.
 These be the gates of a lofty palace,
 Which enter,—for there the elect among mortals
 May drink of eternity's life-giving chalice.

So, all the long day, and the long, long night
 I travelled, unfainting, in sun and in storm ;
 But the moon of my dreams was the only light
 Ever silvered that palace's beautiful form.

And headlong torrents descended in wrath,
 And jagged mountains to front me stood :
 And across the abyss I builded a path,
 And bridges above the foaming flood.

In the end I came to a rushing river,
 Whose green waves rolled to the shores of the East ;
 And, strong in the faith of a fervent believer,
 I cast myself far on his heaving breast.

But woe is me ! the billows but bore me
 To the barren and wreck-strewn region I tread :
 Dark skies are o'er me, wild wastes are before me,
 And my goal is lost, and my soul is dead.

For man is vanity ! Danger and pain
 Encompass his paths from year to year ;
 Earth woos the proud heights of heaven in vain,
 And the *There* of existence but mocks the *Here*.

CLARENCE.

THE KEVIN-STREET COLLEGE.

A large share of public attention has been devoted to the project of the Archbishop of Dublin and the government, since first the startling announcement was made, that our new metropolitan had discovered the antiquated system of theological instruction pursued in the National University, to be so utterly incompatible with his Grace's enlightened views, as to render the foundation of a new and distinct establishment necessary: and yet, we are persuaded that this share has been small in proportion to the importance of the subject. Few propositions have been made, even in these reforming times, so fraught with danger to the best interests of the country and the church—and none perhaps, even in these days of hypocrisy and deceit, have had their real character so artfully concealed. Few plans have been so artfully laid, and seldom has enmity so completely worn the guise of friendship, and the foulest intentions been concealed under the most specious and plausible pretences.

It will be evident from what we have written, that we are very little inclined to think favourably of the Archbishop and his new University, and by no means disposed to suppress what we think. We believe the interests of Protestantism are involved in the discussion, and these interests are too sacred to be trifled with. In these days they cannot afford to be complimented away in that etiquette which might perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, be due to station and to rank. The name which we bear, we trust, without disgracing it, forbids us to be indifferent to the progress of a rival University, and those pure principles which have ever been inseparable from that name; principles, which we have maintained, perhaps inefficiently, but yet honestly and faithfully, compel us to look with suspicion, on the project of placing any institution for the education of our clergy, under the virtual controul of men whose doctrines

are not those of the Church of England. Loving our *Alma Mater* with all the fervour that it is attached to the recollections of our youthful days—venerating her as the depository of sound principles—as the educator of the most enlightened and zealous clergy in the world; we cannot but feel indignant that a stranger has attempted to fasten on her the stigma of incompetency, and declare her unfit for the sacred trust that she has so long and so efficiently discharged. But as Protestants, as Bible-reading Protestants, we feel more than indignation when we remember that the man who wishes to separate from her care the education of the clergy, and provide a theological University after his own fashion, is the man who has attempted to banish the Word of God from our schools, and the observance of the Sabbath from our land;—who, in countenancing the teaching of Popery in the national schools, abandoned, at the bidding of expediency, the duties to which he had sworn; and when he argued against the divine obligation of the Christian's day of rest, forgot, in the reasonings of the philosopher, and the speculations of the theorist, the prayer which each returning Sabbath placed upon his lips.

So many considerations press upon us in relation to this new University, that we hardly know with which to commence. But surely, apart from all others, the secrecy with which the plan has been matured, is of itself, sufficient to cast suspicion upon the motives of its framers. Darkness is not often the abode of truth, and honesty does not generally seek to hide her actions. When we see a man creeping cautiously through our premises, and anxious to conceal his movements from our notice, we very naturally suspect him to be a robber. And surely those plans for the good of the church, which were kept a profound secret until they were matured, and then only told in confidence to a

few, are rendered more than questionable by the very pains that are taken to conceal them. It is a curious fact, that up to this moment no authorized statement of his Grace's plan has appeared before the public. Everything connected with it is a mystery. The object of the institution has been declared, indeed, by Dr. Elrington, to be the providing a receptacle for young candidates for orders. But even for this information, he himself tells us, we are not indebted to his Grace, who had "determined to leave the refutation of attacks to the development of his plan;" that is to give no information until his college was established. But with regard to the nature of the charter, which is actually in preparation—with respect to the mode of education to be pursued—with respect to the negotiations which have been carried on, or the arrangements which are contemplated—the Protestants of Ireland are left in utter ignorance. While those who presume to state the surmises which are abroad, and the rumours which every body believes, are branded as "anonymous slanderers," and on a question involving the vital interests of Protestantism, to inquire is to be criminal—the man who dares to question the purity of his Grace's intentions must be visited with *ex cathedra* denunciations of ecclesiastical wrath. His Grace will not condescend to explain—his character is beyond suspicion and above reproach. The Lord Archbishop thinks it right, "*nil ultra quero plebeius*," and we must give up ourselves to be led blindfold by Archbishop Whateley and the Whigs. But by special favour of his Grace, we will be permitted to form our judgment when his plan is carried into effect, and beyond the reach of our opposition to modify or prevent.

We make these observations, not merely to fasten on this scheme the last and most dangerous attribute of conspiracy—its secrecy; but also to justify ourselves if, in writing upon this subject, we may seem in some measure ignorant of the details. We are in possession of many curious facts, and we have taken no little pains to acquire the most accurate information, but yet we know comparatively little of the contemplated arrangements. We know enough of the general de-

sign to warrant our most unqualified reprobation—we know, also, quite sufficient of the means by which it has for so far been carried on, as to leave no doubt on our minds as to the nature of the end that is ultimately to be attained. But the machinery by which it is to be ruled is a secret as yet confined to his Grace's coterie. And the announcements that have been made, apparently upon authority, have been so various and contradictory in their character, that we believe they were intended but to mislead. At first it was represented merely as a diocesan school, where candidates for orders in the Archdiocese of Dublin might be instructed under Dr. Whateley's immediate care. To this no one certainly had a right to object; and the consent, or rather, we should say, the neutrality of many and influential persons proceeded from this impression. But by and by the diocesan school is enlarged into a national seminary, but still merely as an adjunct to Trinity College—merely as intended to teach clergymen the practice of their profession, which they could not learn in the University, but in which they might be fully instructed within the walls of the Kevin-street police barrack. The plan might be absurd, but, apparently, it was harmless; and was nothing concealed beneath this seeming folly, the Archbishop might, perhaps, have been permitted, without opposition, to indulge in his whim; but to those who had learned to distrust the intentions of designing men, when their actions appear to be without an object, it seemed more than probable that a Brutus was concealed in the apparent fool; and we confess that we were not surprised when it was whispered abroad that the projected charter of the school for Dr. Whateley's theological apprentices was to confer upon it its dignities and its professors, and to provide it with all the apparatus of a rival University.

It was then that the Fellows of Trinity College awoke from their sleep, and forwarded to their visitors a memorial against the establishment of the new college, to which but one junior fellow refused to attach his name, and which was signed by a majority of the senior board. It is probable that the matter will ultimately come before the Privy Council, when the corporation

of the legitimate University will be heard by counsel against the attempted violation of their rights. In the mean time, those who were led to acquiesce in the institution of a diocesan seminary, are taunted with a dereliction of principle when they object to the establishment of a second national University; and men who reluctantly consented to make no opposition to the scheme, as originally represented, are unblushingly charged with want of faith, when they refuse to assent to another and a very different plan. A school for teaching candidates for orders the practice of their profession, is certainly a very different thing from a chartered University, with its visitors, its trustees, and its professors; and yet, while the Archbishop stated his only object to be to provide a place where Graduates of Trinity College might advantageously spend the interval between the completion of their divinity terms and ordination, the draft of the proposed charter of the Kevin-street University, contains a provision for the establishment of chairs of Logic and Greek; and this too, for the instruction of men who have already spent four years in academic studies, and the testimonium of whose degree might fairly be presumed evidence of their competency as scholars.

If the Archbishop has truly stated the object of his college, he insults the University, in obliging those to whom she has given, under her hand and seal, a testimonial of a satisfactory proficiency, to resume their undergraduate studies in a school—he insults her fellows and her professors, in calling on those whose education they had declared to be completed, to place themselves under the instructions of such men as are likely to fill the corresponding situations in Kevin-street College.

If, on the other hand, we regard the new institution not as an auxiliary, but as a rival to the old—not as a supplementary adjunct, but an independent establishment—what are we to think of the conduct of those who could bring themselves to disarm opposition, by pretending to have one object while they really had another—who could purchase silence by misrepresentation, and endeavour to gain friends at the expense of honesty and truth. Indeed, from the very commencement, the

friends of the new college appear to have been very little scrupulous as to their assertions. The acquiescence of the Primate was attempted to be procured, by representing the Fellows of Trinity College as almost unanimously in its favour; while again the opposition of the Fellows was in a great degree overcome by the announcement of the Primate's warm approbation of the plan. By a bold and most extraordinary stroke of Machievellian policy, the Archbishop imagined that he could procure the assent of each individual, by representing that of every one else as previously attained. Never, perhaps, was there so masterly an attempt to create public opinion, simply by the private assertion of its existence, and to neutralise opposition, by separately persuading each opponent that he stood alone. Every word of private conversation has been treasured up, that it might be misrepresented—every ambiguous expression of doubt upon the subject has been tortured into an avowal of altered conviction. So great was the desire to appear to have made proselytes, that a report was industriously circulated among certain circles in London, that one of the junior fellows had been induced to alter his opinion by a conversation with his Grace. That report was traced to its origin, and inquiries were made, by letter, from some friends in London as to its truth. It was utterly destitute of foundation! Before the letter, containing the inquiry, reached this city, that Fellow's name had been attached to the remonstrance which we have already stated has been forwarded by the members of the University.

There are two parties engaged in this Kevin-street scheme—the Archbishop of Dublin and his friends, and his Majesty's ministers. Of his Grace, who originated the plan, we desire to speak with every respect that is consistent with the declaration of opinions, which a higher duty forbids us to suppress. Of his Majesty's ministers who have sanctioned the proposition, and who have given up the old police barrack, for carrying it into effect, we wish to say as little as possible. We do not take up the subject as partizans, and as far as possible we shall avoid discussing it as politicians. But surely we may remark,

that the readiness with which the government acceded to the proposal, furnishes reason to suspect that they at least have ulterior measures in this view. The parsimony which characterizes the financial dealing of the Whigs with Ireland, would not sacrifice even the rent of a police barrack, unless some favourite object was to be gained. What that object is, we fear, is but too evident. They desire to prepare the way for a measure which they have in contemplation—the opening of the corporation of Trinity College to the Roman Catholics. And, therefore, they eagerly grasped at the proposal of the Archbishop, which removed an insuperable obstacle; and by establishing a separate place for the education of the clergy, they made an advance, a very artful but yet a very important advance, towards the unchristianizing of the National University. And this they had the advantage of doing, not in their real character as the enemies of the Irish Church, but in the false one of its friends. They thought forsooth that the poor credulous Protestants would believe that they had no other object than to increase the efficiency of her ministers, and that the men who had robbed her of her mitres and permitted her property to be kept from her by lawless force, were yet so anxious for her interests that they would trouble themselves to provide additional means of instruction for her clergy. Mr. Littleton imagined that he could appear more reputably as the co-operator with the Archbishop of Dublin, than as the open and avowed ally of Mr. Shiel; while at the same time he felt that he was best forwarding the views of the agitator by acceding to the propositions of the prelate. And this accounts for the alacrity with which the government took up the plan—this explains the obstinacy with which the intention of keeping the new college completely distinct from the University, has been persisted in—this, too, accounts for the provisions of the charter so utterly different from what is necessary for the object that was professed. Kevin-street is to be a Protestant Maynooth, but with this difference, that Maynooth is to be endowed from the revenues of the nation, and the Protestant college from the

property of the church. But while popery is to be supported at Maynooth, and Protestantism to be relegated to the Kevin-street police barrack—the National University is to be a place where there is to be every religion or no religion—where Protestant, and Roman Catholic, and Christians, and Atheists, are to mingle together in a strange and unnatural coalition—all however agreeing in the one point of regarding their religious opinions as a matter of the most profound indifference. Where men are virtually to be told that the knowledge which will pass away is every thing, and the knowledge which will endure is nothing—that it is of far more importance that they should be good mathematicians than good Christians—where the youth of the country will be taught to be liberals until they become latitudinarians—and be made indifferent until they become infidels—be led on, in a word, to the rejection of all religion under the imposing and specious plausibility of the system that professes to treat every religion alike.

We know that those who argue against the new college, on the grounds of the apprehension of this change, have been taunted with forwarding the views of those whom they profess to oppose by the implied admission, that the fact of the University being the place of education for the established clergy, is the chief, if not the only obstacle, to throwing it open to Roman Catholics. But never was there so utter and so absurd a misunderstanding or misrepresentation of an argument; and this we shall shew satisfactorily bye and bye. But at present we must speak of the Archbishop, whom we are willing to acquit of all participation in the intentions of the government, but whom we charge openly and unhesitatingly with entertaining designs, which, to say the least of them, he would not choose to avow. His Grace's theological opinions are unfortunately not in exact accordance with the doctrines that are generally received among the clergy of the Irish Church. And he wishes to circulate the leaven of his peculiar votaries among the rising generation, and this he flatters himself he can effect by means of the proposed seminary, where the candidates for orders will be brought under his own

immediate superintendence, and in constant, and we must add pernicious contact, with his opinions. He very probably may not be blind to the machinations of the government, but he is either indifferent to their progress, or thinks the Protestantism of Trinity College so light a matter that the other advantage would be cheaply purchased by its surrender. And yet to our minds, the nature of Dr. Whatcley's avowed opinions, and the entire tenor of his conduct, form of themselves, an insurmountable objection to placing in his hands the controul over the education of the clergy, which the institution of this new college will inevitably confer on him. One thing is certain, that in claiming it from the Protestants of Ireland, his Grace presumes very largely upon the possession of their confidence, or he exhibits a most unaccountable disregard to their feelings. It is not sufficient that he is satisfied in his own mind that his motives are pure and his intentions good—he should satisfy the Protestants of Ireland of the same, unless indeed he honestly avows that he disregards their opinion, and is determined to exercise a despotic authority worthy of the high and palmy days of the papacy itself. No supreme and imperial pontiff on the throne of St. Peter ever exercised a more domineering and absolute authority over the spiritual concerns of the votaries of superstition, than will the liberal Archbishop of a reformed church, over the consciences of enlightened freemen, if in opposition to their known and undeniable wishes, he persists in forcing on them clergy, educated by men in whom they never did, in whom they never can, place confidence—if he wrests from the University which they honour, the trust that she has long discharged to their satisfaction, and transfers it either in whole, or in part, to an establishment that they must suspect, were it only because it originated with himself. The utter disregard to the feelings and the wishes of the great body of the people that is exhibited in the course which his Grace has thought proper to pursue, but confirms an observation that has been often made, that those who have the name of liberty most ready on their lips, have its true principles farthest from their hearts, and those who are most

ready to declaim against all power for fear it may be abused, will be always the most likely to pervert authority into tyranny whenever it is entrusted to themselves.

And here we cannot avoid remarking, certainly more in sorrow than in anger, how much of this spirit appeared in the statement of one from whom we had hoped better things—the statement to which we have already alluded “that his Grace had determined to leave the refutation of attacks to the development of his plan,” a declaration to which was attached a name which indeed it sorely grieves us to see connected in any way with this new college, much more to find it appended to vehement, if not intemperate, productions in its defence. Our readers will perceive that we allude to the professor of divinity, in Trinity College, the Reverend Dr. Elrington, chaplain to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin—a man whom we had fondly imagined to have been placed by Providence in his responsible situation, in these perilous times, to be the firm and uncompromising defender of the rights of the University, the watchful and zealous guardian of the purity of the education of the clergy—a man who might almost be regarded as the hereditary champion of the church—and to have inherited the qualities that could fit him for the post—unyielding energy of character, and unwearied devotedness to the cause of truth. When first we heard of the Archbishop's college, we expected that Dr. Elrington would be foremost in exposing and most active in combating the plan—we already saw him in our minds standing forward as the accredited representative of the University, to protest against any interference with that education of which she was the sole and legitimate director, and boldly to rebuke the individuals, no matter how exalted or how great, how high in station or how celebrated for learning, who would presume to tamper with that, for the character of which he was responsible to his God. Little did we think that we should reckon him, in this instance, among our opponents, and the most powerful of them all, as being, perhaps, the only one who had a character of dignity and weight. Little did we anticipate that we should find him

deserting the post of duty where he would have been honoured, to engage in an unnatural and questionable alliance with men from whom he can have but little to expect. The proffered dignity of a provostship could never have been the secret talisman that has perverted his better judgment, and made the college, of which he was nominated the principal, appear in a different light to him from what it does to every one else. No; we must acquit him of being influenced for a moment by such considerations. His conduct partakes of the mystery that attends every thing connected with this plan; and it is still more unaccountable that he has manifested the same vehemence, although, perhaps, not the same judgment, in the advocacy of error as he was wont to do in the maintenance of truth. But we must cease to speak of one for whom, although mistaken, we are still unwilling to compromise our respect, and return to the haughty, and, to every Protestant, the insulting declaration of which he has permitted himself to be made the herald, that "the refutation of attacks was to be left to the development of the plan."

Does this mean what the words appear in the common acceptance of language to convey, that the Archbishop is so indifferent to the opinion of the Irish Protestants that he will not even give himself the trouble to correct the mistakes into which they may have fallen in estimating his conduct? Are we coolly and deliberately to be told that our approbation is so utterly despised by his Grace, that he will not even purchase it at the rate of a few words of explanation? and this, too, in relation to a plan in which our best interests are virtually involved. Were his character gratuitously assailed, he might, perhaps, be justified in retiring behind the consciousness of innocence, and declining to refute attacks: but when he comes voluntarily forward with a proposition which he announces his determination of carrying into effect, it is absurd, it is insulting, to talk of refusing satisfaction to an inquiring and suspicious public. When an individual takes upon him to act where the interests of others are concerned, he forfeits the right, if he ever possessed it, of disregarding public opinion. We believe it is questionable

whether any man has a right to be indifferent to the judgment of his fellows; but assuredly when he volunteers to carry into effect, on his own responsibility, a proposition involving national good or evil, the contradiction of charges becomes a duty no less to the public than to himself. He is bound to satisfy, as far as in him lies, every conscientious doubt, and to remove every reasonable, we had almost said, every unreasonable suspicion. But when an individual, under such circumstances, affects to disregard the censure of the public, we cannot but suspect that it is because he feels that it is merited; that when he protests against inquiry, it is because he dreads detection; that he is but enacting the artifice of the criminal who objects to the authority of the commission that is to try him, because he knows that a trial must be followed by conviction. The Archbishop, to be sure, has fixed a period when we may canvass his conduct without exciting his displeasure; the development of his plan will contain his defence; but this is nothing more than a mere artifice to put off the evil hour; the filing of a special demurrer for the purpose of delay, in order that conviction may come when it is too late to be injurious; that his plan may be permitted to proceed, until it is too late to offer it any effectual opposition. Besides, both Dr. Elrington and his Grace should have known, that while the "advantage of character is to use it," the character must be acquired before the advantage can be enjoyed. There are men who can have a great deal said against them without injury; but there are others who cannot afford to submit to the slightest imputation. Some men are so rich in the esteem of their fellow-citizens, that even in suspicious circumstances they can call on them to suspend their judgment; but there are others who possess so little of the confidence of the public, that their smallest drafts on it will be returned dishonoured and protested; and men in such circumstances cannot play the game of the ruined speculator, and keep up a falling credit by trading on fictitious capital; they cannot keep off, by this artifice, the inevitable bankruptcy of their character. There are in the world individuals whose conduct renders them such fit subjects for

accusation, that every accusation is believed; and, with respect to such persons, unrefuted charges become almost equivalent to proof of guilt, unremoved suspicions as injurious as detection.

The exertions of our honest and constitutional contemporaries, the *Evening Mail* and the *Warder*, have already placed this subject so fully before the public, that we will of necessity be obliged to repeat much of what has appeared in their columns; and though, perhaps, the time and the space which the writer in a monthly periodical has at his command, enables us of necessity to discuss so important a subject more fully and connectedly than it could be in the columns of a newspaper—yet we honestly confess, that we hope to add but little to the arguments which have been already advanced, certainly not to exceed the ability with which they have been put. The latter paper editorially took up the subject very boldly in that point of view in which we are now anxious to place it, namely, the impropriety of confiding the education of the clergy to the influence of such a man as the present Archbishop of Dublin, and gave utterance to what may be presumed to be the opinion of a large and influential class among the Protestants of Ireland, upon the conduct and character of his Grace. The articles in the *Mail* and the *Warder*, may fairly be quoted as evidence of that which it is essential to our argument to prove—the total absence of all confidence in his Grace on the part of the Protestants of Ireland. The public press is not more the guide than the representative of public opinion; and in the two journals to which we have alluded, we may naturally seek for evidence of the feelings of the Protestant population. Both in the possession of their confidence, and both enjoying an extensive circulation, although, perhaps, among different classes. The *Mail* is the journal of the Protestant aristocracy; the *Warder*, of the middle ranks, and, to a great degree, of the clergy. But both have been unanimous in their condemnation of this plan; and the sentiments of their leaders have been responded to by all the Protestant journals in the kingdom. Does his Grace need any further evidence that his conduct, has produced

its natural result and that in setting himself in opposition to our feelings, he has lost (shall we say irretrievably) our confidence? and with the knowledge of this fact staring him in the face, will he—can he—dare he persist in trampling on our feelings, perhaps to alienate us from that church whose ministers when educated in Kevin-street, we cannot but distrust? The Protestants of Ireland love the church, but they love it not with a superstitious adoration, but with a rational, because a well-grounded reverence. They venerate her as the depository of sound doctrine; as furnishing them with a pure and apostolic administration of the ordinances of their religion; as the church, from the lips of whose ministers they hear that gospel, in the faith of which their fathers died, and in communion with which they may share in that sublime worship in which their fathers knelt. Her clergy have now our respect and our love, because we believe their study to have been the Bible, and the writings of those who took that Bible, in all its power and in all its simplicity, as their rule. But let us come to look on them as trained in that logic that can pervert the Word of God by its subtlety—as skilled in that science, falsely so called, that clouds the clearness of religion, by the mysteries of metaphysics, and mars the beauty of Christianity by the wild speculations of men who are wise above what is written—and we venerate them no more. We love the church, not for her own sake, but the sake of the truth which she maintains; and when she teaches error, we will no longer sit at her feet. When the ceremonies and the worship of our temple are changed, we will mourn in the bitterness of woe over its desecration; but we will not join in the offering of the strange incense—in the lighting of the unhallowed fire, merely, that we may tread the same courts where once we worshipped God in spirit and in truth.

But this is a digression. Let his Grace, and those who support his Grace, peruse attentively the following extracts from the columns of the Protestant press, and answer the question, does he possess the confidence of the Protestants. Let them compare their statements with his Grace's conduct, and answer does he deserve to possess it.

In the *Warder* of the fifth of April, we find the following bold and manly examination of his Grace's character—of course we mean his public character—and this perhaps should have the greater weight, because that journal had continued for some weeks to discuss the question in a spirit and temper which certainly could not have been personally offensive to his Grace. But let it speak for itself:—

"Our readers will do us the justice to recollect, that, in our former observations upon this subject, we avoided, as far as possible, anything that could give offence to Dr. Whateley. We told him, indeed, what truth could not permit us to conceal—that the Protestants of Ireland placed no confidence in him, and that, therefore, he was not the person to whom the education of their clergy should be entrusted. But we chose to consider the question rather upon its general grounds. We urged the danger attendant on providing a separate place for the education of the clergy—of furnishing the Whigs with a pretext for unchristianizing, or, as it is fashionably termed, liberalizing the National University. We endeavoured to point out the mischievous nature of the precedent of placing that education in the hands of individuals; but we avoided, as much as possible, allusion to the fact, that, in the present instance, the individuals were persons whose entire conduct, and whose avowed opinions, made them objects of more than suspicion to the Protestants of Ireland. We have no hesitation in saying, that henceforward we shall cast off this reserve. We know more of Dr. Whateley's motives now than we did then, and our respect for his Grace has not increased with our knowledge. While we regarded his Grace as merely erring, we preferred to appeal to himself; but we cannot view his conduct any longer in the light of a mere mistake. Hitherto we have argued this question *with* Dr. Whateley; henceforward he must be content that we should argue it *against* him.

"That Dr. Whateley's opinions are directly opposed to the spirit of that pure and Apostolic church, in which he has been placed 'where he ought not,' we believe there are few Protestants in Ireland who have not heard. But of the fearful extent of his departure from her principles, we believe there are many who are still ignorant. At a period when he stands forward to claim for himself a

controul over the education of the clergy, it becomes of especial importance that his heterodox opinions should be exposed. We do not undertake the task willingly, but his Grace has forced the inquiry upon us. The Roman satirist tells us that the slave who had the hardihood to assume the senatorial rank at Rome, but drew, by his presumption, universal attention to his character.

'Omnes homines cogit curare et querere.'

And surely the man who is ready to take on himself the far more awful responsibility of guiding the studies, and therefore to some extent influencing the opinions of those who are to be the teachers of the people, may fairly be said to challenge investigation into his character and opinions—or rather he should come before the world with such unexceptionable credentials as to both, that suspicion itself would be lulled into confidence, and enquiry be almost a work of supererogation.

"The question thus forces itself upon our minds—is Dr. Whateley such a man as can justly claim from the members of the church of Ireland the highest degree of confidence which they could repose in any one? He was placed in his present position by ministers who have done every thing to lower and degrade the church; the grounds of such confidence are not surely to be found in the circumstances attending his elevation. And when we come to examine his conduct, we cannot discover that he has done any thing to remove the suspicion which his very appointment was sufficient to produce. Sent over here for the express purpose of giving the sanction of high ecclesiastical rank to the anti-Scriptural and anti-Protestant experiment of the Education Board, the whole tenor of his acts has harmonised with the commencement; and whether we regard him as the brother commissioner of Drs. Murray and Co., the insidious opposer of the Christian sabbath, the upholder of the Deistical doctrine that destroys national responsibility, by denying the existence of national rewards or punishments; or turn from those '*majoris abolla crimina*' to the pastime of his leisure hours, and find him insulting a respectable Protestant in the middle ranks of life, because he dared to put my Lord Archbishop to the expense of 1s. 4d. in acquainting him how God's Holy Word had been dishonoured—every thing justifies us in the assertion, that had as Kevin-street college would

be, under any circumstances, the evil is fearfully, is incalculably aggravated when the proposition emanates from Doctor Whateley."

And what says this most respectable journal of the object of his Grace :—

"We wish, if possible, to state it in temperate language, but at the same time to state it distinctly, and without reserve. The Archbishop finds the sound principles which the Clergy imbibe, during their continuance in the University, inconvenient to himself. He has been sorely galled by their opposition to his new-fangled speculations. They could not join him in his Bible-discarding education scheme. They would not teach their flocks that the observance of the Christian Sabbath was a mere matter of Church discipline, and the obligation to keep it no higher than that which enjoins the Churchman to observe a Saint's day, or the Romanist to eat fish upon a Friday. Nay, they will not even unite with *John Searcá* in his endeavours to legalise blasphemy, under the pretence of giving freedom to discussion. In a word, they loved their Bible, and they would not yield the maxims of the Book of God to the reasonings of the philosopher, or the subtleties of the logician; and the Whig Archbishop wishes for Whig Clergy, and these he must train for himself; and, accordingly, Kevin-street College is to be provided as a station, where, after they leave the University, they will perform a kind of theological quarantine of two years, until they get rid of the infection of the Scriptural principles with which their minds have been imbued."

And if we call on the other witness, whose evidence we have stated it our intention to adduce—the honest, the fearless, and the untiring Mail—we shall find that the Archbishop has been handled, in his columns, with not more of gentleness, and, perhaps, not less of truth. We might multiply extracts from the letters of *Clericus Academicus*, and *Magus*, which have appeared in the columns of that journal; but as our object is to prove the opinions of the editors themselves, which we may regard as the opinions of the Protestants themselves, we select the following in their own words. In the Mail of April 4th, the following article will be found :—

"THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

"The strange course which this very

extraordinary personage is pursuing, compels us to exhibit him to the public in his true colours. Respect for the high station which he occupies, has long withheld us from commenting on the curse which our present rulers have inflicted on this wretched country by his appointment; nor should we now notice his proceedings were it not that he is making use of that station, in which the Whigs have placed him, to work out their plans, and to assail that Church and Establishment from which he derives his present support. Our position is, that Archbishop Whateley is a dissenter from our church, an unbeliever in, and an impugner of her doctrine; and we do most positively assert that no man of common principle, holding the opinions which are entertained by Dr. Whateley, could possibly continue to act as a minister of our church. But to the proof. Dr. Whateley has stated that he does "not see on what principle we can consistently admit the authority of the fourth commandment," &c. &c.

"Those who wish to see the daring opinions expressed in the Archbishop's works, proved to be unorthodox, contrary to sound sense, and unscriptural, may be fully satisfied by perusing a letter to the Archbishop on the subject, published by the Rev. Wm. Foster, of Collon. But that with which we are concerned is not the theology, but the disingenuousness of the man—not the question as to moral fitness for the Archiepiscopal bench, but the fact whether he has not so deported himself as to disqualify him for the situation which he seeks—leader of the clergy of Ireland. Yet where shall we find a man bold enough to stand forward as the accuser of this mitred offspring of Whiggery? Shall he, from his present exalted station, dare an accuser? Dr. Whateley thou art the man!—thine own words are thine accusers!—thine own revealed heart—thy "THOUGHTS." Seriously, it is to us matter of no small wonder that his Grace's invisible adviser, wily and scheming as he now appears, should have strangely deserted him at a time so momentous as that of the public confession of his heterodox *thoughts*—the publication of his *DISSENT* from, and *CONTRADICTION* of, that which is contained in the Book of Common Prayer—and yet Archbishop Whateley did, as the price of his present high preferment, declare his unfeigned *ASSENT* and *CONSENT* to the same."

"In the published 'Thoughts' of the Archbishop we have it stated, that the

fourth commandment, and, inferentially, the other nine, are 'among the abrogated ordinances of the Mosaic Law,' and 'not binding upon Christians.'

"But what says the church in the communion service? The minister recites the fourth commandment, and the Archbishop, with the rest of the congregation, repeats, Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep THIS LAW.' He calls upon God to enable him to keep a commandment which he has written a work to prove is no longer binding; and as the climax at the end of the tenth commandment, he *prays* of God to write *all these his laws* in that *heart* which has dictated the expressions contained in the 'Thoughts on the Sabbath.' Thus we have a man, an Archbishop too, recanting on one day in each week what he utters during the remaining six. Will the clergy go with this dangerous man? will they allow his powers of sophistication to elude them? If he has deluded himself, into what an abyss has he plunged! and deeper still will he involve all who join with him in *his travels in search of a new religion*. We have learned that it is in contemplation with some of the clergy to forward an address to his Majesty, that, according to the powers vested in him, he would issue a commission under the great seal, to determine the Whatelyan schism; and to this it must come at last, if the Archbishop perseveres in his wild career against the doctrine and discipline of that church which he has sworn to maintain."

This may be strong language, but it is not ours; it is the expressed opinion of the Protestants of Ireland, conveyed through its legitimate, its recognised organ. Is this opinion, we ask, to be utterly set at nought? Will the Archbishop of Dublin persist in disregarding it? His new college will not, cannot add to the efficiency of the church. A minister of religion, to be useful, must be trusted; and every theological student who passes his two years' quarantine in Kevin-street, will leave it like the Jewish priest of old, who came from the infected house, with the leprosy of suspicion, and his ministrations in the tabernacle will be regarded as unclean. Our feeling may be unfortunate, but it is strong; it may be unjust, but it is deep-rooted; it may be a prejudice, but it is a prejudice that should be re-

spected; it certainly is a prejudice that will not bend to contumelious and haughty silence. The Archbishop wishes to be useful—let him remember that he is dealing with men, and not with machines. He must take into his philosophic consideration our prejudices and our follies; he must remember that the business of our clergy is with our judgments and our consciences, and to reach these they must have ready access to our hearts. We have long been blessed in the ministrations of our clergy; our clergy have long been honoured in our affectionate and confiding attachment; and is a stranger now to embitter this relationship by destroying that unity to which suspicion was unknown, and that sympathy which was so complete, that it was rather an identity of feeling than a reciprocity of sentiment. Is the pastor to be no more as a shepherd, but as a black sheep among the flock. As we listen to his instructions from the pulpit, must we be compelled to be upon our guard against the insinuations of error; and while he explains the mysteries of religion, must we, instead of deriving information from his superior knowledge, be sensitively jealous of every statement, lest it may be the channel of conveying ill-disguised neologism or scarcely christianized Deism. Yet these are but a few of the consequences of placing the education of our clergy where we can place no confidence.

This argument, too, holds good, no matter how foolish or how unjust the impression, that is abroad with respect to his Grace and his Grace's opinions. The Protestants of Ireland believe that his views are not in accordance with the principles that they have been taught to love. This may have been caused by the calumnies of a faction, or it may have found its origin in his Grace's conduct. But this is nothing to the purpose; it is with the existence and not with the origin of the feeling that we have now to do. While his Grace is thus looked on by the mass of the people, he is unfit to have any connexion with the education of their clergy; and while he is so unfitted, the establishment of the new college is a great and a crying evil.

But we have still another witness to adduce, whose evidence certainly will

not be suspected of being that of a partizan—we mean the *Christian Examiner* and the *Church of Ireland Magazine*: and this testimony is valuable, not only as exhibiting the feeling of the numerous and respectable body among the clergy which that periodical represents, but also as furnishing strong reasons for believing that that feeling is not altogether unfounded. Our readers have, perhaps, heard of a writer styling himself ‘John Search’—a writer who, in the words of our contemporary of the *Warder*, “endeavoured to legalise blasphemy under the pretence of giving freedom to discussion;” who impugned that fundamental doctrine of the British constitution, that Christianity is the common law of the land; who raked up all the sarcasms of Gibbon and Voltaire, and attempting to redress them in the garb of originality—aimed, perhaps unintentionally, the shafts of his ridicule at revealed religion, while he professed but to assail the notion of a religious state. We do not mean to charge the Archbishop of Dublin with being the writer of this pamphlet: we know that he is not: but this we know, that he has given it, in every manner possible, the sanction of his authority, and spared neither trouble nor expense to promote its circulation. He is then, to a certain degree, responsible for its opinions; and it is on the nature of these opinions that we mean to employ the testimony of the *Church of Ireland Magazine*. From an admirable review of the pamphlet which appeared in the *Christian Examiner* for March, we make the following extracts:—

“We cannot help, when we read this, asking, can the writer be a Christian? Can he be a believer in the inspiration of the scriptures? If he be a believer in the divine authority of the scripture, has he not, in his zeal for his argument, forgotten the language of a Christian. Is it consistent with Christian faith to call the assertions of holy scripture human statements and human testimony—statements respecting human facts affirmed to have taken place in a distant country many ages ago? Could the veriest sceptic have used language more derogatory to the authority of the sacred writers? * * * Whence comes, we would ask, the distinction in his (John Search’s)

mind, between natural and revealed religion? Is not this a distinction that we might expect in a Deist, but for which we cannot account in a Christian? * * *

The author’s view of the subject appears to have arisen from an unfavourable comparison between natural and revealed religion, and therefore it is no matter of surprise, though of grief and pain, to us to find many passages in the pamphlet, if not bespeaking the scepticism of the author’s mind, too much calculated to justify, if not to beget, doubt and uncertainty in others.”—*Christian Examiner, new series, Vol. III. p. 146, 7, 8.*

This latter extract is from a periodical almost proverbial for the caution of its expressions and the moderation of its tone; and it is from their review of a pamphlet which the Archbishop of Dublin sanctioned by circulating, and to the sentiments of which he may, therefore, be supposed to be committed. It is painful to speak thus of a dignitary of the church; but truth demands from us even this sacrifice of our feelings, and it must be made. But regarding these extracts as merely indicative of the feeling of the members of the church, where, we ask, are the credentials of the Archbishop for the task he has undertaken. The Protestants of Ireland do not believe that there is any miraculous virtue in the crozier or the mitre;—so that the man whom they would distrust as a private individual, they cannot unreservedly confide in as an Archbishop.

The office of the Archbishop is a trust—a high, and a solemn trust; but still not exempt from the condition that is attached to all trusts; that it should be honourable or the contrary according as it is discharged. It is tyranny in his Grace to presume on his station to disregard our opinions. His appointment gives him no prescriptive right to our confidence. The king’s letter patent gave him all the king could give; it gave him the title and emoluments of an Archbishop; it gives him the epithet of “your Grace;” it permitted him to walk before the Duke of Leinster at the viceregal dinners, it entitled him to wear the mitre and the lawn sleeves, and it empowered him to fill up the vacant benefices in his dioceses; but it could do no more. It has not conferred on him that which no monarch on earth could

give, and no monarch on earth could take away : the unbought reverence, the affectionate attachment, of civil and religious freemen. This—this is reserved for those who will maintain the pure principles for which our fathers bled ; and, steady to those principles, will disregard alike the smiles and frowns of power. This does not depend on the word of a king, or the breath of a minister. This is no fixture in the Archiepiscopal abode, nor can it be transmitted in the same packet that conveys the royal *congè d'elire*. No ! by virtue of his majesty's patent his Grace is Archbishop of Dublin ; but by virtue of that patent his Grace is nothing more.

But we may be told that something more attended the elevation of the Archbishop, than the mere nomination of the king ;—that his Grace took solemn vows which bind him to a course of conduct very different from any that could, by possibility injure the purity of our church, and that before he received the consecration to his holy office he made professions which, if we believe sincere, we cannot doubt his qualifications for the task he has undertaken. Alas ! alas ! they know but little of the spirit of the times, who can speak thus. There was a time when such vows might have been considered as a security, and when we might have believed that protestations made to procure emolument and dignity would not have been altogether forgotten in their possession. But that time is gone, and men now-a-days, who argue that oaths of office should be abolished, appear to think themselves, therefore, entitled to disregard them. A strange, an awful, infatuation appears to have taken hold upon men's minds, and the violation of the most solemn obligations entered into, not to individuals, but to the state, is regarded as light matter. An oath is considered to be a compact ; and the philosophers of the day cannot perceive the second party to the compact, where that party is the state—the state, not as it exists at any particular time, or, under any particular modification, but that which a true philosopher has called a “partnership in all science, a partnership in all art, a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection, a partnership not only

between those who are living, but those who are dead, and those who are to be born,” they cannot perceive that there is an eternal an immutable law of society—a law of which the constitution of their country is but the imperfect type to which the fealty of that oath is due, and from which no living authority can absolve them—and thus they talk of oaths of office as the mere bands of a compact which can be dissolved, whenever it seems to short sighted expediency for the interest of the contracting parties. And this doctrine they have broached with regard to the highest personage in the realm, and they have endeavoured to persuade their king that that oath which binds him, if we may so speak, to all those that have gone before, and all those that are to come after, is but a conventional agreement with that small portion of society that are now alive—and they have told him that he could swear in a two fold capacity, and thus they hope that whenever his coronation vows may interfere with legislative change, they can pretend that he took them in his executive capacity, and whenever they may seem to stand in the way of executive injustice, they may allege that he swore in his legislative character—as if the God to whom he swore would regard kings, not in the simple and uncompounded character of individual human beings ; but as broken into all the multiform and hypothetical existences into which it may please the fancies or suit the interests of statesmen to divide them. And this same spirit pervades every department of public service and every station of public trust—from the popish member of parliament who thinks he does not perjure himself when he swears never to employ his political power to the injury of the Protestant religion, and yet gives his every vote directly or indirectly for its subversion—to the freeman in a town who has sworn that he will do his utmost to maintain the dignities and the rights of the corporation into which he is admitted, and yet exercises his franchises in behalf of men pledged to the destruction of all corporations. These then are not the times when such professions are to be unhesitatingly believed and such promises to be implicitly confided in.

And if from these general considerations we turn to the individual and seek his past conduct for the earnest of the future—if we estimate what his Grace has done, in relation to the vows which he took upon him at the altar of his God—and this too not according to the interpretation which casuists may put upon these vows, but the plain and legitimate import of the terms in which they are couched—have we reason to believe that a regard for them will weigh in his Grace's mind against the dictates of expediency or the fondness for speculation and experiment?

And in this we beg to be understood as not asserting that his Grace has designedly and wilfully violated these vows. He may understand them in a different manner from what we do, and his conscience may thus acquit him to his God. But this is nothing to the purpose. We are now enquiring into the security which the pledges which he gave at his consecration, furnish against the dangers we apprehend from the institution of the new college. If his Grace's conduct proves that he puts upon some of these pledges a construction different from which other men do, it is enough. We have no security that he will not understand the rest in such a way as to permit to his conscience the utmost latitude of conduct and of thought.

His Grace's conduct with respect to the education board is already before the public, and in alluding to it we have no intention of reviving a controversy so fiercely agitated as to the political expediency of the course that has been pursued. All we wish at present to establish is the fact that his Grace, in accepting of a seat upon that board, set himself in direct opposition to the spirit of the Church of Ireland. The principle of the new education system is avowedly the countenancing of Popery, the sanctioning and recognizing of the ministrations of the Popish priests. We will enquire, and the enquiry may be brief, how far a prelate of the established church who has taken upon him her vows, and is bound by her constitutions and her canons, is discharging his duty in sitting as the brother commissioner of Papists and Socinians, in a board the very terms of whose appointment

bind them to recognizing the ministers and sanctioning the dissemination of the doctrines of Popery.

When his Grace was consecrated a bishop he was asked the following question, and he returned the following answer :

“Are you ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine, contrary to God's word, and both privately and openly, to call upon and encourage others to do the same?”

Answer.—“I am so ready, the Lord being my helper.”

His Grace's faithful diligence has, as yet, been exemplified only in the direct and positive sanction which as an education commissioner he is obliged to give to the teaching of erroneous and strange doctrines.

But the canons are still more explicit on the point. Our church admits of no compromise with error. She knows nothing of the, so called, liberality, better named indifference, of modern days. She regards, truth, as too precious to be carelessly defended—she views heresy and the perversion of God's word, as too heinous a crime to be negligently opposed. In her fortieth canon she thus enjoins :

“Every minister being a preacher and having any Popish recusant or recusants in his parish, and thought fit by the Bishop of the Diocese, shall labour diligently with them from time to time, thereby to reclaim them from their errors. And if he be no preacher, or not such a preacher, then he shall procure if he can possibly, some that are preachers so qualified to take pains with him for that purpose. If he can procure none, then he shall inform the Bishop of the Diocese thereof, who shall not only appoint some neighbour preacher or preachers adjoining, to take that trouble upon them. BUT HIMSELF ALSO (as his important affairs will permit him) SHALL USE HIS BEST ENDEAVOURS BY INSTRUCTION, PERSUASION, AND ALL GOOD MEANS HE CAN DEVISE, TO RECLAIM BOTH THEM AND ALL OTHERS SO AFFECTED.”

This is the solemn and deliberate injunction of the church : this is her own interpretation of the vow which she imposed on the Archbishop at his consecration. We will not ask has his Grace obeyed this injunction? Has

he kept this vow? But we ask him, in the face of the nation, has not his unholy union with Popery, as an education commissioner, been a direct and undisguised violation of both?

We may be told that his Grace, in disregarding these obsolete and antiquated injunctions, acted wisely for the interests of the church. This we repeat is a question into which we do not mean to enter. We cannot, however, but feel that expediency has always furnished a ready plea for dereliction of principle. That the maxim of doing evil that good may come, is one that must, in no case, be admitted, or there is an end to all responsibility of public men beyond the rule of their own fallible and perverse judgments—a rule which is at best precarious, but which we never can ascertain so as to apply it to their condemnation. The patriot who sells his country for gold, asserts that he does so for his country's good. The judge who perverts the law, can defend himself under the pretence that he does so to uphold the principles of equity. Even the liar, who misrepresents fact, may allege that he circulates his particular falsehood to uphold the cause of general truth. Every man professes to act for the good of the many; but no man is at liberty to set up his own judgment on that good, as the sole and only rule of right. No man is justified in discarding rectitude to adopt expediency. Certainly no man is justified in violating obligations which he knows to be binding, in the hope of advantages which he conjectures may follow—in incurring certain guilt for the prospect of uncertain good. The Archbishop of Dublin has made solemn promises to the Church, to the State, and to his God; and when his Grace, or any one for him, justifies his practical disregard of these, on the ground of probable advantage to the church. We can entertain no higher opinion of his principles, than we could of the morality of the wife who could boast

“How oft she broke her marriage vows
In kindness to maintain her spouse.”

In both instances there are eternal and immutable obligations, superior to all considerations of expediency—in both instances there is a moral guilt attached

to their transgression, for which no results, however seemingly advantageous, can atone.

And now we have done with his Grace and his Grace's qualifications for the task of the instruction of our clergy, and we trust not without proving to the satisfaction of every one who is willing to be convinced, that both the suspicions of the Protestants, and the conduct of his Grace, which has given rise to those suspicions, unfit him for this high and confidential office. But with respect to the government, who are in this, as in every thing else, his Grace's coadjutors, the question wears another and a very different aspect. They wish, we repeat, simply to prepare the way for giving up Trinity College to the Roman Catholics; and this design they endeavoured to conceal under the flimsy pretext of establishing a school for teaching young clergymen the practice of their profession. Will any man of common sense believe that this is really the object of grave and sober statesmen? Does it not sound more like the pleasantry of some facetious churchman? The very notion is worthy of Dean Swift. The candidates for orders to learn the practice of their future profession by being cooped up in the old building in Kevin-street! Archbishop Whateley might as well have learned, experimentally, to be a prelate in the cloisters of Oriel. And, as if to complete the pleasantry, the place of exercise for the theological practitioners is to be a horse barrack. “*Cedant arma togæ*,” the clashing of sabres and the clattering of curbs are to give place to the grave prælections of the gowned lecturers in divinity. The blustering of the bold dragoon will be heard no more in the courts, but the lisping and faltering accents of the young experimental preachers indulging in their incipient orations—the stables will be metamorphosed into class rooms—and the chairs of the professors will occupy the stalls. These last are certainly ecclesiastical—it may have been the analogy that suggested to his Grace the idea of this comical metamorphose. James the Second, when he waged his war against Protestantism, made a college a barrack: our present enemies, warned perhaps by his ill success, have reversed the omen, and propose

to transform a barrack into a college. We have heard of the church militant—and Butler called the pulpit a drum ecclesiastic—but theology in a horse barrack is a novelty even in these days of novelties. We shall not be much surprised to hear of it in a theatre.

But this subject is far too serious to be treated lightly; and yet ridicule becomes argument when absurdity is adopted as the disguise of art: and if we smile at the folly of the pretext, it is far more in bitterness than levity we smile. But surely the pretence is too hollow to impose on any one—the artifice too clumsy to succeed in blinding any but those who choose to shut their eyes to the real design that is entertained. We needed not the evidence that is contained in the provisions of the charter to prove that the wise, the sagacious, the philosophic Archbishop of Dublin, and his majesty's most sapient ministers, had not employed their valuable time and transcendent talents in devising projects which were nugatory, and, therefore, would not of necessity be mischievous. No one ever imagined so. The popish press do not regard the matter thus. That press whose columns every day are filled with laudatory paragraphs on his Grace's conduct and his Grace's liberality in providing a place for the separate education of the Protestant clergy, and removing the necessity of maintaining the University as a Protestant establishment. Every body considers—every body discusses the question in this light. Nobody is blinded by the artifice but the originators themselves; and they are most miserably its dupes if they imagine that it is successful. They remind us of the ostrich in the desert, who hides her head, and then fancies she is effectually concealed. They gain nothing by skulking behind a mask which is transparent to all eyes but their own. Let them openly avow their plan, and not unnecessarily add the baseness of cowardice to the guilt of political injustice. If they meditate an attack upon those institutions which Protestantism may claim as her property, and in which she may boldly assert her chartered rights, let them exhibit the manly daring of the robber, and not the mean and fraudulent manœuvring of the cheat. But let not that be commenced in hypocrisy, which

is to terminate in violence—let not contemptible deceit be the prelude to open and barefaced spoliation. Or if these statesmen are so accustomed to diplomacy, that they cannot reconcile themselves to straight-forward truth—if they are so practised in chicanery, that they cannot bring themselves to act without guile, let them pay us the poor compliment of inventing a plausible artifice to entrap us. The attempt to deceive is unquestionably an injury; but when that attempt is made by artifices that could only impose upon the most stupid, it becomes an insult as well as a wrong.

And shall we be told that in protesting against the new college, upon these grounds, we are giving, in ever so remote a degree, a sanction to the propositions of Mr. Shiel, because, forsooth, the argument may be understood to imply that were the education of the clergy removed from the University, there then would be no objection to his plan. And yet this sarcasm has been employed by Dr. Elrington, against others who have argued as we do. But, surely, when he reflects, he must see that there is a wide difference between an objection and an obstacle. The one is a matter of opinion, the other of fact. Our resistance to the opening of the corporation of the University to Roman Catholics depends upon far higher considerations than even those of ecclesiastical convenience, and this we shall take an early opportunity of endeavouring to prove. Our objections to the unholy union of Popery and Protestantism are written in the Book of God, which says to us of the mystic Babylon, "Come out and be ye separate;" they are written in the book of history, which records that to give Popery equality is virtually to confer on it supremacy; they are written in the hearts and consciences of our Protestant brethren, who know that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and, therefore, would repudiate, on behalf of their sons, whom they are bound to their God to train up in the way they should go, the notion of an establishment for public education, that did not make religion the basis of its system. But these considerations would be but little likely to be regarded in the blind, the infidel, and, towards the Protestants, the tyrant.

nical policy of our present rulers. But while the education of the clergy is united with the University there is an insuperable impediment which they never can get over, however lightly they might dispose of the objections; and this impediment it is that the Archbishop and Dr. Elrington are most obligingly taking out of the way.

But, to our minds, even this is a secondary consideration; and even if it were altogether out of the question, our objections to the new college would be as strong as they are now. We certainly protest against the transfer of the education of the clergy, because it paves the way for Mr. Shiel's bill, but we would also protest against Mr. Shiel's bill, were it only because it created a necessity for that transfer. Either of these measures would be in itself an evil; and though, perhaps, that evil in each is aggravated from the connected relation in which they stand, yet either, if considered separately, should be strenuously and uncompromisingly resisted. And this brings us to another part of our subject—a part which we have reserved for the last, not because we considered it as of least importance—a part upon which we would willingly say much, but upon which our space will now permit us to say but little—involving topics upon which we would the more gladly dwell, because while every other argument against the Archbishop, drawn from the particular circumstances of the present case, has been already put forward, this alone, although founded on the general principles of abstract policy, appears to be unaccountably forgotten or overlooked. We protest against any institution for the education of our clergy which is to be exclusively an ecclesiastical establishment.

This objection, coming from the quarters that it does, may appear strange to those who have never accustomed themselves to look beyond the surface of political principles, and who therefore cannot distinguish between the free and generous support of a mild and tolerant church, and the base and ignoble submission to every dominant and haughty hierarchy. But while we admire and love the principle of a church establishment, as necessary to keep alive religion in the state, we

yet know the natural tendency of a priesthood to arrogate power to themselves, and we therefore feel it to be of importance that the establishment should, as far as possible, be blended, and so to speak amalgamated with the state—that it should, in fact, be a part of the civil polity of the country, and not an independent power, an imperium in imperio—a distinct order ever ready to employ the concession of spiritual authority as a ground for the assumption of temporal sway. This is that union of church and state, which ignorant fanatics have condemned as unholy, and stupid demagogues have declaimed against as an invasion of the liberties of the people; the one not perceiving that it made the “state religious though not the church political,” and the other not remembering that it provided an effectual barrier against the assumption of all independent domination on the part of the clergy. In that glorious constitution of which this union is an essential part; the ever to be revered constitution of Britain, the church is taken into such complete partnership with the state, that while she is left all that distinctiveness, which is necessary for the discharge of her high and holy duties, she is not left any that could permit of her members having interests different from those of the nation. The clergyman is made to know that his duty is to watch over the interests of the people committed to his charge, and not to seek the aggrandisement of his order, and the danger is removed of the minister of religion degenerating into the ecclesiastic. And while the clergy never can act as a united body in a distinct capacity; their influence is yet diffused through all ranks from the highest to the lowest, spreading the soul ennobling doctrines, and the soul purifying principles of Christianity throughout the land. To this wise and prudent policy of the state, the church on the other hand, has adapted herself; by the very terms of the union she renounces for ever all right and capability of exercising a distinct and a dangerous force in the social system. And thus she, unlike the Church of Rome, imposes on her ministers no vows of duty to herself, unless as she stands as the representative of their country. She does not teach them

that they are divested of their character as citizens, and have acquired by their relation to her, new duties and new feelings. Her setting apart at ordination is not a separation from the mass of the people and an attachment to herself; but a consecration to God of the energies and talents of some among the people. The narrow and selfish spirit which is the very genius of popery which binds together the priests of that church in a unity of which slavery of heart and conscience is the symbol and the pledge—and which renders the Romish clergy the dangerous enemies of all government in countries where they are not established; and the certain oppressors of the rights and duties of every country where they are—this narrow and selfish spirit which divests the clergyman of all of the attributes of the citizen, to convert him into the instrument of ecclesiastical tyranny and ecclesiastical aggression—she utterly and totally repudiates. Precluded from all attempts, at temporal dominion, she is content with her proper duty and office as the disseminator of truth, and thus she seeks in her ministers, not serfs, and devotees, but simply teachers of that truth. And in no respect does she more manifest this spirit than in the mode in which she educates her clergy. She does not detach the candidates for her orders from the laity among whom they are to minister, and prescribe to them a separate and rigid course of preparatory discipline; but she leaves them to the care of the same Universities and to the pursuit of the same studies, with those whom she even in her services teaches them to consider as their brethren; and while by thus placing them on an equality with mankind and not setting them up above them as demigods, she loses the veneration of slavish superstition, she gains in its stead the affection of confiding attachment. Her clergy are the companions and teachers, not the masters and tyrants of their flocks. And by this union in our University of the clergy and laity, both are reciprocally benefited. The attention of the great body of the students is excited to the concerns of their eternal state by constant communion with those whose thoughts and feelings are all directed

towards the holy calling for which they are destined; and by intercourse with the world, religion, in the person of the clergy, is stripped of all that austerity which is so foreign to its nature, but wherewith ecclesiastical bigotry is so likely to invest it. But all this is now to be reversed. When once the education of the clergy and the laity are separated, the whole face of society is altered—the one, as far as education influences their minds, will be bigots, the other will be infidels. The divinity student, in the gloom of a monastic establishment, will unconsciously imbibe the exclusiveness of sectarianism, while he fancies that he is but kindling into the ardour of zeal; and his judgment, narrowed by the very confinement of his associations, will be unable to distinguish between prejudice and truth. The candidate for a secular profession will forget religion in an establishment where it is never thought of, and go into the world a Latitudinarian in principle, and most likely a profligate in habits. There will be no more of that mutual influence, that unseen alternation of sentiment and feeling, between the clergy and the laity, which, commencing in youth, retained its force throughout life, preventing the religion of the one from becoming morose, and the secularism of the other from being profane. On the character of the clergy the effect will be more certain, and perhaps more immediate. Christianity was intended by its author for man; man was designed by his creator for society; and even those feelings which Christianity infuses, like all our other feelings, when prevented from expanding into the virtues of society, will rankle in the breast, until the real character is lost, and their very sweets are turned into wormwood and gall. This always will be the case in an exclusively ecclesiastical establishment, and it never will be the case in any other. There is little danger of piety degenerating into asceticism so long as it is but the elevation and the purifying of philanthropy—and the Christian is taught to honour his God in loving his image—man.

On these general grounds then, apart from all the particular considerations to which we have alluded, we

protest against the new college, and for the sake of the laity and the clergy, as opposed to the best interests of both, and utterly inconsistent with the spirit of our church. His Grace, the Archbishop may, and very probably will, persevere, but it is still in the power of the prelates of our church to prevent the mischief from coming into immediate operation;—this rests with themselves. We trust we have done our duty to the country, and we feel that we have done it to our own hearts. We have placed on record, a solemn protest of which, as Christians, we will not be ashamed in that day when the secrets of all breasts will be laid open. We only pray that all those connected with this matter may have as little reason to dread that awful scrutiny to which both we and they must yet submit. Our honest expression of opinions that we dare not compromise, and feelings that we dare not conceal, may give offence to many in these days of moderation. But we care not. God grant that this expression may be as successful as it is fearless and sincere, that either those who have formed this plan may retrace their steps before it is too late, or, that the sound feeling of the country may defeat their machinations, and honesty and Protestantism triumphantly assert their proud pre-eminence—shall we say, over Popery and fraud. But whatever may be the event we cannot

regret the part we have taken. Unalterable in the steady and uncompromising attachment to what we know to be right, we never have betrayed our principles, and we never will. Although the political prospects of Protestantism may be dark, and there is little in the prospect of the present times to tempt worldly-mindedness into the advocacy of her cause; yet, with Lord Winchelsea, we will “put our trust in God.” Should it be His will that the frenzy of the people should pass away—that the banner of truth should once more float triumphant on the breeze when the fury of the whirlwind has swept by—for the sake of our country we will rejoice. But should his mysterious dispensations demand from his people, the Protestants, the last proof of attachment to his cause, the choice of Moses will be ours. We will go with Protestantism into exile, we will go with her to the scaffold, or the block, and we are more happy—far more happy—in the prospect than did we look forward yet to “raise our mitred heads in courts,” while traitor was written on our brow; and, in faithless and unprincipled forgetfulness of all that could add real honour to rank, or confer true dignity upon station, bask in the smiles of those who have stabbed our constitution, and are now doing their best to stab our religion and our liberties to the heart.

THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.

The sane portion of the public have much reason to be obliged to Feargus O'Connor. He it was whose sturdy anti-anglicism forced forward the discussion about repeal; and by that discussion it is hoped by many, that the brains have been knocked out of the repealers. But much we fear, that a consummation so devoutly to be wished, is yet at a great distance. Repeal is a question which could only have originated with the wicked or the brainless; and those by whom it has been, for their own purposes, adopted, will scarcely be induced to abandon it by any exposure or any confutation. We must first be convinced that its promoters were honest men, before we can believe them accessible to honest convictions; and that its dupes were rational creatures, before we can admit that the triumphant reasonings of Spring Rice, and Tennent, and Peel, and Littleton can produce their proper effects upon their minds. Time was, we know, "when that the brain was out, the man would die;" but, to repealers, at all times, every portion of the organ of thought, except alone those which the phrenologists assign to combativeness and obstinacy, have been felt as an incumbrance: and we cannot suppose that they will slacken in their favourite pursuit, merely because their advocates have been defeated in argument.

The defeat has, certainly, been signal; and, in almost any other case, we would say decisive. There was not a single topic upon which it had been their wont to descant, which, when brought to the test of reason, was not found to bear against them. O'Connell has not hesitated to dwell with emphasis upon considerations historical, financial, agricultural, commercial, for the purpose of fanning into a flame the passion for repeal, which, unhappily, he has been so mischievously successful in exciting in this country. Out of the house he could not be gainsaid. Any one who affected to doubt that, by the Union,

Ireland was impoverished and ruined, and who ventured to appeal to facts in confutation of the statements of the great agitator, would be but too fortunate if he was only laughed to scorn by his infuriated hearers, who *would* have it, that nothing but misery resulted from the union, and that nothing could be done for the country until it was repealed. The people were repeal mad. O'Connell had every thing his own way. The agitator felt that he possessed a giant's strength, and he scrupled not to use it like a giant. In this country opposition vanished before him, and the very government quailed under the ascendancy of the individual who wielded the physical democracy of Ireland. But Dan was quite another man as soon as he entered the walls of St. Stephens. The Irish oak did not bear removal; the miry soil, from which its roots had drawn their nutriment, was ill exchanged for the sterile and sandy region into which it had been transplanted. Unfortunately for him, history has not as yet, even in that quarter, become *quite* an old almanac. There are questions upon which its dicta are still revered; and the demagogue's breath came short and quick in the keen atmosphere which he now inhaled, when he felt that his assertions were regarded with a suspicion, and his statements examined with a scrutiny to which he was little accustomed amongst his Irish partizans, who, if on other occasions they "strain at a gnat," he has always found ready "to swallow a camel."

This made him very wary. He eschewed parliamentary discussion, even as the highwayman eschews the rope. But not so Feargus the Fearless. He, we believe, had plunged, into repeal agitation, from genuine anti-Anglican antipathies, which were not to be subdued or mitigated by all the plausible things that might be said in favour of British connexion; and he regarded Dan's shyness in bringing the question forward as a symptom of de-

fection on the part of the leader, by which the cause which he had so much at heart might be eventually seriously endangered. This we believe to have been his real motive, and not, as we have heard it more than insinuated, any paltry desire to procure a share of "the rent." Feargus is no *Gaberlunzie* legislator; and even if he were, he knows his man too well to imagine that he could be either bullied or wheedled out of any portion of that national tribute with which his transcendent services have been so inadequately rewarded. No; Feargus had no such design in urging forward the repeal discussion, and compelling his leader "to screw his courage to the sticking-place," and become, in the British senate, the unblushing advocate of a measure which is only not the most mischievous, because it is the most absurd one that ever possessed the brain of any one pretending to the character of a statesman. Oh! how cordially Dan wished his mover and instigator to the —. If Feargus be a joint of the *tail*, he is, we believe, the *last* joint, and constitutes the scorpion sting which will one day lash the leader into madness. As yet he has only made him appear as a "pretty considerable" fool; but one or two more exhibitions such as have been already made, would have the effect of exalting Dan's folly into a species of sublimated phrenzy that would greatly exceed the present amount of qualification in that way for the members for St. Stephens, and render his temporary absence necessary for the reason that Hamlet was advised to travel out of Denmark. Such is the evil that must result when the head and the tail cannot agree! Indeed where is the use of a head when it must be guided by the tail! In our judgment Feargus has established a solid claim to a very considerable slice of the rent, for acting as a viceroy over the leader. As, in the celebrated contest for the shield, Ulysses claimed credit for the exploits of Achilles, inasmuch as he had induced him to take the field; so Feargus may claim credit for the services of Dan, inasmuch as he it was who compelled him "to come to the scratch;" and as the rent was collected for the leader, surely the man who *led* the leader should not be left

without his reward. But virtue is its own reward, and happy is it that it is so; for real merit is but rarely appreciated. We suppose if there be one individual in the world with whom Dan would be less disposed to go snacks, in the affair of the rent, than with another, it is the aforesaid Feargus, whose chivalry, in his opinion, by no means compensates for his indiscretion in forcing on a battle upon the subject of repeal, and compelling his party to fight at a disadvantage.

But, as we have said above, if Dan has reason to be offended with him, not so ourselves. We are well pleased with the course which he pursued. And here we think it but justice to acquit him of the heavy charge of being moved or seduced by the anti-repealers to do the very thing which they desired. Feargus might have been indiscreet, but he was not treacherous. Inasmuch, however, as *his* indiscretion has been of as much service to the cause of sound conservative policy, as that cause has, on former occasions, suffered disservice from the over discretion of others, if it ever should happen that he should be reduced to the necessity of sending round the plate for *Gaberlunzie* contributions, we promise him that we shall not be wanting in raising for him a *Protestant* rent, which, if it does not equal in amount "the national tribute," shall exceed it in the cheerfulness with which it will be accorded. Indeed upon *that* rent Dan himself might have a claim, if such a one could be put forward on his part for service unintentionally rendered to the anti-repealers. But we would remind him, that these services were rendered, as his own rent is paid—reluctantly and of necessity; and Feargus—honest, fearless, Feargus—is, we repeat it, entitled to a monopoly of the credit arising from the utter discomfiture of his party upon the recent discussion of the Repeal of the Union.

Dan's opening speech was a rich thing in its way. Ireland, it seems, never was conquered! Like the Irishman in the farce, it merely hired England to be its master, and would now dismiss it, not having any further need of its superintendence. Indeed, the agitator might well add, having got a master of its own! He then pro-

ceeded to a rare enumeration of the blessings of independence in general, and of Irish independence in particular; the peace, the happiness, the prosperity which the Irish enjoyed before they ceased to have a separate parliament! And then, the horrors which ensued upon the monstrous measure of the union! the corruption by which it was carried, and the dreadful evils which it has entailed! A beggared country!—a starving population! exports and imports decreasing every day; and nothing in prospect for the people, provincialized and degraded as they are, but to become hewers of wood and drawers of water for insulting and tyrannical masters! Such were the premises from which he drew the sage conclusion that the Union should be repealed. Was it not provoking that he should be told, after an harangue such as this, that all that he said about the conquest of Ireland was irrelevant to the real question—that all that he said about the condition of Ireland, from the period of the reputed conquest, was a falsification of history—and that his allegations respecting its condition since the Union were directly contradictory to matter of fact? This was very provoking: but it became quite intolerable when Spring Rice proceeded to prove his positions respecting the last mentioned particulars. How, think you, gentle reader? By bold and confident assertion? By plausible generalities? No. But by arithmetical calculation! Shades of Emmet and Napper Tandy! Spirit of Wolfe Tone! what a profanation! To introduce an array of figures for the purpose of proving that Ireland was progressing in wealth and prosperity, when Dan would have it that she was steeped in misery and on the verge of ruin, and that he was himself scarcely able to get twenty thousand a-year as a national tribute for all the sacrifices which he made for his beloved country! This was really too bad. Spring Rice we imagine, will not be in a hurry to show himself in this country for some time to come. If he do, he had better insure his life, as he may not find it easy to take his departure from it. His countrymen on the banks of the Shannon—the Garry Owen boys—have a way of their own of adjusting differences of

opinion, and he may very quickly find himself in the condition of those

“Quos novies STYX interfusa covercet.”

Aye! We have no doubt the agitator thinks the “argumentum ad baculum” would be just the thing. That would be the true mode of *silencing* such an opponent; and if he had not a vow registered in heaven,——but, no matter—his countrymen are not so scrupulous; and, to do him justice, he has never yet alluded to that same vow, but in a manner which has rendered his conduct in having taken it upon him, much more a warning than an example.

But why did he not reply to Spring Rice's speech? What! Dan reply to vulgar arithmetic! The great agitator condescend to be a commentator on custom house calculations! No. That was not to be expected. He was horror-struck at what he heard. “Vox faucibus hæsit.” No doubt he *looked* unutterable things, and, could the public have seen his face, no other reply would have been necessary. “Indignatio facit versus,” has, we know, passed into a proverb; but it is at least equally true that it sometimes takes away the power of speech; and such was the effect which, on the present occasion, it produced upon Dan; who if he failed to reply to his opponent in the house, will not fail to have his revenge upon him *out* of it, by proving to the satisfaction of ten thousand of that peculiar class who constitute his supporters, that the documents referred to by the worthy Secretary for the Treasury are all forgeries, and the argument which he has built upon them a delusion.

In sober earnest we are thankful for the late discussion. It has served to enlighten many, not only Roman Catholics, but Protestants, who had been grievously abused. Spring Rice's speech ought to be printed in a cheap form for universal circulation, as it must of necessity carry conviction to thousands of individuals, upon whom the representations of the demagogue have made a deep impression, and who were but too ready to enter into any measures that might promote a dissolution of the Union. We have heard more than one well authenticated history of a man in perfect health re-

duced to a state of extreme debility, by the representation of individuals who agreed to tell him, one after another, that he looked extremely ill. Thus it would have been with our poor country. Ireland, by the representation of her base and interested demagogues, would have been frightened or fretted into a political consumption, if the secretary of the treasury had not held a looking glass before her, and enabled her, with her own eyes, to see a practical refutation of the statements of her ignorant or malicious advisers.

We must not, however, shut our eyes to the fact, that the strength of the repealers consisted not either in their eloquence or their plausibility. Equal or greater eloquence, and equal or greater plausibility might be exhibited on any other subject without producing the same disastrous effects. They never could have caused the ferment which, unquestionably, they have excited in this country, if the passions and prejudices of a great proportion of its inhabitants did not run in the same direction with their argument. No. The tap root of their influence will be found to consist in the deep antipathy to the British name and influence, with which, unhappily, they are leavened, and which indisposes them to admit even the strongest proofs that could be offered that British connection, or domination as *they* call it, has been productive of national advantage. This, we think, will appear very clearly if we consider the difference of sentiment that has been exhibited in the north, as contrasted with the south and west of Ireland, respecting a Repeal of the Union. If there be any part of Ireland which has suffered by the union, it is the North. Yet the people of the North are anti-repealers: one of the ablest speeches delivered on the question being that of the member for Belfast, Mr. Emerson Tennant, who spoke, we are persuaded, the sentiments of all the conservatives, and of nine tenths of the anti-conservatives in that part of Ireland. If there be any portion of the country which has benefited more than another by the union, it is the south and west; for the trade in cattle, corn, and butter, has been such as to outstrip the expectations of the most sanguine. And yet

that is the very part of the country which has thrown up the greatest crop of repealers! How are we to account for these things? Simply thus. In the North loyalty is indigenous. The people are attached to British connection; and, therefore, not even disastrous consequences as far as they are concerned can shake that attachment. In the south, a very different feeling prevails. The people feel an instinctive aversion to British connexion, inasmuch that they cannot be reconciled to it even by the greatest agricultural and commercial advantages. Every demonstration of the benefits derived from the union is regarded as an insult to their understandings; and they cannot and *will* not believe that any thing good can result from a measure which was concocted by Pitt and Castlereagh, and carried by bribery and corruption. The belief (to which Mr. O'Connell did not hesitate to give expression in the House of Commons) very generally prevails amongst them, that the rebellion was fomented by British artifice and treachery, for the purpose of enabling the British ministry to ravish the national independence. Such are the feelings which have clothed with political importance the otherwise inconsiderable or contemptible individuals who constitute "*the tail*." And ministers may rest assured that something more than mere argument, how demonstrative soever, will be necessary, if they would effectually extinguish that agitation by which the country has been distracted, or defeat the project of conspirators against the public weal, who meditate nothing less than the dismemberment of the empire.

Ireland stands in need of quiet, and it is all that she stands in need of to be one of the most prosperous countries in the world. We are not insensible to the advantage that would arise from the judicious expenditure, amongst our own people, of the three millions that are annually drawn from us for the support of our absentees. There never was a more impudent paradox than that of M'Culloch, when he gravely maintained that Ireland lost nothing by a non-resident proprietary, and that it was the same thing, as far as the property of the country was concerned, whether its rents were spent

abroad or at home. We believe there are at present very few who could be so far deluded ; and if our memories serve us aright, the professor has himself retreated from a position which no plausibility could have enabled him to maintain without a serious loss of reputation. But much as we should rejoice in any measures which would have the effect of causing our gentry to reside, without any such compulsory provision as might unconstitutionally trench upon civil liberty, it must be admitted that Irish rents never could have attained their present magnitude had it not been for the free export trade of corn and cattle, which may be considered as one of the direct consequences of the Union. The cross channel trade has been put, by the imperial legislature, upon the same footing as the English coasting trade ; and we have enjoyed, for our live stock and our raw produce, almost a monopoly of traffic with the richest customers in the world. Irish rents, therefore, are the creatures of English consumption. Had it not been for the extent of the English market, they could not have reached one-half of their present amount ; and any complaints that may arise amongst us from the circumstance of their being spent abroad, ought to be moderated by the consideration that, were it not for foreign customers, their sum total, in all probability, would not exceed that portion of them that is at present beneficially expended in Ireland.

The corn and the cattle are annually leaving the country ; and a large part of the returns that are made for them also leaves the country, to support our land proprietors in London and Brighton. This is the crying grievance. Our agitators complain loudly that our provisions, which they call the riches of the country, should be thus sent away, and ask, should we not be much better off if they were all consumed in Ireland ? Undoubtedly, *provided they were also paid for*, but not otherwise. Production will always have a reference to *profitable* consumption. No one produces an article except with a view to disposing of it to advantage. Irish cultivators will not grow corn or rear cattle, unless they have reason to believe, that by such an investment of

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their capital, or application of their industry, they can realize the ordinary profits that are enjoyed by other traders. And if the stimulus that has been given to our farmers and graziers, by the export trade, was withdrawn, the only consequence would be, that production, with a view to English consumption, would be discontinued, and a large class of persons to whom that trade at present gives a comfortable livelihood, would be thrown out of employment. Ireland would not have *more* to consume, because she had *less* to export ; because her exports are a creature of industry, not a subtraction from her means of enjoyment. They are called into being by the demand for them ; and if there be no longer such a demand, they must, *pro tanto*, be non-existent. The tradesman might as well complain of being obliged to send home valuable goods to a wealthy customer, as Ireland of sending its corn and cattle to England. If it be a disadvantage to send them to those who pay us well, can it be called an advantage to send them to those who may pay us ill, or not pay us at all for them ? The farmer would not find his account in dealings of that kind ; and even the payers of O'Connell's tribute would soon find out, that, in thus acting upon the instigation of the demagogues, they were playing a losing game. They could not deprive their neighbours of the advantage of cheaper corn than could be grown in England, without depriving themselves of the advantage of better prices than could be had in Ireland. And if they hoped at the same time to retain their produce, and also to possess themselves of its price, they would only realize the folly exemplified in the fable of the Dog and the Shadow, and, in grasping at the delusive semblance of prosperity, forfeit all its substantial advantages.

When we talk of the evil of absenteeism, there is one compensating circumstance which ought not to be omitted in the account. Our labourers find in England a market for their industry. If our wealthy go to England to spend, our poor go to England to earn ; and although an ungenerous outcry has been raised by some surly and churlish Englishmen against our pauper immigration, it has not been

seconded by the feeling of the country at large, which is far too just, as well as too generous, to deny our poor peasantry the benefit of bringing their labour to the best market. No; it was reserved for their champion, O'Connell, to do this. Start not, reader. It is even so. The agitator found that, in his financial calculations, he was all wrong; that the decrease of Irish trade and Irish consumption, turned out to be a prodigious increase both of the one and the other. The returns procured, and the tables constructed, by the industry and sagacity of Mr. Spring Rice, completely turned the wing of his array of figures, by which he had so comfortably proved that his poor country was beggared and ruined; and, if the original notice of his motion was persevered in, he saw nothing before him but exposure and humiliation. He therefore makes a prudent retreat, and takes up other ground. His motion assumes the modest shape of a resolution for enquiry; and one of the principal points to which he calls the notice of the British parliament is, the effects which the Union has produced upon the wages of labour, thereby inviting the attention of Englishmen to the manner in which the influx of our poor countrymen has operated to the prejudice of their own! All this for the purpose of catching a stray vote from the few short-sighted or ill conditioned individuals, who might be led, by the consideration of the hardship endured by the English labourer, and the consequent increase of the poor rates, to second him in his frantic project of a Repeal of the Union! Aye! Irish peasantry! thus it is that you are treated by your friend! by the man whom you have almost deified! to whom you have so cheerfully paid your rent, out of the hard earnings which you travelled so far, and worked so hard to procure, in a foreign land! He would second the hue-and-cry that has been raised against you, and by which you would be hunted out of that foreign land as enemies and aliens, and condemned to live at home in poverty and without employment, until you were driven by your miseries to the perpetration of crimes for which your lives must become the forfeit! All this baseness, all this

treachery, all this ingratitude, because the topic was a plausible one, and might impose upon the understandings or conciliate the prejudices of a few unthinking or unworthy individuals, to give his motion a more favourable hearing than it could otherwise meet with in an imperial parliament! We really have not time or space to comment upon this conduct as it deserves. But, when we consider who they were who were thus sought to be sacrificed, and who the man was by whom this foul wrong was sought to be perpetrated, we do not believe that the annals of political turpitude can furnish another similar example!

Nothing, it seems, is farther from the thoughts of the repealers, than the idea of any separation between Great Britain and Ireland. It is, of course, a stupid calumny, "a weak invention of the enemy," to say that the Repeal of the Union could lead to any thing like that. No such thing at all. If the Union be repealed, the connexion of the countries will be consolidated, in the beautiful language of O'Connell, "by the golden link of the crown." It is only if repeal does not take place that the connexion can be endangered! We should have given much to have witnessed the prodigious presence of countenance with which these startling asseverations were uttered in the House of Commons. What a complete command of feature, what an exhaustless fund of assurance the man must possess, who could get up in his place in an enlightened assembly, and seriously stake his political credit upon such an assertion. But it was well met by Mr. Littleton. "The honourable member," he said, "does not *desire* separation; neither did Shylock *desire* to take the life of his bondsman; no, no; the compassionate Jew shrunk from such an atrocity as that. He only desired a pound of the flesh nearest his heart, and if life survived the operation he would be well satisfied. In like manner, the honourable member did not openly profess any disposition to sever the connexion between the countries, he only sought the accomplishment of a measure which must render its continuance morally impossible."

The debate has, on the whole, been productive of great good. The know-

ledge, the talent, and the principle exhibited by the anti-repealers, cannot fail to produce a powerful effect upon that large class who may have been wavering upon the subject; and the ignorance and folly of the repealers must go far to disgust even the most obstinate of their own partizans.

For the present we think the question set at rest. The agitator will scarcely venture to renew, all at once, his system of agitation. The intemperate zeal of his more hair-brained partizans has been considerably abated, and Dan will not find it difficult to procure a respite from his labours of strife and discord, until the powerful impression that has been made upon the judgments of the more reflecting part of the community has begun to lose its effect, and the people have again become susceptible of that inflammatory excitation, under the influence of which, the "still small voice" of reason will be but little heeded. We know not what changes may take place at the other side of the channel, or how far the spirit of democracy may prevail, in diminishing the abhorrence with which the Repeal of the Union is at present regarded. We know that there is a party by whom the Repeal of the Corn Laws is considered most desirable; and we know not how far they might not be disposed to assist O'Connell in his efforts to carry the one measure, in return for the assistance which they derive from him, in their efforts to carry the other. Indeed we may say that if the Corn Laws be repealed Ireland would be ruined. The incomes of its landed proprietors would be at once annihilated, and they would thus be deprived of, at least, one powerful motive for persevering in their hostility to repeal. All these are considerations which, we confess, have great influence with us in inducing us to think that the government have not done enough, if they rest satisfied with the amendment which was carried against O'Connell's motion. *It leaves the question still an open question; AND WE CAN CLEARLY FORESEE CONTINGENCIES UPON WHICH THE DISCUSSION OF IT MAY BE RENEWED, UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH WOULD PUT INTO IMMINENT PERIL THE STABILITY OF THE UNION.*

The resolutions of Mr. Rice are, no doubt, strong. The address of both

Houses may be said to embody an expression of parliamentary opinion that must, naturally, have great weight out of doors, and may induce many, from utter hopelessness, to discontinue repeal agitation. We are even inclined to think that the agitator, himself, will not be over forward to commit himself speedily in another contest with a government, backed, on such a subject, by an almost united people. But, so so far from seeing, in this, any justification of the resolve to rest satisfied with the resolutions which have been carried, expressive of a determination to resist the measure of Repeal, we would have taken advantage of the present happy disposition of men's minds to put an extinguisher upon it for ever. Where the matter, at issue, is *vital*, there is the greatest possible difference between merely expressing a strong objection to it when it is proposed, and effectually providing that it never again shall be mentioned. We may, just now, be strong enough to ward off the blow of the assassin, but, if we would be secure against his violence, we must take care that he has no opportunity of taking us, at any future period, at a disadvantage. Now this is what the government have *not* done; and, in neglecting to do it, they have not, in our minds, been provident for the future security of this great kingdom. No sane individual spoke in the debate who did not admit that repeal was synonymous with separation;—that O'Connell's object could not be carried into effect without tearing the empire live asunder, and exhibiting it, in all the writhings of convulsive agony, to the scorn, and the astonishment of Europe. Was it sufficient, then, merely to say, that such a proposal was wrong—that parliament could not at all agree with him;—that they hope he will consider the matter better, and not agitate concerning it again? No. It should have been branded with the stamp of legislative reprobation, and the very mention of it, at any future period, with any serious view to carry it into effect, should have been prohibited by law. It should be declared, that all elections were null and void, where the individual was returned from any proved understanding that he was favourable to a Repeal of the Union. "*Procul este malefici,*" should be the peremptory language of the legislature

to all those who approached it with parricidal intentions. The evil in the present case is one which cannot be punished unless it is prevented. And much we fear, that government, in merely censuring the proceedings of O'Connell, (pretty much in the same way that the old priest Eli censured the abominations of his children, "My sons, it is no good report I hear of you," said the fond old man,) have been only deferring the evil day, when the pestilent system, which they might have so easily extinguished in its infancy, will have attained a pernicious maturity, and become too powerful to be resisted.

The bare possibility of provoking, periodically, a grave discussion upon such a subject, must greatly impair the power of the empire. Who would insure the life of a man who was known to be perpetually meditating suicide? It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that such is the light in which England must be regarded by the rest of Europe, as long as she suffers herself to be agitated by the folly and wickedness of the repealers. "To be, or not to be," is the question; and as long as it is suffered to be a question, the existence of the country is placed in a kind of political lottery, where the repealers may at length chance to draw a prize, on which would be written the sentence of her annihilation. The simple fact of having, in every successive parliament, forty or fifty members whose every effort will be bent for the accomplishment of such an object, argues something so contradictory to every notion of good government, that we cannot contemplate the possibility of its continuance without the most gloomy forebodings respecting the result: and if some means be not taken to expel this poison from the political system, if the "vis medicatrix" of the constitution do not cause it to be thrown off, it does not require the spirit of prophecy to say, that sooner or later, it must produce its disastrous effects;—and, when these effects are produced,—that is, when Ireland has been severed from the British crown, the sun of England's glory will have set for ever.

But, although the government have not done all that we desired, they have done as much as could be done

to extinguish the question by fair discussion, and before we conclude we will avail ourselves of the authentic statements that were elicited, in reply to the monstrous falsehood of O'Connell respecting the decline of our prosperity, which prove beyond a doubt the advantages which Ireland has derived from the Union. The ancient independence of the Irish nation, the incompetency of the Irish parliament to annihilate that independence, the opinion of Bushe, and Saurin, and Plunket, &c. respecting that incompetency, the corruption by which the measure of Union was carried, all these were set aside, as idle, clap-trap, topics, which were never introduced for any other purpose than to delude, and should have no effect upon the decision of the question either in one way or the other. Supposing all the allegations of the repealers to be true, if it be also true that the Union has been a great source of commercial and agricultural prosperity, that should only render both countries solicitous to place it upon a more solid basis, and take the most effectual precaution that it never should be recinded. So that the whole question is, how has the Union worked—has it been productive of good or of evil? For if productive of good, its impugnors will not object to it on the grounds of its origin; and if of evil, its defenders will not maintain it, even though it should be proved that the stigma cast upon it was unfounded. "But if," as was well said by Mr. Emerson Tennent, "we had paid and purchased advocates of the Union in 1799, have we no paid opponents of it now? If the argument is worth any thing in the one instance, it is equally good in the other; and if the introduction of money can throw a suspicion over the enactment of the Union, must it not equally cast an imputation on its repeal? The honourable and learned gentleman might discover a salutary warning for himself, in his own eloquent denunciations of his predecessors. If the touch of gold had cast a shadow over their reputations, will his own go down to posterity more pure and unspotted, or will not the hard earned pittance of the Irish peasant cling to him like the silver of Naaman to the servant of Elijah, entailing on his memory the

taint of avarice, and on his motives the leprosy of suspicion."

When the real question, at issue, is thus cleared of the rubbish by which it was encumbered, it is easily disposed of. "Has it," to use the language of the same able and eloquent man, "secured the external dignity, or promoted the internal prosperity of Ireland? As to the question of national dignity, I shall, of course, be here met by a direct negative; for there could adhere no dignity to a nation which is stated by the opponents of the Union, to have been utterly 'annihilated,' by that measure. Ireland was, we are told, 'annihilated and extinguished,' by the Union, inasmuch as it then ceased to be a distinct kingdom. But, on the same principle, Scotland must likewise have been 'annihilated,' when she, in 1707, ceased to be a distinct kingdom, on being incorporated with England; and, by a parity of reasoning, if the mere fact of incorporation, by destroying distinctness, involve extinction, England herself must have been annihilated when she was incorporated with the other two. So that, according to the doctrine of the repealers, the whole empire must at this moment be ideal, and exist, like the universe of Berkeley, only in the imagination of its inhabitants. It is a delusion, therefore, to assert that when two nations unite, they surrender, or annihilate their rights;—they do not surrender, but, on the contrary, interchange and combine them. Such, at least, is the opinion of the highest authority whom I can quote on the subject, that of Grotius. "Nations," says he, "which form confederacies, communicate, but do not destroy their common privileges; and this principle holds good, whether they be conjoined by an ordinary league, or by the circumstance of having one monarch, or whether they be connected by a mutual incorporating Union." But this assertion with regard to annihilation, is based on a fallacy so worthless, that it scarcely repays the trouble of exposure. Does the inhabitant of any Irish province lose aught in individual dignity, by being enabled to say, that, in addition to being an Irishman, he is likewise a citizen of the most enlightened and commanding nation in modern times; not admitted by courtesy

to a participation of its wealth and resources, but enjoying them as of right and inheritance? Is it no accession of dignity to an Irish member of this House, that he sits here to legislate, not merely for the concerns of his own little island, but for the interests of the most opulent and powerful empire in the universe—interests which are his own in common with every inhabitant of Britain. Mr. Burke, in one of his most eloquent passages, has described it as the great and leading, enhancement of a seat in parliament, that it gave its occupant an opportunity on an extended scale, of doing good and resisting evil. How immensely then, has this new field of senatorial ambition been expanded, and increased to every Irish representative, by the measure which gave him a voice in the councils of this huge monarchy! What a proud gratification must it have been to every Irish member who conscientiously gave his support to the bill of 1829, which conferred upon the honourable and learned member for Dublin, and his Roman Catholic colleagues, the distinction of a seat in this House, that he was enabled by the act of Union to contribute his aid to what he considered a great measure of national and political justice; a gratification which he could never have enjoyed as a member of a local legislature! Did the honourable and learned member himself feel no emotion of warrantable pride when he, two years ago, lent the aid of his powerful talents to restore" (i. e. overturn) "the constitution, and reform the abuses which time had inflicted upon the representation of this House; and did it never strike him, then, that this was a triumph which he could never have experienced as a member of an Irish parliament? Nor is it that the influence of an Irish representative has been extended to a controul over the concerns of this kingdom alone; but, in the act of Union, he has been enabled to become the advocate of the whole human race, and to co-operate in extending the reign of liberty from hemisphere to hemisphere. For his part he should never fail to regard it as a proud distinction that he had himself been enabled, during the course of the last twelve months, to contribute, by his vote, to extend the blessings of free-

dom from the confines of India to the remotest shores of the Atlantic, to liberate the Hindoo, and strike off the fetters of the African. These were triumphs beyond the reach of a "local legislature;" these were trophies towards which the highest ambition of an Irish parliament could never soar; these are honours which enable us, whilst we pride ourselves on our birth-place as Irishmen, to add to our distinction the glory of being Britons.

"He need not ask whether Ireland experienced an increase of prosperity since the Union. This is an admission which not merely the intelligence, but the experience of every uninfluenced man capable of forming an opinion, must compel him at once to make; and after the thorough exposition which this point has undergone during the last three years—above all, after the comprehensive and conclusive statement of the right honourable the Secretary of the Treasury, it was totally a work of supererogation to attempt to enter into any further proofs upon a subject where every circumstance is an evidence, and every aspect an argument. Every statement that can be looked upon as authority, concurs in the same representation, and affords us the fullest evidence that, during the last thirty years, the prosperity of Ireland has been the greatest of any interval in her history. During this space her shipping trade has been doubled:—

	1801.	1830.
Inwards.....	711,042 tons.	1,420,362
Outwards.....	708,717 ..	1,073,545

"Her imports and her exports have been increased in a like proportion:—

	1801.	1825.
Imports.....	4,621,334 tons.	8,506,735
Exports.....	4,064,545 ..	9,243,210

"Her cotton trade has been actually created since the enactment of the Union, while its rival, the linen trade, instead of decreasing, has been nearly doubled:—

1800.....	36,112,369 yards.
1830.....	57,947,413 ..

"Her exports of corn have increased sixfold:—

1800.....	279,679 quarters
1826.....	2,226,774 ..

"And that of live stock no less than tenfold:—

1800.....	19,391 head.
1826.....	196,607 ..

"Nor with these evidences of external traffic have we less conclusive testimony of the growth of internal comfort in the home consumption of the country. The importation of coals since the Union has risen from 360,000 tons to nearly 900,000. The consumption of wine and spirits, of tea and sugar, has been more than doubled:—

	1800.	1830.
Wine and spirits	4,293,468 gals.	9,157,015
Tea.....	2,773,070 lbs.	3,867,265 (in 1828)
Raw sugar.....	226,336 cwt.	342,701

"And that of coffee has been actually twelvefold increased:—

	1800.	1830.
Coffee.....	73,370 lbs.	898,283

"He might be pardoned, if, in concluding this topic, he should venture to adduce, as an example of the benefits of the Union, the instance of the town from which he had that evening presented so important a petition—the town of Belfast. It afforded, perhaps, the most striking, though by no means an insulated example of Irish commercial advancement, as promoted by the Union. Population, and its increase in agricultural districts, can scarcely be relied on as an unerring test of prosperity; but, in trading towns, where the means of support are dependent on the extension of traffic, its increase or decrease was an unquestionable evidence of the rise or the decline of prosperity. Now, the population of Belfast was, before the era of Irish independence, that is, in 1779, about 13,000: during twenty years it increased but one-fourth, and was, at the time of the Union, in round numbers, 19,000. In 1816 it was 30,000; in 1829, 55,158. The quantity of shipping which entered the port in 1786, amounted to 761 vessels, of 88,421 tons burden; at the Union, 1800, they were 856 in number; the tonnage 67,855—an increase of about one-third. They were, last year, 2,600 ships, with a tonnage of about 264,377, being an augmentation since the Union to triple the amount in number, and quadruple in quantity. At the time of the Union there was not a cotton or a

flax mill in Belfast, and the cotton trade alone now gives occupation to upwards of 10,000 looms. And taking the receipt of customs and excise as a fair test of the produce of home manufactures and of foreign trade, they afford a most singular evidence of the comparative influence of union and independence. The custom-house receipts in 1782, £80,000; twenty years afterwards, in 1800, when we had a full experience of the influence of a free constitution, they were £62,668, showing an augmentation of but one-thirtieth in all that period. The Union took place in 1800, and five years afterwards they were £222,645. They were, in 1829, £306,263, and are at this moment upwards of £400,000, showing that the trade of the north of Ireland has actually doubled in every period of five years since the Union. These," said the honorable gentleman, "are the evidences of our prosperity. These the considerations that render us attached, and warmly attached, to British connexion: these are blessings that we have derived under the Union; and looking to these, all we ask from the honourable and learned gentleman is, in his own emphatic phrase, that he will 'let us alone.' We seek no change, and least of all, such a change as he would bring us."

We have quoted from this admirable speech at so great length, because it completely disposes of the question, and does so with a brevity which could not, from the nature of the case, belong to the speech of Mr. Spring Rice, which is rather to be regarded as a manual to be referred to by all who desire full and copious information on the subject, than a lucid epitome of the reasoning to be employed against those who desire a Repeal of the Union. The speech of Sir Robert Peel was very brilliant and effective. The financial part of the subject had been exhausted before he rose: but his vindication of Pitt from the base and stupid accusation of having fomented the rebellion for the purpose of carrying the Union was irresistibly convincing, and there are not many things in parliamentary eloquence superior to his peroration, in which he enumerated the illustrious Irishmen who signalized themselves in the service of Great Britain since the period of the Union.

Mr. Lambert's speech was very amusing. He gave the agitator several hard hits; and will, we can promise him, never be forgiven for the terms in which he spoke of the national tribute. He must, we are persuaded, have felt himself without the pale of forgiveness; and as the limit of his political existence was determined on by his former patrons, he resolved, courageously, to use the last opportunity that may ever present itself to vent his spleen against the great apostle of discord in Ireland. Now we do not forget that Mr. Lambert was a great friend of O'Connell—a great stickler for agitation—and one of the very foremost to promote the tribute when he had ends of his own to answer by so doing. Unless therefore, he is Jesuit enough to maintain that the end justifies the means, he cannot, consistently, contend for the propriety of a tribute in the one case, and, in the other, exclaim against it as "an intolerable nuisance." There are those who believe that the Repeal of the Union is just as legitimate an object of patriotic desire as he ever considered Catholic Emancipation. If, therefore, he was justified in agitating for the one, they are justified in agitating for the other. And there is this additional reason why a tribute should be collected for the great agitator, that he has now fairly relinquished a lucrative profession, and depends altogether for support upon popular contributions. For these reasons we did not peruse Mr. Lambert's talented speech with the pleasure that a similar speech would have afforded us, if spoken by a more consistent statesman. We have ever been against all agitation. We see in the present troubles of this country, but the natural fruit of that system of mispolicy of which Mr. Lambert was one of the most strenuous supporters. Had emancipation not been granted in the manner in which it was granted—as a concession to mob clamour—he would not at present have had occasion to raise his voice against that other measure of which we always maintained that it was but the forerunner, and by contending against it as he has done, to peril his political existence. We, of course, will not quarrel with anything that he says against the mischievous effects of repeal agitation—it is for

Mr. Lambert to vindicate his own consistency, and to show, to the satisfaction of impartial men, that others are not justified in having recourse to it for one purpose, if he was justified in having recourse to it for another. We do not think that he can do this. We do not think that he can fairly quarrel with the fruit while he insists on cherishing the tree. And, therefore, the repealers in Ireland will regard his speech as that of a man to whom every thing is legitimate when he has his own object to accomplish, and with whom nothing is legitimate by which that object may be defeated. They will not be easily reconciled, by any plausibility, to the very great diversity in his modes of acting and thinking, when on one occasion he employs his pick-axe in clearing the way before the agitator, and on another raises it for the purpose of knocking out his brains.

But it is time for us to close. In his reply Dan was evidently much cast down. Indeed so much so as to give a whimpering character to his speech, very different from the sturdy and vigorous declamation by which his efforts in parliament are generally characterised. He forgave every body. There was not one drop of gall in him. Even Lambert did not come in for any of that castigation which his speech was so well calculated to provoke, and which Dan would, on other occasions, have inflicted *con amore*. He seemed to have been sickened by the turn the debate had taken, and took his punishment so very patiently, that it will require all the faith of his partisans in this country not to believe that he sold the fight. A very little time will tell. Already there are coquetings between him and the ministers, that look not a little queer. Dan is singing small. He makes a profession of being ready to convert his sword into a ploughshare, provided only that something is done for his beloved Ireland. Let the church be extinguished; let the Roman Catholic clergy be furnished with

goodly houses and comfortable glebes, and he will be content; agitation shall cease; and he will engage that the newly endowed priesthood shall enjoy their possessions without molestation or disturbance. All this is so very moderate, and so very gratifying, that the movement portion of the ministry have been mightily taken with it. Lord John Russell is in a transport of joy, and even Lord Althorp is not without good hopes of securing the co-operation of the agitator in effecting the pacification of Ireland. But Stanley—aye—there's the rub. What will Stanley do? Will he consent to sacrifice the church? Will he, by truckling to the demagogue, compromise his integrity and his honour? We know not. No one can tell what a day may bring forth. But one of two things appears to us inevitable. The ministry must make up their minds to side either with the agitator or with the conservatives. There is no middle course. If they make common cause with the one, the evils which were predicted as likely to result from the reform bill, will have a speedy accomplishment. The English church will follow the fate of the Irish church. The House of Lords will be swamped and the monarchy endangered. If they side with the other, the progress of revolution may be stayed, and something yet done to avert the calamities which impend over the country. We await the result with calmness and resignation. Our duty has been performed honestly and zealously, if not well and wisely. The result is in the hands of a Power to whom nothing is impossible, and by whom all things may be made to work together for good. We know that we are deserving of heavy chastisement; but we know also that mercy abounds; and even now, at the eleventh hour, we do not despair that that mercy, if duly sought, may be found, and that we may be preserved from experiencing the natural effects of our own folly and infatuation.

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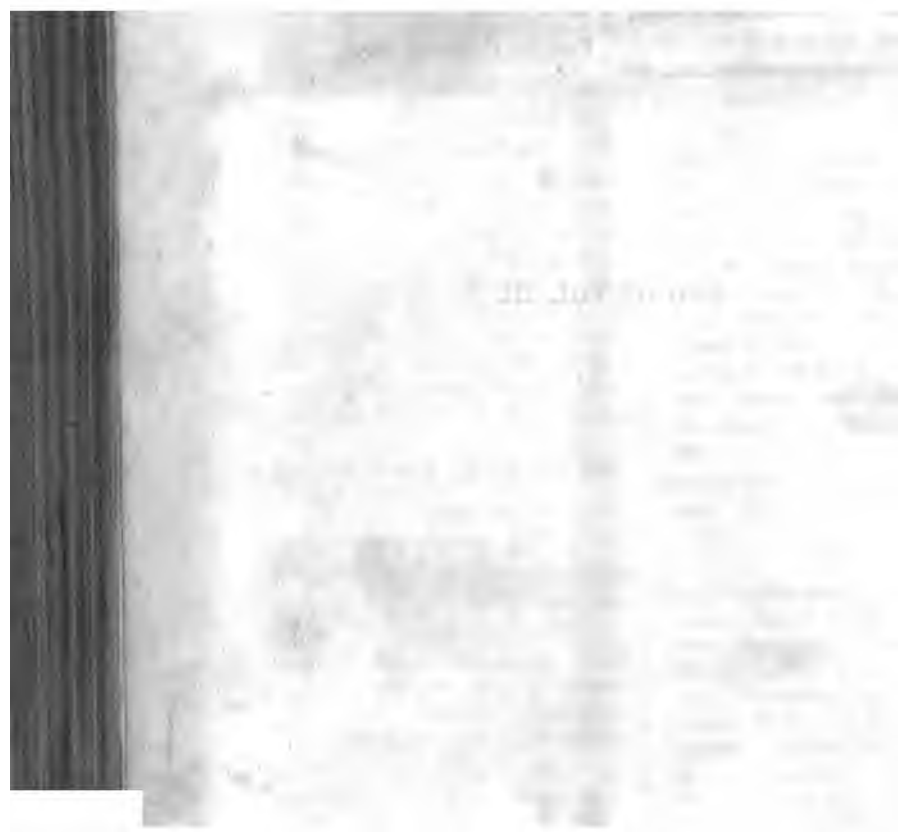
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